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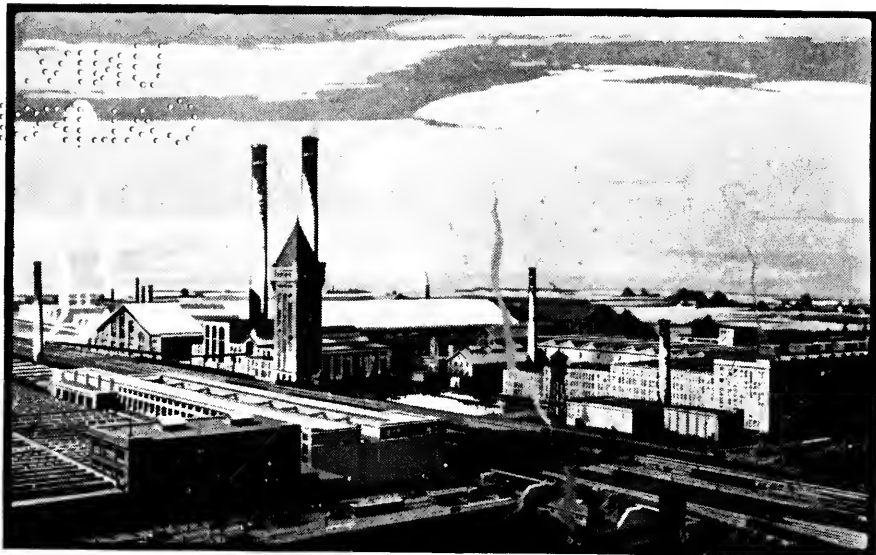
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for JANUARY 1922



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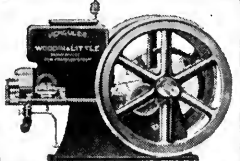
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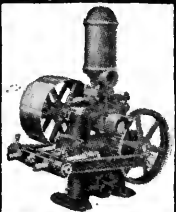
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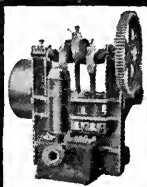
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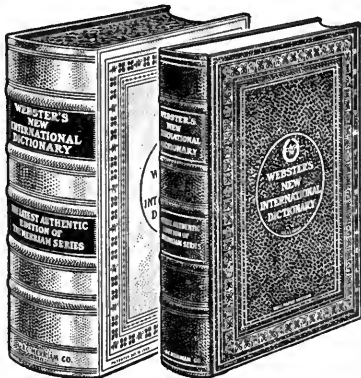
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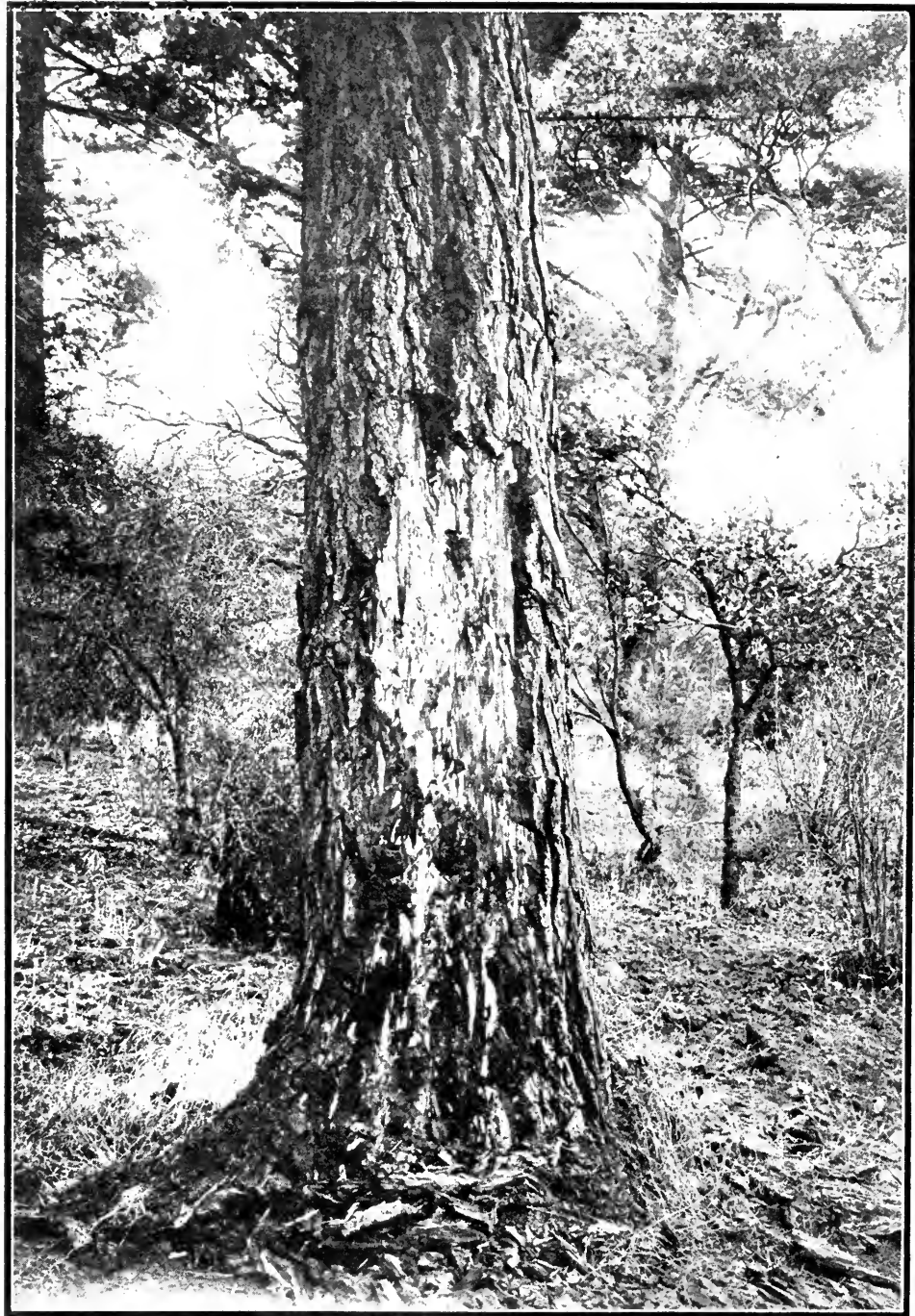
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Vol. LXXIX

No. 1

Overland Monthly



The Illustrated Magazine of the West

ALMIRA GUILD McKEON, *Editor.*

CONTENTS FOR JANUARY, 1922

WOLF OF TAMALPAIS.....	DOROTHY GARDNER	11
BITTER MEDICINE.....	D. S. WOOD	15
JEFF'S LUCKY MOON.....	MARY EARL SHEPARD	21
THE MOUNTAIN LASS (Verse).....	A. R. BYDLE	24
THE PROVOCATION OF AH SING.....	GORDON GRANT	25
DESERT VENGEANCE.....	HARRISON CONRAD	27
THE LAND OF PANTHER RUN (Verse).....	HOWARD PRESTON BARTRAM	31
OLD POINT BALDY (Illustrated).....	MILTON R. RUTHERFORD	33
A CHANGE OF RELATIONS (Illustrated).....	MYRTLE QUINCY WILCOX	35
LANTY FOSTER.....	BRET HARTE	39
THE KERNEL OF THE CONFERENCE.....	EDWARD A. FILENE	48
GOLD.....	LUCY JUZA	50
THE WAY OF THE WEST.....	ELMO W. BRIM	53
HELEN OF HELL'S GAP.....	FRANK VINCENT WADDY	63

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OVERLAND MONTHLY

Founded 1868 *Bret Harte*
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Vol. LXXIX

JANUARY, 1922

No. 1

Wolf of Tamalpais

By DOROTHY GARDNER.

HE first saw the light of day on a chicken-ranch snuggled in the Petaluma foothills. At six weeks he was a roly-poly collie pup, with a strip of red flannel tongue ever lolling between two rows of perfect white teeth in a friendly grin. At six months the good-natured little creature had been transformed into a snarling beast with mean, ready fangs, and with a spark in the amber eyes that well told of forbears possessing other than the gentle collie strain. For Wolf was the recipient of many a beating those days, and not entirely without cause. Early in his youth he had developed a tendency to help himself to a squawking Leghorn at will—an inclination at no time evinced by his brothers and sisters.

Stoically, Wolf would take his beating—a beating mingled with a round volley of Swiss-Italian curses. For it was Wolf's nature to be stoical. He would creep away without a whimper, and if there was any regret harbored within him, it showed only when he cast a last look at the pitiful collection of feathers that had clothed his victim—a look that if interpreted might cry out to the world, "It's my heritage—I can't help it!"

And so Wolf's life was launched with a handicap. When the rest of the litter were distributed among neighboring ranchers, there was no call for the black sheep of the family.

"A'right, I keep you," said Wolf's master darkly. "I cure you or keel you!"

Inasmuch as the proper cure did not appear available, the dog was plainly doomed. One of the "cures" consisted in being forced to run

around for a week with one of his defunct victims tied to his neck—a sure cure, Wolf's master had been advised. But on the seventh day the culprit nimbly leaped a five foot wire-mesh fence and ran to death three promising broilers.

"I keel you now!" bellowed the enraged man, rushing to the house for his rifle.

Wolf stood irresolute. An understanding that was almost human swept him. "Flight—or death!" flashed into his alert brain.

And wolf fled, leaving behind forever the scene of his early disgraces. He ran madly at first, the odious chicken swinging mockingly from his neck; but soon his terrific pace gave way to a leisurely trot, which gait he steadily maintained as he traced his sure way across the foothills. Only when he touched a winding road did he pause, there to lap appreciatively from a cross-covered ditch that trickled by the roadside.

Abruptly he raised his head. An automobile swerved around a bend in the road, erupting a choking whirlwind of dust. Wolf cowered beneath a friendly wild-rose bush, his sharp muzzle quivering on the green sward, terrorized at this monster that came snorting and roaring out of nowhere.

"Well!" ejaculated a man's surprised voice. "What are you doing here, fellow?"

It was a kindly voice, and Wolf dared to raise his head. Somehow, his fears took flight and he did not run or even cringe as the autoist stepped from the machine and came toward him.

"What in the name of—" The man had spied the thing hanging to the dog's neck. He

detached it in deep disgust, and flung it hastily into a clump of sagebrush.

Wolf bounded to his feet, shook himself and grinned happily up at his saviour with an expectant expression in his yellow eyes that asked, "Now what?"

The man chuckled. "Alright, sir, come along!"

At first the tremble of the motor drove pangs of fear through the dog, but before many miles had been traversed he sat at ease on the front seat, languidly observing the everchanging landscape, and apparently enjoying to the deepest extent the pleasant ride in the mellow sunshine of a May afternoon.

Gradually the smooth green hill gave way to greater heights thickly clad with timber as the proud heights of Tamalpais shouldered the western sky. As the machine swung through Larkspur, Wolf sat upright on his haunches, his somewhat oblique eyes becoming mere slits. For this canine vagabond was engrossed in thoughts—thoughts that centered into a wild groundward leap at that picturesque point where the Canyon Road taps the highway.

"Well!" ejaculated Wolf's deserted friend as he watched the shaggy animal become merely a tawny spot in the distance. "Ill be ——"

* * *

A new sense of freedom never before known to him took its hold on the dog as he ran lightly on beneath the fragrant redwoods. Ardently, he had answered the call of his ancestors. Deep, dark canyons, rocky crags, the tinkle of musical streams—the spirit of his forbears thundered down through the years to take utter possession of this wild young collie.

On a sunny knoll, well covered with manzanita, Wolf found a satisfactory abode. Here with a comfortable living and the absence of painful beatings, his shaggy unkempt coat became so sleek that it shone. But always he remained lithe; it required liteness to run to earth the squirrels and rabbits that furnished his sustenance. Quite often he would sweep down upon the remnants of a picnic feast and hold a regale royal.

Life was not without its diversions that summer. From his cache on the knoll Wolf watched each day a ranger ride the trail. The voices of hikers were common to his ears. Once, in the canyon just below, a merry party pitched camp. At nightfall the plaintive twang of a eukalele drifted upward, striking an uneasy note within the big dog. Suddenly he sat up and sent a mournful, haunting howl out upon the clear night air. Startled voices—the frenzied sound

of scurrying in the canyon—and the campers beat a hasty retreat to spots more civilized, there to spread abroad the astounding news that a wolf roamed at large on the mountain.

Swiftly the pleasant summer days passed into the discard. All too soon the toyon berry was suffused with its scarlet hue. Wolf, lying there in his snug home, sniffed the wind that blew straight from the south carrying with it the first rain of the season.

No longer sounded the distant voices of gay hikers. And, too, the ranger had shifted his trail. Cut off from all humanity an overwhelming sense of loneliness clutched the dog. Through three days of pitching rain, with the redwoods in the canyon below roaring as a mighty sea, through two days of dull, murky weather, he sprawled indolently in his cache, prowling forth only in quest of food. On the sixth day the sun kindly made its appearance and Wolf sauntered abroad on a tour of inspection, casually following a little stream that cascaded down the canyon. Quite suddenly the tiny waterway broke into a dam and here the dog paused.

As he stood there, his proud head held high, his silken coat gleaming a rich tawny shade in the sunlight, his long plume of a tail held at a jaunty angle, he was just a big, good-natured collie—the sort of a dog one might see romping on a daisy-dotted lawn with little children.

Even as he stood there, his ears became alert, his eyes watchful. With one silent motion he cowered to the ground on the fern-swept bank of the dam. On the opposite shore the brakes parted to frame a blue-clad youngster of three or thereabouts.

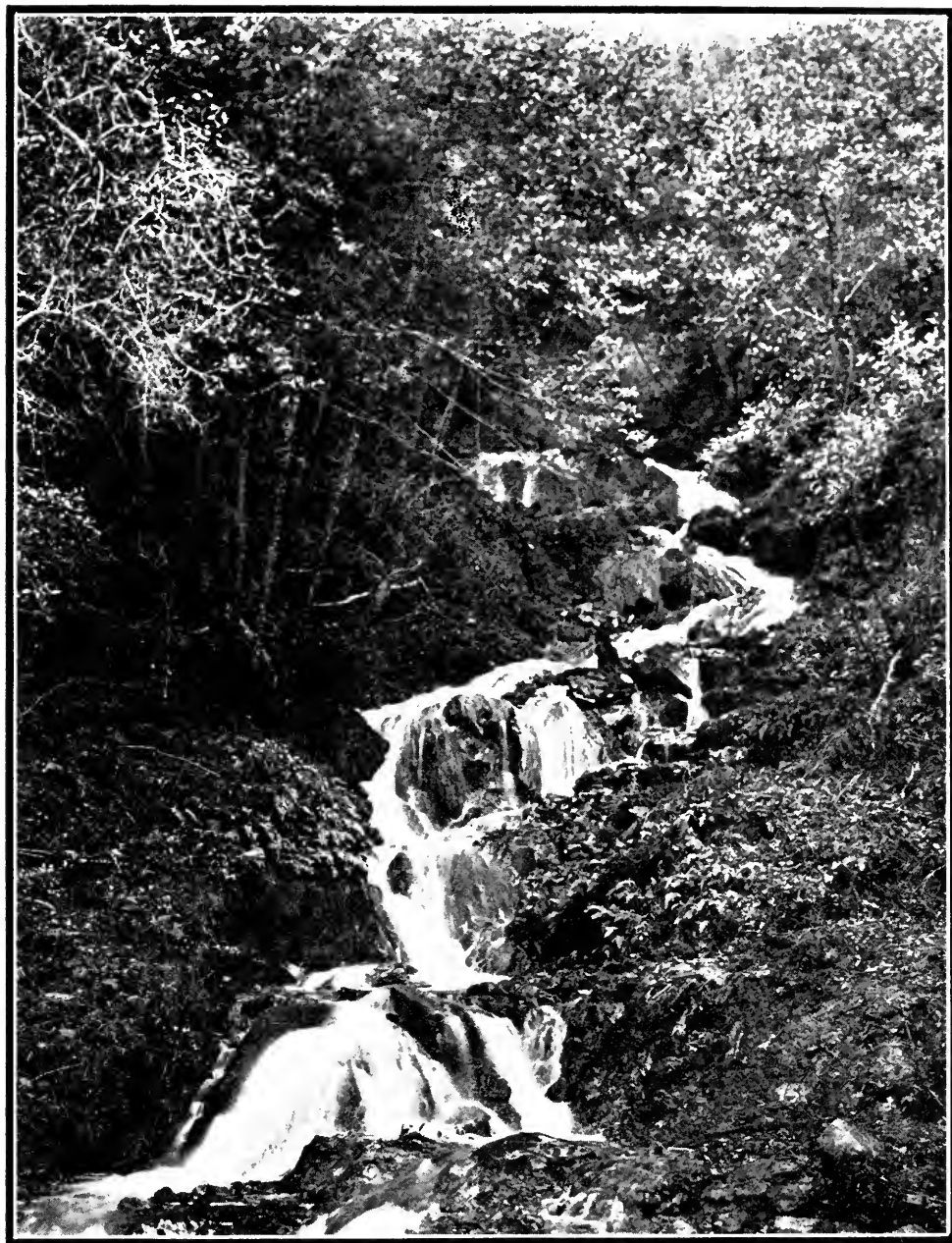
"Junior! Come away from that creek!" A woman's voice, high with fear, brought the child reluctantly about, and sent the big dog scurrying uphill into the brush.

Every day Wolf roamed to the dam. Cautiously he ventured further, to find a cozy white cottage in a small clearing, where dwelt the golden-curl'd Junior. Often he slunk in the shadows, his bright yellow orbs fixed upon the child; with all his shy collie soul, he wanted to gain the friendship of this blue-denimed youngster, but the wild, restless streak within him kept him ever in the thicket.

Wolf, in his prowling, made further discovery. A yardful of plump fowls added much to his interest. The dog's tongue stole out to lick his chops reminiscently—he was wearying of his squirrel-rabbit diet.

* * *

"Some animal has been getting away with the



"Deep, dark canyons, rocky crags, the tinkle of musical streams——"

chickens." The man scowled as he strode into the kitchen where his wife was preparing the evening meal.

Startled, she glanced at him. "Maybe they strayed up the mountain. How many?"

"Four White Rock pullets. No, they never strayed. There's too many feathers around for that. It's either a skunk or—"

"Big dog!" This from young Junior at the window, his button of a nose flattened against the glass.

With a bound, the man gained the window. "By Jove! I'll bet that's him—I'll pop him before he makes a getaway!"

But the keen Wolf, hugging the edge of the clearing, became suddenly aware of the gaze of humans and was gone even before the man had laid his hand upon a weapon.

So death again rode upon the trail of the collie, but indifferently and at will, he proceeded with his raidings. It became almost an obsession with the man to kill the marauder, but Wolf watched his chances well, and the nearest the avenger ever came to revenge was to send a hot shot screaming after the flashing form.

* * *

Spring fever held Wolf in its grip. It was his pleasure those days to lie at ease on the sunny knoll, which was nothing more or less now than a bank of fragrant spring flowers. All through one sunny morning in mid-April, he lay there, occasionally indulging in a wide yawn or luxurious stretch.

Along toward noon, Wolf embarked on a foraging expedition, instinctively turning his sharp nose toward the little cottage in the canyon below; but at the dam he halted, human voices carrying their warning to his sensitive ears. Quite comfortable he settled himself to rest, drifting off into instant slumber with utter abandon.

Wolf came back to earth with a sharp quiver. A childish whimper smote his ears. He sprang to his feet. There in the dark water below a dash of blue caught his eye.

The collie took the leap on the instant. There was a splash that sent the water flying in a hundred ways. Strong white teeth took firm hold in the garments of the struggling child, and Wolf struck out for shore. Tenderly he deposited his dripping burden on the turf—then shook himself vigorously.

"Big dog!" sputtered Junior, sitting up and reaching out a sturdy arm.

Wolf grinned amiably; then gently he nosed the youngster with a velvety muzzle.

"Junior ——" commanded a distant voice. "Junior!"

"Big dog!" chuckled Junior, scrambling to his feet. "Big dog!" he repeated in approval, and turned dutifully homeward.

Wolf stared after the retreating figure, a mild, longing glint in his eyes that seemed to say regretfully, "We might be such comrades —"

But Wolf was a hunted thing, and a man with a mean shotgun was camping warily on his trail.

* * *

A full moon smiled jovially down from a cloudless sky. Wolf sighed as he sat on the threshold of his knoll home and gazed with fierce reflection down into the dark canyon below.

There was a flash as of lightning—a shock as of thunder—and the abrupt stillness that followed was interrupted by two distinct sounds. Flung from some cavern of darkness came the unmistakable cry of a creature in anguish, while there in the moonlit clearing a man swore aloud in his disappointment.

"But I nicked him!" There was exultation in his tone as the man stooped to inspect a tell-tale spot on the ground. "If he isn't done for this time, I'll get him yet!"

For the last time Wolf has trod the hazardous path that borders on disaster; for the last time he has felt the heavy hand of man. He seeks only those pleasant spots where the redwoods are thickest and where his hermitage may be complete. True, there sometimes drifts to him the thin, distant voices of humans, but stilled forever is the answering chord within that wild heart.

When the mountain air is almost painful in its sharpness, and the frost has blanketed the small towns that dot the country below until they look like toy villages in a snow kingdom, there is a peculiar stiffness in Wolf's rugged right shoulder; merely a gentle reminder of what might have happened—and what still might happen should he ever again intrude upon civilization.

And if the Almighty has given to the dumb subjects of the lower level the power of philosophy, then Wolf must know that for him life at its sweetest is found along the higher trails.



Bitter Medicine

By D. S. WOOD

"— shall spend their hours of leisure from camp and battles, in flitting lightly from flow'r to flow'r."—Extract from Unwritten Army Regulations.

I.

THE youngish major of regular cavalry (as his uniform showed him to be) paused before an extremely modern mansionette on a shaded avenue of his little home town, and bit his upper lip reflectively. Could this be Nellie's home now? Where was the vine-covered cottage that occupied this site three years ago? And the swinging, panelled gate where, on that night he left for training camp, she bade him good-bye, with the moonlight jewelizing the tears from her saddened eyes and burnishing her hair into molten bronze?

And the forty-acre patch, too! Gone from it was the velvety voluptuous sheen of alfalfa—instead, a multitude of obviously new and cheap cottages of a monotonous similarity of aspect offended the eye. Prosperity had evidently come to Nellie's folks. All was change and growth. But Nellie would never change. No, she was—just Nellie, the girl back home, the girl you forget and neglect and hurt until you've finally acquired, by association with other kinds, appreciation for her—usually too late. Only he was not going to be too late.

As he rang the bell, doubts assailed him. What a chance he had taken! Why hadn't he swallowed his false pride and written her before coming, even after his long lapse in correspondence? She might have married. But no, his own folks would have told him that in their letters.

The tired look about his eyes, there all too soon, became more noticeable. Lord, but he was tired, tired—awfully tired of the life one can lead in the army by merely following the social line of least resistance.

The door opened behind him, a girl's voice exclaimed: "Oh!" Turning, he saw framed in the doorway a stunningly attractive, vivaciously alive girl in whose eyes danced a delighted recognition. * * * Nellie? Yes, it must be. But for the second only he was in doubt.

"My God, Ma!" she called over her shoulder, "look who's here!"

She grasped him on both arms and shook him in mock chastisement; scolding:

"You awful man—you nearly gave me heart-

failure. Brownie! You cute man—I never knew you looked like that in a uniform. You come right in."

She pulled him into the house to her flustered, timid, old-fashioned little mother, and commanded: "Now sit down, right there. Don't you move, either, 'till I give you the once-over. Why did you quit writing to me? Never mind lying—don't answer. I've got you now, anyway. Ma, lock the door so he can't get away."

She dropped beside him on the divan and drew back in comic appraisal, lifting her eyebrows and tilting her head, continuing:

"M—m—m! Just wait till I show you off to this little hick town—they'll drop dead. Is all the rest of this day mine?"

The telephone rang, and he heard her telling "Eddie" to call up again some other day.

"Nell has changed so, don't you think?" sighed her mother.

He agreed, thoughtfully. Well, did he expect her to dress still as they did in 1917? A girl has at least to keep up with the conservative modes, doesn't she? But as he watched her telephone in the hall, he had to admit to himself that her modiste was not hampered by conservative instincts, judging by the length of her skirt. Always a pretty girl, now she struck him as being qualified to bag the limit in any metropolis. Tweezers, cosmetics galore, and bobbed hair had all assisted in the change.

As her mother disappeared, sighing something about dinner arrangements, Nellie brought back with her some articles which Browning recognized as the makings of cock-tails. Now thoroughly at ease, he performed the ceremony, while she chattered. He offered her a generous cupful, in the perfunctory manner of one expecting it to be declined—but she took it without the quiver of a single long, silky, blackened eye-lash and smiled provokingly up at him as she sipped it. In a state of coma he later extended his cigarette case, but she waved it away:

"Thanks. Have my own brand."

Slowly he put the case back. She asked, thoughtfully:

"Been out to the ranch yet?"

"No. Just got in."

"Why did you come and see me so soon—even before your folks?"

There it was, in her eyes, what he had come two thousand miles to see. For that he had lied to the Colonel of his regiment in order to get his leave. Even now in his breast pocket was a crumpled tissue, a military order for his leave which would explain all to her, and which he had intended as a surprise for her. And here was the opportunity. But something was wrong. He procrastinated:

"They didn't expect me, so they didn't meet me. Had to stay in town overnight so I dropped over."

During dinner, the telephone interrupted the dessert and he heard her telling "Artie" to call up again some other evening.

Later she said: "Now for a movie—that's all they have here." By her choice it was "Why Women Weaken," a six-reeler, by the same director as "Why Love Your Husband?" At all the proper places Nellie gasped or held her breath in tense anxiety. Once out in the open air, which Browning breathed in thankfully, she guided him into the same cafe where in years ago they had supped after many a gentle movie. Then it had been a quiet sort of a retreat, but now a mellow blast of jazz permeated every atom of ozone between the mirrored walls and pillars; the dancing floor was crowded and a giant scintillator projected motley hues upon the assemblage.

Nell spoke to the head waiter.

"H'lo, Henry. Right by the floor, please."

Then she ordered enough food to last three hours, and prepared to spend the evening. He found that dancing, with Nell, was not difficult. He would have enjoyed himself after a casual fashion had it not been for an occasional thought of the order in his pocket.

"I could dance with you all night," sighed Nell, after the third dance, as she dove into some salad. "Why did you quit writing to me, anyway? I don't blame you, though—I was a back-number in those days, all right. Don't you think so?"

A young individual with a round hair-cut and a physical swagger now loomed up alongside the table, one Eddie. Nell drifted away in his arms, the couple narrowly missing a collision with the saxophone artist at the first corner. As Browning's eyes indolently followed them he noticed that Eddie's thoroughly up-to-date variations of the shimmy were a matter of course to the girl. In seating the girl again, Eddie vigorously mopped the perspiration from his

face with a lavender silk handkerchief and beamed excessively upon the other man in recalling certain school-day incidents. A ticklish sensation started at the Major's neck and crawled down his spine. He felt to be sure that the button of his breast pocket flap was securely fastened.

Later Nell said: "There'll be others after dances, I suppose. What shall I tell 'em?"

Taking cognizance of certain other individuals of Eddie's type or worse, scattered through the place, and also the probability that Nell would draw the line at none of them, he hastily replied in the manner, but not for the reasons, desired:

"Don't dance with anybody else—tonight. I want you all to myself."

A forty candle power look from Nell's artistically set-off eyes was his reward. For the remainder of that dizzy evening he was her property. It could be seen in her glance, in her capricious way of pulling him from his seat to dance, and in the air of ownership with which she picked a thread from his sleeve between encores.

In her car on the way home, afterwards, she snuggled insinuatingly against his shoulder.

"Us's goin' to have lots and lots of fun, while us is home on leave, isn't us?" she purred.

"Oh, well," thought Browning as he encircled her with his arm, "When in Rome, etc."

"Bad, naughty boy," she scolded. "Who said he could?"

Her kisses were warm, and tasted like more, so he managed to stay awake until he had deposited her safely at her door. There she cautioned:

"Don't forget now, you can stay out at the ranch daytimes, but evenings you belong to me."

The fear of ridicule is a potent factor in the life of the youth. In his room at the "Commercial"—even that place had changed too, the doggoned thing had plate-glass windows in front—Browning buried his face in his hands in despair. Before him on the cheap table was spread a crumpled tissue; stating in terse phraseology that Maj. B. R. Browning, Umph Cavalry, is hereby granted twenty days' leave, for the purpose of getting married. Death or marriage it took to obtain leave in the days of reconstruction of the army. And too well had Browning lied.

II.

Ten days elapsed before Browning felt that he could view his problem with a proportionate eye. He sat smoking, feet cocked on the win-

dow-sill, gazing out upon the opulent green campus of his Alma Mater, to whom he had turned in the hour of need for consolation, now that it was practically too late for a solution. Before him the sun, a golden ball of fire, dropped sulkily behind the distant serrated ramparts of smoky San Francisco. Behind him Wiskozill (referred to by his classes as "Whisky Bill"), a former classmate and fraternity brother, now an assistant professor of chemistry, corrected the quiz papers of that day with appropriate snorts and groans.

Briefly, the main points were these. Either return to his regiment and resign—or find a wife in three days. Resignation was a bitter pill. He thought of his troop, the pride of his life. He heard again the uproar of the polo scrimmage, the crack of mallet on ball; he felt the rush of wind in his ears, and between his legs the powerful stride of a pony bred, trained and ridden for speed in the panting, sweating dash down-field for a goal. Well, about his only salvation now was a co-ed. During the past few days of putting up with Wiskozill at the Faculty Club he had roamed from one college function to another, realizing the utter stupidity of his intentions, the alternative of which, however, would ruin his army career. Getting the right sort of a girl to marry you in three days—especially a co-ed—simply wasn't being done now. In the college daily on his lap he gloomily noticed an item to the effect that here was the largest university in the world, and that it had over five thousand co-eds. The word "advertise" suddenly leaped into his brain, only to be ruthlessly dispelled.

He was aroused from reverie by the stentorian tones used by Wiskozill in answering someone who had just entered:

"No, my dear girl, I will not change your grade in Chemistry. I changed it for you last semester and I told you then you'd have to earn it next time. That's final."

"But, Mr. Wiskozill, I—I——"

"No!" roared the fiery instructor. "NO-O-O! D'you know you're the sixth this afternoon that's tried to cry a 'Three' out of me? NO!"

Browning, resisting the desire to turn his head, heard nothing then but a distinctly feminine snuffle.

"That's all," growled the tyrant, in dismissal, and there was a rustling of papers from the direction of his desk.

A moment later the door to the little office in the Chemistry Laboratories closed very softly and Browning, knowing she was gone, turned to his friend.

"You damned beast," he said, with cheerful brutality.

Wiskozill shamefacedly burrowed deeper into his papers, saying:

"Aw, she's a little bolshevik. Bothered me all term. Lord knows she's intelligent enough, but she says Chemistry is a series of unrelated facts with no mathematical foundation."

Obeying that impulse, with elaborate carelessness Browning took his leave. In the gloomy, tunnel-like hall of the revered old structure a girl leaned dismally against the wall and dabbed her face with a moist handkerchief. She did not look up.

"Look here," said the man, "don't cry like that. Wisk isn't such a bad sort at the bottom. I'll see if I can't help you out when he's cooled off a little."

"Oh, please go on and let me alone!" she wailed, still with her face buried in her arm.

Something in the quietness of his leaving caused her to turn her wet eyes upon his extremely dignified departure. In a half-second, after the fashion of woman these some years, she had completely estimated, analyzed and catalogued him.

"Oh," she called after him, "I thought you were a college boy."

An invitation to be recognized by Browning did not have to be engraved on the conventional form. He returned and silently stood near for some minutes until she had stilled her sobbing; whereupon she removed the stains of travail as best she could in that dim light, powdering vigorously a retroussé nose that was never meant to look upon a tear. Although he had won a battle, of sorts, he realized that the immediate situation was controlled by other hands than his own, and he was content to wait. Soon she spoke:

"You don't know him—the stubborn brute! They told me he was peevish today, but it meant so much to me I had to come, anyway."

"Well, now, it isn't so bad," he soothed. "You can take Chem again next year."

With quivering lips and starry eyes she said: "There won't be any 'next year.' This flunks me out—clear out of school. * * * I just can't tell 'em back home. I—I won't go home!"

He pondered on that statement.

"Why, surely your folks ——"

"I haven't any," hopelessly. "Only a step-father. I haven't seen him for years. He's too much like Wiskozill—I wouldn't dare go back and face him. I'll get a job—anything—and work, first."

"Well, that's hard luck, all right. I can sympathize with you more than you think—I'm in much the same fix myself, only not such a bad one, of course. Mine is right comical."

She said, after studying him gravely:

"I don't believe it. Maybe you don't make such a fuss over yours, though."

"Wish I could—I might feel better about it afterward."

A smile struggled for the control of the girl's sobered mouth. There was a pause; while the darkness of evening filled the corridor. Then, without appearing to notice his presence, she slowly said:

"I guess I'd better be going up to the house." Yet she made no motion which could be construed as preliminary to departure.

"Phi Omega?" He could not decipher her pin.

"Yes." Adding, as an afterthought, "Way up on Dwight Street." Still she waited, twisting her pulpy handkerchief absently.

"Walking?"

"What? Oh, yes, walking."

Another pause. "Poor kid," thought he, "not a day over eighteen, and thinks this is trouble. I hope she never sees worse."

A door opened and out came with stick and hat the ogre of all Chemistry hopefuls, peering through his spectacles at the two standing in the gloom, then gruffly speaking:

"If you're waiting to see me, Miss Ervine, it's useless, I assure you. You can't retrieve a year of trifling with five minutes of emotion as far as I'm concerned. Good night. * * * Coming, Browning?"

The girl caught her breath and involuntarily her form shrank closer to Browning, who said:

"Not right now, Wiskoziil. You go on ahead. I'll be up later—but don't wait your dinner."

With a grunt of disgust the assistant professor melted away, out into the dusk. Quite as if it were the most natural thing in the world, the two remaining fell into step together, out of the place and toward the Phi Omega.

III.

The way out of the campus toward that sorority led through the sunken, oak-covered hollows of Faculty Guade. Deeply hurt by Wiskoziil's words the girl silently stumbled along the path until Browning led her a step to one side, to a flat marble settee against the gnarled trunk of an aged oak.

"Let's talk this thing over," he said, as they were seated there. "Maybe there's a way out of your trouble—and mine, too. There's one obvious solution—and it would kill both birds

with one stone, too. But of course it'd be absurd to expect you to do it."

"Tell me your trouble," she commanded, "and I'll see if it would."

He told her.

"O!" she cried, low. "Oh!"

The campus was almost deserted at this hour, and in the deep, portentous silence now ensuing in Faculty Glade the steps of a belated student crunching the gravel of a distant path fairly rent the air with terrific force. They grew fainter, disappeared, and again the stillness of the dead enshrouded the place. "It's her next move," he thought. "Wonder if it'll be a fifty-yard dash—or assault and battery?"

At last she said, quite low, with averted head:

"What would you think of a girl who would do that?"

"What would you think of the man?"

"Oh, well—that's different."

"Why?"

"Because." This was in a tone of finality. "Besides, you don't know a thing about me."

"Nor you about me. * * * Listen, I feel like a holy dub talking to you this way on a half-hour's acquaintance, but as far as knowing you is concerned—I've come to a conclusion on that. Never mind why. Now about me. I'm a total stranger, and there are only three days now to make up your mind about me, even if you were inclined to. Are you—d'you suppose—there'd be any use?"

"Maybe."

He seemed satisfied with that answer, and went on:

"You don't know me from Adam, of course."

She answered slowly, after a pause:

"I know that you're an officer and a gentleman."

This effectually squelched that digression. "Ye Gods!" mentally groaned Browning. "What a kid!" Then, aloud:

"I don't want to intrude on you for one moment, so you'll have to tell me when I may come."

"Well—I haven't anything to do—this evening."

So they stopped for dinner at the South Gate Cafeteria, just outside the Sather Gate, where it caught the college trade. Students good-naturedly jammed the place, and Browning felt a tinge of regret that he could not be one of them still. Even though but a few years since his graduation, he now felt alien. Several P. G.'s, recognizing him, came over with greetings of genuine fervor; also Christie, the famous

trainer, and Andy Smith, veteran football coach, whose "wonder team" of that year had an undefiled goal line. To have these giants of the college world thus single him out where this girl could see did not annoy him to any considerable extent, but he would have dropped dead at her feet before betraying by his manner that these honors were anything but a matter of course.

On the back of an envelope the two drew up a schedule for the three days the man was to be under observation. Beside the theaters there was to be a hop at his frat, a hike and a baseball game against Stanford.

That night it was the theater.

"I've been making investigations in the back files of the 'Daily Cals,'" she said, next day, when their hike had progressed as far as the Big C, where it had stopped only a half-mile from the campus, but most of that straight up. Browning had said that he was a cavalryman and refused to walk any further, so they seated themselves on the turfed promontory and rested.

"Have you gotten the low-down on me?"

"Well, there were lots of pictures of you in football togs, and baseball and track—and oodles of complimentary remarks under them."

"I was some pumpkins in them there days."

He threw out his chest.

"Also——" here she paused while a malicious twinkle gleamed in her eye, "also in one place there was something about a forward pass, on a goal line, or something. I couldn't exactly understand."

He groaned, and she went on.

"Anywav, you dropped it, and we lost the Western Championship."

"I allowed you too much time to look me over, I guess. I should have said three minutes. * * * Could you have decided?"

"I—did. There's no use pretending I didn't."

"And you——?"

"I will do as you wish." She met his eyes steadily and courageously. "I have thought it all over. I know nothing about your life except what was in those papers, but I just feel way down that you are the right kind—that you are just plain—downright—decent." She bent her head and twisted at the grass roots.

For some time he watched her, silently, while various pictures and thoughts came unbidden—among them a phrase of Kipling's, "the murkiness of the average man's life." With tightly closed eyes he winced, and sharply turned his head away. She continued:

"What must you think of me?"

"Do you really want to know?"

"Yes."

"Then I'll tell you. I think I'm not fit to clean the mud off of your shoes."

She did not seem to hear this. She was looking away, far off over the sweep of cities below and the bay beyond, so he could not determine her expression. After a while she asked:

"What is army life like?" So he told her.

IV.

After the hop at the Phi Deltas they walked back across the moon-lit college grounds to the Phi Omegas, and it was the last hour of the third day. Not until they had passed the pale, stone-cascaded and pillared library did either speak; then, as if the idea had just occurred to her, and looking straight ahead, she said:

"That Bingham girl is awfully cute, don't you think?"

"Which girl is that?"

"The one you had three dances with."

"Oh, that little campus kitty—why yes, in a sort of a way. * * * The last two we sat out."

"Oh, did you?" With exactly sufficient surprise to indicate that she had not noticed.

"Yes, but I don't imagine she got much of a kick out of it. I sat near a window so I could look through and watch you dancing all the time."

"Do you expect me to believe that, now?"

"Well, wasn't I staring at you all evening?"

"Perhaps. I didn't notice," carelessly—too carelessly, in fact. And then, in a slightly warmer tone: "She told me you were fascinating—perfectly, utterly fascinating, so you couldn't have watched me all the time. * * * And she asked me if I had you all dated up for the rest of your leave."

"She did mention seeing me again," casually, as he paused to light a cigarette, "if I recollect. But I didn't bite because at the time I thought it was probable that I was all dated up for the rest of my life."

"Well, aren't you?"

He did not answer. They passed over the rickety wooden bridge at Strawberry Creek into a hilly upper street of the sleepy college town, where low and dense evergreens transformed the walk into a dusky tunnel shot through occasionally by flakes of dim light.

"I'll have to tell you," finally he said, soberly. "I decided while I was sitting out that last time, just watching you dance. As I ever hope to be what I want to be, I can't take this advantage of you—and I will not. I'm going back to my outfit—take my medicine—and resign, if necessary."

She stopped, facing him.

"But why—why?"

"I can't explain, exactly. It's just between me and myself. If I fall down on this I'll never be able to—well, you couldn't understand how it is with me." He broke off, and abruptly threw his cigarette away.

She stood still a while, lacing and unlacing her fingers, then slowly resumed the walk. A slanting streak of brilliancy fell through the foliage from above onto her bowed head. The air seemed charged with a force well-nigh irresistible, electric, all-pervading.

"Don't you worry about flunking out," he continued. "I fixed that all up with Wisk today. It's all right now, you can stay here."

"I wasn't even thinking about that. * * * So, you are going to take your medicine, while I slip out of taking mine by a trick. Do you expect me to do it?"

"It's not a trick, really. He said you knew the stuff, but you were bull-headed."

She took his arm gently, while Browning, to retain a vestige of his resolution, dared not look at her as she asked:

"Is that the only reason you changed your mind?"

"What other could there be?"

"Why—perhaps now after three days, I am different—than you thought. Am I?"

To this typically feminine onslaught he could think of no answer to give without letting go of everything, so beyond a deep gulp he made no sound. However, she did not force the issue, but as with one hand she smoothed down some recalcitrant ruffles of her party dress, she smiled in a strange little way to herself. Soon she attacked from another quarter:

"Are you entirely through with me?"

"That's for you to decide, now."

"Well, of course I'll always feel a sort of interest in you—I came near being your wife, once. I'd like for you to write and tell me if that vicious old Colonel you told me about really court-martials you, if you want to. Do you want to?"

"Want to! If I did what I want to, why there wouldn't be any medicine to take."

Before the hunger in his eyes her own dropped. He could have taken her in his arms. He knew it, then. But that would mean that he had fallen down with himself. He wanted her to come to him later after he had swallowed his medicine, and when not even the suspicion of the pressure of circumstance was a factor in her decision or his. Before her door she waited—simply waiting: she could feel his pride and iron-enforced reticence, and was glad because

of them. As she gave a hand in farewell her smile meant as plainly as words: "Do with me as you wish, for I am yours." But she said:

"Don't be worried about your medicine—you've had most of it already. * * * Good-bye."

V.

Two days later the youngest major in the army clinked his spurs together, threw his chin up, and saluted.

"Sir, Major Browning reports for duty."

The senior colonel of cavalry, Col. "Jimmy" Jimpkins, leaned back in the chair from his littered, battered desk, spectacles on forehead, and surveyed the returned officer from beneath iron-gray eyebrows that bushed out until they almost obscured his vision. His monstrous mustacios, relics of the Indian-fighting days along the Yellowstone and Little Big Horn, fairly quivered with suppressed emotion. But he had never been known to suppress emotion for any considerable length of time, and for that matter, as many a black-guard trooper could gleefully testify,—for they loved and worshipped his tough old hide as never a commander had been so adored before—he had a vocabulary, made perfect through long usage in campaigns that tried the flesh and soul, which was ideal for expressing emotions of the kinds a soldier understood. He looked fierce, acted fierce, and talked fiercer yet—but deceived not a single man under him, for he would not harm the lowliest being that existed. He was but an old man and lonely, very lonely.

Outside was the heat—dry, scorching heat. Little gusts and eddies of torrid air busied themselves with the eternal sand and dust of western Texas. A drooping messenger galloped wearily across the parade ground. From a trumpet came in the lazy, drawn-out notes of an old-time bugler the calls for stables and water.

"May I speak to the Colonel in private?" asked Browning, with a nervous eye to the clerks who came and went with papers.

So over in the Colonel's quarters, a trifle later, he told "Jimmy" all that his conscience would allow him about Nell, his boyhood girl, and why he had not married her,—and nothing more. "I have no excuse to make otherwise, sir, and I am ready to take the consequences," he concluded.

"Is that all, major?"

"Yes, sir."

"Nothing else to tell me?"

"No, sir."

(Continued on Page 68)

Jeff's Lucky Moon

By MARY EARL SHEPARD

*"The Raccoon's tail am ringed around,
The Possum's tail am bar;
The Rabbit got no tail at all
But a little bunch o' har."*

THE voice was low and sweet with the mel-
low patois peculiar to the "way down
south" colored mammy. She had lived
most of her life in Colonel Fairfield's family and
felt a prior claim in the matter of duties and im-
portance over the other servants. The day was
one of radiant sunshine, the sky as blue as a
baby's eyes. Mammy Chloe had elected to take
her charge, a little fair haired girl of three sum-
mers, down the winding path in front of the
house known as "Mulberry Way," which led
As she shambled along, holding the baby's hand
to "Broad-gates" for "company" was expected,
and singing softly to herself and to the child, a
bare heel came in sight intermittently just above
the soft slipper top—Mammy's "coat of arms"
young Mrs. Fairfield called it, for though neat
and trim otherwise there was always the hole—
large or small—in evidence.

Colonel Fairfield was returning today, bring-
ing his younger sister, who had married a
"northern man" and had lived her twenty happy
years of married life in a small town in Con-
necticut. He had died and left her alone and her
only brother had gone on to bring her back to
"God's Country." Mammy and little Anne had
scarcely reached the entrance when the carriage
rolled through the gates. Silas, or "Si" as he
was familiarly known, maintained the dignity ex-
pected of a coachman in the southern household.
He pulled up to the side of the drive as he saw
the familiar pair and baby Anne was lifted in
and from her Grandfather's knees she looked
long and inquiringly at the Colonel's sister, as if
to solve the mystery of the sad eyes that looked
into the baby face.

'Tis said that eyes are the windows of the soul
and the thoughts back of them look out upon
the world of men to shame or praise us as the
case may be! So intent was the child upon the
face beside her that she was lifted out again by
"Si" almost without realizing that her ride was
over and that Mammy had omitted the always
important feature of the afternoon's end—a ride
"pick-a-back" through the arch along Mulberry
Way. As she got out of the carriage Aunt Pen
stooped and took the little girl in her arms. She
kissed her affectionately, as if to seal the com-
radeship that had been born during the silent

drive. Penelope Scofield had had no children
but the maternal instinct was strong and mother-
love shone in her eyes as she held the baby close
to her heart. She was soothed and comforted
by the little arms that almost unconsciously
crept around her neck, and it was not until years
had elapsed and it had been necessary for her
to take the place of Anne's mother that she
realized that on that day, in trying to bury a
sorrow, she had unearthed a blessing.

* * *

During the many years that Colonel Fairfield's
home had opened its hospitable doors to those
near and dear to him, there had never been an
occasion when the coming of any one had meant
so much to him as the day his only son brought
the young and lovely bride to reign as mistress
of the old mansion, for the Colonel's wife had
lived only a few hours after the birth of her son.
Young Mrs. Fairfield never felt like an "in-law,"
but from the first day she had taken her place
as daughter in his heart and home, and when,
after two years, her young husband was thrown
from a horse and killed, the mother and babe
remained and were, as the Colonel said, "as
welcome as the flowers in the spring."

* * *

Anne grew into a loving but spoiled child,
whose very whim was a command in the house-
hold. The Colonel saw in her only that which
was good and beautiful, for she was the idol of
his heart, and if at any time correction was sug-
gested "Daddy Fair," as Anne had named him,
would take the little girl by the hand and lead
her into the garden, where she could "hear the
birds sing" and the correction was forgotten.
Anne's mother had never entirely recovered
from the shock and sorrow of her husband's
death, and gradually and almost imperceptibly
it fell to the lot of Aunt Pen to shoulder the
duties and cares that young Mrs. Fairfield had
so willingly undertaken when she came as a
bride to "Broadgates." It was a happy house-
hold where any element of discord would have
died of inanition in a soil too rich in love, kind-
ness and consideration, one for another.

At the age of sixteen Anne was sent away to

an Eastern school and the break in the home life was still further widened when Anne's mother died during the second term of her school year. She was brought home to continue her studies under the direction of a governess. Anne had grown into a fair, sweet bit of loveliness, with little trace of the petulant child of a few years ago. Aunt Pen's was a gentle guidance, but she often feared for her beloved Anne's future, for so accustomed was she to love and adulation that a life without it would have been to her as the north wind to a tender blossom. One morning in the room where the family assembled after breakfast, Aunt Pen and Anne sat discussing plans for Anne's coming out party, arranging the day's program and "visiting" generally. A card was brought in by one of the servants. It was bent through the center, indicating that the call was intended for the family. Anne, being near the door, took the card from the tray and read, "Mr. Jefferson Dupont Culver." As she looked at it, a smile crept around her mouth and she said, "Come on, Aunt Pen, it's your special 'pet', Jeff Culver, and he's making his first courtesy call in the neighborhood since his return from college. Good old Jeff! Wonder if he's learned to speak to a girl without suggesting a rainbow?"

She stopped at a long pier glass that stood between the windows and took a cursory glance at her reflection as she and Aunt Pen went toward the room where Jeff Culver stood waiting. His greeting was cordial and genuine, but if he took on the brilliant hues of the rainbow he was too ruddy and sunburned to show it, and his manner and poise were all that even Anne's critical eye could have desired. The call was comfortable and informal, stretching into a real visitation, and before Jeff left he had secured Anne's promise to ride with him the next day, and that early morning canter was followed by others, and at the end of a few weeks Jeff had grown to be an almost daily visitor at "Broad-gates." 'Tis true he did not always see Anne for she had many friends to claim her time; then, too, she felt that disciplinary measures were necessary to Jeff's well being, and when it suited her whimsical fancy she would have Aunt Pen see Jeff or bear some trivial excuse from her for her failure to keep her engagement with him. Mrs. Scofield had many friends and confidants among Anne's associates, but there was no one who so appealed to her interest as Jeff, and when Anne elected to bestow one of her disciplinary doses upon him he would insist that "Aunt Pen" would do quite as well, so the wholesome thing that often results from the as-

sociation of a motherly woman of mature years and a boy like Jeff.

The Colonel frequently strolled in from his den during these oft repeated visits, and one day just after Jeff had gone he turned to his sister and in no gentle terms expressed his distinct disapproval of the boy's frequent calls and his too evident attentions to Anne. Mrs. Scofield had gone to school with Jeff's mother when she was Helen Drake and had known the family well, besides having grown fond of Jeff on his own account. She was all too ready to plead the boy's cause, but her womanly wisdom and keen understanding of the Colonel's idiosyncrasies suggested conciliatory measures and the argument was a brought to an end. Colonel Fairfield stood for some time in a brown study as if settling some problem in his own mind. The question of Jeff was still uppermost in his thought and the words "absurd," "ridiculous," "preposterous" rose to his lips. He did not realize that Anne was now two years older than her grandmother, his Anne, when he carried her off in a knightly fashion some fifty years before! Much of Anne's spirit was a stalwart heritage handed down through two generations. He had gone into his room and carefully closed the door behind him; he stood for some time before his desk, as if weighing some question "pro" and "con." Gradually a look of renewed determination came over his face and an adroit smile that seemed to indicate the rekindling of a new hope. He sat down and in a firm and steady hand he wrote:

"Dear Cousin Ellen:

"I am writing to ask a favor. We want you to send us your Eleanor for a time—things get slow down here and Anne needs the companionship and 'brightening up' that some one of her own age and inclinations would give her. Pack Eleanor up and send her on. We'll take the best of care of her and return her to you refreshed and rested after a few weeks of country life. Tell her the horses are in fine condition and she must be prepared to take some 'high fences' and long canters when she gets here. Penelope and Anne join me in love and felicitations.

"Affectionately, your cousin,

"Josiah Fairfield."

"Cousin Ellen" had always been a natural "match-maker." Now she was to be treated to some of her own medicine. The Colonel knew that Eleanor was good to look upon—in fact, was called "a beauty." She might well please the fancy of young Jeff. It might work! And it might even be doing Ellen a kindness

for there were no better people in all Randolph County than the Culvers. So why not? Anyway, the "die was cast," and when, at breakfast a few mornings later, he mentioned having invited Ellen's daughter down for a time, it occasioned no surprise in Anne's thought, but Aunt Pen looked into the Colonel's eyes to see if the duplicity was written there, or if it emanated from her own guilty mind. Eleanor came and she and Anne, always congenial, now became the greatest of friends. The days passed into weeks all too rapidly. There were rides, dances and tennis tournaments. Jeff played the part of escort whenever the opportunity presented itself. Through a spirit of mischief and in order to torment Jeff, Anne would purposely plan parties where Eleanor and Jeff were thrown in each other's company. Jeff fell in nobly with Anne's plans of entertainment, though many times his own inclinations and desires were sacrificed in the process. The trend of events was plainly in evidence under Mrs. Scofield's keenly interested eye. She had seen Jeff "disciplined" almost to the "breaking point." She had also taken note of his manliness in handling the trying situation, and she loved him for his tenderness toward Anne and for his patience with her vagaries. She determined to throw some hint or suggestion to him which might enable him to win the love that would be so safe in his keeping and which he so richly deserved. Mrs. Scofield loved Anne almost as a mother and it was her dearest wish, if not to lead, at least to direct, her into a safe and happy marriage, for Anne's impulses and proclivities were of such a nature as to engender great unhappiness were she to marry some one who had not the loving comprehension to understand her.

One day, as Mrs. Scofield sat alone in front of the French doors that opened onto the balcony, she looked up to see Jeff coming toward the house. Now was her chance, she thought. She dropped her sewing, tapped on the window and beckoned to him. As he walked into the room, all of her well defined resolutions toward conservatism of speech flew to the "four winds"—the vigorous and forceful qualities of her character stood out as predominant features of her personality. "Jeff," she said, "do you love Anne enough to hurt yourself in hurting her? For I'm afraid you must hurt to win. She has trampled on your heart long enough, and while I believe she really loves you, she must be awakened to a clearer sense of that love and of your real worth. So change your tactics, boy, and I think you'll win in the end. Your purpose will be aided and abetted by the material right

here in the house, which the Gods have provided—Eleanor!"

Jeff shot Mrs. Scofield a deprecatory glance but before he could launch forth in defense of Anne she had gone and was half way up the stairs. Jeff stood as if transfixed to the spot. He knew that everything that had been said to him bore the stamp of truth upon it, and it was a truth that hurt. He lived in retrospect the weeks that he and Anne had been so much together, and his face burned in the shame of his own be'ttling—his poor worm-like attitude had been all too evident—he'd been a fool!—a weakling!

He stood where Mrs. Scofield had left him, as if deciding some course of action whereby he might at least reinstate himself in Anne's respect. Gradually the light of his fighting ancestors shone in his eye and he was quite ready for the combat that awaited him, for Eleanor and Anne were on the porch as he stepped from the hall, and as if the Fates had decreed to test him to the utmost, Anne welcomed him with her most bewitching smile and made room for him on the seat beside her. "What's doing today, Jeff?" she said, as she looked into his face. "let's go for a canter to start with and then—" Jeff's heart was doing a "double action" tattoo against his breast, but he stood the test and, with the calmness born of a desperate situation, he replied, "I'm sorry, Anne, but Eleanor and I had planned for a row on the river. Will you come along? The day is fine for just that lazy sport and too warm for a canter." Anne's eyes opened wide in wonderment. Could it be that Jeff was "turning her down" for some one else? Jeff—who had always fallen in with any and every suggestion she might have made! The color flamed to her cheeks, but she forced herself to look into his eyes as she answered, "No, old dear. We won't change any of your plans. You and Eleanor trot along and I'll help 'Daddy Fair' today. He has been begging me for a week to begin the cataloguing of his books. So now's the time." She rose and smothering a well defined, if assumed, yawn, walked toward the door. As she went in she turned and called back over her shoulder, "Don't rock the boat, old son, you might fall in and wash your sins away. Adios! Be good."

And she was gone.

Jeff whispered something to Eleanor. They walked from the porch toward the path that led to the river.

As she closed the door of the library behind her Anne fought back the tears that

(Continued on Page 69)

THE MOUNTAIN LASS

By A. R. HYDLE

I.

What appealed to you in the mountain lass,
And why did you love her so?
Was it not because she was sweet and pure
And grew as the wild flowers grow?

II

On the trails, she walked with the Infinite One,
And learned all the secrets fair
Of the trees and birds and the mountain folk,
Which greeted her everywhere.

III

So, my friend, return her to God's green streets,
She'll blossom again in time;
All the traces, left by the city's grind,
Will vanish in Nature's clime.



The Provocation of Ah Sing

By GORDON GRANT.

AH SING, he of the placid countenance and scholarly elegance, and master of the notorious *Nina Maria*, was a distinct annoyance to that select body of men whose headquarters is located on the second floor of the Federal Building. Few others have succeeded in making themselves so conspicuously irritating as Ah Sing, and no one has maintained himself in such a position for three months, much less three years.

Even Dan Summerton admitted that Ah Sing was "slick," and when he makes such an admission there is some glimmering of significance to it. The trouble in the Ah Sing case—or rather cases—was not in catching the gentleman but in discovering where he had hidden the contraband. The chase assumed the proportions of a perpetual game of hide-and-seek.

Shake-ups originating in Washington, hard words from the chief, promises of promotion, everything that usually served to bring results in rare cases when the morale of the Service became bored to tears, had failed to bring about the ensnaring of the smuggler. And Ah Sing had made no attempt to hide the fact that he was smuggling—instead he gloried in the enviable position he held.

Traps had been skillfully evaded—the man seemed to possess some uncanny knowledge of just what was going to happen. And so Summerton of the Department of Justice, as well as certain other personages of more official than actual importance, were at their wits' end though not exactly ready to admit they had been beaten.

After three months of serene peace Ah Sing and the *Nina Maria* were heard from at Tiburoni Bay, two hundred miles south of San Diego. It was none of the Service's business if they wanted to engage in gun running—there was plenty to take care of at home. Nevertheless when the *Nina Maria* slipped out in a dense fog, eluding the steam launch that had hovered lazily near like some hungry though innocent vulture, there was some slight interest manifested.

At Paee he was next sighted, calmly sequestered behind a coral barrier reef on the windward side of the islands. Another gentleman lived at that place, and was considerable of a nuisance to the Provincial Government at Rararonga.

At that juncture the minor annoyance of Ah

Sing was deluged in the sweep of the Great Pearl robbery in Peking, which had a sequel in the Occident. The pearl in the center of the forehead of the Great Buddha had been stolen. Certain tongs accused other tongs and other reasons as dark as the proverbial ways of the "heathen chinee" were advanced to the tune of the violent slamming of shutters on stores of peaceable Chinese. Many exquisite tortures arranged and conducted within the confines of the Forbidden City failed to bring forth any clue, and the pearl seemed to have vanished. Meanwhile San Francisco's Chinatown took sides and prepared for warfare.

The Service managed to arrange a conference due to the timely aid of a sergeant of the Chinatown squad, and after much bowing and scraping and honeyed phrases the contestants were persuaded to put their guns away again.

All this, though transpiring in a week's time, had served to distract attention from Ah Sing, and when he was again sought the yacht had steamed scutheast from Paee toward the Malay States. Then suddenly fifty miles from Singapore it turned westward and set out across the Pacific for San Francisco. This had been gleaned from fragmentary reports of vessels who had sighted her.

A month dragged slowly by, with all concerned on the alert, for more words had come from an official in Washington whose fitness for his post was determined largely on the number of votes he had been able to assemble for the right party, to the effect that Ah Sing was to be caught. It was useless to suggest that interesting procedure, but the warning served to tighten the vigil.

At length the *Nina Maria* was sighted off the Heads, and an hour later it loomed up through the fog and came to anchor off Meigg's Wharf. It had been there but twenty minutes when the Department arrived almost en masse. At the gangway Ah Sing smiled his appreciation of the welcome, but the boarding party was more inclined to scowl.

Clad in the robes of a mandarin he gazed at them calmly through huge horn-rimmed spectacles. He welcomed them with long-winded high-sounding phrases, and Summerton thought he could almost see a smile framed on his immutable lips. Of course he had nothing to declare. He was offended that the gentlemen should even suggest such a thing. He, a peace-

ful traveler, to be thusly suspected. Preposterous!

Ah Sing did not expect to be believed, and he was not disappointed. Previous experience had taught him much.

Then the systematic search began, he smiling encouragement and suggestions. On a passenger liner such a procedure would have been absurd, but here it was not. He made no effort to conceal the fact that he was playing the role of the benevolent parent at an Easter-egg hunt.

"Ah, my dear friend Summerton," he had greeted Dan in his curious mixture of Oriental and Occidental jargons. "Again we meet after many months of separation. But is it not written in the estimable works of the great scholar Lao-Tze that absence makes the bonds of friendship stronger? A wise man, Lao-Tze, Mr. Summerton!"

"S'pose so," grumbled Summerton, prodding vigorously under the magnificent Turkish rug in the cabin.

"And also is it not said that the wise official uses his wisdom to his own advantage when he has dealings with a rich man? Another excellent saying that." Then, after a few moments pause, "Do you gentlemen of the Service ever have occasion to accept from others for trifling services what the vulgar term baksheesh?" There was infinite cleverness in the tones.

Instantly Summerton hardened and his jaw snapped viciously. "Just what do you mean, Ah Sing?" he hissed.

The placid face of the mandarin did not change a particle. Shrugging his shoulders slightly he said, "What means the hawk who harries the sparrow?"

"But, sir official," he hastily reassured, "it was but a suggestion." He spread his hands apologetically. "But if it should by any chance occur that something should be overlooked—" The tones dwindled away suggestively.

"Nothing doing, Ah Sing—the Service don't operate on your principles." The mandarin turned away and gazed stolidly out over the channel to where the lights of Telegraph Hill were gleaming through the fog.

Finally Summerton satisfied that nothing was hidden in the cabin went on to Ah Sing's living quarters, the mandarin following doggedly at his heels.

The examination there was swiftly completed. Meanwhile Ah Sing had lighted a long Chinese pipe and was puffing away contentedly. Evidently there had been some preparation for the evening meal here, for the table was set in

Occidental snowy linen and shiny silver, contrasting strangely with its occupant.

After the search was over Summerton stood at the window for a few moments gazing out. The gleam of triumph in the other's eyes was reflected by a steady gleam in his. A smile curled the smuggler's lips. "Is the sir official through already?"

Summerton turned and eyed him steadily. "Ah Sing," he said steadily, "I'll admit that you've got us beaten this time. Somehow you are smuggling in opium—but I'll be blessed if I can see just how. You haven't transferred it since you left Honolulu—a Navy boat has been trailing you. We're beat, I guess."

"It is so, sir," retorted Ah Sing.

Summerton glanced over the room, taking in with his practiced eye the strange medley of appointments. There was a rap on the door, and Huddleston, his assistant, entered, reporting that a thorough search of the region below-decks had revealed not the faintest trace of contraband.

On the table were two cruets, similar to those used in Occidental homes to contain vinegar and olive oil. But these vessels were of curious Chinese design with wide necks, and had obviously been intended for some other purpose.

"Vinegar, by gum!" announced Summerton, picking it up from the table and opening the stopper. "Curic design," he commented.

A faintly perceptible shadow had crossed the immobile face of Ah Sing, and now it vanished. "A very old design of the Middle Kingdom," he explained. Then suddenly Ah Sing gave a low cry.

For Summerton had tipped the vessel sideways and was poking two exploratory fingers through the opening while the two watchers looked their amazement.

"Not opium!" ejaculated Huddleston.

"No, not opium, but something else." The fingers were withdrawn, and on one of them was a sticky white mass. He looked meaningly at Ah Sing.

"What means this nonsense, sirs?" the latter asked with a visible effort at self-control.

"It means," said Summerton steadily, "that my friend Huddleston was wrong—the Great Bhudda's pearl was paste. Study the ancients, Ah Sing—even Cleopatra knew that real pearls melt in vinegar!"

"How did you know that he was trying to get away with the Great Pearl instead of merely opium?" asked Huddleston on the way back to the wharf from the launch.

(Continued on Page 68)

Desert Vengeance

By HARRISON CONRAD.

THE long, low crumbling adobe, with its blank wall to the sinking sun, was squatted like a desolate dun island in a gray-green sea of mesquite. Northward and southward that sea billowed to uncertain limits; westward its waves beat at the warped palisades of the stark-naked mountains; eastward its tides whipped up against a low, sullen wall of red-black rock and lapped over into an infinitude of desert.

A woman framed white in the doorway. She paused to lift a broad palm-leaf to fan her haggard, desert-browed face. With a faint, cool swishing of starched muslin, she stepped wearily from the low threshold and walked around to the shelter of the arrow-weed canopy that extended from the north end of the adobe. Lifting the fan to shade her pain-dulled brown eyes against the glare of the desert sun, she looked long and intently out over the sea of mesquite toward the forbidding hardness of the gaunt range.

The hand that held the fan fell limply to her slim side as she turned, with a deep sigh, and crossed the hard dirt floor to the space under the canopy whither the late afternoon shade was slowly shifting. She dropped heavily into a crude hand-patterned canvas reclining chair and let her lusterless eyes stray with pathetic longing out over the mesquite to the eastern horizon beyond which—ever so far away—the lilacs were just bursting into bloom in a sweet old-fashioned Virginia garden, for, though in the desert, she was not of the desert.

Through the palpitating heat-waves that shimmered like iridescent ripples above the surface of that gray-green expanse as the desert sun toyed with its age-old plaything, she saw, as in a mirage, an object float for a lingering instant on the eastern wall, then dip down and sink into the dull monotony of the wide basin. In the hesitating moment that the object had paused on the rim she had made out that it was a horse and rider, and she was perplexed; for none found that remote spot in the Arizona desert save an occasional prospector, and always he came behind his creeping burros.

She dozed in the chair. The fan slipped to the floor and her long black hair fell free over her browned shoulders, from which her slender bare arms sloped gracefully to the fingers that twitched languidly in her lap.

She was aroused by the muffled thud of a

horse's hoofs in the sand. She opened her eyes with a convulsive start to see a dusty, lithe young man, stern purpose seaming his beardless, well-tanned face, leap from a hard-bitten buckskin and come toward her. He was in boots and corduroys and a shirt of soft gray material draped his broad shoulders. One hand rested upon his pistol butt while his broad hat was swinging from the other.

"Where's Henry?" he demanded in a hard voice, flinging his hat to the ground and squaring himself before her.

"Henry? Who—who—are you?" she gasped, half rising, then sinking back into the chair, a ghastly pallor whipping to her cheeks beneath the desert tan as she gaped at him.

"It's Frank, Vera! Look! But—where's Henry?" His voice had melted to tenderness for a moment, and then it jerked back abruptly to come hard again and with a menacing hiss.

"Frank—Henry?" Smothering a moan, she closed her eyes and clutched at her throat.

"Yes, Henry! Where is he?" came the insistent demand.

"He is yonder—in the mountains: but how—where have you come from—and why—why have you come here?" Her bewildered eyes opened wide to stare up at the firm, tense face, then closed again as she shrank back with a shuddering groan.

"It's not a ghost, Vera, but Frank himself," he said. "Look at me!"

"Oh!"

He gave an impatient laugh and stepped back a pace.

"But—he said—you were dead!" she stammered, speaking as one in a dream. She lifted her heavy lids with painful effort and turned her staring eyes up at him.

"Dead?" He gave a discordant laugh; then he turned away and began to pace restlessly back and forth beneath the canopy. "Do you doubt that he lied?" He halted his impatient steps and turned abruptly upon her.

She stared dully at him and after a long silence she answered: "I believed him—then."

"You believed him—then." He spoke as if mocking her halting utterance.

"Yes," she moaned, her numbed faculties awakening slowly as her straining terror began to relax. "He said you had been killed in a premature blast—was it not? and that he had

buried you—with his own hand—there by the claims—in the Cerbat Range.”

“Buried me?” His brows contracted into a black frown and he thrust his big hands deep into his pockets as he began to pace the floor again; then once more he halted abruptly in front of her. “Yes, there was a premature blast and I was desperately hurt. Somehow I crawled out of the shaft—to find that he had deserted me like a cur—and had left me for the desert wolves.”

Her bloodless lips parted and her eyes dilated with dumb horror.

“But the wolves went hungry,” he said, with a rasping laugh, “although, as I lay staring up at the desert sky throughout two days and nights of ghastly torture, always conscious, I could have welcomed them to the feast.”

“Oh!” she shuddered and buried her face in her hands.

“But the desert is not all reptiles and wolves,” he went on more calmly. “Two men, prospectors—and strangers, too, happened to pass that way. They found me lying there beside the shaft, and when I heard their voices unconsciousness came at last to give me merciful relief. They made a litter of their shirts, so I learned afterward, and, with their backs blistering under the scorching sun, they carried me twenty miles across the desert to the nearest camp. Then I was taken to a hospital in Kingman—and I lived.”

“You—lived!” she mumbled blankly, wide, staring eyes opening wider as she turned her ashen face up to him.

“When death seemed near my hate was strongest and my desire to kill him must have frightened death away,” he said morbidly.

“And—you lived!” she muttered dazedly.

“Yes—I lived. I did not know how long I was in the hospital, with its blank days and days that were an eternity. I knew nothing of time. There were weeks that were but a numb span; but when I went away, shattered but with life returning I learned that I had been in the hospital six months. Then I found that he had drawn out all my funds from the bank—nearly five thousand dollars—the day after the accident and that he had left immediately. He himself had nothing, as you know. It was money that I had supplied to carry on the development of those properties. It was everything I had and was the earnings of my own hard labor. I discovered those claims, then sent for him and gave him a half interest in them because of you, and he had access to the funds in the bank just the same as myself. I trusted him—and he be-

trayed the trust. When I was able to travel I borrowed money enough to take me back to Virginia. I learned that he had been there for a few days many months before and then had come West again, bringing you and Dorothy with him. I followed, but he had covered his tracks skillfully, and for nearly five months I have been searching for him. It’s a sordid tale to relate of the husband of one’s own sister, but there you have it in all its stark nakedness.”

She stared up at him dully, as though she had failed to comprehend it all. “He came back—and paid off the debt on the old place,” she mumbled brokenly.

“Mother told me of his generosity—with my funds; but it was not because of his love for her that he did it,” he said bitterly. “He was planning for his own future.”

“And then we came here—Henry, Dorothy and I,” she said just above a whisper. “We went away—soon after he came back.”

“And where is Dorothy now?” His voice softened.

“She is with him—in the mountains. He has found gold.”

“Gold?” Scorn curled on his lips as he turned away and began pacing the floor again. “But—I wish I might see Dorothy,” he supplemented wistfully, halting in front of her.

“She is a beautiful child,” she breathed with a deep sigh. “She is twelve now, you know—a brown, desert creature. But—but you must not stay to see her. You must go, Frank! And—I thank God that you are alive!” she added with the earnest fervor of a prayer.

“I shall stay,” he returned doggedly. “When will they return?”

“You must not stay!” she whispered tensely, ignoring his question. “You must go, Frank! He is my husband—and you are my brother! If you meet—now—after what has happened—”

“I shall stay.”

“Why—why would you stay?”

“I shall stay and kill him,” he announced with relentless calm. “Then I shall take you and Dorothy away from here.”

“Oh!” she cried in an agony of terror, half rising from the chair, then dropping helplessly back again.

“But why did he bring you here?” he demanded gruffly.

“He said—for gold; but now I know,” she replied, her frightened eyes staring up at him.

“Yes; he feared that I might have lived—and would trail him down,” he said, his voice quivering. “Now that I have found him I shall

kill him and take you and Dorothy out of here—out of this place of death.”

“This place of death—yes, you are right—this is the place of death,” she muttered in the voice of one long brooding as she turned her eyes away from him to look beyond the mesquite out toward the eastern horizon. “It is eleven months now since we came, and in all that time no letter—no word from home,” the final word lingering pathetically on her stiff, drawn lips; “for out here we can get no letters—nor can we send any. Except for two prospectors, you are the first to come in—eleven months. Yes, this is the place of death.”

“The place of death,” he repeated moodily, “and the place of madness; for the desert madness is coming. I hear it in your voice, I see it on your lips—in your eyes—”

“Desert madness?” Clapping her hands, she gave a shrill hysterical laugh as she turned her eyes back to him. Now they glowed with a deep, unnatural fire. “Oh, yes! It is coming! Let it come! Then all will be blank—all illusion—and I shall live again—as in a mirage. It is only thus that I would want to live—here. But how did you know—that we were here—in this place of death?” The flash in her eyes burned out and gray terror crept back into them again.

“I saw the record of Henry’s filing notices in Yuma,” he answered. “Then I met an old prospector who had seen him at his claims. He told me where to find him—and I came.”

“You should not have come!” she reproached him, suppressing a sob.

“I have come to kill him and then take you and Dorothy out of this place of death.”

Above her low sobbing came a broken laugh.

“When will they come?” he demanded, lifting a hand toward the mountains.

“To-day, perhaps, or to-night,” she answered dully, hardly conscious of her words.

“I shall wait.”

“No! No!”

“I shall wait!”

Oh!” she moaned, her face drawn with terror.

“I shall wait and kill him!”

“He is my husband!” she breathed hoarsely. She rose from the chair and staggered across the floor to him.

“Husband!” He gave a hollow laugh as he pushed her from him when she clutched at his arm.

“Frank! Frank!” she wailed, and, reeling back to him, she put her arms about his neck and drew his face close to hers. “You must

remember Dorothy! She loves you as she loves her own father. Your name creeps into her prayers and her eyes fill with tears when she speaks of you. And Henry—he is different now. The perfidy of which you speak was not Henry’s perfidy. It was the desert that had crawled into him. And now the desert has done for him what they say it sometimes does. It drove him into madness—and then it took pity on him and purified him. He talks of you—always—and wishes for you—wishes that he might share all he has with you. The desert has chastened him—has made him big and good.”

He laughed morbidly and pushed her away from him.

“I shall kill him!” he muttered, unmoved.

She shrank from him with a low moan. She turned away and looked dully out over the mesquite toward the mountains. Then she lifted her haggard, ghastly pale face back to him.

“Frank!” she entreated. “You must go! In God’s name—go!”

“I shall wait!” His voice was hard, brittle. “I shall kill him and take you and Dorothy away.”

“Frank!”

“I shall wait!”

“He is my husband! And Dorothy—”

“I shall wait!”

The sun rolled down over the shoulder of a grotesque pinnacle that stood up like a harlequin above the dull, bare-boned mountain range. Gray twilight lingered but a little, then swam into dusk. The cool, sweet air of the desert evening droned in beneath the canopy, the man pacing the floor, nerves snapping tense, the woman, a deathly pallor beneath the desert brown, stiff in the crude chair and starting up at each desert sound.

Dusk blurred into night, a night without moon but full of stars and humming with the strange inanimate sounds of the desert gone to sleep, a hush deeper than silence, with the fitful yelp of a coyote rising intermittently to stab the weird stillness with its staccato notes.

The woman, nerves taut, senses acute from terror, sprang from the chair with a suppressed shuddering cry and seized the man’s arm when her straining ears caught an alien sound that came dull over the desert hush.

“He is coming! Hurry!” she said in a tense whisper.

“I shall stay!” he mumbled, moving away from her.

“Go! Go! Hurry—Frank! In God’s name—go!”

"I shall stay!"

A hand went to her bosom and snapped back with the glint of an automatic as a flash of starlight fell upon it.

"He is my husband!" she hissed at him as she drew close to his side. "Now, I too, am of the desert!"

"Husband? You of the desert?" He gave a mocking laugh, waiting, his pistol poised in his steady hand.

"If you lift that weapon toward him—I shall kill you!" she breathed fiercely in his ear.

He pushed past her, a harsh laugh deep in his throat.

Above the droning silence of the night came the dull beat of burros' hoofs, laboring, drawing near.

"Frank—go!" she pleaded with a low moan; and, by the light of the stars, he read both terror and fierce purpose in her eyes as she followed him and clung to his arm.

"I am ready!" he muttered gutturally as he slipped away from her and pressed close against the wall.

Both stiffened and stood rigid when a voice came from the mesquite beyond the canopy.

"We're coming, mamma!"

It was a child's voice, gay, careless, but shrill with excitement and buoyant with eagerness.

The woman stood motionless for a moment, then she staggered toward the voice and stood trembling beneath the edge of the canopy. She tried to cry out, but her tongue was dumb. Be-

hind her a blurred shadow crept, pressing close against the wall.

"We're coming mamma!" cried the girlish voice again; and the hurried pat-pat-pat of running feet marked the swift approach of the child after she had tumbled from the burro's back. "And—Oh, mamma!" she panted breathlessly, still invisible in the darkness. "Papa's struck it awful rich—a big rich pocket—and a man passed our camp yesterday—and he said that Uncle Frank isn't dead at all—and that he saw him in Yuma—and papa's going to him right away—and give him half of the mine—and—and—then we're all going out of the desert! Isn't it wonderful, mamma?"

A dim, lithe figure tripped out of the darkness and threw itself, laughing and sobbing, into the woman's arms; then out in the mesquite which the child had left behind sounded the tread of heavy feet.

"Vera!" The voice that came out of the darkness was gruffly tender and throbbed with eagerness.

The woman sent a quick, frightened glance back over her shoulder, the automatic clutched tight in her stiff fingers. But she saw no skulking shadow pressed against the wall. Then out of the mesquite came a big black bulk that blurred clumsily against her.

"Henry!" she moaned; and she swooned on his breast with the sand-muffled thud of retreating hoofs pounding in her ears.



THE LAND OF PANTHER RUN

By HOWARD PRESTON BARTRAM.

What's my name?—It's Larry Hank;
Got a boat and gun;
And a lean-to in the cove
Nigh to Panther Run.
Got a right slick little hound;
Got a cabin, too—
'Leven mile by Perkins trail;
Sixteen by canoe.

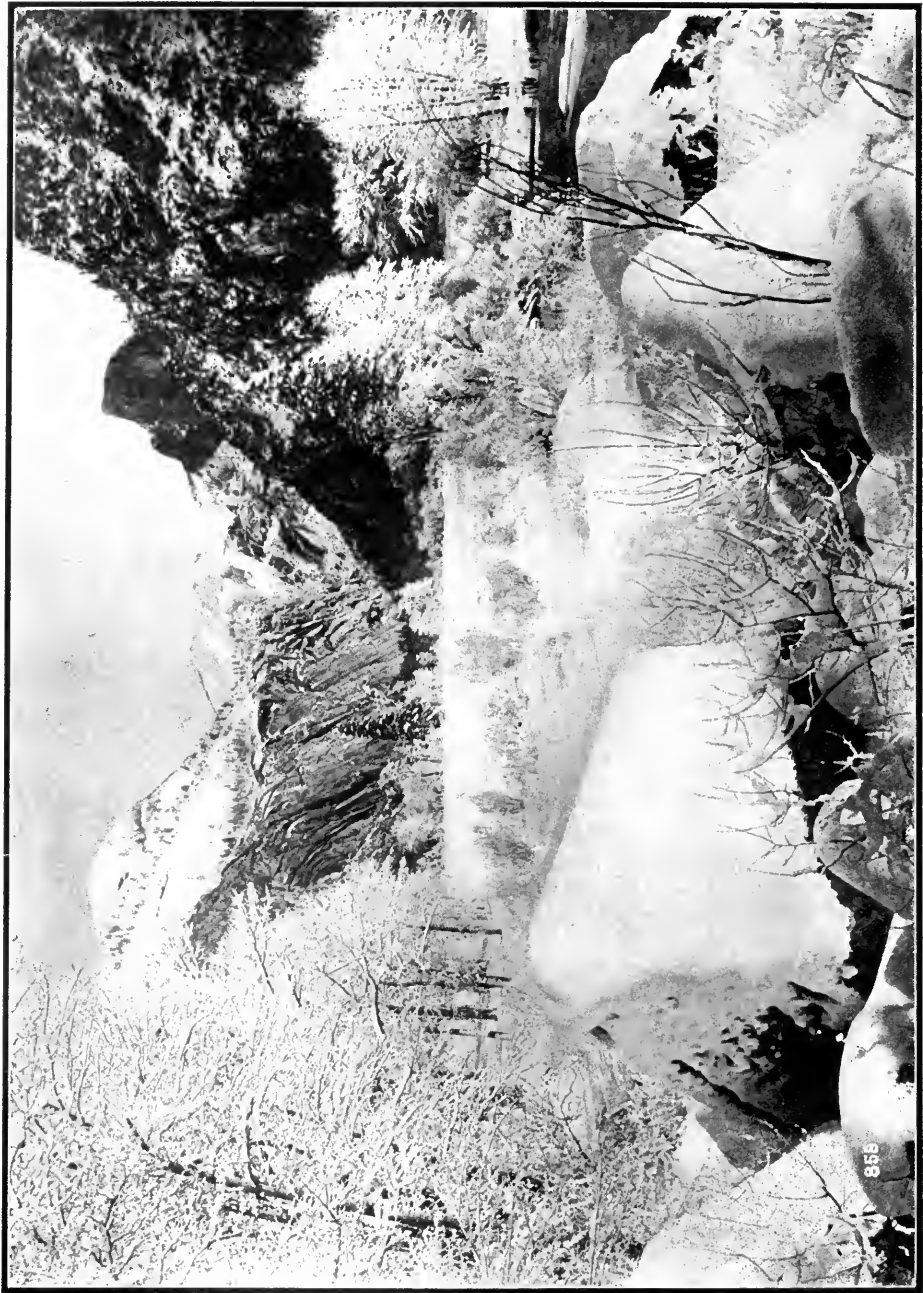
Tell yer—there's the land for ye—
Land of Panther Run;
Hills a-scooting to the skee;
Leapin' nigh the sun.
Now and then a big black bear
In the old swamp over there.
Six point buck and partridge, too—
(Least enough fer me an' you)

* * *

Ken I cook? Why, bless my soul—
What yer think I be?
Some old socker out of luck
Trolling fer a fee?
Guided nigh to forty year;
Snaked out trees an' trapped—
Bagged a score of catamount
Fer as Huggin's Gap—
Raised ten chil'ens (married Liz)
Drunk;—and had the rheumatiz.
Cached an' tented—(burned out slash)
Skeed;—an' run the Allegash.

* * *

So yer think ye'll take a chance—do yer?
Wal, I swan—what I tell yer's jest plain truth
T'aint no Yankee yarn.
Lake's a nasty kickin' sea—
(Better rest till morn)
So long, boys, we'll hit the trail
'Bout the break of dawn.



"Cold, long drawn out winter, with the country blanketed with snow——"

Old Point Baldy

By MILTON R. RUTHERFORD

COME Jim, tell us a story," we said at last to our host, as we sat lazily smoking before the blazing fireplace.

Jim Brannon was a large man and rather tall, but well proportioned. His height was lessened somewhat by the stoop of his shoulders, as he stood by the hearth, with one elbow resting on the mantel. Seemingly he did not hear our request as he gazed into the glowing fire, then raising his head, his eyes came on a level with a window across the room; a window with its outside casement banked high with snow.

A reminiscent smile crossed his lips as he sat down in the remaining chair drawn up in the circle before the fire, and replied:

"All right boys, here goes: It happened seven years ago this winter; it was a cold and long drawn out winter, when all the country was blanketed with snow for months.

"I was prospecting over in the Mother Lode district, but a short distance from an old and well known landmark, Old Point Baldy. If you haven't seen it, you have probably heard of it. It is impossible for snow to lodge on the smooth and perpendicular walls, and in the mornings of that winter, the bold relief of the great mass of rock and granite stood out cold and tragic.

"I was staying alone in a plainly furnished two-room shack. The building was roughly put together, but it was tight and kept out the wind and storm.

"This was before I made my stake; those were good old days, though, and the thought every day of striking a rich vein was almost equal to this." His gaze wandered over the luxuriantly furnished room, a room that individualized cozy and easy comfort.

"Winter set in early that year, even more quickly than the signs of the change warranted. When gambling with the weather, the odds are oftentimes uneven. The lean-to at the north of my shack was filled with firewood, and fortunately I had plenty of grub. It was only a week before when a driver with a pack train bound for the Argesinger Mine, followed the miles of winding trail, and relieving one of the burros, left my winter supplies at my door.

"The outcroppings of a quartz vein about four miles further up the ridge, had caught my attention the day before, and what seemed a promising prospect got me out early the following morning. The early part of that day,

I remember, was bright, the sun was shining and the air was still, with hardly an effort of a breeze anywhere.

"Prospecting holds a certain fascination in the ever present possibility of striking it rich, and the good specimens I found kept me so interested in my work that I took but little heed of time or weather, till a dull haze filled the atmosphere and a vague shadow crossed the sky. I shoved the last specimen into my pocket as the oncoming storm turned the sky to a leaden gray. There was going to be snow falling very soon and lots of it. I could feel in the air that predictive calm as I turned and ran on my backward trail to camp.

"I had gone perhaps a mile, maybe less, when light, downy flakes one slowly after another fell about me, and rapidly multiplying into thousands and millions, fluffed over the landscape. The very whiteness of the flakes turned to a muddy grey in their density, and all was surrounded by an early semi-darkness. The spongy snow lay under my feet, and increased in depth every moment, as I followed my vague sense of direction in the flurrying storm. The rugged contour of the ridge filled in by the falling snow, gave the smooth effect of white velvet, only to reveal a hidden hole or covered boulder, skinning and bruising my shins as I floundered along.

"How I ever did it, I can never tell, but the firm ground seemed to vanish from under my feet, and I pitched forward directly over a ledge and fell about ten feet down the slope. Rolling a few feet further in the soft snow I lodged at the base of a large bush and directly before the mouth of a large cave. White as a veritable snow-man I blindly stumbled into this dark hole, glad to get out of the storm. The interior was dark as night; I couldn't see a foot before me, as I groped my way further in. My heart seemed to rise up in my throat and choke me, as I stumbled over something at my feet and fell headlong. The fingers of my outstretched hands were imbedded in soft fur, and a low growl just about froze me stiff, as I scrambled from off the back of a big grizzly.

"Collecting my scattered wits, I got to my feet somehow, and with all the speed I could muster I made for the outside. I was strongly in hopes he would be too far in the hibernated state to follow me, but no such luck. I had gotten but

a short distance from the opening of the cave, when I glanced back over my shoulder as I ran and saw him coming. He sure did look like a mountain, I can tell you, as he emerged from that black hole with his little mouth opened wide, showing two rows of wicked teeth.

"The past summer had been exceptionally dry with but little vegetation, and the berries these animals are so fond of had dried up on the bush before they had a chance to ripen. I knew this big fellow had started his winter's sleep on an empty stomach, and that he was hungry and terribly angry."

A twinkle came into the speaker's eyes. "I shot out of that hole like a bullet. It was some race I want to tell you, and I was sure running for high stakes. I don't know where I was headed for, but I was in a hurry to get somewhere, and it was still heavily snowing.

"I could hear the huge animal lunging behind me, tearing through the brush and slipping and sliding on a stretch of shale or granite. Quickly grasping the idea I worked up the slope as I scrambled on, realizing that the heavy and awkward brute could not hold its footing going up the incline as well as going downward.

"I ran on, dodging a bush here and a boulder there, with the snow under my feet trying my strength at every step. The crashing and floundering behind me spurred me on, but it was more than my tired muscles could stand. I was nearly winded and it seemed I couldn't go a step further.

"Perspiration rolled from my forehead into my eyes, stinging them so I could hardly see; then I stepped into a hole. I tried to rise, but my leg crumpled up under me, causing me such pain that I felt sick and dizzy. It seemed like a spider's web was stretched over my brain; then the light flickered in my eyes and all was darkness.

"I felt waves of warm air over my face as I returned to consciousness; I looked square into the animal's face, and scared,—I was that scared, I was powerless to move.

"My tense nerves seemed to snap as the sudden sharp cracking of a limb, breaking under a heavy weight of snow, caused the animal to swing around to face a possible enemy in another quarter. I tried to move slightly to relieve the intense pain in my leg, when the slight noise drew the attention of the bear. He whirled around as on a pivot to lunge at me, and with a convulsive shudder that ran through my whole body, I closed my eyes.

"With the agonizing thought of its teeth and claws tearing into my flesh moments were as hours. When I opened them again the grizzly was nowhere in sight, but a deep furrow of about six feet to my right ended in the vacancy of the still falling snow. Cautiously I dragged myself to the edge, and then realized where I was and what had happened; I was on Old Point Baldy. The bear, when swinging around on its haunches, had lost its balance in the soft snow on the slippery surface and had fallen to the rocks below.

"My cabin was but a short distance, but I dreaded the steep and rough country I must cover with my sprained and swollen ankle."

An involuntary look of pain and a harrowed expression appeared on Brannon's face as he lived over that half mile to his cabin, crawling over the snow that gave way to the rough jagged rocks beneath and dragging the wounded foot behind him.

"There is but little more to tell; a few weeks later I made a trail through the snow to the foot of Old Point Baldy,—well, there is the skin on the floor; he was a big fellow, wasn't he?"



A Change of Relations

By MYRTLE QUINCY WILCOX

JOHN, do you regret that we left civilization and came away out here to take up a claim or two?"

"No, Sidney, I haven't yet. You know openings were few, in the home town."

"I'll claim they were."

"I figured that the best help we could give father was to get away and look out for ourselves."

"We threshed that all out before coming, but I sometimes wonder how we are going to employ all the hours of the long winter months with so little diversion. The summer months have not been burdensome, as we have been so busy building our two-roomed shack. Pretty nifty it is too, boy."

"The diverting experience of housekeeping has been a new and exciting one for you, too. Some of these dishes you have concocted for me to eat have been decidedly new, and here's hoping they may never grow old."

"There's soon going to be weather that we can't poke our noses out doors unless we want them frozen off. You know Dakota puts up some imitation of a real winter. I wonder if an all winter course of checkers won't pall on us, especially when you walk your men all over the board at will in spite of all I can do?"

"Our amusement is not to be our winter occupation. We must get our timber claim ready for trees by early spring; have you forgotten that?"

"No, I have not forgotten, but what will be our pastime? Making snow men?"

"This experience may make a man out of you if you stick it out," and John looked appraisingly at his younger brother, Sidney. John had revolved this problem in his own mind, realizing how depressing their sedate life would be for Sidney.

"I wonder, Sid, if we could persuade mother to come out and visit us, say, stay two months. Would that prove a diversion?"

"Would it? You tell 'um. She would never think she could leave father and those precious children at home."

"Let's write and invite her. She might make an arrangement with Aunt Martha and Uncle Ed. to stay with the family while she is away."

"O John, it almost makes me homesick to mention her name. It would be a prosaic, vacation in this shack with the cold winter we will have."

"She will have to come very soon before the deep snow comes."

"Write her tonight, John. Don't tell her I am homesick. I am only fearing that some of my symptoms portend an attack of that malady."

"You're a brick, all right, Sidney, and I will make that plain to her, but I will write to her now."

The hope of a visit from mother put new impetus into their labors. The lads labored long and faithfully these bracing fall days.

A rude stable took form and the place began to look like home to them.

After two interminable weeks the answer to their invitation arrived. Sidney handed it to John to open and read it, as he had all he could do to control his heart as that member seemed to have gone on a strike. Sidney felt he could not stick it out if the hope of his mother's visit were taken from him and he sure hated to show a yellow streak and thus diminish John's belief in him.

When John read aloud that she was really coming, the most essential member of Sidney's anatomy seemed to turn a complete somersault, and started beating faster than ever.

John read: "October 15 will be the earliest date I can manage, but you may expect me on that day. I am sure anxious to see you both and see for myself that you have things comfortable for the winter."

The embryo town of Bannock was five miles from where John and Sidney had built their shack. The nearest approach to a building in this characteristic western town was a small platform and signboard bravely bearing the name "Bannock."

The daily train arrived at 7:15 P. M. and stopped only when there was a passenger.

October 15 ushered in the first snow storm of the season. A little premature as snow storms have a habit of being.

"John, do you think this storm will prevent the train coming through tonight," asked Sidney, anxiously as he flipped a flapjack into the air for casualty, at breakfast.

"No danger of that today, the snow is not heavy enough."

"There is quite a wind rising, it may be drifted deep in places."

"Yes, but I will start early and take a shovel in case it is drifted."

"I will stay here and have a fire and something hot to eat. Won't mother be surprised at how well I can cook?"

"She'll be surprised alright," answered John enigmatically.

"The train may be delayed, so don't be anxious if we are late getting here," said John, as he started an hour before train time.

Sidney sat down with an interesting book, for a long two or three hours by himself.

John used his shovel several times, but got to Bannock without serious mishap. After waiting a long, tedious hour he was delighted to hear the whistle of the approaching train.

It was very dark, but by the light from the engine he saw a lonesome figure descend to the platform not far from where he was standing and rushed to reassure her. Throwing both arms around his mother, he gave her a relieved kiss and hurried her into the waiting vehicle out of the wind, which was gaining rapidly in velocity.

"Fortunately I brought plenty of robes, as it is getting cold. Now keep them tucked around you closely. There is a hot rock there for your feet."

John buttoned the sidecurtains securely and taking the reins turned the horses toward home. He had a trusty team and had much confidence in their being able to keep the trail even if he should confuse the directions in the blinding snow storm.

Conversation was impossible, and John and the horses applied themselves vigorously to getting home and out of the storm. Twice the horses floundered in deep drifts and John was compelled to shovel a way out. Each time he readjusted the robes and shouted a reassurance to his mother, that the horses were doing fine work, and that Sidney would have a roaring fire and hot coffee when they reached home.

After two hours John was rejoiced to see their light. Stopping near the door out of the wind he helped his mother, who climbed down clumsily, awkward from the long ride, from the carriage and taking her arm assisted here into the house.

Sidney danced around in boyish glee and together they began to take off coats and scarfs, solicitous for her comfort. When the last coat was removed they both looked up startled as she exclaimed, "Oh Jawn, Jawn," in an unfamiliar accent.

John and Sidney in the same instant recognized that this was not their mother at all, but a woman of some foreign extraction.

Probably, yes, undoubtedly, some one's moth-

er, or grand mother.

They both stared speechless, not being able to comprehend this apparition.

The old lady looked inquiringly from one to the other, surveyed the shack, then covering her face with her hands said:

"Jawn, Jawn—" in a lingo they could not understand.

"I am Jawn, all right, but, great guns, who are you?"

This sounding like gibberish to their visitor, she vouched no information.

John's mind was diverted from this unsolvable riddle by Sidney's exclamation.

"Where is our mother, in this storm?"

"She did not come, for this was the only passenger to get off the train, of that I am sure."

"But, where is she, tell me that?" and Sidney looked accusingly at John, as if he deliberately had traded his mother without Sidney's consent.

"Can't we send a wire?"

"The only wire I can think of is the yard fence, and that probably would not reach her. There is, I expect a letter some place explaining her change of plans, but we won't get mail out here for several days."

"Well, what can we do?"

"There is no other train until tomorrow evening, and I can't see that we can do anything until then. I will meet the train then, in case she was detained.

"Sidney get something on the table for our guest to eat while I see if I can find the stable and get the horses out of the wind."

The guest watched them distrustfully and mumbled some incoherent words, the only one intelligent to them being "Jawn."

When John came in after putting the horses away, they, with many gesticulations persuaded their visitor to drink a cup of coffee.

"We will have to give her our bed and we must sleep here on the floor by the fire."

"I wish we knew that our mother had as comfortable a bed," answered Sidney, still uneasy of mind.

"I think we will find she was discreet and stopped in Hamilton where there is a hotel. The storm was raging when she reached there, just listen to that wind. I am glad we have so much wood in the house."

"You show the guest the guest chamber, John, she is your find, anyway."

This was much easier said than done. John opened the door to the little bed room, set a candle on the little improvised table, and mo-

tioned her to enter. Whereupon she shook her head negatively, and moved closer to the stove with a scared determined look.

"She is afraid of us," said Sidney. "She thinks we are some kind of toughs, I'm not surprised if she thinks you are a kidnapper. I wonder how much ransom 'Jawn' would put up for her?"

"He can have her and welcome if he will claim his goods. Can't you say something reassuring?"

"Say! I can say something, but here is where words don't count."

many mothers wished on us with our present accommodations."

"One should not be too many for two huskies like us," surmised Sidney.

The thought of the other mother made them feel somewhat subdued as the fixed a bunk by the fire and crawled silently in to rest and sleep what they could until morning.

The storm was abating when they arose, but the deep drifts made them feel as if they were on a planet, uninhabited except by themselves.

"I will take the team and see if it is possible to get through to Bannock," said Sidney at



"The deep drifts made them feel as if they were on a planet"

Sidney having a bright idea took the key out of the door and placing it on the inside locked and unlocked it several times to demonstrate to their guest how she could lock the door securely, and motioned her to enter. She finally walked slowly in, talking in an undertone as she went, and they heard the lock slip into place.

"What are we to do with her? Who do you suppose she is?" asked John, perplexed.

"She may have gotten off at the wrong city entirely. It was surely fortunate that you were there to meet her. There would be little chance for her on that platform tonight. Our agent is very inhospitable."

"I have a hunch," said Sidney, "that she may belong to some workmen I notice going by in a handcar. They may have a camp down the line and are repairing the track."

"I hope you are right for we do not want too

breakfast, anxious for a hand clasp with the snow king.

"You stay here and entertain your grosmduder, but do not do all the talking. I will be back at noon and report how deep the snow is."

At three o'clock Sidney came home tired from shoveling, but said the road was passable.

"You better start by five o'clock for you may have some shoveling to do. Fortunately the wind has gone down and will not blow the snow into the track I opened."

As John prepared to meet the train, the old lady began to wrap up in her numerous coats and shawls expecting to go, too.

"Better let her go. You may see Jawn some place."

John shook his head doubtfully. However, there seemed no alternative, as she seemed determined to go. John tucked her in as before and started to the imaginary town of Bannock.

The wait in the cold seemed interminable, but finally the shrill whistle caused even the horses to prick up expectant ears.

John stood on the platform hardly daring to think what would be next if his mother should not come.

To his joy the train came to a stop and his very own mother stepped off almost where he was standing. How good she looked to him as he held her in long embrace.

"I sure was glad to see you here, John. My train was so late last night that I could not connect with this branch, so stayed in Hamilton all night. I hope you did not worry."

"What would you have done if I had not met the train tonight?" asked John.

"I thought if I saw no one here I would get back on the train and go to the next town until we could get word back and forth, but I am glad you were, as in this weather you must need a mother to take care of you."

While they were talking they were moving toward the end of the platform where the team were tied and blanketed. John suddenly

thought of the other mother, but before he could explain, she came tumbling excitedly out of the carriage and started down the track, on a run or a semblance of one, where a handcar was approaching.

The car came to a stop, and a stalwart Bohemian held his mother in an embrace, no less sincere than John's had been on the arrival of his mother.

"Jawn," lifted her to a seat on the handcar and they disappeared down the track.

What miscarried plans sent them their guest for the night John and Sidney will never know. The description to "Jawn" of them and their hospitality will always be an amusing conjecture.

When they drew up at home, Sidney had the door open and his joy was great at seeing his very own mother all right coming briskly into the cabin.

"Now, let the wind howl. We have our mother, this looks like home to me," was Sidney's greeting.



Lanty Foster

By BRET HARTE

LANTY FOSTER was crouching on a low stool before the dying kitchen fire, the better to get its fading radiance on the book she was reading. Beyond, through the open window and door, the fire was also slowly fading from the sky and the mountain ridge whence the sun had dropped half an hour before. The view was up-hill, and the sky-line of the hill was marked by two or three gibbet-like poles from which, on a now invisible line between them, depended certain objects—mere black silhouettes against the sky—which bore weird likeness to human figures. Absorbed as she was in her book, she occasionally cast an impatient glance in that direction, as the sunlight faded more quickly than her fire. For the fluttering objects were the “week’s wash” which had to be brought in before night fell and the mountain wind arose. It was strong at that altitude and before this had ravished the clothes from the line, and scattered them along the high road leading over the ridge—once even lashing the shy schoolmaster with a pair of Lanty’s own stockings, and blinding the parson with a really tempestuous petticoat.

A whiff of wind down the big-throated chimney stirred the log embers on the hearth, and the girl jumped to her feet, closing the book with an impatient snap. She knew her mother’s voice would follow. It was hard to leave her heroine at the crucial moment of receiving an explanation from a presumed faithless lover, just to climb a hill and take in a lot of soulless washing, but such are the infelicities of stolen romance reading. She threw the clothes basket over her head like a hood, the handle resting across her bosom and shoulders, and, with both her hands free, started out of the cabin. But the darkness had come up from the valley in one stride, after its mountain fashion, had outstripped her, and she was instantly plunged in it. Still the outline of the ridge above her was visible, with the white steadfast stars that were not there a moment ago, and by that sign she knew she was late. She had to battle against the rushing wind now, which sunk through the inverted basket over her head and held her back, but with bent shoulders she at last reached the top of the ridge and the level. Yet here, owing to the shifting of the lighter background above her, she now found herself again encompassed with the darkness. The outlines of the poles had

disappeared, the white fluttering garments were dancing ghosts. But there certainly was a queer misshapen bulk moving beyond, which she did not recognize, and as she at last reached one of the poles, a shock was communicated to it, through the clothes line and the bulk beyond. Then she heard a voice say, impatiently:

“What in h—ll am I running into now?”

It was a man’s voice, and, from its elevation the voice of a man on horseback. She answered without fear and with slow deliberation:

“Inter our clothes line, I reckon.”

“Oh,” said the man in a half apologetic tone. Then in brisker accents: “The very thing I want! I say, can you give me a bit of it? The ring of my saddle girth has fetched loose. I can fasten it with that.”

“I reckon,” replied Lanty, with the same unconcern, moving nearer the bulk, which now separated into two parts as the man dismounted. “How much do you want?”

“A foot or two will do.”

They were now in front of each other, although their faces were not distinguishable to either. Lanty, who had been following the lines with her hand, here came upon the end knotted around the last pole. Then she began to untie.

“What a place to hang clothes,” he said curiously.

“Mighty dryin’ tho’,” returned Lanty, laconically.

“And your house?—is it near by?” he continued.

“Just down the ridge—ye kin see from the edge. Got a knife?” She had untied the knot.

“No—yes—wait.” He had hesitated a moment and then produced something from his breast pocket which he, however, kept in his hand. As he did not offer it to her she simply held out a section of the rope between her hands, which he divided with a single cut. She saw only that the instrument was long and keen. Then she lifted the flap of the saddle for him as he attempted to fasten the loose ring with the rope, but the darkness made it impossible. With an ejaculation he fumbled in his pockets. “My last match!” he said, striking it, as he crouched over it to protect it from the wind. Lanty leaned over also with her apron raised between it and the blast. The flame for an instant lit up the ring, the man’s dark face,

mustache, and white teeth set together as he tugged at the girth, and on Lanty's brown velvet eyes and soft round cheek framed in the basket. Then it went out, but the ring was secured.

"Thank you," said the man with a short laugh, "but I thought you were a humpbacked witch in the dark there."

"And I couldn't make out whether you was a cow or a bar," returned the young girl simply.

Here, however, he quickly mounted his horse, but in the action something slipped from his clothes, struck a stone and bounded away in the darkness.

"My knife," he said hurriedly. "Please hand it to me." But although the young girl dropped on her knees and searched the ground diligently, it could not be found. The man, with a restrained ejaculation, again dismounted, and joined in the search. "Haven't you got another match?" suggested Lanty.

"No—it was my last!" he said impatiently.

"Just you hol' on here," she said suddenly, "and I'll run down to the kitchen and fetch you a light. I won't be long."

"No! No!" said the man, quickly, "don't! I couldn't wait; I've been here too long now. Look here. You come in daylight and find it, and—just keep it for me, will you?" he laughed. "I'll come for it. And now, if you'll only help to set me on that road again—for it's so infernal black I can't see the mare's ears ahead of me—I won't bother you any more. Thank you."

Lanty had quietly moved to his horse's head and taken the bridle in her hand, and at once seemed to be lost in the gloom. But in a few moments he felt the muffled thud of his horse's hoofs on the thick dust of the highway, and its still hot impalpable powder rising to his nostrils.

"Thank you," he said again, "I'm all right now," and in the pause that followed it seemed to Lanty that he had extended a parting hand to her in the darkness. She put up her own to meet it, but missed his, which had blundered onto her shoulder. Before she could grasp it, she felt him stooping over her the light brush of his soft mustache on her cheek, and then the starting forward of his horse. But the retaliating box on the ear she had promptly aimed at him spent itself in the black space which seemed suddenly to have swallowed up the man, and even his light laugh.

For an instant she stood still, and then swinging the basket indignantly from her shoulder, took up her suspended task. It was no light one in the increasing wind, and the

unfastened clothes line had precipitated a part of its burden to the ground through the loosening of the rope. But on picking up the trailing garments her hand struck an unfamiliar object. The stranger's lost knife! She thrust it hastily into the bottom of the basket and completed her work. As she began to descend with her burden she saw that the light of the kitchen fire, seen through the windows, was augmented by a candle. Her mother was evidently awaiting her.

"Pretty time to be fetchin' in the wash," said Mrs. Foster, querulously. "But what can you expect when folks stand gossippin' and philanderin' on the ridge instead o' tendin' to their work."

Now Lanty knew that she had not been "gossippin'" nor "philanderin'," yet as the parting salute might have been open to that imputation, and as she surmised that her mother might have overheard their voices, she briefly said, to prevent further questioning, that she had shown a stranger the road. But for her mother's unjust accusation she would have been more communicative. As Mrs. Foster went back grumblingly into the sitting room, Lanty resolved to keep the knife at present a secret from her mother, and to that purpose removed it from the basket. But in the light of the candle she saw it for the first time plainly—and started.

For it was really a dagger! jeweled-handled and richly wrought—such as Lanty had never looked upon before. The hilt was studded with gems, and the blade, which had a cutting edge, was damascened in blue and gold. Her soft eyes reflected the brilliant setting—her lips parted breathlessly; then, as her mother's voice arose in the other room, she thrust it back into its velvet sheath and clapped it in her pocket. Its rare beauty had confirmed her resolution of absolute secrecy. To have shown it now would have made "no end of talk." And she was not sure but that her parents would have demanded its custody! And it was given to her by him to keep. This settled the question of moral ethics. She took the first opportunity to run up to her bedroom and hide it under the mattress.

Yet the thought of it filled the rest of her evening. When her household duties were done she took up her novel again partly from force of habit and partly as an attitude in which she could think of It undisturbed. For what was fiction to her now! True, it possessed a certain reminiscent value. A "dagger" had appeared in several romances she had devoured but she never had a clear idea of one before. "The Count sprang back, and, drawing from his

belt a richly jeweled dagger, hissed between his teeth"—or, more to the purpose, "Take this," said Orlando, handing her the ruby-hilted poignard which had gleamed upon his thigh, "and should the caitiff attempt thy unguarded innocence—"

"Did ye hear what your father was sayin'?" Lanty started. It was her mother's voice in the doorway, and she had been vaguely conscious of another voice pitched in the same querulous key—which, indeed, was the dominant expression of the small ranchers of that fertile neighborhood. Possibly a too complaisant and unaggressive Nature had spoiled them.

"Yes!—no!" said Lanty, abstractedly, "what did he say?"

"If you wasn't taken up with your fool book!" Mrs. Foster, glancing at her daughter's slightly conscious color, "ye'd know! He allowed ye'd better not leave yer filly in the far pasture nights. That gang o' Mexican horse-thieves is out again, and raided McKinnon's stock last night."

This touched Lanty closely. The filly was her own property, and she was breaking it for her own riding. But her distrust of her parents' interference was greater than any fear of horse stealers. "She's mighty uneasy in the barn, and," she added, with a proud consciousness of that beautiful, yet carnal, weapon upstairs, "I reckon I ken protect her and myself agin any Mexican horse thieves."

"My! but we're gettin' high and mighty," responded Mrs. Foster, with deep irony. "Did you git all that outer your fool book?"

"Mebbe," said Lanty, curtly.

Nevertheless, her thoughts that night were not entirely based on written romance. She wondered if the stranger knew that she had really tried to box his ears in the darkness; also if he had been able to see her face. His, she remembered; at least, the flash of his white teeth against his dark face and darker mustache, which was quite as soft as her own hair. But if he thought "for a minnit" that she was "goin' to allow an entire stranger to kiss her—he was mighty mistaken." She would let him know it "pretty quick!" She should hand him back the dagger "quite careless like"—and never let on that she'd thought anything of it. Perhaps that was the reason why, before she went to bed, she took a good look at it, and, after taking off her straight beltless calico gown, she even tried the effect of it, thrust in the stiff waistband of her petticoat, with the jeweled hilt displayed, and thought it looked charming—as indeed it did. And then, having said her

prayers like a good girl, and supplicated that she should be less "techy" with her parents, she went to sleep and dreamed that she had gone out to take in the wash again but that the clothes had all changed to the queerest lot of folks, who were all fighting and struggling with each other until she, Lanty! drawing her dagger, rushed up single-handed among them, crying: "Disperse, ye craven curs—disperse, I say." And they dispersed.

Yet even Lanty was obliged to admit the next morning that all this was somewhat incongruous with the baking of "corn dodgers," the frying of fish, the making of beds, and her other household duties, and dismissed the stranger from her mind until he should "happen along." In her freer and more acceptable out-of-door duties she even tolerated the advances of neighboring swains who made a point of passing by "Foster's Ranch," and who were quite aware that Atalanta Foster, alias "Lanty," was one of the prettiest girls in the country. But Lanty's toleration consisted in that singular performance known to herself as "giving them as good as they sent," being a lazy traversing, qualified with scorn, of all that they advanced. How long they would have put up with this from a plain girl I do not know, but Lanty's short upper lip seemed framed for indolent and fascinating scorn, and her soft, dreamy eyes usually looked beyond the questioner, or blunted his bolder glances in their velvety surfaces. The libretto of these scenes was not exhaustive, e.g.:

The Swain (with bold, bad gayety): Saw that shy schoolmaster hangin' round your ridge yesterday! Orter know by this time that shyness with a gal don't pay.

Lanty (decisively): Mebbe he allows it don't get left as often as impudence.

The Swain (ignoring the reply and his previous attitude and becoming more direct): I was kalkilatin' to say that with these yer hoss-thieves about, yer filly ain't safe in the pasture. I took a turn round there two or three times last evening, to see if she was all right.

Lanty (with a flattering show of interest) No! did ye now? I was jest wondering'—

The Swain (eagerly): I did—quite late, too! Why, that's nothin', Miss Atlanty, to what I'd do for you.

Lanty (musing, with far off eyes): Then that's why she was so awful skeerd and frightened! Just jumpin' outer her skin with horror. I reckoned it was bar or panther or a spook! You ought to have waited till she got accustomed to your looks.

Nevertheless, despite this elegant rallery,

Lanty was enough concerned in the safety of her horse to visit it the next day with a view of bringing it nearer home. She had just stepped into the alder fringe of a dry "run" when she came suddenly upon the figure of a horseman in the "run" who had been hidden by the alders from the plain beyond, and who seemed to be engaged in examining the hoof marks in the dust of the old ford. Something about his figure struck her recollection, and, as he looked up quickly, she saw it was the owner of the dagger. But he appeared to be lighter of hair and complexion and was dressed differently and more like a vaquero. Yet there was the same flash of his teeth as he recognized her, and she knew it was the same man.

Alas! for her preparation. Without the knife she could not make that haughty return of it which she had contemplated. And more than that, she was conscious she was blushing! Nevertheless she managed to level her pretty brown eyebrows at him, and said sharply that if he followed her to her home she would return his property at once.

"But I'm in on hurry for it," he said with a laugh—the same light laugh and pleasant voice she remembered, "and I'd rather not come to the house just now. The knife is in good hands, I know—and I'll call for it when I want it! And until then—if it's all the same to you—keep it to yourself—keep it dark—as dark as the night I lost it!"

"I don't go about blabbing my affairs," said Lanty, indignantly, "and if it hadn't been dark that night you'd have had your ears boxed—you know why!"

The stranger laughed again, waved his hand to Lanty and galloped away.

Lanty was a little disappointed. The daylight had taken away some of her illusions. He was certainly very good-looking—but not quite as picturesque, mysterious and thrilling as in the dark! And it was very queer—he certainly did look darker that night! Who was he? and why was he lingering near her? He was different from her neighbors—her admirers. He might be one of these locaters, from the big towns, who prospect the land, with a view of settling government warrants on them—they were always so secret until they found out what they wanted. She did not dare to seek information of her friends—for the same reason that she had concealed his existence from her mother—it would provoke awkward questions; and it was evident that he was trusting to her secrecy, too. The thought thrilled her with a new pride, and was some compensation for the loss of her more in-

tangible romance. It would be mighty fine when he did call openly for his beautiful knife, and declared himself, to have them all know that she knew about it all along.

When she reached home, to guard against another such surprise, she determined to keep the weapon with her, and distrusting her pocket, confided it to the cheap little country made corset which only for the last year had confined her budding figure and which now, perhaps, heaved with an additional pride. She was quite abstracted during the rest of the day, and paid but little attention to the gossip of the farm lads, who were full of a daring raid, two nights before, by the Mexican gang on the large stock farm of a neighbor. The vigilant committee had been baffled; it was even alleged that some of the smaller ranchmen and herders were in league with the gang. It was also believed to be a widespread conspiracy; to have a political complexion in its combination of an alien race with southwestern filibusters. The legal authorities had been reinforced by special detectives from San Francisco. Lanty seldom troubled herself with these matters; she knew the exaggeration; she suspected the ignorance of her rural neighbors. She roughly referred it, in her own vocabulary, to "jaw"—a peculiarly masculine quality. But later in the evening when the domestic circle in the sitting-room had been augmented by a neighbor and Lanty had taken refuge behind her novel, as an excuse for silence, Zob Hopper, the enamored swain of the previous evening, burst in with more astonishing news. A posse of the Sheriff had just passed along the ridge; they had "corralled" part of the gang, and rescued some of the stock. The leader of the gang had escaped, but his capture was inevitable, as the roads were stopped. "All the same, I'm glad to see ye took my advice, Miss Atalanty, and brought in yer filly," he concluded, with an insinuating glance at the young girl.

But "Miss Atalanty," curling a quarter of an inch of scarlet lip above the edge of her novel, here "allowed" that if his advice or the filly had to be "took," she didn't know which was worse.

"I wonder ye kin talk to sech peartness, Mr. Hopper," said Mrs. Foster, severely; "she ain't got eyes nor senses for anythin' but that book."

"Talkin' o' what's to be 'took'," put in the diplomatic neighbor, "you bet it ain't that Mexican leader! No, sir! He's been 'stopped' befoer this—and then got clean away all the same! One o' them detectives got him once and disarmed him,—but he managed to give them the slip, after all. Why, he's that full o'

shifts and disguises that thar ain't no spottin' him. He walked right under the constable's nose onct, and took a drink with the sheriff that was arter him—and the blamed fool never knew it. He kin change even the color of his hair quick as winkin'."

"Is he a real Mexican—a regular Greaser?" asked the paternal Foster, "cos I never heard that they wuz smart."

"No! They say he comes o' old Spanish stock—a bad egg they threw outer the nest, I reckon," put in Hopper, eagerly, seeing a strange animated interest dilating Lanty's eyes, and hoping to share in it, "but he's reg'lar high-toned, you bet! Why, I knew a man who seed him in his own camp—prinked out in a velvet jacket and silk sash, with gold chains and buttons down his wide pants and a dagger stuck in his sash, with a handle just blazin' with jew'ls. Yes! Miss Atalanty, they say that one stone at the top—a green stone—what they call an 'emral'—was worth the price o' a 'Frisco house lot. True! ez you live! eh—what's up now?"

Lanty's book had fallen on the floor as she was rising to her feet with a white face, still more strange and distorted in an affected yawn behind her little hand. "Yer makin' me that sick and nervous with yer fool yarns," she said, hysterically, "that I'm goin' to get a little fresh air. It's just stifing here with lies and ter-backer!" With another high laugh she brushed past him into the kitchen, opened the door and then paused, and turning, ran rapidly up to her bedroom. Here she locked herself in, tore open the bosom of her dress, plucked out the dagger, threw it on the bed where the green stone gleamed for an instant in the candle-light and then dropped on her knees beside the bed with her whirling head buried in her cold red hands.

It had all come to her in a flash—like a blaze of lightning—the black haunting figure on the ridge, the broken saddle-girth, the abandonment of the dagger in the exigencies for flight and concealment; the second meeting and skulking in the dry, alder hidden "run," the changed dress, the lighter colored hair, but always the same voice and laugh—the leader, the fugitive! —the Mexican horse thief! And she—the God forsaken fool! —the chuckle-headed nigger baby—with not half the sense of her own filly or that sop-headed Hopper—had never seen it! She—she who would be the laughing stock of them all—she had thought him a "locator," a "towny" from 'Frisco! And she had consented to keep his knife until he would call for it—yes, call for it with fire and flame perhaps—the tramping of hoofs, pistol shots—and yet—

Yet!—he had trusted her. Yes! trusted her when he knew a word from her lips would have brought the whole district down on him! When the mere exposure of that dagger would have identified and damned him! Trusted her a second time, when she was within cry of her house!—when he might have taken her filly without her knowing it! And now she remembered vaguely that the neighbors had said how strange it was that her father's stock had not suffered as their had. He had protected them—he who was nowa fugitive—and their men pursuing him! She rose suddenly with a single stamp of her narrow foot and as suddenly became cool and sane. And then, quite her old self again, she lazily picked up the dagger and restored it to its place in her bosom. That done, with her color back and her eyes a little brighter, she deliberately went downstairs again, stuck her litle brown head into the sitting room, said cheerfully, "Still yawpin', you folks," and passed quietly out into the darkness.

She ran swiftly up to the ridge, impelled there by the blind memory of having met him there at night—and of the one vague thought to give him warning. But it was dark and empty, with no sound but the rushing wind. And then an idea seized her. If he were haunting the vicinity still, he might see the fluttering of the clothes upon the line and believe she was there. She stooped quickly and in the merciful and exonerating darkness stripped off her only white petticoat and pinned it on the line. It flapped, fluttered and streamed in the mountain wind. She lingered and listened. But there came a sound she had not counted on; the clattering of hoofs of, not one—but many—horses on the lower road. She ran back to the house to find its inmates already hastening towards the road for news. She took that chance to slip in quietly, go to her room, whose window commanded a view of the ridge, and crouching low behind it, she listened. She could hear the sound of voices, and the tramping of heavy boots on the dusty path towards the barn yard on the other side of the house—a pause, and then the return of the trampling boots and the final clattering of hoofs on the road gain. Then there was a tap at her door and her mother's querulous voice:

"Oh, yer there, are ye? Well—it's the best place fer a girl—with all these man's doin's goin' on! They've got that Mexican horse thief and have tied him up in your filly's stall in the barn—till the 'Frisco deputy gets back from rounding up the others. So ye jest stay where

ye are till they've come and gone, and we're shut o' all that cattle. Are ye mindin'?"

"All right, maw—'tain't no call o' mine, anyhow," returned Lanty through the half-opened door.

At another time her mother might have been startled at her passive obedience. Still more would she have been startled had she seen her daughter's face now, behind the closed door—with her little mouth set over her clenched teeth. And yet it was her own child and Lanty was her mother's real daughter; the same pioneer blood filled their veins—the blood that had never nourished cravens or degenerates, but had given itself to sprinkle and fertilize desert solitudes where man might follow. Small wonder, then, that this frontier-born Lanty, whose first infant cry had been answered by the yelp of wolf and scream of panther; whose father's rifle had been leveled across her cradle to cover the stealthy Indian who prowled outside—small wonder that she should feel herself equal to these "man's doin's," and prompt to take a part. For even in the first shock of the news of the capture she recalled the fact that the barn was old and rotten, that only that day the filly had kicked a board loose from behind her stall, which she, Lanty, had lightly returned to avoid "making a fuss." If his captors had not noticed it, or trusted only to their guards, she might make the opening wide enough to free him!

Two hours later the guard nearest the now sleeping farm house—a farm hand of the Fosters—saw his employer's daughter slip out and cautiously approach him. A devoted slave of Lanty's and familiar with her impulses he guessed her curiosity, and was not averse to satisfy it, and the sense of his own importance. To her whispers of affected, half-terrified interest, he responded in whispers that the captive was really in the filly's stall securely bound by his wrists behind his back, and his feet "hobbled" to a post. That Lanty couldn't see him, for it was dark inside and he was sitting with his back to the wall as he couldn't sleep comfortably down. Lanty's eyes glowed but her face was turned aside.

"An' ye ain't reckonin' his friends will come and rescue him?" said Lanty, gazing with affected fearfulness in the darkness.

"Not much! There's two other guards down in the corral and I'd fire my gun and bring 'em up."

But Lanty was gazing open-mouthed towards the ridge. "What's that waving on the ridge?" she said in awe-stricken tones.

She was pointing to the petticoat—a vague distant moving object against the horizon.

"Why, that's some o' the wash on the line—ain't it?"

"Wash—two days in the week!" said Lanty sharply. "Wot's gone of you?"

"That's so," muttered the man—"and it wan't there at sundown, I'll swear! P'raps I'd better call the guard," and he raised his rifle.

"Don't," said Lanty, catching his arm. "Suppose it's nothin'—they'll laugh at ye. Creep up softly and see; ye ain't afraid, are ye? If ye are—give me yer gun—and I'll go."

That settled the question, as Lanty expected. The man cocked his piece, and bending low, began cautiously to mount the acclivity. Lanty waited until his figure began to fade, and then ran like fire to the barn.

She had arranged every detail of her plan beforehand. Crouching beside the wall of the stall she hissed through a crack in thrilling whispers. "Don't move. Don't speak for your life's sake. Wait till I hand you back your knife, then do the best you can." Then slipping aside the loosened board she saw dimly the black outline of curling hair, back, shoulders and tied wrists of the captive. Drawing the knife from her pocket, with two strokes of its keen cutting edge she severed the cords, threw the knife into the opening and darted away. Yet in that moment she knew that the man was instinctively turning towards her. But it was one thing to free a horse thief—and another to stop and "philander" with him.

She ran half way up the ridge and met the farm hand returning. It was only a bit of washing, after all—and he was glad he hadn't fired his gun. On the other hand Lanty confessed she had got "so skeeter" being alone that she came to seek him. She had the shivers—wasn't her hand cold? It was—but thrilling even in its coldness to the bashfully admiring man. And she was that weak and dizzy, he must let her lean on his ram going down—and they must go slow. She was sure he was cold, too, and if he would wait at the back door she would give him a drink of whisky. Thus Lanty—with her brain afire, her eyes and ears straining into the darkness and the vague outline of the barn beyond. Another moment was protracted over the drink of whisky, and then Lanty, with a faint archness, made him promise not to tell her mother of the escapade, and she promised on her part not to say anything about his "stalking a petticoat on the clothes line," and then shyly closed the door and regained her room. He must have got away by this time, or

have been discovered; she believed they would not open the barn door until the return of the posse.

She was right. It was near daybreak when they returned, and, again crouching low beside her window, she heard with a fierce joy the sudden outcry, the oaths, the wrangling voices, the summoning of her father to the front door and then the tumultuous sweeping away again of the whole posse—and a blessed silence fading over the rancho. And then Lanty went quietly to bed and slept like a three-year child.

Perhaps that was the reason why she was able at breakfast to listen with lazy and even rosy indifference to the startling events of the night; to the sneers of the farm hands at the posse who had overlooked the knife when they searched their prisoner, as well as the stupidity of the corral guard who had never heard him make a hole "the size of a house" in the barn side! Once she glanced demurely at Silas Briggs—the farm hand—and the poor fellow felt consoled in his shame at the remembrance of their confidences.

But Lanty's tranquility was not destined to last long. There was again the irruption of exciting news from the high road; the Mexican leader had been recaptured and was now safely lodged in Brownsville jail! Those who were previously loud in their praises of the successful horse thief who had baffled the vigilance of his pursuers, were now equally keen in their admiration of the new San Francisco deputy who, in turn, had outwitted the whole gang. It was he who was fertile in expedients; he who had studied the whole country, and even risked his life among the gang and he who had again closed the meshes of the net around the escaped outlaw. He was already returning by way of the Rancho, and might stop there a moment—so that they could all see the hero. Such was the power of success on the countryside! Outwardly indifferent, inwardly bitter, Lanty turned away. She would not grace his triumph if she kept in her room all day! And when there was a clatter of hoofs on the road again, Lanty slipped upstairs.

But in a few moments she was summoned. Captain Lance Wetherby, Assistant Chief of Police of San Francisco, Deputy Sheriff and ex-U. S. scout, had requested to see Miss Foster a few moments alone. Lanty knew what it meant—her secret had been discovered—but she was not the girl to shirk the responsibility. She lift-

ed her little brown head proudly, and, with the same resolute step with which she had left the house the night before, descended the stairs and entered the sitting room. At first she saw nothing. Then a remembered voice struck her ear—she started, looked up, and gasping fell back against the door. It was the stranger who had given her the dagger, the stranger she had met in the run!—the horse thief himself!—no! no! she saw it all now—she had cut loose the wrong man!

He looked at her with a smile of sadness—as he drew from his breast pocket that dreadful dagger—the very sight of which Lanty now loathed! "This is the second time, Miss Foster," he said gently, "that I have taken this knife from Muriette, the Mexican bandit; once when I disarmed him three weeks ago, and he escaped and I recaptured him. After I lost it that night I understood from you that you had found it and were keeping it for me." He paused a moment and went on: "I don't ask you what happened last night. I don't condemn you for it; I can believe what a girl of your courage and sympathy might rightly do if her pity were excited; I only ask—why did you give him back that knife I trusted you with?"

"Why?—why did I?" burst out Lanty in a daring gush of truth, scorn and temper, "because I thought you were that horse thief! There!"

He drew back astonished, and then suddenly came that laugh that Lanty remembered and now hailed with joy. "I believe you, by Jove!" he gasped. "That first night I wore the disguise in which I have tracked him and mingled with his gang. Yes! I see it all now—and more. I see that to you I owe his recapture!"

"To me!" echoed the bewildered girl, "how?"

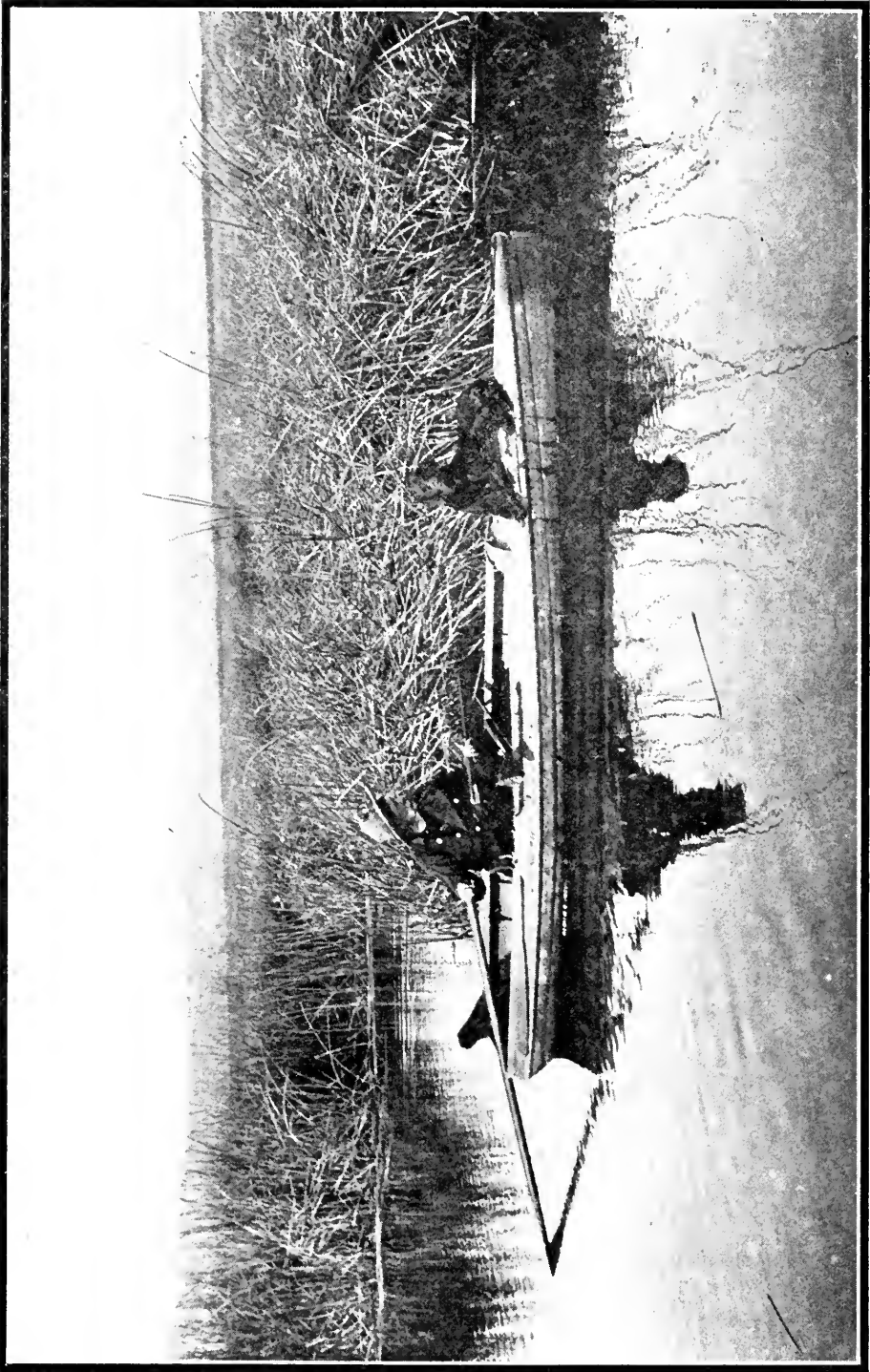
"Why, instead of making for his cave he lingered here in the confines of the ranch. He thought you were in love with him because you freed him and gave him his knife, and stayed to see you!"

But Lanty had her apron to her eyes, whose first tears were filling their velvet depths. And her voice was broken as she said:

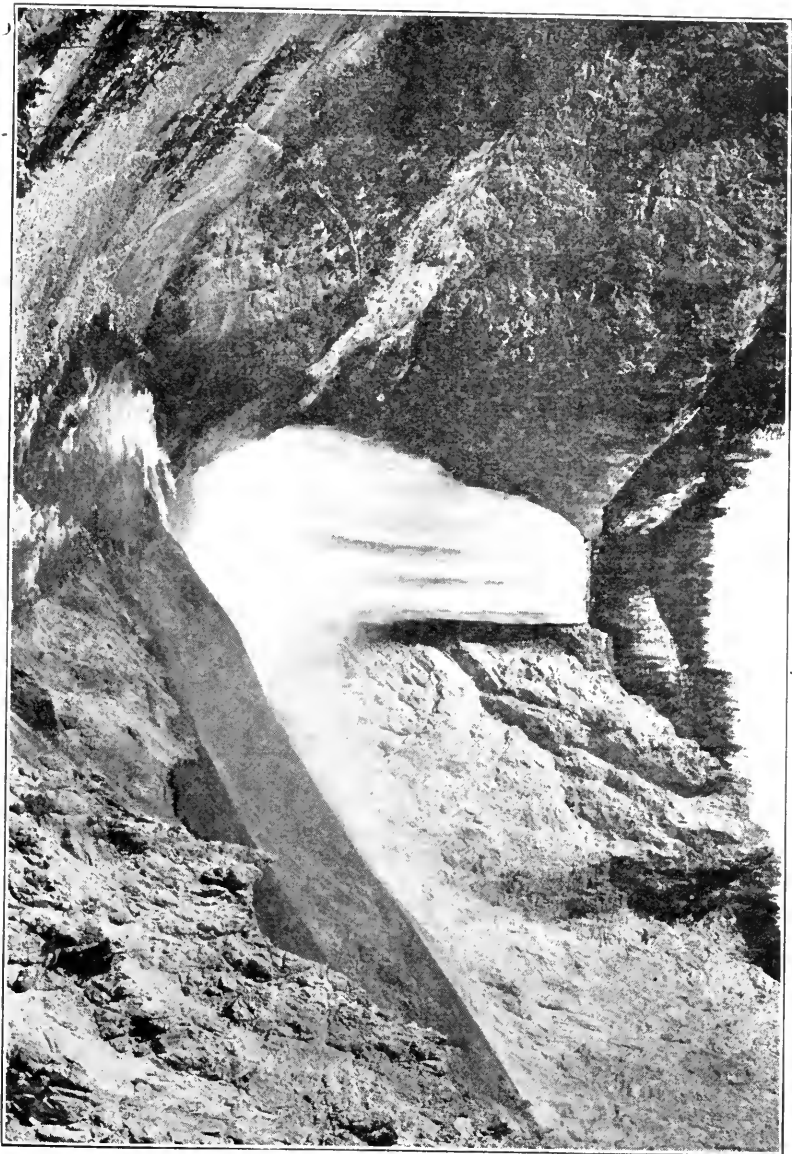
"Then he—cared—a—good deal more for me than some people!"

But there is every reason to believe that Lanty was wrong! At least later events that are part of the history of Foster's Rancho and the Foster family, pointed distinctly to the contrary.





Spring and a happy "dog's life" amongst the tulle swamps of the Sacramento Valley



The Kernel of the Conference

By EDWARD A. FILENE

An Address Before the Educational Salesmen's Association of New England.

HUGHES cracked the nut with a sledge hammer blow.

Briand got at the kernel.

Hughes made a big and courageous first step. Briand pointed out the practical way.

Briand was right. We may not concede all his premises—I for one do not agree that Germany is in a position to attack France, or is secretly arming to do so. But M. Briand's position must appeal to us as the only practical one.

If M. Briand were to agree to a reduction of armament on land he would not be able to make good. M. Briand and his associates officially represent the French people. They must obey the will and express the desires of the French people if they wish to continue to represent them.

France has twice been attacked by Germany. In the minds and hearts of a considerable number of the people of France there is a fear that they may be attacked again. Any French government that acts without taking account of this fear will be thrown out of power immediately. To say the Germans are not armed, or even to prove it, is no answer. The French know perfectly well that a Germany industrially recuperated—industrially strong enough to pay the indemnity—could quickly convert that industrial power to military power if it saw fit.

No, the French fear of an attack by Germany must be answered in a more concrete way. For so long as this fear survives it will dominate the French policy, will force France to maintain larger armies than she can afford, and will force her to make everything else second to her military needs.

We Americans are practical people. It should be easy for us to understand this. Let us consider the position of France in terms of an American problem. Suppose Mexico had twice our manpower and a population of 250,000,000 people. Suppose Mexico had twice attacked us. Would we agree to disarmament unless the majority of us were convinced that we had adequate other protection in place of the armament?

The kernel of the Washington Conference is that real reduction of armament is not possible without a powerful and effective substitute for

armament to provide a guarantee of safety to the peoples.

There was a time in the history of our country when every man carried a gun. Then we Americans became convinced that using a gun was a bad way of settling a dispute—it led to more disputes, more trouble. American public opinion wanted it stopped, and we stopped it in our practical American way: first we provided adequate police protection and court machinery to guard ourselves and our property. Then, but only then, we made it illegal to carry a gun, and Americans, with few exceptions, gave up relying on guns.

The problem of the present Washington Conference is very similar. It differs not in kind but in size. Time and invention have brought the nations of the world nearer to each other and to us than our States were to one another when we decreed it illegal to carry guns. We have come to a point in international history where we are convinced that the use of a gun is a bad way to settle a dispute. And when American public opinion seriously wants it stopped, we will again do it in our practical American way: We will

I. Create adequate police protection—an association of nations that will prevent any nation from wantonly attacking another, and from attacking before it had brought its case before the world court already in existence, in the creation of which the United States took a leading part.

II. Create court machinery—give the association of nations power to deal with an outlaw nation by using against it the economic strength of all the nations. That is, to invest the association of nations with authority to shut off mail, telegraphic and wireless communication between an offending nation and the rest of the world, to break financial relations, and to prevent it from exporting or importing any goods as long as it continues to offend.

No nation could long resist such economic punishment. During the next ten or twenty years military forces would not be needed in the rarest case.

Guarantees so definite and practical would satisfy the average citizen of France that his family and his property will be protected even

if the nation's armaments were greatly reduced. If such guarantees are furnished he will demand reduction in armament, and the government will gladly give it. The French people are like ourselves; they do not like, any more than we do, the extraordinarily heavy taxes and general bad business conditions caused by trying to provide military preparedness against the fear of attack.

And France would not be the only beneficiary under these guarantees. During the study-tour through Europe from which I returned only a few weeks ago, I spent considerable time in the Balkan States. These countries are essentially agricultural, and if they could develop along their natural and normal lines might become prosperous and happy. But they, too, labor under the constant fear of attack, so that instead of pursuing the agricultural life for which they are eminently fitted they feel impelled to develop industrially, because they have learned the value of industrial plants for purposes of defense in case of war. So they are bending all their energies to add competition to the world's industrial output.

The fear of the next war is very real all through Europe. It is causing almost every nation to put measure for military defense above economic and social needs. The thought is father to the deed, and already this fear is causing a commercial war between nations which is daily, hourly, causing international friction, and which, if not checked, can end in nothing but new military wars.

In a statement I made recently I summed up the relation of these European problems to American conditions in fifteen points. I will repeat these fifteen points, for they will give you the situation concisely and in as few words as possible:

1. We have millions of unemployed in the United States.

2. We have greater surpluses and greater producing ability than ever before in the United States.

3. Europe needs our surpluses and our producing ability more than ever before.

4. If we could sell freely to Europe we could put our unemployed back at work and have great prosperity.

5. But Europe is poor as the result of the war and can only buy on long term credits.

6. Long term credits are impossible unless the danger of new wars in Europe is lessened

and important reductions in armaments brought about.

7. But reduction of armaments is impossible unless there are adequate guarantees of the protection for which armaments are intended.

8. Such guarantees, satisfactory to the citizens of any nation, cannot be furnished except by an association of nations of which every important sea or land power is a part. Lack of co-operation by any one of the great nations is fatal.

9. Because one great nation, the United States, is out of the present Association of Nations, there are being formed in Europe today new balances of power among the nations.

10. Balances of power are dependent on military strength and must result in new rivalries in armaments.

11. Therefore, if the Washington Conference really brings about a reduction of armaments it will furnish the guarantee of protection necessary before any large or small nation will effectively reduce its own armaments.

12. If this guarantee is furnished, then the strong Balkan nations can devote their power to the development of their great agricultural wealth and cease the present economic wars that threaten to bring on new military wars.

13. If this guarantee is given, then France can afford to take the risk of a Germany strong enough industrially to be able to pay the indemnities.

14. If the Balkans and France and Germany are really at peace again, the outlook for world peace will be good and we in the United States will be able to sell our goods to Europe without undue risks on long term credits.

15. Selling our surpluses and other goods to Europe will make a better demand all over the world for our production, and will therefore put our unemployed back to work and bring us prosperity.

And as I have said on another occasion, when once we understand that these facts underlie our business prosperity, the American will to deal adequately and practically with facts can not fail to assert itself. We will make it internationally illegal to carry guns when we have provided the necessary international police protection and international court machinery. And when that practical step has been taken the French people will be anxious to discuss reduction of their armed force.



Gold

By LUCY JUZA

AT the hour of dusk or thereabouts, when the lamps in the shops are still unlighted and every doorstep is a well of gloom, Second street seems to draw within itself behind closed shutters, granting to the curious stare of the tourist only a double tier of balconies dimly etched against a wall of fog.

Later when twilight has deepened into night, yellow and blue lights are seen to leap from darkened doorways as a hundred form-taking shadows slink back into hidden corners; shutters creak on broken hinges; warm laughter floats upward on the strange, exotic odors of the Orient, and the Street is very gay.

Hong Fat lighted the gas jet above the door of his jewelry establishment earlier than usual, in fact shortly before five o'clock. This accomplished he returned to his cushioned stool behind the counter and again directed his apathetic gaze toward the unending veil of fog that drifted past his narrow windows. Chinatown respected and feared Hong Fat, its wealthiest citizen, a member of the powerful Hoo Sing Tong, as well as treasurer of that organization. True it is, that to incur the displeasure of the jewelry merchant could mean but one thing—death—yets his acts of charity, particularly to the penniless young men of the colony, must not be overlooked.

Although he was known to all the dwellers of the Street, he paid scant heed to the soft-footed figures that passed into the pallid semi-circle of light shed from his lamp, only to vanish a moment later like shadows in a pantomime. His heavy lidded eyes were all but closed and the corners of his mouth drooped in an attitude of sleep. But Hong Fat was not dozing. Eyes sly glance each yellow face that passed. that feigned sleep scrutinized carefully in one

Less than two hours had elapsed since Hong Fat had received information from a tong brother that five hundred dollars were missing from the funds of the Hoo Sings. As Hong Fat was responsible for all moneys that went into the cash box which even now reposed empty and with battered lock in the private meeting place of the tong members in a certain cellar room in Oak Street, the next move was assuredly Hong Fat's.

Not until Lee Ling, a poor student, who eked out his meager existence by waiting on tables in a near-by noodle house, approached the window, did Hong Fat betray the slightest interest

in the threading stream of yellow faces. Leaning forward he raised one hand and tapped lightly on the pane and beckoned the student to enter.

"The night is cold," he said, smiling blandly, "a bowl of rice awaits in yonder room. Pray accept the hospitality of an old man who dislikes to eat alone, and who has been waiting this hour through for a congenial companion with whom to share his simple meal."

Lee Ling's stomach was empty, and he accepted with alacrity the merchant's invitation. More than once had Hong Fat befriended him, and he had cause to be grateful.

Without more ado, they repaired to the back room, and were soon drinking deeply of warm, scented tea.

"I hear from talk in the street that you have been the victim of a thief," said Lee Ling, by way of making conversation, "and the sum is said to be not less than five hundred dollars. If that be true, I am sorry and hope that he who has dared to commit this atrocious act may soon be apprehended."

Hong Fat drained his cup before replying.

"One may hear many words of idle gossip if one will but listen," he said, and his voice was oily, "and strange, indeed, are the tales that fly from tongue to tongue. I, too, have heard a queer thing. It is reported on excellent authority that Mei Chu, of whose beauty and loveliness we all have heard, wears a betrothal ring set with seven diamonds, and so brilliant is their luster said to be that they appear not as seven but as one large gem."

His heavy eye lids lifted, and for a moment his gaze rested on the face of Lee Ling.

"And it is also said the ring cost not less than five hundred dollars," he added briefly then with a languorous gesture of one begemmed hand, "but why should we spend time in profitless talk? The rice is gone, but there will be more tomorrow, and perhaps a pot of good tea and some of On Hing's sweet cakes. Return at this hour tomorrow, Lee Ling, when your stomach again waxes clamorous, and it shall be filled."

"You are kind, Hong Fat," answered the student courteously, "and I hope the money that has been lost will be speedily returned to you."

Enveloped in the eddying fog, Lee Ling walked rapidly through the Street, arriving a few moments later at a yawning black hole which concealed a broken staircase. Mounting three

flights, he followed a labyrinthine passageway until he came to a slit of a room under the eaves.

Here the student slept, and to these dismal quarters he had often returned hungry until he had accidentally met up with the jewelry merchant at the noodle house. A hard cot occupied an alcove where the ceiling cut low into the room. In the corner stood an evil smelling oil stove, empty of fuel. The small, many-paned window looked out upon a world no less dreary. Beyond the moos-grown roofs adjoining, a jagged bit of starred sky could be seen if the night were clear; but tonight even that was hidden by the obliterating fog.

Although Lee Ling could only see in shadowy outline the nearest roof top, he knew that close below it lay the river. Those black waters held inviolate many a secret which had its inception where dull lights burn all night in smoke filled rooms and men speak in stealthy voices. Unlike the babbling stream of humanity that flows daily through the streets of Chinatown, those tranquil waters see much and reveal nothing. One could trust the river—

Until he sat at Hong Fat's table, Lee Ling little dreamed that his friend knew the truth. At first thought he had been inclined to throw himself on the mercy of the merchant, but some instinct held him back. Perhaps had he reminded Hong Fat of the exquisite beauty of Mei Chu; of her laughter, lovelier than the fairy murmurings of the tiniest of wind bells; of her lips as red as ripe cherries, perhaps then Hong Fat would have shown compassion.

The beautiful Mei Chu had but recently secured employment as an usher in an up town motion picture house. When Mei Chu exclaimed about the rings which some of the girls wore, their meaning was explained to her. Those rings, Mei Chu was told, signified love. The eyes of Mei Chu danced. Lee Ling had spoken many time of his love for her. That very night when Lee Ling came to see her, she demanded a love ring, a wonderful sparkling one. After three days, during which his soul knew many dark moments, Lee Ling brought for her delectation a cluster of gleaming jewels set in a loop of gold.

Shaking from his body the troubled stupor into which he had fallen, Lee Ling rose from his cot, and dressing carefully, went from his cheerless garret to the room of Mei Chu in a balcony hung dwelling at Fourth and Everett streets.

For a little while Lee Ling's troubles were forgotten. With Mei Chu's presence to reassure him, he decided that the crime which he had

committed was not so great after all. He would go to Hong Fat and explain, trusting to the merchant's kind heart. In due course, he could refund from his earnings at the noodle house the required sum.

But when at midnight he went again into the street, his optimism, seemingly dampened by the wet fog, vanished, and his mind became troubled. Unconsciously he turned his steps to the docks at the water side. Seating himself on an empty vegetable crate, he fell to the task of planning a way out of his difficulty. No sound interrupted his thoughts save the sullen wash of the water against the undergirding, an insistent reminder that the river was always there, waiting, waiting.

Presently his ear caught a sound, vague, yet unmistakable—the hushed murmurings of a human voice in a room beyond the partition. The sound continuing, Lee Ling moved cautiously, and pressing his ear to a convenient crack, waited. His ears had not tricked him. There was no mistaking the words:

“Gold—gold—”

Then followed the clink of coins being dropped on a table.

Lee Ling made a quick survey of the warehouse. This was the rat hole to which old Goon Dip was said to come to count his money. Wierd tales had been told of Goon Dip and his counting room, and some there were who averred they had heard the rattle of falling coins as they slipped through his yellow fingers. Lee Ling continued his investigations, until he found a window, closed tightly against the damp winds that blew off the river. Hearing foot steps sounding on the wharf, he dived into the shadows and was soon mingling with the midnight stragglers along the street. Within the hour he was again in his room asleep on his hard cot, and his dreams were pleasant.

The following evening with the passing of twilight he went again to the shop of the jewelry merchant where a bowl of rice awaited him. Hong Fat greeted him with a soft smile, and together they emptied the bowl.

“I hear rumors in the street,” began Lee Ling pleasantly, “that by day break tomorrow the Hoo Sings will be refunded their five hundred dollars with interest.”

“And I, too, have heard from many customers that four gun men have been selected to hunt down the thief. Already the death hunt has begun, and what a feast the carp in the river will enjoy tomorrow—but, we must close our ears to idle talk. And again the pot is empty.”

Lee Ling did not go that evening to the room

of Mei Chu as was his custom. The night being again foggy, he found little difficulty in making his way undetected to the ramshackle building on the docks, where he waited in the lurking shadows until the hour seemed propitious. From his place near the window he heard the liquid tinkle of falling coins and the greedy murmurings of Goon Dip.

"Gold—gold—"

Assuring himself that all was well, he stealthily opened the window and drew himself over the sill. A narrow passageway extended forward into a blank void. His foot touched a loosened board, and he stumbled against a closed door. Flinging it wide, he faced a wall of darkness. From the corner came a heavy sigh. The revolver which he had drawn from his blouse on entering the building flamed once and was silent. The next instant a scream shattered the black pall before him, a shrill inhuman cry that cut like live wire into the quivering darkness.

Nervously Lee Ling turned his flash light toward the corner. Its white circle framed a fantastic gilded perch dangling a long metal chain at the end of which hung a bunch of gaudy feathers, and below an ever widening pool of blood stained the floor a deep crimson. As Lee Ling's hand twitched, a tremor passed through the body of Goon Dip's pet parrot, causing a

small gold charm fastened to the bird's leg to tinkle merrily against the rod of the perch.

"Gold," weakly croaked the mass of stained feather, "gold—gold—"

Lee Ling closed the door on this distressing sight, and went again into the night, but at the corner where the dark alley ended, his steps lagged. To return to his room would be unwise, as even now the gun men were hunting him down. For a moment he hesitated, then turned back toward the river where the fog covered him like a wet blanket. The tired chug-chug of the harbor patrol launch drifted out of the mists. At his left the gaunt skeleton of Burnside Street bridge loomed indistinctly. Below him the river waited, cold and silent.

In a room in Everett Street where the air is very sweet and lilies bloom on the window sill, Mei Chu, the Beautiful Pearl, counted the hours, idly twisting about her finger the ring that had cost five hundred dollars. She was much provoked with Lee Ling.

Behind the warehouses that line the water front, where the shadows are deepest and the fog hangs like a soiled curtain for days at a time, a ripple spread wide on the leaden waters of the river, and presently lost itself in the sluggish current.



The Way of the West

By ELMO W. BRIM

CHAPTER I

The Man From Nowhere

THE last horse had been driven through the gate into the main corral; the dust settled and after a few turns around the corral the horses either quieted down into a relaxed position, or playfully bit or kicked their neighbors.

One horse, a powerful, coal-black mare, deep of chest, trim of body and legs, and having a nicely arched neck, which was set off by a finely developed head, stood in one corner of the corral by herself, apparently disdaining the company of the other horses. The horse was, but for one thing, a horseman's ideal in the way of horseflesh—a cavalryman would have craved her for his mount. But the beauties of nature were offset by a pair of eyes out of which gleamed a hatred which was satanic in its nature.

A young cow-pony, dodging the playful kick of one of its mates, dashed into the corner occupied by the one of the wicked eye. Instantly the mare reared on her hind legs, and before the innocent offender could stop his onrush she seized him by the neck with her teeth and struck him two powerful blows with her hoofs. Before he recovered his poise the mare whirled, in a mad passion, and one of her hind hoofs flew out in a lightning flash, catching the pony with a resounding crash just below the hip; knocking him to his knees. Then the mare whirled and started at him, with her teeth bared, but the youngster gave a terrified jump and limped in among the other horses. The mare, after giving a contemptuous snort, walked back to the corner of the corral.

Dick Sterns had been interrupted in the midst of his orders to the men of his outfit by the one-sided fight in the corral. When he again spoke his voice was full of irritation.

"Boys, there goes a good cow-pony all shot to hell by that worthless 'outlaw,' and the round-up starting within a week. We ought to have cut her out before corralling the string; but since we didn't we have got to cut her out, or there will not be any use of Buck riding the string—'Old Steamboat' will have them broke so a kid can ride them; but it will be broken legs mostly. The way that outlaw has been crippling horses out on the range is getting on

my nerves; I believe when we take her out I will just end it all by shooting her."

Buck McGee, a short, bow-legged, red-headed horse wrangler, rolled his saddle against the corral fence, and facing about looked into Dick's irritated face.

"Ah, get out, Dick!" he exclaimed. "Yuh are talking through yore hat when yuh talk of killing 'Old Steamboat' and yuh know it. What would the Circle D Ranch be without the worst bucking hoss in Wyoming? Yuh know the money we have taken at contests with that 'outlaw'; and yuh know that yuh and me are the only ones who have ever ridden that hoss. Why there is not an outfit in Wyoming but what would pay a pile of money to own her. Luke Brown and Jim Marlow were killed by 'Old Steamboat,' so killing and crippling a few hosses is nothing for her to do—bad hosses are supposed to be 'killers'."

The conversation was interrupted this moment by a horseman who reined in a tired and sweating horse by the side of the riders: The man was tall, black haired and smooth featured, but a close-cropped, black mustache and a scar on the side of his nose gave him a cynical appearance. His face was of a greyish-white color, as though he were just recovering from a severe sickness. The man's clothing and outfit, like the horse, did not speak highly of him as a rider—but there was something commanding about him, as well as cynical.

"My name is Jack Holt," he remarked, looking the men over for someone in authority. "I am looking for a job—need any men?"

"Well," replied Dick, eying him in an inquiring manner, "I don't 'specially need any help, but I could make room for a good rider and cow-hand. Where do you hail from, and what outfits have you worked with?"

"Where I come from and whom I've worked for hasn't got anything to do with my work," replied the stranger. "Talk is cheap—I am open for showing you what I can do."

"Well," laughed Dick, "I am always proud to give a man a chance. If you can 'top' the black mare which is standing in the corner of the corral the job is yours; but I will play you fair, she is some 'outlaw,' and she has got her man. If you can't back your statement, don't try it."

"Pardner," exclaimed the stranger, "I never saw an outlaw, man or horse, that was a ladies'

pet. Give me a 'snubber' and we will start something."

"All right," replied Dick, "get yourself ready. I will give you a real bronk-twister for a snubber."

Turning to Buck McGee, he continued:

"Buck, you are to give the stranger what help he wants and see that he gets a good 'seat' on his mount."

"Shore," grinned the red-headed Buck, "plumb delighted to help a gent in trouble. I'll see that he gets a good seat, but if he keeps it—Oh, my hard-boiled soul!"

The stranger, after carrying his saddle into the corral, took down his rope.

"When yuh rope her, you had better throw her," cautioned Buck, as he noted the stranger was ready for action. "She is shorely a 'snake' 'bout haltering."

Nodding an assent, the stranger enlarged the noose and arranged the coils of his rope as he advanced on the horse. Then his hand shot out in an upward fling from his side and the noose settled over the head of the prancing mare, and as she plunged forward the rope shot in front of her hoofs, the stranger's left hand dropped below his hip and his weight was thrown on the rope in an opposite direction from the mare—as she plunged into the air her head was jerked against her right side, and down to the ground she went.

Buck immediately ran to the fallen horse and sat on her hip, in order to prevent her from regaining her feet. The stranger ran up and took a series of half-hitches around the mare's legs, after which he ran around and pulled her head from under her neck; then after a struggle a hackamore was placed on her head and the rope was removed. Buck ran over and sat down on the horse's neck and twisted her head upward. The stranger seized his saddle, placed it on the mare's back, and after much scratching and pushing the cinch was pushed under the mare's belly and fastened to the latigo. Gently removing the tie-rope, he eased into the saddle, and shouted:

"Let 'er go!"

Then as the mare staggered to her feet she gave a bawl like a mad bull and sprang into the air like a rocket. Instantly the man's hat came off and he began what is known, in the cowboy vernacular, as "fanning" his horse, beating time to the horse's pitches, in a half circular, or figure eight movement from about the rider's shoulders to nearly the horse's withers, or shoulders. Nor was he neglecting the fine art of "scratching" his mount—which means spur-

ring or raking the horse on both shoulders with the rowels of the spurs.

The mare was not tamely submitting to these indignities, as her wild, untamable disposition was goaded to a blood-lust. Bawling every jump she pitched around the corral, first "sunfishing" or bucking in an outline like the old-fashioned worm fence—some riders call this "fence-rowing." Next she was "swapping ends," which is reversing the body while in mid-air. This was followed by "diamond backing"—landing on the ground with all four feet bunched, and the back arched like an angry cat. "Sprawling" and "weak-kneed" pitching followed. The former means striking the ground with the legs sprawled, while the latter means as the horse hits the ground she goes down nearly to her knees.

All of this pitching has embraced less time than the telling, and although she switches from "sunfishing" to "swapped ends" and on to "diamond backing" the stranger is riding her to a finish in a clean cut contest manner. The wild, bawling beast has but one mad desire, which is to throw and then with her hoofs crush out the life of the man devil who is on her back, goading her to distraction.

On the corral fence an admiring bunch of cow-punchers are whooping themselves hoarse. Never once has the stranger offered any chance for witty remarks.

"God!" exclaimed Buck McGee. "That man is not human. When it comes to riding he is a devil! Dick, I see some good rider's reputation going up in smoke at the next contest at Cheyenne."

"You have said a mouthful!" exclaimed Dick. "I am not putting myself in his class. He is too strong for me."

While this conversation was going on the other punchers were yelling words of encouragement to the rider, pointing out his riding qualifications, and yelling themselves hoarse.

"My God!" yelled the red-headed Buck. "Do you see that?"

The mare, in one last attempt of supremacy, soars into the air, and as she curves downward she draws her head and front legs under her and crashes to the ground. With one accord the punchers jumped into the corral. As they anticipated, the mare turned a complete somersault, but instead of finding the stranger's mangled body they found him in the act of remounting the struggling mare. By some supernatural streak of luck, or horsemanship, he had cleared the mare when she headed over.

The mare half struggled to her feet, then her

head dropped and she fell heavily to the ground. As the punchers crowded around the victor, who had sprung from the fallen mare, he silently removed his hat and held up his hand in a gesture for silence.

"Boys," he said, "we are in the presence of death, and though it is only a horse, I never saw a gamer one. I always take off my hat to man or beast who cash in like a dead game sport."

With one accord the men removed their hats, and for a few moments there was silence, then Dick grasped the stranger by the hand, and said:

"Stranger, the job is yours, and from now on this outfit will back you in anything that you do."

CHAPTER II

The Mountain Episode

During the few remaining days before round-up Jack Holt became a general favorite with the outfit. He had won their admiration and respect the day he secured his job, and later they developed a real friendship towards him. He was always on the job, no matter what it was, cheerful and ever ready to give a helping hand. When they played poker at night in the bunk-house they could never beat him, though he played the game square—merely outplayed them. So they lost good-naturedly, and admired him for his judgment.

While he was a good mixer, and an ever interesting story teller, never once did he tell anything of his past or confine his narratives to any section where they could place him as any certain man whose past might have been known to them. The Western man has a high regard for a man's private life. If he chooses to speak of it, all right, if not, it is his own business—all of which is really good etiquette. Although the men marveled and theorized among themselves, they let it go at that. They liked the man and were proud to have him in their outfit. The name "Stranger" did not receive favor, so they began calling him Jack.

After the Circle D installed their camp at the base of the Wind River Mountains, in whose fastness their half-wild cattle ranged, the round-up began. In those days a barbed-wire fence was unknown and "open-range" was unlimited and as free as the breath of the "Rockies." Each day the "day-herd" grew in size, and as it increased "night-guard" went into effect. This guard is divided into shifts of two men who ride herd for two hours or more, according to the size of the outfit and are then relieved by the next shift. And so on throughout the night.

During the last two days of the round-up the "circle" was extended far back into the Wind River Mountains for "strays" and cattle which had escaped the daily circle. Through meadows, above the timber line, canyons and rough country the riders searched, bringing in small bunches of wild-eyed, excitable cattle.

The morning of the last drive Dick gave his orders to all his riders, arranging them in pairs for the "circle" and assigning them to their respective routes, or to the holding of the "beef herd," with the exception of Jack, who sat on his horse looking inquiringly at him for orders.

"Jack, we are going to take a little fling at high life today," said Dick, as he mounted his horse. "Let's be off; I'll tell you as we ride."

After they had left the camp behind them and started into the mountain Dick began:

"Years ago when the Circle D came into this country from Texas their cattle were all longhorns. Then, after a number of years, the improvement wave hit the country and the outfit commenced cross-breeding and replacing with Herefords. Today you notice the longhorn is extinct. They have all, with one exception, been shipped out of the country.

"There is one 'longhorn' left. He is gigantic in size and his horns have an eleven-foot spread. For years he has ranged in a meadow near Bald Peak; and wild is not the proper name for him, for he's 'plumb locoed.' The minute he sees a rider he makes a break for the timber line and rough places. A mountain goat has but little on him for crossing boulders and rocky points. Riders from many outfits have tried to get him, but without success. There is a standing offer of a thousand dollars for him, if delivered to the Frontier Round-up Association. The man who puts a rope on him and brings him in will get a rep all right. I am figuring, if it can be done, we can do it."

"What are your plans?" inquired Jack. "Going to lay in wait for him and have me run him out?"

"Yes," replied Dick, "you have the right idea to a dot. When we get above the timber line near his range I will give directions for finding him; then I will go and lay in wait for him. He always makes a run for Bald Peak, and he uses the same trail every time. You won't have any trouble in finding him, or rather he will find you. As soon as he does he is off, and believe me he is some little drifter."

The mountain became steeper and rougher, conversation abruptly ceased as the two riders swung into single file and began the ascent. After possibly two miles of single file riding,

the timber became thinner and thinner until it extended to the summit of the mountain, which was now within a short distance of the riders.

Dick suddenly reined in his horse and motioned for Jack to ride up alongside of him. When Jack reined in his horse Dick extended his arm and pointed to a mountain peak which rose abruptly to their right, towering into a craggy pinnacle far above the timber line.

"There," exclaimed Dick, "is Bald Peak. The meadow extends over the summit and covers nearly a similar area on the other side. You can circle to your left, and if you don't cross trails with 'Ol' Longhorn,' he will 'shore' see you when you cross the divide. So I am off. Wait until I am out of sight then hit the trail."

"I've got you," replied Jack. "Go to it, and I hope you hang him."

Jack reached into his pocket and after producing the "makings" mechanically rolled and lighted a cigarette as he watched Dick's fast disappearing form out of the corner of his eye. When Dick disappeared in the distance he cast the cigarette from him, and leaning forward in the saddle he touched his horse with his spurs and swung him abruptly to the left. Circling his mount toward the summit of the mountain he scanned the grassy meadow and straggling timber which entered the outer edges for signs of the longhorn. Mounting the summit he paused for a moment and scanned the mountain slope. Off to his right Bald Peak reared upward in craggy, rocky grandeur, but his eyes swept this imposing spectacle without giving a second thought to its picturesqueness. The steer was the theme for the present. Scenery could come later. He rode with caution, scanning the downward slope of the meadow and scraggy timber which bordered the outer edge. But this caution was unnecessary. "Ol' Longhorn" was nowhere to be seen. Unless he was in the dense chaparral at the lower edge of the meadow the capture would have to be attempted some time later.

As he rode into the chaparral his ears were on the alert for any sound which might indicate the presence of the longhorn.

"Not much of a place for a steer," he mused, "but you can never figure what the wild ones will do."

Hardly had he made this remark before there was a violent crashing at the outer edge of the chaparral. Wheeling his horse in the direction of the sound, he slapped spurs to his horse and emitting an ear-splitting yell started out of the chaparral. Plunging, stumbling and

half falling, the horse bore its rider to the edge of the meadow. Then Jack urged him to his utmost speed up the summit in pursuit of a wild and excited longhorned steer.

The steer was fast disappearing in the direction of Bald Peak as Jack swung his horse on the summit. Suddenly, as it was leaving his sight, he saw the noose of a rope circle above the outstretched horns, then settle down upon them.

"Good boy, Dick has got him!" exclaimed Jack.

The words were scarcely out of his mouth before horse and rider crashed into a fallen mass in plain view behind the steer. As Jack's horse lunged forward, in response to the spurs, he saw rider and saddle leave the fallen horse and disappear after the half-crazed steer.

When Jack reined in his horse beside the riderless horse there was no sign of Dick or the "outlaw" steer.

CHAPTER III

Over the Cliff

Jack dismounted and, after scanning the ground for a moment, ran to the edge of the mountain side, where, with a feeling of awe and horror, he found himself looking down a sheer precipice, some fifteen hundred feet deep. Dick, from all indications, had certainly gone over, but there were no signs of him, either on the side of the precipice, or on the rock-strewn bottom. Suddenly he was surprised at Dick's voice, directly underneath him, saying:

"You will have to hurry! I can't hold much longer!"

As his eyes for the first time located Dick, he saw that he was clinging to a small "black jack" which threatened at any moment to loosen from its rocky base.

After one glance he raced to his horse, tore off his rope and ran back to the edge of the precipice where he threw himself flat on the ground. Then as he ran a noose for a throw he cautioned Dick—

"Listen, Dick," he said, "I am going to throw the rope over you, but wait until I pull it tight and jerk it twice before you attempt to climb it."

For an instant the rope circled Dick's prone figure, then it shot through the intervening space and settled over the clinging man's shoulders. The rope had barely settled before Jack sprang to his feet and made with the loose end of the rope for a stunted oak which grew near the precipice. As he neared the tree he stopped and gasped in astonishment; it was

unbelievable, but his calculation had fallen short, the rope lacked two feet of reaching the stunted oak. He knew that he must do something, and there was no time to lose. Dick was so nearly exhausted that it would take all his strength to climb the rope. If he waited a few moments longer he could not. Possibly, he was already too weak. There was no chance to splice the rope in a reasonable time. His tie-rope was missing from his belt, lost in the chaparral thicket. As these thoughts flashed through his mind he gently drew in the rope and made a series of half hitches around his legs above his knees. When the rope had become a part of him he pulled it tight and threw his arms out and locked them around the stunted tree. As he moved his knees twice towards his body, producing the two signal jerks, his legs were suddenly jerked outward and for an instant it seemed as though his arms would be jerked from their sockets—Dick was on the rope and had started to climb.

To Jack's tortured body the seconds seemed like hours. After the first shock he could feel Dick's movements as he slowly climbed the rope. Now he had stopped. What was the matter? Was he too weak to make the ascent? Then as he felt a heavier strain on his tortured arms he realized that Dick had taken a half-hitch on the rope and was resting. The strain, though momentary, seemed ages. He could feel Dick's hands on the rope as he gained strength and again began to climb. Time and again the operation was repeated—a short climb, and a heavier weight on the swinging rope as Dick would take a half-hitch with his foot.

Groaning and biting his lip until the blood spurted forth, Jack fought down the desire to release his tortured hold to the tree. An ungovernable anger against Dick was consuming him. Why didn't he come on? A man should have climbed that distance a dozen times. There was no sense in his stopping so much. Suddenly the weight of the rope left his legs. His tortured brain failed to realize that this was merely due to lack of circulation.

Dick and the rope had gone down to the rocky bottom, he reasoned, as he clung to the tree. But why did his arms ache so badly? No Dick was still on the rope, and he was going to pull both of them over the cliff and down to the rock-strewn bottom. Well, it did not matter. Everything was getting dark around him, and his arms and legs did not hurt any more. Somehow a pleasant, sleepy feeling was stealing over him.

"Hold on a little longer; I'm coming, Dick," he muttered. Then, as he felt his body go over the precipice, consciousness left him.

When Dick, after a series of short climbs and rests, reached the last short climb which lay between him and safety his strength nearly left him, and had he not taken an involuntary hitch with his foot he would have slid back the full length of the rope. After a momentary spell of breathing he felt his strength returning, so placing one hand under the rope where it tightened as it went over the cliff he secured a safe handhold. Reaching out with the other he felt over the earth until it at last encountered a rugged rim-rock which afforded a solid handhold. Then satisfying himself that his hold was solid, he swung his body once, twice, and with a tightening of his arm muscles drew himself upon the solid ground of the cliff, where for a moment he lay huddled in a limp heap breathing in hard, sharp gasps.

As his breathing became more normal he wondered what had become of Jack. Then he heard Jack say: "Hold on a little longer; I'm coming, Dick."

Why, he reasoned, was he coming now? Why had he not been there to help him at the most critical stage of his ascent? And why was he speaking in that choked, jerky voice? Then, for the first time, he looked around; and an exclamation of surprise and horror escaped his lips.

Lying full length on his stomach with his arms locked around a stunted oak, was Jack; while tied in half-hitches around his legs was the end of the rope, which Dick had believed was securely tied to a tree. As Dick looked at the unconscious figure he thought of the rocky bottom which lay below them and shuddered, and as he crawled over to the silent figure he murmured: "Nerve! He is nothing but nerve! I've never seen his equal."

When Jack came to consciousness a stream of water was pouring down on his face. After a gasp or two he rolled over on his side and, after looking at Dick for a moment, he swore softly and said:

"Dick, I thought we went over the cliff. I went over, and as I went you evidently went with me. How does it come that we are living?"

"How are you feeling?" anxiously inquired Dick. "We are alive all right, but I am afraid you are hurt."

"No, I am not hurt," replied Jack. "My arms and legs feel like they had been pulled loose from my body—but, shucks, you can't

hurt a cowpuncher! Now tell me how we got back up here after we fell over the precipice?"

"It is like this," replied Dick. "You know I got pretty well tired holding to that black jack, so when you gave the signal I did not climb far before I had to take a hitch with my foot on the rope and rest. I was not only tired, but my chaps weighted me down. I can't see how you ever did it, as I rested five or six times in making the climb, adding extra weight to your tortured body. Until I reached the last climb over the top, I thought you had the rope 'snubbed' to a tree; but as I failed to get a helping hand I decided that something was wrong. I was so tired and exhausted that I came near falling back. When I got on top I heard you call my name, and say that you were coming to me. Then you must have fainted. When I reached you your arms were locked around this tree and you were in a dead faint. I had a time forcing your arms loose from the tree. I could not bring you to consciousness until I got my hat full of water and poured about half of it on your face."

"I see!" said Jack getting to his feet and beginning to work his arms and legs. "Never fainted before—fainting kinder gets you out of your nut."

"Jack," said Dick, rising and extending his hand, "I owe my life to you. I can never repay you for the way you risked yours in saving it. From now on there is nothing that I will not attempt to do for you."

"Ah, shucks!" said Jack, as he clasped Dick's hand. "That's nothing. You would have done the same thing for me. You make me tired, acting like some schoolgirl! Come on, let's look for your saddle. Don't believe that longhorned 'maverick' can go far with it in this country without tying himself up."

The two riders took up the trail of the missing saddle, which followed a narrow, winding trail around the brink of the precipice.

"Shore was giving that saddle a ride," said Jack, as he paused to scan the marks made on the ground by the upheaval of the saddle. "That saddle is only hitting the ground once in every ten feet. From the way that 'maverick' is scared, he has either bounced the saddle over the precipice and carried himself with it, or he has rung the saddle in between the rocks somewhere. Hey, Dick, what did I tell you? There is your saddle—but no longhorn!"

Both riders crawled past the saddle, which was wedged in between two boulders, and as they saw the broken rope and the torn up ground they knew the chase was ended—"Ol'

Longhorn" had made his last fight, and had gone over the precipice to his last range.

CHAPTER IV

Wanderlust

The two riders crept to the edge of the torn precipice, and after taking one glance down at the rocky bottom of the rugged canyon, they, with one accord, withdrew to the solid ground of the trail.

"Not much of him left, but his horns," said Dick.

"No," replied Jack, "but he was a game old sport. He evidently jumped after he found that he could not break the rope, preferring death to captivity."

"Yes, I guess you are right," agreed Dick, "and I don't know but I am glad that he did, for captivity, even of the pasture type, would have been worse than death to him. I never saw a caged animal without feeling sorry for it—the call of the wild is always on them, they are never satisfied.

"It is little short of a miracle that we are not down there with him. If it had not been for that iron will of yours—"

"Ah, cut it!" exclaimed Jack. "There you start on that 'school-marm' stuff. Come on, and let's see if you've got enough of your saddle left to ride."

The saddle, while battered and bruised, was not much the worse for wear, and in a short time the "busted" cinch had been spliced and the riders started for the round-up camp.

On the return trip there was but little conversation. Possibly both of them were thinking of the miraculous escape of the day, and how it had brought them together under the bonds of friendship.

Buck McGee had turned the riding string over to the night "wrangler" and had started to join the hungry bunch who were eating their supper around the chuck-wagon when he saw Dick and Jack riding in.

"Hello, cowboys!" he exclaimed. "Where is that wild and wooley longhorn that yuh breezed out to conquer? Was half expecting to see yuh two punchers come in riding him double—broke for a lady's mount. How about it—cowboy, where is yuh cow?"

"Ah, give us a rest, Buck!" replied Dick. "We did not want to get 'Ol' Longhorn' this trip; we were out merely to give him a little exercise so as to put him in good shape for next year."

As the two riders dismounted and began unsaddling, Buck stood watching them in an

inquiring manner. His sally had gained him no information, but he knew from their manner that there had been some excitement. Suddenly his eye fell on Dick's saddle, and he detected, even in the fast deepening twilight, that there was something wrong with the usually well cared-for saddle. Kneeling down by the saddle he examined it carefully. Then as his eye fell on the spliced cinch a whistle of surprise and astonishment escaped his lips. Looking at Dick, he said:

"Cowboy, it looks like yuh have been riding through picket fences and roping grizzlies and cougars. Come clean, boys, and tell me what 'Ol' Longhorn' did for yuh."

"Buck, can't you be quiet for two minutes?" inquired Dick, who had turned his horse loose and was getting his outfit together. "Come on! We are hungrier than starved timber-wolves! After we have had some 'chuck' I will tell you all about it—if you will remind me. I think the bunch should know about it, so we will wait and tell it so one telling will cover everybody."

"All right, Dick, just as yuh say," replied Buck, "but come on and let's get the eats, so yuh can spin yore yarn. I am just pining to hear it, 'cause something kinder whispers in my ear that yuh boys had one hell of a time up there in the mountain after 'Ol' Longhorn.'"

As the three approached the riders who were eating in various positions around the chuck-wagon, a series of good-natured sallies greeted them, such as:

"Cowboys, where is yore steer?"

"Where is 'Ol' Longhorn'? Thought we were to have him for a barbecue tonight?"

Then another voice would chime in—

"Ah, go on, they don't know how to catch a wild steer. I saw them leave, and I know positively that they did not carry any salt with them."

To all the various sallies Dick and Jack laughed good naturedly, but made no replies until the men began to insist on knowing the outcome of the day's hunt. Then Dick held up his hand for silence and began:

"Boys, we have both got a man's size appetite, and just as soon as it gets some satisfaction I will give you the points. There is a real story to it, so just wait until we can satisfy our starved systems and you shall hear it."

After Dick and Jack had eaten to the fullest extent they were surrounded by an eager, joking crowd of punchers who wanted the details of the steer-hunt.

Dick sat down in the light of the fire, and

after rolling and lighting a cigarette motioned to his audience to be seated.

"Like this, fellows," he said. "'Ol' Longhorn' is dead, and but for one of the nerviest stunts I ever heard of I would be dead."

As he paused to relight his cigarette, murmurs of surprise followed the announcement. Red-headed Buck McGee could scarcely restrain himself.

"What did I tell yuh, fellows?" he roared. "Didn't I tell yuh there had been one hell roaring time up there around Bald Peak! Go on, cowboy, tell them about it! Let them know that I am on to this 'sign' reading!"

Dick proceeded to tell of the harrowing events of the day, the men listening with quickened pulse as he described his struggle in climbing the rope and final struggle in climbing over the edge of the cliff. He held up his hand as he noticed from a certain restlessness among them that they were wondering why there was not a helping hand to grasp his when the final test came. He finished by telling how he had found Jack—and he pictured the agony endured by him during the trying ordeal; how he had withstood the last test of his weight as he made the final climb, where both their lives were practically held by a tiny thread.

"Boys," he exclaimed, huskily, "there are not many who would risk their lives for another where the risk and the punishment was as great as that. From now on I can't do enough for Jack Holt, and I believe the Circle D and my friends will back him too."

When Dick finished speaking the men sprang to their feet and made the welkin ring with their yells. Every man of them had to shake Jack's hand or slap him on the back as they expressed their admiration and friendship for him, then they started a clamor for him to tell his side of the harrowing event, but Jack only shook his head and said:

"Boys, I appreciate what you have said more than I can tell you; but what I did was no more than any other man would have done. Dick spread it on too strong, but Dick is getting to be like some old woman. Now if you don't mind, I am going to get my bedding and turn in. I'm a little tired after the big day."

After he had gone Dick remarked:

"He is not much for talk, but, boys, he is the kind you can tie to as a friend."

They, to a man, agreed that a gamer man had never ridden the Wyoming range. Then they fell into a discussion of the miraculous escape of both riders. Suddenly Buck broke in—

"Dick, what become of 'Ol' Longhorn?' Yuh have had us so excited that we plumb forgot about the ol' timer—got away, of course. But how did yuh get yuh saddle?"

"'Ol' Longhorn' died 'with his boots on,'" said Dick. "The saddle wedged in between two boulders, and when he found that he could not get away he broke the rope by jumping over the precipice. There was not much left of him but his horns."

"Well, I hope to never open my mouth!" ejaculated Buck. "Game to the last—well, he was some ol' timer. Dick yuh have got to let me off in the morning so I can go and get his horns—the Circle D has shore got to have his horns, so we can prove that yuh actually got 'Ol' Longhorn'."

"Well, Buck, I don't know about that; we are breaking camp in the morning, and the herd will be pushed into Rawlins so we can start shipping. Slim and Joe will go to the Cross Seven round-up, to throw back all the Circle D stuff. You are due to take the sore backs and lame ones to the horse camp and meet us on the trail with some fresh ones, so I can't see how it can be done, Buck."

"Ah, come on, Dick, have a heart!" implored the persistent Buck. "Let me off; I'll start early, and will catch yuh on the trail before yuh miss being short one man. The herd is quiet—it won't be hard to handle. I'll get Matt to go in my place to the hoss camp. Yuh will go for me, won't yuh Matt—yuh know I'll make it up to you."

Matt Bardon, a tall, lank, sandy-haired puncher, took a last draw from a very short cigarette, cast it regretfully from him, then looking up said:

"Why shore, Buck, it is plumb agreeable to me. We want them horns, and yuh are the boy with the energy to get them. Shore I'll go."

"There now, Dick," said the jubilant Buck. "Yuh have just got to let me go—ain't it the truth?"

"All right, Buck," laughed Dick, "go on and get some sleep. You have never failed yet in getting what you want, so naturally you can go."

After Dick had named the men of the night guard, the men, with the exception of the two men who were first relief, started in quest of their bed-rolls and sleep.

* * * * *

The last steer had been driven through the cattle-chute and the car door had been prized into a closed position. Dick had gone with Milt Jones to arrange his transportation with the sta-

tion agent—Milt was taking the second shipment to Kansas City. Ike Mutan had preceded him the day before with another stock train of Circle D steers.

Jack and the other riders had gone to Murphy's saloon, where they were quenching a well developed thirst and listening to red-headed Buck McGee lecturing some newcomers on Dick Sterns' roping capacity.

Buck had the horns of "Ol' Longhorn" mounted directly after the Circle D's arrival at Rawlins, and temporarily the horns, ensnared by Dick's broken rope, decorated Murphy's bar. Buck never lost an opportunity to tell any one who was associated with cows all about the mountain episode. This would be followed by a lecture on Dick's and Jack's fine points as riders and ropers; then Buck's discourse would end up with: "Yuh 'shorthorns,' just wait 'till next Frontier Day, and after yuh see the type of riders and ropers that we grow on the Circle D Ranch yuh are going to have something to tell yore grandchildren."

Jack suddenly left the merry makers and made his way to a large poster which decorated the wall. After reading it for a few moments he exclaimed:

"Hey, boys, come over here; got something to show you!"

Instantly the bunch surged around him and began reading the poster that he was pointing out to them.

"Boys," he said, "I've rode all over that 'Cherokee Strip,' and there is no better land in Oklahoma—that is going to be some land opening—I am starting within an hour. Who will go with me?"

"Ah, listen at him rave, boys!" said Buck. "Who would have ever picked Jack out for a farmer—shore is curious how 'licker' do fly to some fellows' heads. Come up Jack and have another one. It will get the wool out of yore brain."

Instantly the bunch surrounded Jack and tried to lead him off to the bar, as they good-naturedly phrased it, "to sober him up."

Jack shook loose from them, and said:

"Your kidding is all right, but I am going to hit the trail within the next hour."

"Where to, Jack?" said Dick, who had at this moment entered the saloon. "Tell me about it. If there is any excitement in it I might go with you."

"Well, read this poster, and I will tell you all about it," said Jack.

"Oh, I read your poster about that Oklahoma land opening yesterday," replied Dick.

"Where have you been that you did not see it before now? Do you know anything about it?"

"There is not a better piece of land in Oklahoma than the Cherokee Strip," said Jack earnestly. "I've herded cattle all over it; I ought to know—it is as rich as mud. Now I am going within the next hour—have plenty of time to ride it before the opening day, but no time to lose."

"Well," said Dick, "just hold your horses a minute, and darn if I don't go with you. This is the first time that I ever saw you excited. It must be some sure-enough proposition to work you up like this; so I am going to throw in with you. Come on, boys, have one on me! I want you to drink to our health—as farmers."

Amid the many protests of the Circle D riders and Buck's plaintiff wail:

"Come on, boys, don't play hicks—yuh are no 'nesters'—yuh are punchers. Why if yuh leave, who will hold the Circle D end at Frontier Day?"

Dick and Jack left the saloon; and an hour later Dick had visited Walt Marman's—(manager of the Circle D)—office and had argued him into accepting his resignation, and had convinced him that Jud Larkins, an old-timer, would make a good foreman.

"Yes, Jud is all right," said Marman, in parting, "but no one can fill your place in my eye, Dick."

Dick experienced a sudden choking as he bade his old manager good-bye.

At last, after many handshakes and gloomy predictions as to Circle D's future by a despondent bunch of punchers, Dick and Jack rode down the streets of Rawlins followed by two well equipped pack-horses, headed in the direction of Oklahoma.

CHAPTER V

A Young Man's Fancy

They journeyed over mountains, plains and desert waste, where heat, color and desolation were supreme, until at last, after three weeks' hardships, the plains of Oklahoma stretched before them like a gigantic parade ground.

The treacherous Canadian, with its changing course, sand-bars and quicksand, had been crossed. Then endless plains covered with short, curly buffalo grass or dead-brown prairie grass, treeless, with the exception of the cottonwoods which followed the water courses, would stretch before them, never broken except at long intervals by small ridges or series of chains of very small hills covered with boulders, rocks, "black jacks" and stunted oaks—then the plains would set in again.

Both riders and their mounts showed signs of weariness, and their pack-horses were a dead weight on their lead ropes.

"Jack," said Dick suddenly, "let's camp. There ain't no use of killing our stock. They are all in. If we don't let up on them, they won't be fit for a snail race, much less a land rush."

"That's right," agreed Jack, giving the rope of his pack-horse a jerk, "but let's ride to the top of that next little hill. We are right close to the 'promised land'—if we don't see anything we will camp."

Just as the riders reached the top of the treeless ridge Jack gave an exclamation of pleasure, and pointed to a scene which lay directly below them. The rays of the slowly descending sun reflected on a town of tents and "prairie schooners" which stretched for miles along the shallow stream which ran through the prairie like a long, winding scar. Directly in front of the encampment scattered at intervals was a patrol of U. S. Cavalry—the camp of the land-boomers had been reached.

Dick eyed the encampment in wonder for a moment, and then turning to Jack said:

"Looks like two or three people are ahead of us?"

"Right you are, Dick, but we will give them a run for their money," replied Jack. "Come on; we will find a place near the stream and camp. We will look them over tomorrow."

Early next morning, after preparing and eating an appetizing breakfast, they held a consultation which resulted in Dick's carrying his point, which was that Jack should go and get some information, while he, Dick, would take the stock out and picket them at the base of the ridge where the grass was plentiful, after which they would meet at their camp, or, rather, where their bedding and saddles were. They had not brought a tent, using instead the cowboy bed-rolls.

Dick returned to the camp after watering and picketing the stock, but becoming restless decided to walk down to the stream which lay in front of the encampment. As he approached the stream a girl of unusual beauty attracted his attention. She was small of stature, beautiful of features and the sun shone on the most wonderful head of jet-black hair that he had ever beheld on any woman.

Shortly behind the woman, evidently a companion, came a man who showed all the characteristics of the class to which he belonged. The one fleeting glance which Dick bestowed upon the man told him the type in which he

might be classified—he was a parasite who had respect for neither man nor woman. In appearance, he was tall, slender and handsome, but of a dark, evil type, which but few will trust. His hands, which were small and slender, bespoke only too well his occupation. He was a gambler, robber, or murderer, as the stakes or necessity might demand. There were two types of gamblers in those days; one type was called "square" gamblers who played on the level; the other class was styled "tin-horn" gamblers, and they resorted to any means, even to murder, in order to secure their victim's money. This man was of the latter type.

When the girl returned from the stream with a pail of water Dick saw the man approach and heard him say:

"Let me carry the water for you, miss?"

"No," replied the girl, "I prefer to carry it myself."

A scowl instantly crossed the man's handsome but dissipated face, and he sneeringly replied:

"Kinder stuck on yourself, ain't you? I know your kind—you can't be civil to a man, not even when he would do you a favor. It does me good to break your type, so I expect to take a kiss for every word of your sarcastic refusal."

When the man finished speaking he sprang forward, seized the girl around the waist, and attempted to press his lips against those of the struggling girl.

The girl, contrary to his expectation, did not cry for help; instead she planted a staggering blow on his leering mouth with her small, tightly clenched fist.

"You will, will you!" roared the man in sudden rage and pain. "Well, I will kiss you now for certain! I admire your temper—you are some little hell-cat!"

When the man seized the girl Dick quickened his pace into a run, and just as the man's leering lips were above the girl's he seized him by the shoulder, whirled him around and planted a staggering blow on his weak chin. The man threw up his hands and fell to the ground, where for a second he lay stunned. Then a look of supreme hatred crossed his face, and his right hand stole under his coat to his left armpit.

"Be careful!" advised Dick, who dropped his right hand near his right hip. "Pull it if you want to, but there will be one brute less when you do! Now get up and drift while the going is good, or the first thing you know I will lose control of myself and kill you!"

The man got up and slumped back towards the tents. The girl, who had recovered from her fright and was making a mental note of Dick's handsome face, curly black hair and wonderful physique, advanced to his side and extending her hand exclaimed:

"How can I ever thank you for saving me from that brute?"

"Why, that was not anything more than any man should have done," replied Dick, as he clasped the girl's hand for an instant. "I am mighty glad that I happened along when I did. Dick Sterns is my name, and any time that I can be of assistance to you I will be glad to do so."

"Pauline Greer is my name," replied the girl, "and I am mighty glad to form your acquaintance, Mr. Sterns. If you do not mind, I wish you would walk with me over to my tent. I want you to meet my father, so he may thank you for what you did for me."

"Sure," said Dick, as he picked up the upturned water pail, "I will be glad to do so; but don't lay it on too strong to your father—'cause it was a pleasure to beat up that brute. Wait a moment until I get some water, then we will go."

"Mr. Sterns, you are so thoughtful. I had entirely forgotten about the water," she exclaimed. Then as he returned with the water and they started for the camp, she continued: "You Western men are so much more thoughtful than the men whom I have been accustomed to. I think the people and country out here are just wonderful. Father and I came out here from Kentucky about a month ago, or rather we came to Missouri to visit relatives. We were going further west had it not been that father heard of the land opening. But since then he has had no other subject to talk about. Without a doubt he is the most enthusiastic land-boomer in the colony."

"I believe that you are inclined to be a gay deceiver, Miss Greer," laughed Dick, "so I warn you to be careful. I am 'desert bred,' and naturally I believe everything that I am told."

"Mr. Sterns you are quite a character. I am sure that I am going to fall deeply in love with you. It is appropriate that I should after your rescuing me from the villain. But don't take me too seriously, for there is father! See him—over to your right—the heavy-set, grey-haired, grey-mustached, goateed man wearing the blue flannel shirt? He is sixty-eight years old, but he is strong, healthy and as enthusiastic as a boy. He never forgets that he was a for-

(Continued on Page 71)

Helen of Hell's Gap

By FRANK VINCENT WADDY

AT the Buzzard Saloon and Dance Hall, the one bright spot in the mining town of Hell's Gap, business as usual was in full swing. The trilogy of vices,—drink, gambling and women, held undisputed sway. Dice rattled, cards were shuffled and dealt with lightning dexterity, the roulette ball clicked and dithered in the groove; oaths and argument filled the smoke-laden air; Americans and Mexicans competed in the hazard of the tables, while in the bar beyond jostled the crowd of drinkers, carefree and hilarious. The strains of strident music were punctuated by constant popping of corks and the gurgle of drinks, while upon a cleared space whirled and pirouetted the tireless dance girls.

Oyer the scene of reckless gaiety presided Hawk Larue, famed as a crook and gambler in a dozen mining camps, a two-hundred-pound bully with a sledge-hammer fist, who had now kept open house at the notorious resort day and night for over a year. With his green baize apron, bare arms, and an ever-present cigar protruding at an insolent angle from his fat face, he moved about among the tables or behind the bar with the self-satisfied air of proprietorship.

To transient strangers or new arrivals at Hell's Gap the open defiance of law and order shown by Larue in the conduct of his saloon was a source of wonder. Like a national sore, festering on the Arizona frontier, the place was a rendezvous for bandits, escaped criminals, smugglers and crooks of all kinds. Beneath its roof were hatched out desperate schemes, lynchings were planned and swindles consummated. The only law recognized was that embodied in the fists or guns of Hawk Larue.

To the old-timers, however, the case was simple. Appeal to Bob Wade, sheriff of Hell's Gap, in case of robbery, gun-fight or gaming swindle was of no avail, for Wade stood in on the profits of The Buzzard and was himself as crooked as a corkscrew.

On this particular morning Hawk and the sheriff were seen in close conference for a solid hour, their heads almost touching as they stood behind the long bar and their voices drowned by the general uproar. Larue's perspiring face was gathered in a frown and as he talked he gnawed savagely at an unlighted cigar,—an un-failing sign of suppressed anger. The sheriff's aspect was now, as always, inscrutable, his im-

mobile features and steel-gray eyes seldom showing emotion of any kind.

"Chuck us a packet of pills, old dear."

Hawk turned to confront the painted face of Frisco Helen, whose voice broke in upon the discussion, and who stood panting and breathless with dancing, her hand extended for the cigarettes.

"Well, how's the queen today?" asked Wade as the other man reached into the glass case and tossed her a packet of smokes.

"Dying of T. B.," laughed the young Amazon, turning to go.

"Here, what's your hurry?" asked Hawk Larue, "can't you rest a minute?"

The girl shook off his detaining hand and with a smiling backward glance hurried away to the dance floor.

"Still nuts over the dance queen, huh?"

The sheriff's mild ridicule recalled the attention of the boss, whose eyes were following Frisco Helen with jealous interest as she mingled once more with the dancers. Larue made no reply. Every one knew that he had been infatuated with the girl ever since she drifted into camp three months before. He did not mind this being public knowledge—there was little chance of concealing it—but what made him inwardly furious was the fact that she had always repelled his advances. For once his gross compliments and elephantine love-making had failed to take effect.

"Well, let's get back to business," resumed Wade, as he took from his pocket a copy of the "Hell's Gap Gazette" and spread it on the counter. "There's no getting away from it," he continued, "here it is in black and white."

The two men bent closely over the badly printed sheet and read the paragraph opposite Wade's finger:

"We have it on the authority of an expert assayer that the Spotted Dog claim in Riven Rock Canyon, recently sold by Hawk Larue to Mr. Oliver Gray, the young miner from the East, is going to be a big winner. Following a new drift, Gray has struck heavy pay-dirt and the assays are running higher than anything recorded here in five years or more.

Larue scowled darkly as he read the news. So this was the result of his attempt to load on to a tenderfoot the supposedly worthless claim which had been the joke of the camp ever since his failure to make it produce, two years be-

fore. It was, indeed, the loss on the Spotted Dog, in which he had sunk his savings, that disgusted him with mining and led him to take over the saloon. For months he had been on the look-out for a greenhorn who might be induced to buy the mine, and so recoup at least part of his loss.

When Oliver Gray had arrived in camp about a month before, Larue felt sure that his chance had come. The clean, good-looking young prospector from New York, with his smart tweed suit, new alligator hide suit cases, white hands and smiling face, had assuredly never roughed it in a mining camp. He showed all the marks of a tenderfoot, if ever there was one. As soon as it was known that he had money wherewith to buy a mine Larue lost no time in showing him the Spotted Dog workings, which, he lied boldly, had been abandoned solely on account of lack of a little capital to continue them with. After a careful survey of the property and tests of ore samples Gray made an offer which Larue, laughing in his sleeve, at once accepted. To recover anything at all from the "joke" claim was just like so much money found, since he had long since grown resigned to facing a total loss unless some unsuspecting stranger should turn up and be foolish enough to buy it.

"Infernal luck, anyway," growled Larue as he read and re-read the obnoxious paragraph. "To think I let that go for a song, and now this baby boy within a month strikes a bonanza. If the price he paid gets known around camp the boys'll sure have the ha-ha on yours truly. By gosh, I'll not stand for it! I'll tell you what,—there's only one way to do: I'm going to get that mine back if I have to—have to—"

He ended lamely. The sheriff's steel-gray eyes were upon him. He knew that by every legal right the mine belonged to Oliver Gray, and that the only way to re-possess himself of it would be to permanently remove its owner and recover it by force. He had parted with every vestige of title to it when he accepted Gray's money. And now this young greenhorn bade fair to make a million dollars within a few months. It was exasperating. He must do something. To stand by and see a fortune taken out of ground that had once been his, and which he had practically thrown away, would be unendurable. The man's cupidity engendered an envious hatred of Gray from that moment.

The unlighted cigar began to look like a piece of chewed rope as Larue's fat jaws gnawed it with increased fury. He had indeed a double cause for hatred of Oliver Gray, for

the polished young miner had found great favor with Frisco Helen, while he himself she always repulsed. The attachment dated from the night on which Gray had knocked down a drunken miner for forcing his attentions on the girl. His interference had been quite unnecessary and sprang from an impulse of natural gallantry. It was her business to get Hawk's patrons intoxicated and no girl could take better care of herself. But the young stranger's indignation and his defense of her had pleased her immensely,—it struck a new note in her life.

"Why, here comes the bird right now," exclaimed Wade, as the doors swung to behind the tall figure of Oliver Gray, who strode into the room and made his way to the bar, nodding and smiling to acquaintances here and there.

"Morning, Larue—a little gin, please—morning, Wade."

The sheriff grunted, but Larue, confronted by the man whose ruin he had just been planning, made no sound as he handed out the drink. Gray leaned against the bar with an air of easy abandon, swallowed his drink, tossed over a coin and then strolled across to the gaming tables.

The conference of the two crooks was again resumed, and before it ended the sheriff had promised to help Larue's designs upon Gray on condition that he should share equally in the proceeds of the recovered mine. After making this obliging arrangement he took his departure.

II.

When Frisco Helen returned to the dance floor after buying the cigarettes, she kept a watchful eye on the two men at intervals, when unobserved by either of them. Knowing something of Larue's character and believing Wade's to be similar, she suspected from their close confidence a plot of some kind, and as Hell's Gap was all agog with the news of Gray's strike it took no great genius on her part to connect their talk in her own mind with the grievance rankling in Larue's thoughts over the fortune that he had missed. The demeanor of the two men when Gray addressed them confirmed her suspicion. Helen was not suspicious by nature but she had spent much of her life in mining camps and was "on" to the ways of crooks. Her own disposition was frank and generous, and despite the rough environment in which she had lived so long she was not actually what might be called bad, although Ezekiel Pemberton, the "good" man of the town—and a deacon to boot—who owned the merchandise store, had denounced her as a shameless and brazen wanton. In reality the girl was by far the moral

superior of the pious churchman, but she loved to dance and to pass her time amidst the care-free gaieties into which—just twenty years before—she had been born.

Soon after Gray had seated himself at one of the round tables and ordered a drink, Helen casually walked past him as if bound for the other side of the room, and smiled a short "Halloa" in so doing. Gray at once invited her to sit down, ordered a drink for her and engaged in conversation. With an air of unconcern she sat down, lit a cigarette, and addressed him without the slightest change in her smiling expression:

"Say, old kid, keep laughing while I talk. The boss is watching me and I want him to think I'm telling you a funny story. Listen. Those two birds are framing up something on you, so look out. Good one, ain't it? Ha, ha!"

Leaning back in their chairs they both laughed heartily. In reality laughter reflected Gray's true feelings, for he regarded the girl's advice with fearless contempt.

"Ah, I see our friend over there," he observed, as he caught sight of the drunken miner whom he had floored for pestering Helen two weeks before. "He seems to be about as soused as ever."

While the two continued chatting their attention was next drawn to an old Indian who had just entered, carrying an armful of polished steer horns.

"Halloa," said Gray, "look what's blown in."

"That's Rain-in-the-Face," explained Helen. "He makes a living—or tries to—selling those horns."

The Indian began a tour of the saloon, peddling his wares. Scarcely, however, had he approached the first table than Hawk Larue yelled at him:

"You get to blazes out of here!"

The Indian turned and regarded him for a moment with quiet dignity. Hawk had always disliked this man on account of his furtive ways, his silent moccasined feet and inscrutable face. Angered now by his cool deliberation, the boss strode menacingly towards him as he moved to the door, and stimulated his exit with the flat of a foot in the middle of the Indian's back. The latter executed a sprawling fall in the roadway.

Larue then moved over to where the intoxicated miner lolled across a table, alone and seemingly half asleep, and appeared to join in conversation with him. The miner regarded him for a moment with a befuddled and blear-eyed expression, after which he took no further no-

tice. Frisco Helen who, unobserved by Larue, was watching his movements, saw him lean closer to the miner as if to arouse him from his drunken stupor, and then, as if he had changed his mind, had decided not to bother the man, Larue with one parting glance returned to his station behind the bar.

Helen chatted a few minutes with Gray and then with a nonchalant "So long, Sweetie," returned to the dance floor, while he himself strolled across to watch the roulette wheel. There chanced at the moment to be a fairly thick crowd standing around the table and Gray had to elbow his way in to get a sight of the ivory ball. After observing the changing fortunes of the players for a few minutes he resolved to try his own luck and placed a small stack on the 7 red. The ball whirred in its groove and settled into 4 black. He continued to play the 7 red. Four losses followed and then a win. While the players wondered at his obstinate persistence in sticking to one number for so many rounds he noticed that Hawk Larue had squeezed in beside him.

With startling abruptness the attention of all the players was drawn a moment later to a violent commotion near the long bar. The drunken miner was complaining loudly that he had been robbed, that someone had "rolled" him, he would smash everything in sight if he didn't get his money, where was the boss?—and so forth.

Larue at once went over to quell the disturbance. The enraged miner had picked up a bottle as a weapon.

"You put that back," shouted Larue, "or I'll break you in half. Now, what's the trouble?"

"I've been rolled in your dam crooked joint,—that's what's the trouble, and I'm goin' to get my money back or I'll——"

"Aw, shut up a minute!" Hawk cut him short, as the crowd thickened around them. "Here, listen a bit, won't you? Come over where I can talk to you. Beat it, boys,—leave this to me. I'll fix it. Now, keep your trap shut while I tell you something. I don't suspicion no one, for sure, but I'll give you a tip for what it's worth. The tenderfoot's spending pretty freely and you might watch him. That's all."

At this hint the miner's anger flared up afresh. He had been looking for a chance to square things with Oliver Gray ever since the knock-down. Swaying unsteadily and muttering ribald oaths, he zig-zagged over towards the roulette table, elbowed his way in and pushed rudely against Gray. The latter, recognizing

the ruffian, shoved him away, and went on playing.

"Put up your hands!" hiccoughed the miner.

Gray ignored the command. By this time Hawk Larue had returned. His voice was now heard above the tumult:

"Here, boys, let's settle this. I vote we all submit to a search. Watch the doors, Jim! This bird claims someone's pinched his roll. If he ain't lyin' we'll soon find it."

Gray laughed and agreed. The miner plunged his hand into Gray's side coat pocket and withdrew the wad of bills. During a fraction of a second while all waited breathless, the tender-foot stared at the money, instantly realized that it had been planted on him, stood at bay a moment and then flew at the miner with bare fists. A punch on the jaw knocked the tipsy man clean out. He fell heavily, his head striking the edge of a cuspidor which made a deep gash. He was picked up unconscious and ominously still,—living, but in danger from concussion.

From this moment the feeling of the mob was dead against Gray, who came near being lynched then and there. All the usual epithets of insult were heaped upon him, including allusions to canine parentage, and he learned also that he was a sneaking, stuck-up, smooth-tongued, low-lived thief who had robbed a poor mucker and then half killed him because he had recovered the money.

In the nick of time before any of the injured man's friends could hurl themselves upon Gray, came a yell from Sheriff Wade, who suddenly appeared on the scene:

"Stand back, everyone! Leave this to me. Mr. Gray, you'll come with me."

He allowed himself to be taken prisoner and was led away without resistance.

III.

During the row Rain-in-the-Face, after his forcible ejection, had hung around the saloon. Instinct told him that there was trouble brewing. Why had Hawk Larue resented his harmless presence so violently? Evidently to be free from spying eyes. For four years the Indian had quietly watched him,—and Sheriff Wade. Beneath the red man's immobile exterior was concealed the knowledge of a terrible secret concerning these two men,—no less in fact than the positive proof that they were jointly guilty of murder.

Rain-in-the-Face lived in a shack on the heights above Riven Rock Canyon. On a certain gloomily day four years before—a day burned into his memory forever—he was out with his gun in the late afternoon on the chance of bag-

ging a mountain sheep. While concealed among the rocks he saw far below him three men proceeding up the canyon on foot. At a certain point the winding trail follows a ridge or shelf cut in the sheer wall of the ravine, some hundreds of feet above the bottom of the canyon. While the three men were traversing this stretch an argument took place amongst them. Two of the men were Wade and Larue. The third was a stranger. The dispute was of short duration, being ended by a blow from Larue which sent the stranger staggering backwards to the edge of the trail, over which he fell to destruction on the rocks below. The other two men then made their way down and hid the body beneath a heap of stones. Shortly afterward it was rumored in Hell's Gap that the man who had staked out the Spotted Dog claim had been found dead, having presumably missed his footing and fallen while skirting the dangerous canyon, his body being almost covered by the loose stones and earth dislodged during the fall. The report was accepted by all except the one man who knew the truth, and the next event was the acquisition of the Spotted Dog mine by Hawk Larue.

Owing to the difficulty of fixing the guilt by his own unsupported word, the Indian resolved to bide his time. Moreover, since the sheriff to whom he must report was himself a party to the crime, the case was even more complex.

Rain-in-the-Face now lighted his pipe—an unailing aid to quiet reflection—and sat down with his back to the boards forming the wall of the saloon. The point chosen for his rest he knew to be outside the private room of Hawk Larue, from the inside of which only the boards separated him. The boards, moreover, warped and shrunk by years of torrid sunshine, were themselves separated by wide cracks.

For more than an hour the Indian smoked and waited. At last his patience was rewarded. Some one entered the room and shut the door. A moment later the voices of Wade and Larue were heard in whispered conference. Not even the red man's ears were sharp enough to catch all that was said, but he gathered that Larue had undertaken to stir up the "boys" and break the jail where Oliver Gray was now confined, and that Wade would make a fake attempt at defense of the prisoner. The death of the injured miner was expected at any moment, and in that event Gray would assuredly be lynched.

The Indian went softly away with his secret which before nightfall he imparted to Frisco Helen, along with his knowledge of the canyon crime, which he now divulged for the first time.

The girl, having witnessed the frame-up against Gray, and primed with the Indian's news, hurried at once to the house of Zeke Pemberton, whom she disturbed in his first sleep. In answer to her loud hammering the pious Zeke appeared in night clothes, and was shocked at the brazen boldness of his visitor in her dance hall costume. In haste she told of the danger that threatened Oliver Gray, her voice arousing Zeke's wife, who pricked up her ears at the sound of Helen's breathless entreaties to her husband, arose from her bed to investigate and entered the room aghast at the sight of the dance queen. She indignantly ordered the intruder to leave, but Helen brushed her aside with impatience.

"I tell you this man will be hanged at dawn," she insisted. "And he is absolutely innocent. I am positive Larue himself lifted the miner's roll,—I all but saw him do it. He is a dirty crook and Wade is another. This dump is full of 'em. I guess you're about the only straight one in town, so it's up to you. Do something, man, do something!"

"All right, my lass, I'll get a move on," said Pemberton, now fully awake to the urgency of the case.

So saying he threw on some clothes, and within ten minutes was galloping on his cob to the county seat. During the wild ride his estimate of Helen's character underwent a radical change, and when after an hour's scamper he pulled up at the house of Justice Holden he had realized that rectitude and heroism may be found in even a dance girl. Holden was dragged out of deep sleep.

"I tell you, Judge," repeated the breathless rider, "it's straight goods, all right, and it fits what I heard about crooked voting when Wade was elected. Give me a special posse and a license to handle the case and I'll save this young fellow, nab the two crooks and clean up Hell's Gap all in one wallop!"

The men were hammered up in record time and in less than forty minutes were tearing through the night to Hell's Gap.

Meanwhile Helen, distracted at the delay, had found her way to the jail, a rickety lock-up in charge of one sleepy old man. On her way there she called at the saloon for a bottle of liquor which she now carried, wrapped in paper. For a time she coquetted with the guard, who welcomed her flirtations without suspicion, and then offered him a drink. This he refused at first, but yielding at length he took one, two—after a pause two more, and after that Helen's task was simple. The old man, flattered by her

attentions, allowed her encircling arm to abstract from his belt the lock-up key. Making him a present of the rest of the whiskey, she pleaded drowsiness, bade him good-night and left, as if for the dance hall, but returned after a safe interval, sneaked past the now sleeping guard, entered the cell unimpeded and confronted Oliver Gray.

During this action Hawk Larue had "set up" the boys at the saloon, where an orgy of drinking was in progress at his expense. He instilled the lynching fever into the mob without difficulty, and the popular sympathy was entirely with the injured miner, who lay supposedly at the point of death.

When Frisco Helen appeared before him as if by magic, Gray checked with an effort the impulse to exclaim aloud in his surprise. But his astonishment at her arrival was as nothing compared to that which took possession of him when she deliberately levelled a gun at him in the dim light and ordered him in a tense whisper:

"Take off your clothes. You are going to wear mine. The guard's asleep. If he wakes he will take you for me. I shall stay here. No argument now! Do as I say."

Protest was useless. With great reluctance Gray submitted and the change was made. Helen told him quickly of Pemberton's plans, and within a few minutes he was safe outside the jail. Setting out furtively for his cottage wherein to doff the girl's fantastic clothes, he ran straight into the arms of a man who seemed to rise up out of the very ground in the darkness before him.

"Hush!" said the voice of Rain-in-the-Face, "I have seen. I understand. A horse is here. Come!"

Gray wrapped himself in a saddle blanket, mounted the animal and set off post haste to meet the posse from the county seat.

Meanwhile Helen in the cell donned his clothes,—a mining outfit, wool shirt, boots and large slouch hat, in which latter she entirely concealed her hair.

At the saloon, as the excitement grew wilder, a lying report was put into circulation that the miner was dead, whereupon the mob decided upon prompt action. Leaving the place in a tumult as dawn came up, they stormed the jail. The old guard was helpless. Sheriff Wade made a pretense of holding back the men with his gun, but was hustled out of the way. A group of men seized a heavy plank for a battering-ram and quickly broke down the door. Helen

(Continued on Page 74)

BITTER MEDICINE

(Continued from Page 20)

The old man stared at the younger, and somehow seemed to be less fierce than usual today.

"Anybody else here know what a damned ass you've made of yourself?" he growled, finally.

"No, Colonel, I came straight from the train to get it over with."

"Hum-m-m! Hell of a note. Hell of a note!" He took a few jerky steps to and fro and twirled his fierce mustacios, watching the process out of the corner of his eye. "D'you realize what this means when it gets around the regiment, young man? D'you realize? DO YOU? * * * Can't allow it—can't allow it for a minute." He opened his front door in response to a knock. "Howdy, Chaplain! Howdy. Howdy—howdy! Yes, I sent for you. Little business. Just come right in. Browning, here, wants you to marry him. Have a seat, Chaplain—have a seat. Excuse me, gentlemen, excuse me, while I hunt up the bride and the Jap cook. Excuse me one minute."

In drunk stupefaction Browning watched the girl—the girl—enter and approach him both bravely and afraid; the Colonel, behind her, saying:

"My daughter, gentlemen! My daughter, Browning. Believe you've met before. Haw! Haw!"

"Have you had enough medicine?" she asked. "I've taken mine, already."

"God!" breathed the man, forgetting time, space, matter, and location. "You—you were his daughter—all that time?" At the moment this question did not strike him as being peculiar in any way.

She came closer.

"I read your collar ornaments that first night. I knew we were in the same regiment, then, so I just had to help you out, of course. You wouldn't let me, so I beat you back here one train, and told Dad. I—we couldn't—that is, we want to keep you from disgracing yourself—"

"Wait a minute, now. Is that the only reason—?"

"You damned idiot!" howled the Colonel, with intensely vibrating whiskers. "D'you want the girl to get down on her knees? Excuse my profanity, Chaplain—excuse me."

He paused, and most respectfully bowed to that person, who was in no wise insulted, however. He was a chaplain who worked and served among the men and not on a pedestal

above them, and he played poker close to his vest. The Commanding Officer re-threatened Browning:

"D'you suppose I want my son-in-law the laughing stock of the army? Well, get busy, Chaplain. We're all here—we're all here, damn it. Excuse me, Chaplain. Excuse me."

THE PROVOCATION OF AH SING

(Continued from Page 26)

"Huh," retorted Dan, chewing a cigar, "In the first place I knew that the pearl would come this way because there are twenty million Bhudists in Asia who would have made it hot for anyone trying to get away via India. It wouldn't take any advertisement to tell them what ship it would come on—they would know!"

"Ah Sing put it in the cruet because he wanted to have an original hiding place—he had me beaten until I remember that I thought someone once told me that Chinks didn't like vinegar!"



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JEFF'S LUCKY MOON

(Continued from Page 23)

sprang to her eyes. She felt hurt and humiliated and a flood of indignation came over her. She sat down at the piano, thinking she would play something gay and loud that Jeff might hear as he walked away, but before she struck a note her thought had carried her back through the months of Jeff's devotion. Her hands lay folded across the keyboard and she bore no resemblance to the girl who was so radiant with the joy of mere living such a short time ago. There had been times in the weeks past when Anne had wondered why Jeff's love had meant so little to her. She had accepted it in a matter of fact way, and now that she felt it was a thing of the past there was a keen sense of response in her heart toward the love she had ruthlessly "trailed in the dust!" Her head lay on her arms and she had burst into tears—the "awakening" had come. She caught a reflection of herself in the mirror and it brought her to her feet with a bound. "No, Jeff Culver," she whispered to herself, "you'll never know you've hurt me. I'll hide it if it kills me!" She brushed back a stray lock of hair that had fallen across her face, opened the door and quietly walked upstairs and into her room.

* * *

The white and black shadows of a brilliant day chequered the path toward the river. The hum of bees and the call of birds were the only sounds that penetrated the stillness of the country woods. Eleanor and Jeff had gone well out of sight and sound when Jeff turned and said, "I suppose, of course, you know what it's all about, Eleanor, and in the name of all that's good, if you have anything comforting to say to me, say it now. I've been an asinine fool, a dolt, and my only excuse, I guess, is that my love for Anne has gone to my head. Mrs. Scofield shook me out of my comatose state this morning when she gave me a few well directed hints on a 'change of front' toward Anne and now I'm making a 'cats-paw' of you, and in so doing am further adding to my list of manly qualities. Oh! I'm disgusted and heartsick and discouraged generally."

If Eleanor had had a brother, she would have wanted him to be just the sort of chap that Jeff seemed in her eyes, and it was no task to give him the sympathy that he was in need of, for she was in love herself! Not, perhaps, as blindly as Jeff, but sanely and genuinely, and though her engagement had not yet been made public, she had confided it as a great secret to "Cousin

Pen" when she first came. "Jeff," she said, "there's a deep fellow feeling in my heart for you, for the little boy Cupid has shot his arrow my way, and some day I want you and Bob to know each other." With a look of real surprise Jeff turned toward Eleanor and held out his hand. "Good girl!" he said. "My congratulations! And may all the good that this poor old world gives be yours. It's kind of you to tell me, and I know—perhaps that's why you've been so understanding." They reached the river and instead of getting into the boat had dropped down on the bank at the water's edge. Jeff was not in a mood to celebrate the engagement of any one else, for it made his own future loom up hopeless and drab. "By Jove! Eleanor, what's a man to do when he loves a girl? Doesn't she want to know it? I'm not the cave man sort, if that's what Anne wants."

"No, Jeff, it isn't, and better still, I think she wants you. Brace up, and I'll help all I can—even to playing cat's-paw every day. We'll go back now and get Anne. I'm sure she will prove amenable to persuasion by this time." They turned their faces toward home. It was a silent walk, but in Jeff's heart there was born a new hope, and as they neared the path Eleanor put her hand on his arm and whispered a few words of encouragement. Mrs. Scofield had seen them coming, and as she walked toward where Jeff stood she threw him a covert smile and said, "Anne's in the garden, Jeff, and I've just discovered a new moon." She placed her hands on his shoulders so that he stood facing her. Then she pointed over his right shoulder to the clear crescent moon that hung in the sky. As Jeff stepped into the garden Anne gave him an inquiring glance as if not so sure of her ground as she had always been. At the sight of his pale and drawn face her resentment of a short time ago quickly disappeared. A line of determination had formed around his mouth, as he walked across the path toward where Anne stood. "It's the last time, Anne," he said, "is it to be 'yes' or 'no'? 'Tis now or never with me, dear. I've loved you since I was a chap in knickers and I've thought you cared for me. Sometimes I've felt you cared a great deal and that your love was as deep and strong as the love I've given you. But this must end it. I shall trail your steps no longer, unless I've your promise that some day I may claim you as my very own, and then the trail will never end!"

The shadows of a brilliant high moon traced themselves on the ground beneath the trees. A mocking bird called to his mate in a distant meadow. Anne was tracing with the point of

her parasol something on the ground in front of where she stood. Jeff turned as if to go and said, "Then it's good-bye, sweetheart?" Anne moved toward him and looked into his eyes. "Don't go, Jeff," she said, "I've made my decision now and forever and the answer is 'yes'." She drew herself up on the tip of her toes and caught the lapels of his coat, drawing him down until her ruffled hair brushed his cheek. As he caught her in his arms and held her close, he read on the ground below the letters traced by the point of a parasol, "Anne Fairfield Culver."

The crescent moon hung high in the heavens, and Jeff's luck had changed.



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THE WAY OF THE WEST

(Continued from Page 62)

mer Kentucky colonel. Any one who remembers his title is sure to be popular with him."

Then placing her hands as to form a funnel around her mouth, she shouted:

"Oh, Daddy Greer, come here! I've got something to tell you!"

A good natured smile overspread the ruddy face of the man, who was standing in front of a tent, and after a waving salute with his hand he started to meet them.

"Daddy," said Pauline, after they came even with him, "I want you to meet a new friend of mine, Mr. Sterns."

"Happy to met you, suh!" said the colonel, as he cordially shook hands with Dick. "Any friend of Pauline, is a friend of mine."

"Thank you," said Dick, "I am pleased to meet you."

"Now, daddy," said Pauline, "since you and Mr. Sterns are acquainted, come over to our home. We must show him some hospitality."

"Yes, puss, of course!" replied the colonel. "This new life makes me forget my duty as a host. Come on Mr. Sterns. Welcome to our home, or I should say, our tent."

"Now, daddy," said Pauline, as they arrived in front of their tent, "promise me that you will keep quiet, and I will tell you something. Then I must get busy getting breakfast. Do you promise, daddy?"

"Yes, puss," said the colonel, condescendingly, thinking that he was to be the butt of some joke of Pauline's origin.

"Well, daddy when I went after water a fresh toad of a man followed me, and when I refused to let him carry my pail of water he seized me in his arms and would have kissed me had not Mr. Sterns seen his assault and come to my rescue. So now, daddy—"

"What!" interrupted the colonel, with a below of rage. "I'll have his heart's blood for that! Insulting a Greer of Kentucky!"

Then suddenly, from some part of his person the colonel produced a wicked, short-barreled Colt revolver, and in a voice trembling with passion he demanded:

"Pauline, describe the villain! I am going to wipe his infamy out with his wretched life."

"Now, Daddy Greer, listen to me!" entreated Pauline, placing one arm around him and her hand lightly on the weapon. "Mr. Sterns gave the villain a severe beating. Then when the man placed his hand on his pistol, he never drew his own, but told him, or rather insisted that he should produce the weapon so as to give him

a chance to kill him. The man was too yellow to use his advantage, and at Mr. Sterns command he slumped off like a whipped cur. Now, daddy, you cannot kill a man who will not fight. So put up your pistol and thank Mr. Sterns—you are forgetting your duty as a father."

"Yes, yes! Pauline, you are right!" said the colonel, turning his body for an instant to replace his pistol to its secret pocket or holster.

"Mr. Sterns," said the colonel, seizing Dick by the hand, "pardon my apparent rudeness; but I was exasperated beyond all control. I can never thank you sufficiently for your gallantry on behalf of my daughter. There is nothing too great for me to attempt to do for you, suh! I am your friend!"

"Colonel," replied Dick, who was deeply affected by the colonel's speech, "I am only too glad that I could be present to do what I did."

"Ah, my young friend, that is spoken like a true gentleman," said the colonel. "I have a bottle of fifty-year old Kentucky Bourbon that I have been keeping to celebrate some important event—the time has come. We will drink to our new friendship."

When the fifty-year-old bourbon had been produced and glasses were filled, the colonel clinked his glass against Dick's and said:

"To our friendship and to the fairest girl of 'Old Kentucky'—may our friendship grow each day of our acquaintance."

"Amen!" said Dick, and the toast was drunk.

"Colonel," said Dick, as they came out of the tent, "that was a wonderful brand."

"My boy, there is none better. A life-long friend, a connoisseur of good liquors, of Lexington, Kentucky, gave me that."

"Well," interrupted Pauline, "if you two spoons are through complimenting each other, we will have breakfast? Come on, Mr. Sterns, I know you have had enough action to be hungry."

"Miss Greer, I appreciate your invitation, but I ate my breakfast over an hour ago so you must excuse me. I must go back to my camp. My pardner, who was out picking up some information will be back and if I don't show up there will be a family row."

"All right," pouted Pauline, "if my cooking is not good enough for you—go on. That's just like a man, always doing the disappointing thing."

"Now," pleaded Dick, "you know that is an injustice—but if you will let me I will come back tonight, and I will bring my pardner with me?"

"I shall be more than pleased," said Pauline, "though I should not be—after your refusing to break bread with us. Yes, honestly, I shall be glad to have you come and bring your friend. You must overlook what I say, for I will joke in spite of myself."

"By all means, young man!" boomed the colonel. "You will always be welcome at our home."

"Look for us, we will be here at the appointed time," said Dick.

When the appointed time came Dick was on hand, but Jack was not with him—nor did he meet the colonel and his daughter until the day of the land-rush. Dick excused his pardner's lack of interest by telling the colonel and Pauline that he was with friends, or that he was gathering information for the final day. The real reason was—Jack was a "woman-hater." While he did nothing to convert Dick to his belief and said but very little, Dick could clearly see that some time in his life a woman had left a memory which was very bitter.

When Dick announced that they would ride with the colonel and Pauline on the day of the land opening Jack readily agreed to the suggestion. But, later when Dick, in an outburst of admiration, spoke of Pauline's many charming characteristics, Jack dryly remarked:

"Go on and have your little heaven, but I fear some day you will wake up with a bitter taste in your mouth."

While Dick was falling an easy victim to Pauline's good looks, Jack had found that the "boomer camp" afforded excitement of many varieties.

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(To be continued)



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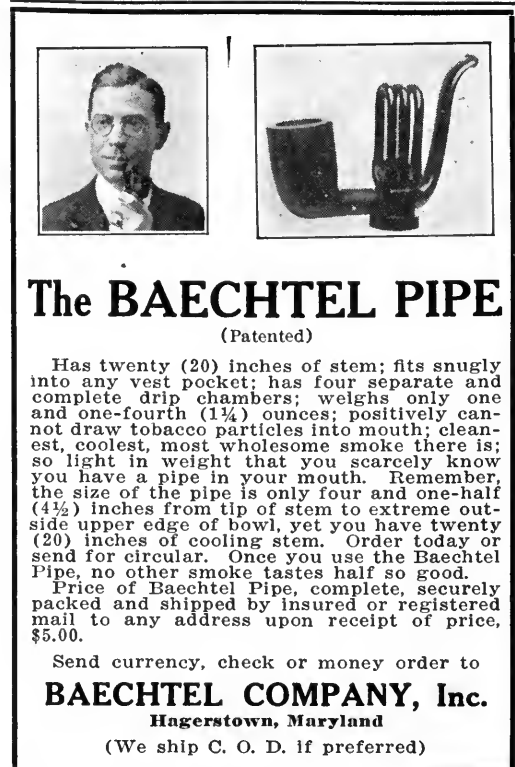
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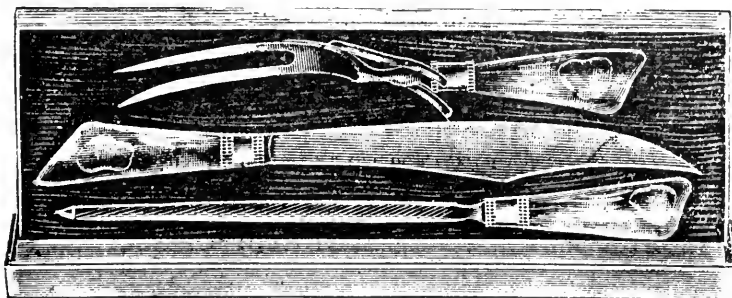


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HELEN OF HELL'S GAP

(Continued from Page 64)

was sitting with her head buried in her arms. The ringleaders roughly dragged her out, and amidst the yells of the frantic mob hailed her to the hanging tree. Gray's slouch hat was pulled low over her features, which she further covered with an arm, as if in fear and disgrace.

The noose was placed around the girl's neck and the end of the rope attached to the horn of Larue's saddle. As he was about to spur the animal forward Helen jerked off the hat and threw back her head, letting her hair fall in a rick black flood around her shoulders, and laughing contemptuously at the mob.

Heading the enraged lynchers who now gathered around her, Hawk Larue seized her roughly by the arm and demanded:

"What've you done with Gray? You damned cat, you! Where is he,—tell me, or I'll strangle you?"

"All right," said Helen, "take your hand off my arm and I'll tell you. Would you like to see him now, this minute? Very well, then, there he is!"

So saying, she pointed down the road, where in a cloud of dust appeared the posse, headed by Pemberton. Amidst the group rode Gray in the Indian's blanket, bare-legged and disheveled.

In the instant that the lynchers looked away, Helen drew her gun and shouted:

"Hands up, everyone, or I'll shoot!"

Surprise causing hesitation, she added:

"First with hands down gets it!"

With her back to the tree she held the mob at bay until Pemberton rode up. Holding a gun in each hand he announced as he showed his badge:

"Wade and Larue, you are arrested for murder, and the rest of you will be held for attempted lynching in defiance of the State laws: Forward, march!"

While the posse rounded up the mob Helen stood beside the tree, a satisfied smile playing over her features. Gazing for a moment on vacancy, her thoughts in a strange turmoil, she looked up to find Oliver Gray alone remaining from the crowd. For the space of a few seconds he regarded her steadily, then enfolding her in a close embrace he said slowly:

"I shall re-name the mine 'The Fearless Helen!'"

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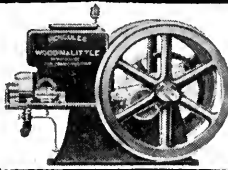
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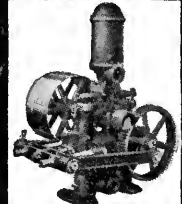
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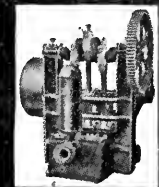


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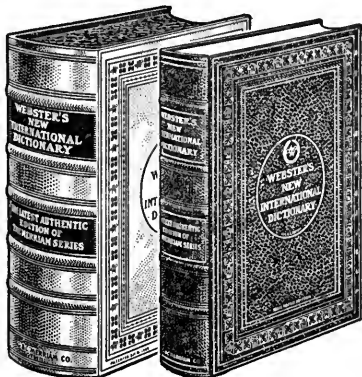
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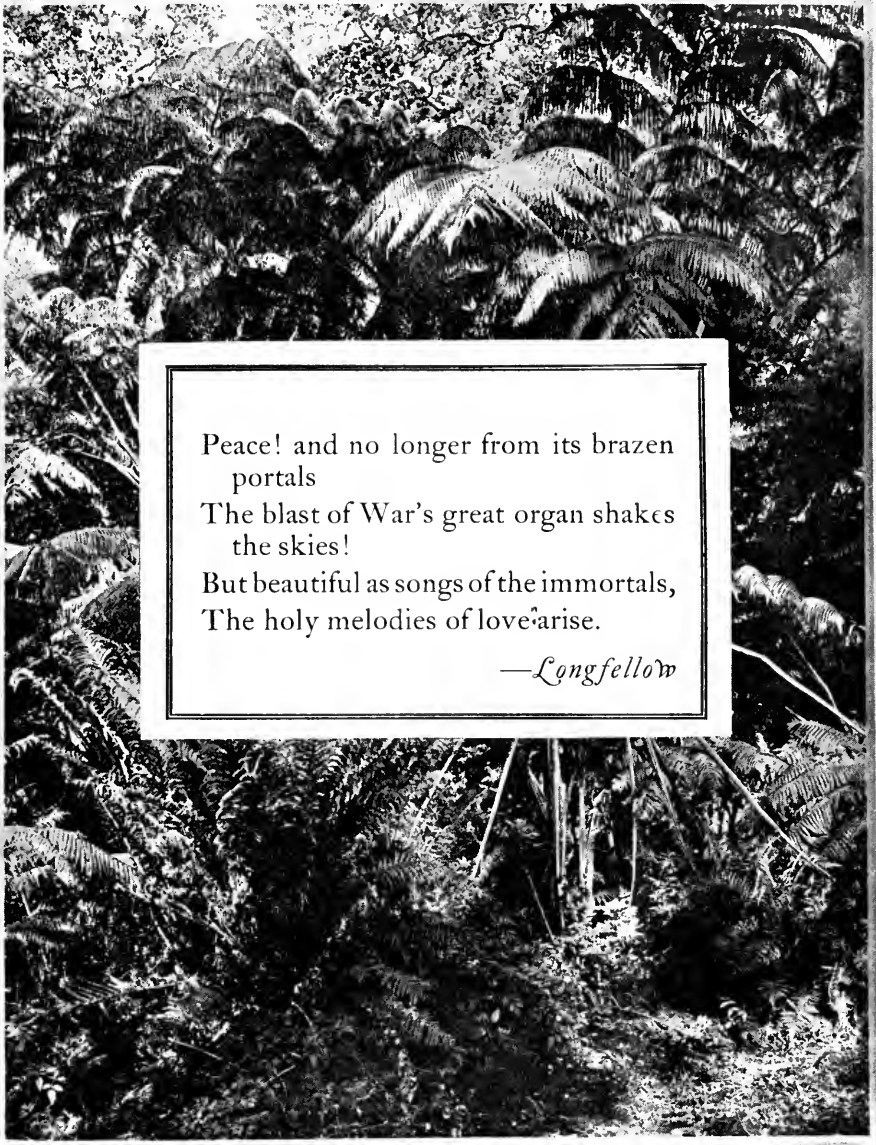
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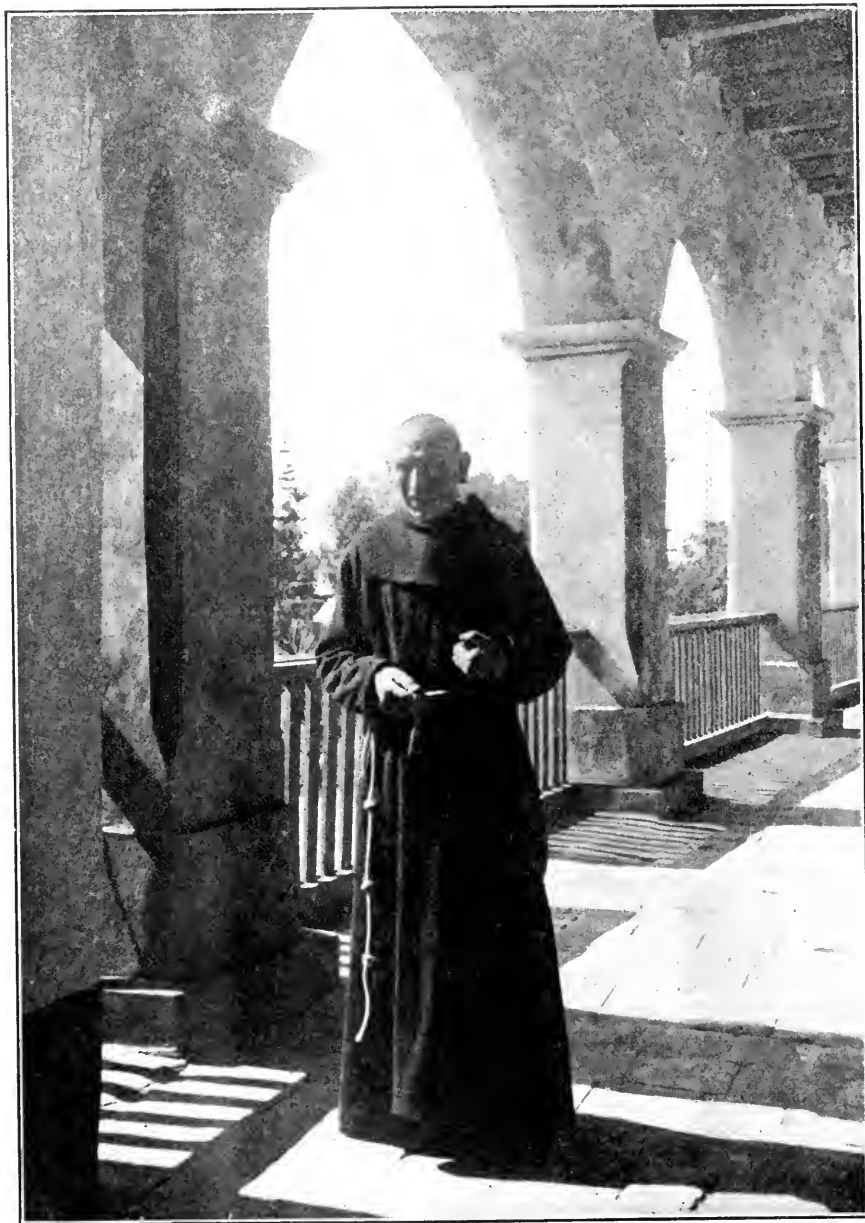


"He followed a downward pathway,—through a fragrant wood"

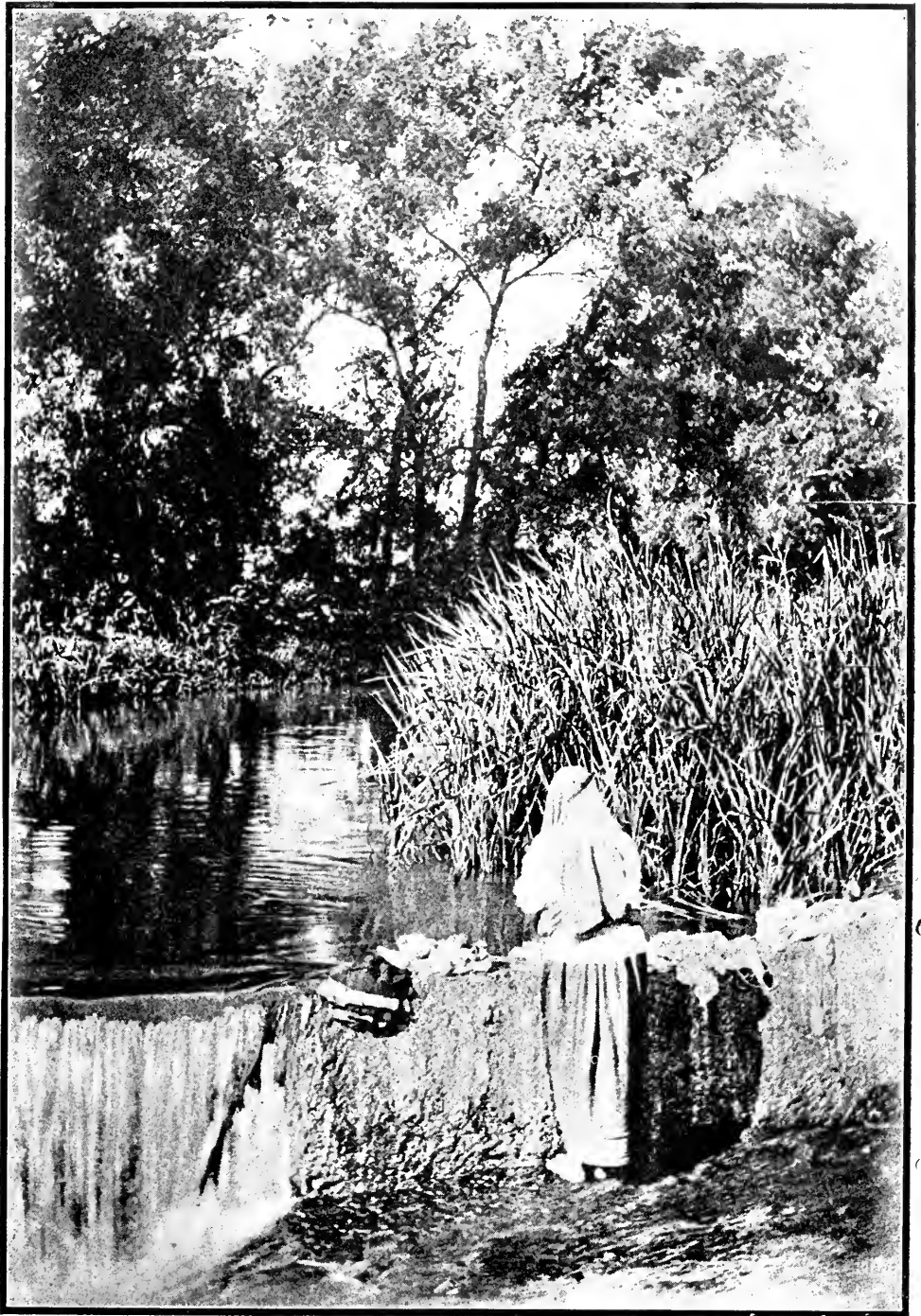


Peace! and no longer from its brazen
portals
The blast of War's great organ shakes
the skies!
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.

—*Longfellow*



Mission Father—Friend and Counsellor to Poor and Rich alike



Mexican Woman at the Stone Wash

Overland Monthly



The Illustrated Magazine of the West

ALMIRA GUILD McKEON, *Editor.*

CONTENTS FOR FEBRUARY, 1922

NIGHT IN SAN GABRIEL CANYON— <i>Illustrated</i>	HAZEL ROBERTS	11
TO THE BERKELEY HILLS— <i>Verse</i>	BERTHA T. BRADLEY	13
TOYON OR CHRISTMAS BERRY.....	BERTHA M. and ROLAND RICE	15
MY HOME— <i>Verse</i>	RICHARD PERRY	16
FOR BETTER OR WORSE.....	GHENT STANFORD	17
A DESERT MEMORY.....	SUZANNE McKELVY	24
THE MENACE OF THE OPEN DOOR.....	FRED L. HOLMES	27
LOOKING TOWARDS THE WEST— <i>Verse</i>	CHARLES J. NORTH	29
NIGHT IN THE DESERT— <i>Verse</i>	IDA ECKERT-LAWRENCE	30
THE TRANSFORMATION OF NELLIE DUNNING	ROCKWELL D. HUNT	31
THE HOLD UP MAN.....	FLORENCE HULL WINTERBURN	33
REINCARNATION— <i>Verse</i>	AMES PETERSON	37
A NORTHERN NIGHTINGALE— <i>Verse</i>	MARY D. BARBER	38
A LITTLE TOO MUCH.....	ERALD A. SCHIVO	39
THE WAY OF THE WEST— <i>Continued Story, Illustrated</i>	ELMO W. BRIM	41
A BUSH COURTSHIP.....	ETHEL B. SAVAGE	57
LATE WINTER— <i>Verse</i>	GEORGE LAW	61
EDITOR'S NOTE BOOK.....		62

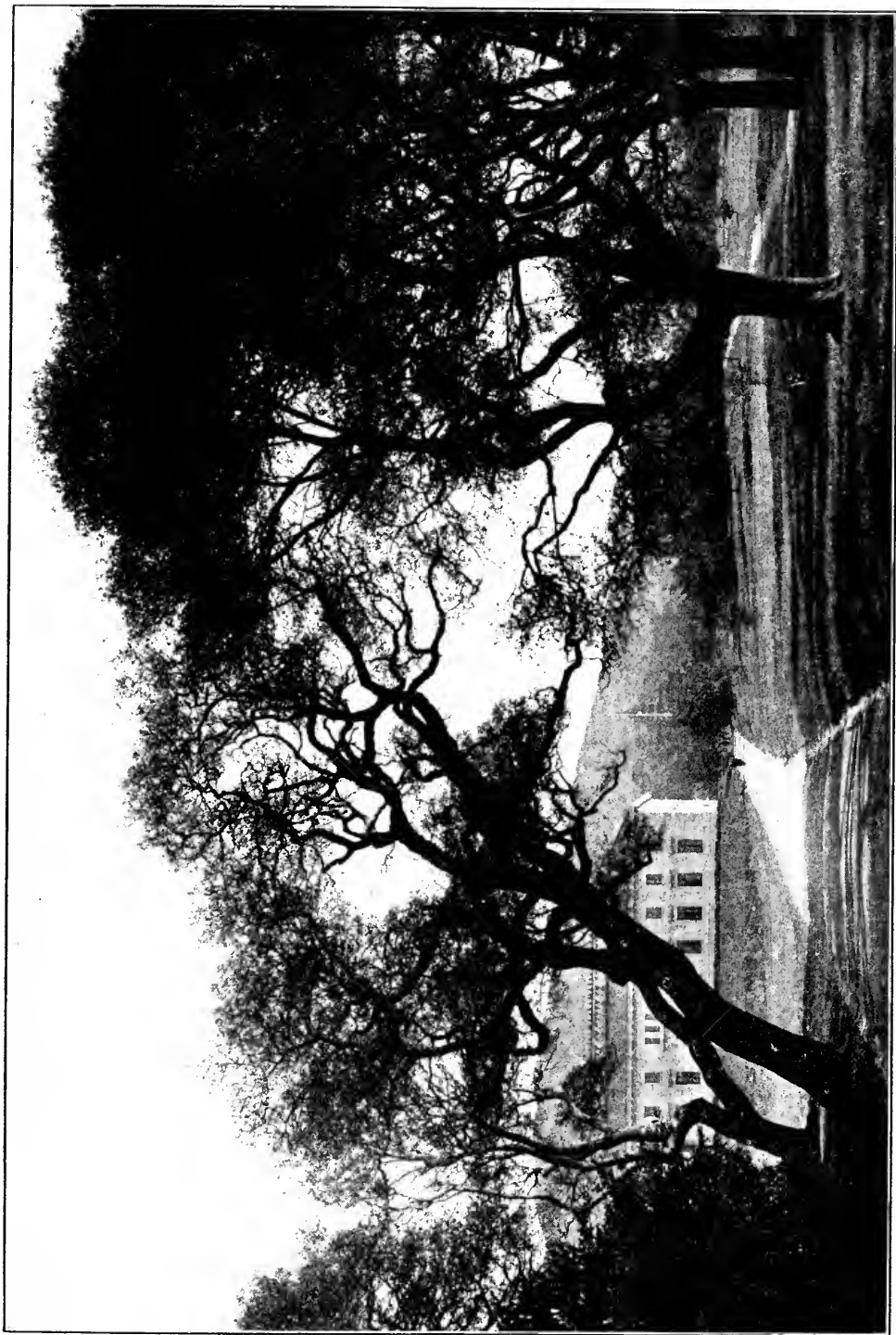
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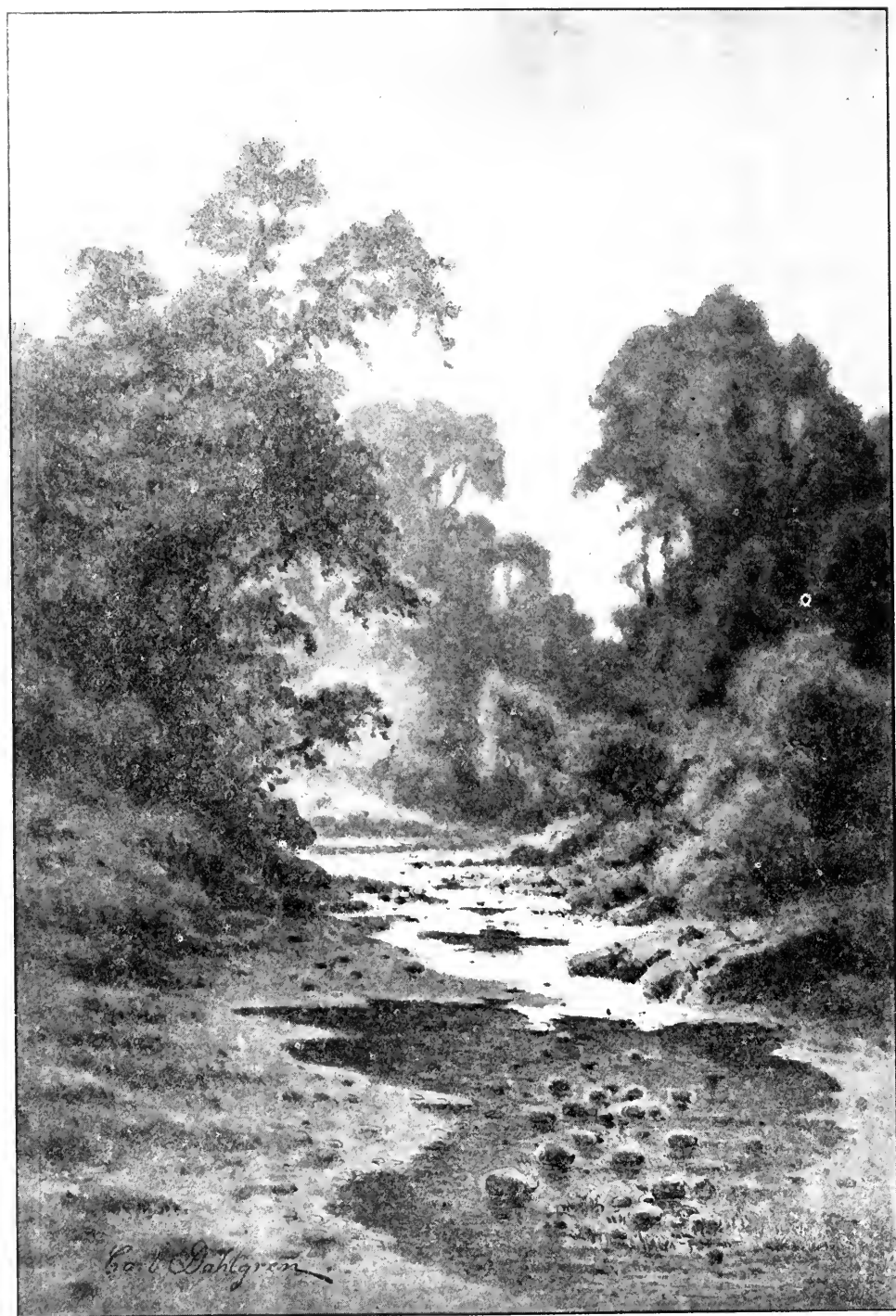
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*In the distance—"You hills, whose shoulders dimple 'neath the sun"
from—"To the Berkeley Hills*



The soft, gray-shaded blanket of a June night spread over the cañon

OVERLAND  MONTHLY
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San Francisco

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No. 2

Night in San Gabriel Canyon

By HAZEL ROBERTS

THE soft, gray-shaded blanket of a June night spread itself slowly over the enfolding hilltops of the canon. It had descended so quietly—so solemnly.

Above, the twinkly stars blinked down from their gray-blue canopy, keeping silent watch on the tightly-stretched, white canvas tent pitched on a sandy point beside the noisy mountain stream.

On all sides rose the high wall of raggedy, jaggedy mountains, dotted with sage-brush and bushy undergrowth, with huge masses of shapeless, grotesque rocks, covered with mysteriously-blended shadows.

Slowly the Moon-man's lantern crept over the brow of the hills, shedding its witching glow upon the canon. It caressed the rocks—the trees. They awoke from their sleep. It lighted the slender yuccas until they shone like white, waxen candles set on the dark mountain sides. It played upon the rushing, tumbling waters, twisting their oceanward way. Tiny ripples of moonlight mirrored the stream. The water

dashed against rocks. It leaped over them. It swirled around them. It beat against them, shooting forth streams of white, bubbling foam, which, whirling along with the swift current a short distance, blended with the darker, less turbulous waters. The fairy falls foamed white in the moonlight and tossed forth a delicate, misty spray. Their rhythmic rumble echoed through the canon.

Beside the stream, the myriad rocks, from the fairies' pebbles to the giant boulders, gleamed gray-white in the radiance of the moon-rays. Around the bend of the stream floated the fairy rock-boats.

The throaty, bass voice of the bull-frog burst into song. Down the stream a tenor joined him, followed by the frog chorus of San Gabriel Canon. The song ended and a moment later the cricket band chirped a selection, barely audible above the roar of the water.

The mystic, spell-binding charm of night was everywhere.





S. Aselstein
& F.

Campanile—University of California—Berkeley

To The Berkeley Hills

BY BERTHA T. BRADLEY

You hills, whose shoulders dimple 'neath the sun,
I love your warm arms, dew and wind-caressed,
I love your brow set steadfast toward the west,
I love your velvet cheek of brown and dun.
One childhood day my heart by yours was won;
Ye lapped me in the noon with peace and rest,
Among the fern and sage my head was pressed
In ecstasy of love till day was done.

Years hence, when life and love and I are old,
When in this world of hearts all hearts seem cold,
When ties that bind are snapped and I am free,
Some day ye'll woo me back, and I shall flee
To pillow on your shoulder heart and head,
And sleep within your arms till Time is dead.

Twenty-nine years ago, May, 1893, there appeared in the *Overland Monthly* a sonnet entitled "*To the Berkeley Hills.*" The writer was a young undergraduate, the only daughter of Professor Cornelius B. Bradley of the University of California.

In mid-October of last year the writer of the sonnet, Mrs. Herbert Northrup Warbasse, died, and was laid to rest among the beloved hills commemorated in the sonnet.

In simplicity and sincerity both of feeling and expression, and especially in the pathos which now attaches to its closing lines, it seems akin to Rupert Brooke's "If I Should Die," and Alan Seeger's "I Have a Rendezvous With Death."

As a memoir to the author of this poem we are reprinting it at this time.

—Editor.





Wild Flowers of the Mojave Desert, California

Toyon or Christmas Berry

(*Heteromeles arbutifolia* Roemer)

From "Popular Studies of California Wild Flowers"

By BERTHA M. and ROLAND RICE

THE beautiful Toyon or Christmas Berry tree is one of the most singularly attractive and characteristic features of California, giving a rich flame of color to our otherwise flowerless roadsides at this season of the year. The cheerful scarlet berries, which contrast so beautifully with their evergreen foliage, are frequently called California Holly and prove almost irresistible to the crowds of hikers and automobilists, who have wellnigh exterminated the bushes in certain localities.

Toyon comes from the Mexican pronunciation of the Spanish tollon. The plant is a member of the Rose Family and is a cousin to the roses, plums, peaches, apples, cherries, almonds, strawberries, blackberries, of cultivation, and to the wild varieties. It is related to the Oso berry, chokecherry, service berry, thimble berry, salmon berry, western mountain ash, mountain mahogany, meadow sweet, bitterbrush, nine-bark; purple avens, ladies' mantle, and the famous chamisel or greasewood. The Toyon bushes are practically confined to California. They are more common to the chaparral belt of the Coast Ranges and may be found from Southern California to Humboldt County and are occasionally met with in Oregon. They are also found in the Sierras. The bushes grow from five to twenty or more feet high, and when unmolested often become very shapely small trees. In remote districts they sometimes attain a height of twenty-five or more feet. The largest Toyon tree that we have any record of is a magnificent specimen, to the left of the palm driveway at Stanford University. It is quite as large as an oak tree.

Our shrub was introduced into England more than one hundred years ago, where it is called the California May-bush, because it resembles a species of hawthorn called "The May" in England. The two plants are related, belonging to the same family, and so the English name is not so improperly applied as our more common term of "California Holly." These plants are in no way related to the holly trees. There is a resemblance between the berries, but the less attractive foliage in no way resembles the striking, glossy holly leaves of cultivation. Vendors of Toyon berries at Christmas-tide, realizing this deficiency, usually mingle these bright scarlet

berries with our beautiful wild cherry leaves and those of the scrub oak, which are exceedingly glossy and handsome in appearance. The oblong, saw-toothed leaves of the Toyon are rigid and leathery and slightly glossy, but do not compare with the brilliant leaves of certain other shrubs. The plant was early called *Photinia arbutifolia* on account of its resemblance to the Chinese *Photinia*, or Hawthorn, which also has red berries. The berries are edible, although they have an acid taste. The Spanish-Californians used them in making a pleasant drink, and in their season they formed a regular part of the diet of Indians, who ate them both roasted and boiled, or dried, and ground into a meal. The band-tailed pigeon and the western robin are exceedingly fond of these berries, as are also the shy hermit thrushes, and other birds.

Late in the season, according to locality, from May until August, these bushes are covered with abundant panicles of small white flowers, not particularly pretty, but fragrant, with a spicy woody odor, and are among our most celebrated of honey flowers. During their season of bloom the woods are melodious with the humming of bees, busy at their harvesting. Their late blooms, when so many of the nectar-bearing flowers are gone, are accordingly prized by beekeepers. The Toyons grow slowly, which makes the destruction of these bushes all the more lamentable. They are handsome in cultivation and make attractive hedges. If a few well-selected, ripened berries are gathered and planted in tin cans, with proper care, in a year or so they may be transplanted to gardens, and very soon one would have plenty of Christmas berries for home decoration and to spare, without robbing the mountain wild birds or marring the scenic beauty of our highways and foothills. The trees usually bear abundant fruit. It is rough handling which endangers the trees, whereas careful pruning or cutting of modest bunches of berries from the delicate Toyons might not be injurious to their growth. Heavy pruning is sometimes recommended by horticulturists, but must be done with intelligence and care. These berries, if left on the trees, furnish valuable food for the flocks of wild birds that frequent California mountains in the winter time when other food is scarce.

California has her fish and game preserves, her state and national parks, and forests, and other valuable safeguards of the wild. But there are no laws to protect our beautiful wild flowering shrubs and interesting native plants, many of which have become candidates for extermination. The population of California is increasing with such rapidity and the cultivation of the land in vast areas is so extensive, that, together with the cutting down of forests and forest fires, the irrigation of deserts, and drainage of marshes, and the numerous grazing herds, they have all but erased the once bewilderingly beautiful gardens of wild blooms. The balance of nature has been sadly disturbed by the rapidity with which the progress of agriculture, the growth of the cities and the "subdivisions" have changed the fair landscapes of the Golden State; and the birds and the bees as well as the flowers have been having rather a hard time of it. However, it is not so much the inevitable for which we grieve as it is for the more thoughtless and wholly unnecessary destruction which now threatens practical extermination of some of the more cherished species of our native plants.

The highways and byways of California, once adorned with multitudinously tinted and fragrant wild blooming things, are being desolated and marred by the throngs of automobilists and outdoor enthusiasts, whose appreciation of beauty seems sadly misdirected, to say the least.

The Toyon, or Christmas Berry, sometimes called wild holly, comes in for more than its share of this sort of vandalism. It is no infrequent sight on Sundays and holidays to see hundreds of automobiles and hikers literally loaded down with branches from these beautiful trees. In their haste to gather and be gone, people frequently cut down the trees or twist and hack huge branches from their delicate trunks, thus sadly marring their beauty, if not permanently injuring the growth. From reports gathered in various localities we learn that the Toyon trees have been almost obliterated in places, and while there seems to be at present a plentiful supply of red berries in the more remote districts, the increased demand for them, and for other wild shrubs, for holiday decorations, threatens in time even these vast reserves. Vendors of wild holly and greenery are having shipped to them daily, and in immense quantities, such material from various parts of the State. If this demand increases, and is not regulated, it will, added to the thoughtless extermination carried on by motorists and other unthinking people, practically exterminate some of California's most attractive features.

The birds will miss the berries and the bees will miss the flowers, and the landscape will lack its flame of color to cheer us, and something beautiful will have gone out of our lives—something we cannot regain unless we safeguard before too late these happier features of our wild life.

My Home

By RICHARD PERRY

I've built my house among the hills,
 Away from all the strife and pain;
 I've built my house beside the rills,
 With birds and winds and falling rain;
 For me there is no other home,
 No other music half so sweet;
 With birds I sing, the hills I roam,
 And dream within my lone retreat.



For Better or Worse

By GHENT STANFORD

MATIE watched Clem until he was out of sight; her blue eyes troubled and questioning and there was a suspicion of moisture clinging to her long dark lashes. Her near-gold hair was but half concealed by the dainty cap of fillet and a pink rose peeped from its edge just back of her pretty ear.

Clem liked a rose in Matie's hair, and she had taken much care that morning to choose one of the exact size and shade. Her house dress was Clem's favorite, yet he had not given her the usual compliments. She saw her reflection in the glass door and turned this way and that, to discover some flaw that she might correct it and fly to her husband, but none was visible. Her lips trembled at Clem's unappreciativeness and she turned to survey with dismay, the breakfast table.

The cereals were scarcely tasted, although the cream was thick and sweet, and Clem's eggs were but half eaten; her own untouched.

Always she had hurried with the housework, fed the hens and then danced into the bottling house where she assisted her husband with his work until lunch time. Matie loved to be near Clem and the bright colors of the sodas were a constant delight. Just now, however, they were far from her thoughts.

As she stood trying to fathom the mysterious situation, her slipper continued to drum to the singing of the tea-kettle; regardless of the fact that gas rates were soaring and that she and Clem were trying to curtail expenses on every thing possible.

At last she went against all rules and regulations. Going into the kitchen she turned off the gas, and without a glance at the evidence of breakfast getting, marched into the hall, out of the front door and sat listlessly down in a big chair under the drooping pepper tree. She thought she was going to cry, but braced up and decided that she wouldn't.

It was just eight o'clock. The air was rich with the odor of orange blossoms; alive with the business of honey getting and the salt breeze was stirring ever so gently the low hanging pepper boughs which almost hid the rambling, old fashioned house butted up against the craggy mountain. A big rose bush bloomed joyously at her left and a table stood at her right covered with pepper blooms. Friends from town often came out for picnics, and she

and Clem enjoyed their meals out there during the heat of the summer.

She heard a garbled chatter, and looking from under the foliage, saw Mexican and Indian grape pickers entering for their day's labor. Yet she made no move to follow their example.

"I don't see what has come over your master," she said to the collie who had nosed her out and stood blinking as if at a loss to understand the unusual turn in affairs. He wagged his tail and gave a protesting bark.

"No, Tex, I can't imagine any clue to the mystery. It came like a thunderbolt out of the clear sky yesterday afternoon. He'd been down to the road to get the mail, when I first noticed the change in him. He didn't go to bed at all last night.

The dog squirmed at her feet and uttered a low whine.

"No good to cry, Tex, I could weep barrels of tears, but I look horrid when I cry. My nose stays red for hours, and I just can't afford to be mussed up now, of all times. We've got to act like it's all right, whether it is or not."

The big dog sprang to his feet and barked sharply.

"Glad that meets with your approval, I'd hate to see you whimpering when things go wrong. It's not business like. We've got to buckle down and find out where the trouble lies. Of course, I suppose, I ought to pout, wring my hands, threaten to run away, or some such thing; but I am not going to. I took your master for better or worse, and I'm not going to bolt just because he hasn't kissed me for hours and hours."

Matie jumped up.

"Yes sir, Tex, Clem must have a good reason for acting—for acting—." Her lip trembled. "Well, I'm not going to make a fuss. Mr. Carter used to say to us clerks: 'Just keep sweet and smile, even if all the fat old women and grouchy old men in town come in and try to brow-beat you into a bargain.' And, Tex, it worked."

Matie tripped into the house, more merri-ment in her feet than in her heart to be sure. After she had put on a big blue, sleeved apron, the work disappeared like magic. She stood expectantly before Clem at ten o'clock and smiled up into his stern face, shivering a little

when he did not offer to take her in his arms as usual.

"Got through early, didn't you?" he asked, not unkindly.

Matie caught her breath. "Why no, Clem, I'm late. The fact is I day-dreamed a little before doing my work."

"Oh!" Clem fell to tinkering with the gas tank. "Think you had better stop coming to help me. Don't you have some work to do inside?" His face was red, but Matie knew that the tank was vexing at times.

To steady her voice she studied the bottles, cherry, orange, green and lavender. She decided that she liked the cherry best. By that time she could speak without a quiver.

"Why, yes Clem—my sewing basket is not emptying very fast; but I thought I'd help you until you could get a man."

Clem did not speak for some time. He brought in another case of bottles and placed them on the table.

"I'd like to get away early to-day, Matie, if I can. I was wondering if you'd mind not going in with me. I've some business that may keep me late. The chickens will have to be shut up, you know, and—"

Matie gazed into her husband's face with a sickening shudder. Yes, he had the same old cramped look that had impressed her that day, two years before, when he came into Carter's and asked for a man clerk. She remembered telling him that the men clerks were all out to luncheon, at the same time venturing a smile into his solemn face. She was now filling the bottles absent-mindedly as she reviewed that conversation.

"I want a shirt." His request had been made hesitatingly, grudgingly. She remembered how she had hurried to push aside a glass door.

"About what price and color do you prefer?" She had been afraid he would leave without making the purchase, and it would not do to lose the sale.

"Oh, any old thing. I don't care," he had answered hopelessly.

"I think these little striped ones are stunning," she then volunteered with a peep into his face. He looked so sad and her tender motherly heart wanted to comfort him. "They would be very becoming."

"Would they? Why so?" Clem had answered listlessly. Then, for the first time looked directly in her face. How many times he had since told her, that he fell in love with her that very instant.

"Oh, because your eyes are—are so brown, I guess." Her cheeks had grown hot as she replied.

"Y-e-s! Blue shirt. Brown eyes? Is that the combination? I'll take this one."

Matie giggled aloud at the remembrance. Clem turned about and looked at her questioningly.

"Oh, Clem, I was just thinking of the day I sold you that first shirt, and of the ten consecutive days you came in at noon to buy another one, and—and—"

Clem's face relaxed a trifle, then went suddenly white.

"It would have been a blessing to you, little girl, if I had never gone into Carter's that day. You had best try to forget it."

But Matie could not forget. She went on dreaming about their courtship, how they had expended all the money that Clem had had and all that she had saved on the old farm house with the forty acres of fruit trees and a real, honest to goodness, mineral spring, and now—"

"Well, you can stay at home today, Matie." Clem's interruption startled her.

"Oh, I'll stay all right. I'm no coward, nor shirker either," she answered with some display of spirit.

"Of course not, Matie. I don't mean to be a brute, but I can't explain things—not yet."

"Never mind, Clem, I know it's all right." Her lips moved to say more, but the words would not form.

They avoided their usual midday walk to the spring which was about fifty yards up a thickly wooded canyon. It had been a habit of theirs to go for a cool drink at that time; hand in hand like happy children, kneeling and drinking from the clear cold water, then carrying a jug full back to the house for lunch.

The noon meal was as silent as the morning one had been, perhaps even more so.

It was three o'clock when the big truck was loaded with the bright colored bottles for the wholesale market.

"I'll be back as early as possible, but don't sit up. Tex is here. You won't be afraid?"

"Not me, Clem," said Matie decidedly. "I'll be a good little wife if my husband wants to frolic awhile." There was a world of questioning in her eyes as she glanced at his fine figure clad in his best suit.

"I thought I'd dress up today," he began apologetically.

"Oh, I love to see you dressed up in your best suit," frankly burst from Matie's lips as she offered them for a kiss. Surely Clem would not go off to town without kissing her.

He took her hands, held her off and looked sadly into her face, while his own writhed and twisted.

"I hate myself today, Matie." The words came through clenched teeth. "I know I'm acting like a cad; but I'm not myself, and little girl don't tempt me. I can't do it naturally and I'm not a sham. I never could be. I'm trying to be a man though even if I seem to be a brute."

"All right, Clem. I can wait until you get home. Maybe then you'll feel like—like—"

"I only hope that things will be straightened out before long," Clem said with a sigh that was not encouraging.

Matie slipped a paper into his hand.

"Some little things I need from the store," she explained. "Ask Carter to let Alice Bond shop for me." A faint tinge of color crept over her pale cheeks.

"I'd rather not bother today, Matie," began Clem awkwardly.

"Perhaps I can run in tomorrow with you," she suggested, trying to keep the hurt out of her voice.

Clem looked at her again. She thought sure he was going to be natural, but he only said:

"Matie, I wish that every woman was as good as you are." Then turning he jumped into the car and tore recklessly down the road.

Matie stood in the doorway looking in the direction he had gone long after the car had passed from sight. A thousand questions went surging through her tired brain. Finally she picked up her work basket, and as she stitched and embroidered her love into the dainty garments, anxiety vanished and there came a radiant peace into her trustful soul.

The collie left his kennel and took up his watch beside her door. Presently he pried it open; entered noiselessly and stood sniffing at the soft flannels.

"Yes, Tex, we must have patience when your master looks like that," she said, noticing him.

The dog cocked his head on one side, looking perfectly receptive. Matie patted him lovingly.

"Course I think a wife ought to know all about her husband's business, Tex. Maybe we're going to lose the ranch, although the papers seemed all right. But what's a ranch? I'd live in a tent with your master and be happy on bread and water, if I had to."

Tex licked her hand and then made bold to kiss her cheek.

"I'm glad you can kiss me, old fellow. I don't see why Clem can't." Her lips trembled.

The work had dropped from her hands. Presently she shook herself.

"Let's laugh, Tex." She carried out her suggestion by a forced giggle. At the sound the dog curled his lips back from his teeth and made a guttural noise which caused her to laugh in earnest, and she felt better.

Evening came and they fastened the chicken coop, then took up their watch out under the trees. A new moon sent cheery beams through the lacy branches. The crickets chirped neighborly to the monotonous droning of the frogs over in the wash from the spring, and the ceaseless throbbing of the irrigation pumps about the valley helped to drive away the feeling of direful foreboding that smote Matie's heart. The air was filled with the scent of flowers and moistened by a light fog that had blown in.

Finally the mocking-birds commenced their eleven o'clock song service, and Matie knew that it was time to go inside. She stationed the big dog at her door and went to bed. She slept like a child until Tex's deep growl startled her. She sat up in bed and listened.

"Why, old boy, don't you know me?"

It was Clem's voice in low, guarded tones, and Matie lay down quivering with joy. How colorless everything had been without him; how changed as she lay listening for his step. She heard him in the dressing room putting away his best suit—Clem was always neat and careful—then her heart missed a count—Clem was tip-toeing down the hall toward the front bed room. It seemed hours that she lay awake, turning and twisting the vexed problem in her mind.

He was out at work when she awakened. The brimming pail of milk was on the kitchen table as usual. She strained it into shallow pans and put it in the cooler, then prepared breakfast.

Presently Clem came in looking more disturbed than on the previous day. He was very formal, almost distant in his attitude toward her.

"Good morning, Matie. How did you get on last night. Sorry I had to be out so late." During the strained greeting he kept sousing his face in the pan at the sink.

Matie made a most careful survey of her person before leaving the dressing room and was satisfied that nothing was lacking; even the rose was a trifle more perfect than usual. She made a great effort to appear natural as she replied:

"Or, Tex, and I got on famously. Of course we—we missed you awfully; but we made up

our minds that once a year wasn't bad." She stole a look at her husband. He was white—more, he was ghastly white. With a smothered groan he dropped wearily into a chair at the table.

When the meal was through and he had gone to the bottling house without a word of explanation, Matie was desperate.

"I wonder if all men get spells, Tex?" she pitifully asked the dog who had flatly refused to drive the cow to the pasture. He followed his mistress from room to room, constantly looking into her face as if to fathom the mystery. Whenever she spoke he showed his pleasure by a sharp bark and reared up to caress her with his big paws.

"Think I'll do the dishes then write to mother. Tex, I only talk secrets to you; but I just wonder if they do have spells. You know father died before I could remember. Oh, I wish I knew." She carried out the dishes and returned with an empty cereal box and threw it into the fire place.

"Guess I'll burn this trash and fill the fire box with pepper boughs, it looks so ragged," she told the dog. He sat on his haunches and slashed the air with protesting barks as she stirred up the accumulated papers.

What's the matter, old fellow? Don't you think it will be better to burn the trash outside from now on? Or does your dogship think me foolish to rake around here for some imaginable important paper? Is it possible that you don't remember when I burned up that tax receipt, and your master came within a hair's breadth of having to pay it again? Goodness! Tex, trust me to always look before I leap after that scare. It's become second nature, old fellow, to rake about in all the waste paper that I see. Why, I almost want to stop along the road to examine every scrap."

"Wonder what these lavender pieces are? I don't remember getting any letters on that colored stationery. Goodness! They seem to be at the very bottom of the mess."

Tex had disapproved of the entire proceedings; but it was too much for him when Matie staid inside so long. He boldly nipped at her sleeve and growled protestingly.

"Tex!" she exclaimed, jumping to her feet. "What on earth has come over you? You make me nervous. As if I didn't have enough to drive me mad. Go out and take care of the cow if you are going to be a nuisance." She put him outside, and returned to the grate where she searched for the perplexing lavender scraps. When she had secured every piece,

she commenced fitting them together on the hearth.

"I think I ought to know about our business," she justified herself for the uneasy, creepy feeling about the task. "Men are apt to think women helpless about business matters, but I don't believe Clem thinks that. I suppose he wants to save me from worry."

The dog was scratching at the door and emitting howls, but Matie did not hear him. She knelt on the floor beside the upturned scrap basket speechless, her eyes glued to the assembled bits of paper. "Dearest Hubby," mocked and jeered at her like menacing demons. She read a few more disconnected words.

"Just reached—had a deuce of a time—finding you—surprised I'm alive?—heard you had married again—poor chicken—"

Matie snatched up the scraps and flung them into the grate; got to her feet; staggered to her room and fell across the bed. After a time she felt the dog's nose on her hand and knew that he had in some way got into the house. His dumb caress comforted her in a measure. Tex waited respectfully to be addressed as long as he thought polite then put his paws on his mistress and whined.

"Yes, it's time to cry now, Tex, but I can't." She sat up, her eyes wild with fright, and put her arms about the dog.

"Oh, what shall I do? What shall I do? Poor Clem! No wonder you couldn't touch me. But why didn't you tell me?" She rocked back and forth, mingling her moans with the whines of the dog until the striking of the clock aroused her.

"Maybe it's only a big lie, Tex, and Clem is trying to fix it up." She walked to her dressing table, continuing to address her sympathetic companion. "Anyway, it's up to us to play the game. Butting in won't do any good. For better or worse, you remember?" She arranged her hair, put on some rouge, that her pallor might not be so evident, then went about her work.

When the rooms had been carefully gone over, she put the power of her muscle on the chicken pens. The hens ran cackling to the farthest corner until she had finished. She then walked listlessly up the canyon to the spring. The birds dipped and fluttered and sang and made love. The water gurgled and danced from under the hill just as it had done during the many times she had been there before; but she was dead to every sound as she sat huddled beside the spring, almost hid by the cat tails and tall grasses. When she felt steady enough

she started down to the bottling house. Yes, she would go in, just as though nothing had happened, and help with the work—a shiver ran through her—perhaps it would be the last.

Clem was having more trouble with the gas. He got to his feet and started toward her, hesitated, and again dropped down beside the tank.

"Guess this old cheese needs something more than my tinkering," he opined.

"I'd send for Blenenger if I were you," suggested Matie, commencing to fill the bottles.

"I've just been thinking that perhaps we would discontinue the sodas," he announced. "How would you like to go to town for a few weeks' rest?"

A spasm of pain rushed over Matie's face and her hands shook so that she almost dropped the bottle she was filling. She could scarcely stand.

"I'd rather die than hurt you, dear," Clem blurted. "I'm a cheat. You'd hate me if you knew."

"No, you're not, Clem," defended Matie loyally. She was steadier now and, yes, she was happier to have had that much from her silent husband. "I'll always believe in your honesty of purpose, no matter what you do, or what any one else says."

A great light leaped into Clem's tired face, but before he had time to answer, a machine dashed into the yard and commenced to honk loudly. Both started and some new fear gripped Matie's heart as she saw her husband's face.

"Want grapes, probably," Clem ventured. "I wish I'd put up a sign down to the road that we had sold the crop to the Japs." He tried to appear at his ease as he went to answer the call.

Matie worked on for a time then went to the door and looked out. She knew that some question was being argued, and not caring to be seen, she went around the chicken house and slipped into the kitchen.

In a short time she had a tempting lunch on the table. Some cold meat with parsley dressing, a salad, sliced peaches, with whipped cream piled high on them, and hot tea—Clem liked a warm drink on a hot day, then he always finished with a glass of sparkling water from the spring. Matie looked worried. There was no spring water for Clem.

Seizing a pitcher she again slipped around the chicken house and ran swiftly up the canyon. Clem was still outside talking when she returned. She put the pitcher beside her husband's plate and sat down. She could hear

Tex outside growling. Going to the door she called softly to him and he bounded to her side, but turned again to growl. Finally she coaxed him inside. She could hear a woman's voice rise high at times. Matie shivered and the dog showed his teeth in ugly snarls.

"Brace up, Tex," she said in a weak little voice, patting his shaggy head, "we've something to buck up against; but I'm going to believe in him if the heavens fall. For better, or worse! We must not forget that." At that point her nerves over-ruled her decision and springing to her feet she paced the floor, her hands pressed hard against her heart. Presently Clem burst into the room.

"It's a shame, Matie, to keep you worried." He snatched her to him hungrily, then pushed her away. "I had no right to do that," he said sharply.

"Hurry, Clem," came shrilly from the yard.

Clem scowled, and sputtered:

"There's a woman out there. A—a sort of third cousin, and she is determined to thrust herself on us. She's not your kind—nor mine either, for that. This is your home, Matie, and I wish you wouldn't let her cross your threshold." The words tumbled over each other in confusion, but left no doubt of their sincerity.

"We can scarcely turn her away at meal time, Clem, if she is your cousin. Let's be courteous. She can't hurt us. Bring her in." Matie began rearranging the table for another plate.

"But, Matie, you don't understand," protested Clem.

"Bring her in, Clem. We will consider what I don't understand after we have shown ourselves hospitable."

"Now, Clem, take that, you horrid boy! My! what a dear old English house."

Clem's face grew darker. His muscles twitched.

In the doorway stood a vision of loveliness such as Matie had never seen. Such wonderful eyes and lips; such dazzling garments. She caught her breath sharply.

"Won't you ask me in?" pouted the vision tripping familiarly to Clem's side. "She said I might, so there, and I'll come in anyway. Introduce us, Clem."

"Matie this is Mrs. Gordon, a sort of third cousin. She's not here by invitation of mine," he said grudgingly.

The vision smiled saucily, not in the least perturbed by the situation.

"Now, Clem," she teased.

Clem took a stride toward her. Black anger surged over his face.

"Keep your place, or by heaven! I'll—"

"Clem." Matie's voice was pregnant with love. He turned quickly and a sigh escaped his lips.

Tex had been controlled only by the firm hand of his mistress who now put him in the kitchen and gently presided over the belated meal.

"I was most starved," the vision announced, throwing her wraps over the davenport and taking the chair which Matie had placed for her. "This stingy fellow was determined I should go back to town without a bite and, just think of it, he hasn't seen me for three whole years. Now, what do you think of that?"

"It is quite unlike my husband," replied Matie, pouring the tea.

The vision's eyes were saucy bright as she stared into the violet ones opposite her.

"Oh, we've just had a little quarrel. We'll make up by and by. He might as well tell you—"

"Nell!" Clem's voice was raspy and he half rose from the table.

"Oh! All right." The vision laughed a low, rippling laugh, tossing her pretty head and looking critically about the room.

"What a dear place this is, Clem. I'm in love with California. Won't you show me over the valley after lunch? I'm just crazy about it. We can have our little argument out and visit at the same time. What do you say to that, Hon?"

"I don't see how I can. I've a rush order—" He looked at Matie and she thought she detected relief in his eyes.

"Do go, Clem," she said. "I will work in the bottling house."

The vision gazed at the speaker in unfeigned, unconcealed amazement, then turned to Clem.

"You can't get by that. Can you, Hon? You see she doesn't care."

Clem's breath came hard; his face worked. He got up from the table.

"Well, let's get it over," he growled.

"Aren't you going to dress?" the vision pouted.

"I'm dressed as much as I intend to. If you're bound to push yourself in where you're not wanted, come on." He took his hat and started toward the door, then turned to Matie.

"Let the work out there alone, dear. I'll get back in time to finish it," he said, gently.

"Oh, Clem, please dress. I can't bear to see you in such common things. You looked adorable last night," pouted the vision.

Clem gave her a black, withering look and flung himself out of the door.

"O-o-o!" The vision pushed out her too red lips. "O-o-o!" she repeated and ran after him as fast as her narrow skirts would permit. "Good-bye," she chirped to the white girl inside. "See you again."

Matie thought there was a world of insinuation in the last words. She went into the kitchen and began putting it to rights.

"It's coming, Tex," she said to the big dog who wriggled about her. "Yes, it's coming. He doesn't want her, anyway; but, dear me! I don't know what we are going to do." She sat down and covered her face with her hands. The dog placed his paws on her lap and whined. "Maybe she's a bluff, Tex, but it certainly looks bad. Poor Clem, I do hope you can fix it up some way so you can be ha-happy." The wish for her husband's happiness ended in a sob.

She went about her work listlessly, brokenly, the dog at her heels. When ever he passed the heavy wrap on the davenport he growled menacingly. When her task inside was completed Matie went out to the bottling house and worked as if the whole world depended on her own small self. She knew that constant work, at this stage, was necessary for her peace of mind. Night came and there was still much to be done. She had wondered herself almost sick over Clem's long absence.

Again she sat under the trees. Tex was with her and he was cross. He paced restlessly back and forth in the moon's pale light. The night creatures were just as busy as on any other mellow, autumn evening; but Matie did not hear them. Once Tex stopped his uncanny pacing and howled wierdly up in her face.

"I know it's terrible, old fellow, but we've got to meet it. I can't go back to the store, Tex." She laid her head on the shaggy neck, but no tears came to her relief.

"Oh, I forgot to close the chicken house door!" she exclaimed jumping to her feet as a loud cackling broke the stillness. She ran around the corner, the dog at her heels. He was now happy. Anything rather than see his beloved mistress mope. It was so unlike her He dashed inside the pen as a car swung into the lane.

Matie was panic stricken. They must not know that she cared enough to stay out so late. For the first time she was angry at Clem. He needn't ride around all night, even if that woman had commanded him to go. She jerked the door shut and darted around the house. The kitchen screen was locked. She remembered hooking it before she went out the front way.

(Continued on Page 66)



BENJAMIN STRONGER JEC.
1910.

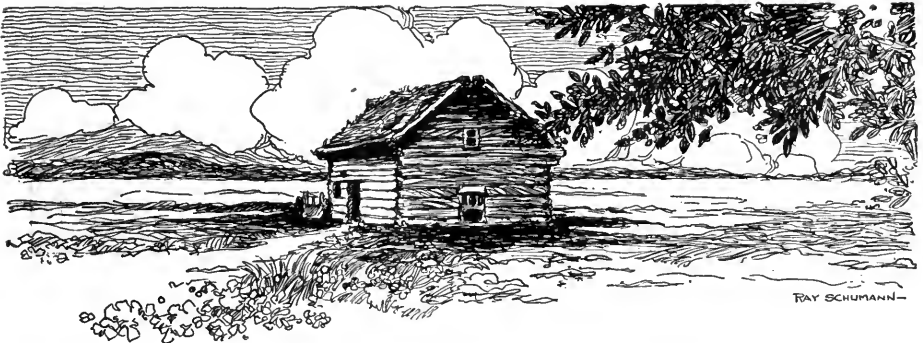
Along the Coast—Mid-winter

A Desert Memory

By SUZANNE McKELVY

They were gathered in the cabin
Of a desert mining camp,
Faces showing seamed and bearded
By the dim and smoky lamp.
Men they were all brave and rugged,
Western types, both fierce and bold;
Men who risked their lives for fortune,
Seekers of the yellow gold.
One among the group seemed alien,
Seemed a man of different caste,
With a fineness in his manner
Which bespoke a cultured past.
And he held—almost caressing—
'Mid that cabin's oaths and din,
Pride of all his life's possessions,
His beloved violin.
And his mind in fancy wandered,
As his fingers touched the strings,
To the throngs his music gathered
In the royal courts of kings.
When enraptured faces watched him,
As he drew his magic bow,
And he smiled at recollections
Of that radiant long ago.
Then the crowd of bearded miners,
Seeking a diversion new,
Asked the pallid violinist
For a favorite air or two.
So he tuned his trusted idol,
Grasped in ecstasy his bow
And the old immortal classics
From his hands began to flow.
On he played, the moments flying,
Golden winged they seemed to him,
But at length the men grew restless,
Classics did not reach within.
Then he gave the strings a new turn
And the bow he gently drew,
While an old familiar ballad
Rang the cabin through and through.
"Forgotten you, yes if forgetting,"
Sang the wondrous violin,
And the memories that it wakened
Made those rugged hearts akin.
"If the wild wish to see you and hear you,"
Wailed out with a cadence deep,
And tears crept slowly into eyes
Long since unused to weep.
And the player played like a phantom,
And memories sweet and old
Awoke and stirred, and thrilled again,
Those hearts grown hard and cold.
The last sweet notes of the music

Gripped the heart strings of those men,
"If this is forgetting—you're right, dear,
And I have forgotten you then."
Silently all left the cabin,
Each wended his way alone,
Hearts throbbing with recollections,
Each life had a past all its own.
And out of the darkness came faces,
So dear in the days that were,
And out of the silence came voices
That whispered to every soul there.
When dawn broke over the desert,
And the fight for gold was begun,
The singer lay cold and lifeless,
His work and his dreams were done.
His loved violin was with him,
Held close in a rigid clasp,
The health he had sought in the desert
Had eluded his feeble grasp.
In the dead brown sand they laid him,
Out where the harsh winds sweep,
Then turned and filed o'er the narrow trail
And left him there asleep.
There comes to that lonely sleeper
No music of magic strings,
But the long wild howl of the coyote
And the whir of a buzzard's wings.
As those rugged men of the desert
Keep on in their search for gold,
Faint memories haunt them now and then
Of the story the music told.
A thought of that lilting ballad
Softens each hardened line,
Like holding in frigid winter
A dream of the summer time.





Fuji Beyond the Rice Fields

The Menace of the Open Door

By FRED L. HOLMES

THAT the "Open Door" immigration policy will prove disastrous to any prosperous nation that adheres to it, is the opinion of Professor E. A. Ross, for the past fifteen years Sociologist at the University of Wisconsin. He was the first sociologist to predict that within coming generations the white man's world will be compelled to erect "dams against the color races, with spillways, of course, for students, merchants and travelers."

Two big points are made by Professor Ross in his opposition to the "Open Door" immigration policy:

(1) Low standards of Oriental living curtail the size of the American family in competition, resulting in a displacement of Americans by fast breeding Oriental races.

(2) A heterogeneous population imperils the success of democracy by rendering laws unenforceable, through unlikemindedness and by robbing the nation of a unity of thought by which social and liberal progress can be made.

The "appalling prospect of a human deluge" is seen by Professor Ross, if the surplus populations begotten by other peoples which multiply without taking thought of the morrow is permitted to continue. He likens this condition to the camel who has been allowed to put his head into the tent. Once there the process of displacement goes on quietly, but inexorably, until the camel is the sole occupant of the tent.

"It is a painless death to be sure," continued Professor Ross, "which extends over a century or two and proceeds without a clash or scandal, or bloodletting, but no people which foresees it will adhere to the fatal policy of the open door.

"Any prosperous country which leaves its doors ajar will presently find itself not the home of a nation, but a polyglot boarding-house. The thriving areas of the world will come to be populated by a confused party-colored mass of divers languages and religions and of the most discordant moral and economic standards. Coolies at the breech-clout stage of attire, such as you find in the back districts of the Far East, will jostle the descendants of the Puritans. The enlightened will perforce brush shoulders with idolators, wearers of amulets, and believers in the evil eye. In the same labor market will compete those who sit at meat and those who squat on their heels about a bowl of food, those who insist on a carpet underfoot and those con-

tent with a dirt floor, those who honor their wives and those who make them chattels, those who school their children and those who exploit them."

Restriction on immigration is no new doctrine to Professor Ross. In the spring of 1900 there was an alarm in some circles on the Pacific Coast at the rate of entrance of the Japanese, which was several thousand a week, and a mass meeting was called in San Francisco on this subject. President David Starr Jordan of Stanford University was invited to speak and as he had a prior engagement he could not attend. They asked him to suggest some one else and he suggested Professor E. A. Ross. He attended and endeavored to place the issue on a deeper foundation than was customary at that time. He stressed, not that life would be harder for American working men brought into competition with the low standard Oriental immigrant, but that he would not raise a normal sized family; that at the low wage levels the Oriental would utterly outbreed the American; and that the ultimate result would be a displacement of our people by the Oriental race in social areas or levels in which the competition took place. There was no assumption that the Oriental was a bad man or inferior man. The question simply was: Do we want to see the American Pacific Coast populated chiefly by Orientals and descendants of Orientals in hundreds of years?

Mrs. Stanford, thinking of the beginning of the Anti-Chinese agitation a quarter of a century earlier and reminiscent of the riots and disorders which had made difficult the path of her husband, then governor of the State, thought that Professor Ross' position was dangerous doctrine and insisted upon Ross' dismissal. Professor Ross severed his connection with Stanford University in November 1900, but in January a committee of eighteen of The American Economics Association, after an investigation, made an extended report which found Mrs. Stanford's action an infringement of the rightful liberty of the scholar.

The trail of events and of public discussion in the last twenty years appears to have completely vindicated the position Professor Ross took in 1900. Ten years ago he was the first Sociologist to predict that all white man's countries would ultimately erect immigration

barriers. He still clings tenaciously to that doctrine.

Few Sociologists in America are better known than Professor Ross; few, if any, have made such extended investigations to gather information. To find facts for his sociological studies he has traveled in practically all foreign countries. In 1910 he spent six months in China, journeying 10,000 miles in and about the Celestial empire, 500 miles in a mule litter and was carried 800 miles in a sedan chair. For his information on the Bolshevik Revolution he roamed over 20,000 miles in Russia.

Professor Ross was born in Illinois in 1866, was educated at Coe College, Iowa, and at the University of Berlin. He became associate professor at Cornell, but after a year accepted a chair at Stanford University for seven years. Later he was connected with the University of Nebraska for five years, and fifteen years ago joined the faculty of the University of Wisconsin to occupy the chair of sociology.

"What is the greatest problem in the social life of America today?" was asked Professor Ross.

"The thing that causes the most forboding to me is how to preserve democracy and popular government in a people that has become so heterogeneous as ours," said Professor Ross.

"Roughly speaking moral and economic standards will be realized and new laws will be enforced when 80 to 85 of the people are behind them. Now within thirty years it has become difficult to get that proportion of us behind anything whatever. There have come among us in the last half century more than twenty million European immigrants with all manner of mental background, many of them having traditions which will no more blend with American traditions than oil will blend with water. The people have become so unlike minded that you cannot get 80 per cent of them to back any advanced step. Suppose in England today we introduced millions of English of the age of Queen Anne, millions of the people of the time of Elizabeth, millions of the peasantry of the reign of Henry VIII. Would public opinion and community policy in England be able to develop as they do today?"

"Yet this is the equivalent of what is upon us. Among us have come millions who have never acquired the habit of looking to sheriffs and courts for protection, but have put their trust in the "Vendetta" and secret societies, the result being that in certain of our cities American justice is quite foiled. Immigrants are in our midst who are entirely unprepared to ac-

cept our American policy of the total separation of church and state. Within a generation after our people generally have been brought to acknowledge the concern of the community in education, we were flooded with people from Eastern and Southern Europe who insist that it is a parent's prerogative to determine whether or not his child shall have any education and whatever education there is shall be controlled by the church and not by the state.

"Likewise many have come among us lacking the American respect for women and this is one reason why we have so little success in the suppression of the vilest forms of vice. In the course of the middle third of the 19th century a large number of the American people had been brought to look upon alcoholic beverages as a race menace. Then were introduced into our midst myriads quite innocent as to the perils that lay in the cheering bowl so that temperance was balked and the struggle against alcohol took on the form of legal prohibition. As a result of this growing heterogeneity society can scarcely make up its mind any more save on matters of such elemental appeal as fire protection, sanctity of property, good roads and public improvements. The 'interests,' politicians, and the foreign nationalistic organizations play one element off against another so that we are not getting on as we should.

"Long ago Americans formed the habit of expecting their country to lead the world in popular progress. But we have had the mortification of seeing people after people pass ahead of us in such matters of education, status of women, sanitation, law enforcement, vice suppression, public morals, etc. Not only New Zealand and Australia, but the Scandinavian countries, and, in some respects, England have made strides that in many of our commonwealths we have been unable to make. Thus I noticed lately that in infant saving thirteen peoples are ahead of us. Such stalling and fumbling is the inevitable result of the cross purposes and confusion of ideas that result from excessive heterogeneity.

"This is why I regard our persistence in the open door policy in respect to immigration as the greatest mistake the American people have made in our time."

"What about the immigration problem of the Pacific Coast?" was asked Professor Ross.

"The Pacific Coast and in fact all of the mountain states have become almost a unit in apprehending the replacement danger connected with the Japanese immigration," he replied. "The old vulgar slurs on the 'Orientals,' as

'Heathen,' or 'Rat-eater' have nearly disappeared. The discussion is now on a higher plane. Our people recognize the right of Japanese in Japan and of Chinese in China to preserve their homogeneity and be secure from any considerable invasion of our race. On the other hand as a correlate we insist upon our race not to be made heterogeneous, but we should be allowed to preserve our own area by the expansion of our own stock.

"Conceding equal value of the Oriental races with ourselves we still insist that if we become heterogeneous in composition instead of homogeneous, it will be vastly more difficult for us to make Democracy a success. It is almost impossible for people to exercise an effective control over the government unless among them there is a considerable like-mindedness. Furthermore their willed progress will be less if there is among them great diversity of underlying ideas and purposes. The diverse ethnic groups pull in different directions and nothing happens. Only the homogeneous peoples are likely to agree upon the steps which will bring about rapid social advance, and we conceded that Japan has the same right to value and preserve her homogeneity that we wish to claim for ourselves.

"I wish to point out that to us sociologists

the future relation of peoples appears very different to what it did to the thinkers of the last century. Cheap transportation, literacy and the newspaper are making humble folk all over the world restless and on the lookout for opportunities to improve their condition. They are infinitely more willing to migrate to distant lands than ever before. The result is that comfortable, well-off peoples see their enviable lot menaced by streams of migration from the crowded, poverty haunted areas of the world, particularly Asia.

"As it is out of the question that they should allow themselves to become a hodge-podge of peoples and to have their own race displaced by intruding races, we are bound to see immigration barriers rising before the less crowded peoples of the world. The United States in 1882 began the first immigration barrier. Now there are half a dozen countries which bar out Orientals and the number of such barriers is certain to grow. You can hardly doubt that in half a century there will be perhaps a score of peoples protecting their wage earning members by immigration barriers. Whether the crowded peoples will quietly consent to these barriers remains to be seen. It may be that the most appalling of all wars will be fought on this issue."

Looking Towards the West

By CHARLES J. NORTH

He stood on a lonely mountain,
 And leaned on his staff to rest;
 A man of many birthdays,
 Looking towards the West.
 He followed a downward pathway,
 That led through a fragrant wood,
 To where a wayside temple
 Beneath a great tree stood.
 Within were the voices singing
 The songs of long before,
 So, pausing awhile to listen,
 He passed within its door.
 He had stood upon the mountain
 In awe, but not in fear;
 And passing through the woodland
 Had learned that God was near.
 He heard the old, old story,
 Then bowed his head in prayer,
 To find through strength and wisdom,
 That God was with him, there.
 He passed on down the valley,
 And his eyes were filled with rest;
 This man of many birthdays,
 Looking towards the West.

Night in the Desert

By IDA ECKERT-LAWRENCE

Oh, I hear the yowl of the coyote's howl
I smell the tang of the desert air;
The sand-dunes are high round the chapparal—
There's wild sage and grease-wood every-
where.

In my tent at night comes a savage yell—
'Tis the devilish broncs going by like hell.

They're gone like a flash, or the spring's first
shower;

All's wondrous still 'cept the vibrant ground—
I lie wrapt in expectant wonderment—

I listen long for the next queer sound.
The desert wakes—'tis alive at night—
Oh, the desert moves in the white moonlight.

Just a tiny bark—wonder what that is—

A babe-like cry—let me sit and think—
'Tis a mountain cub at the spring out there—
His highness, late at night to drink.
There's a muffled growl as the wild eyes meet—
And a challenge low, and retreating feet.

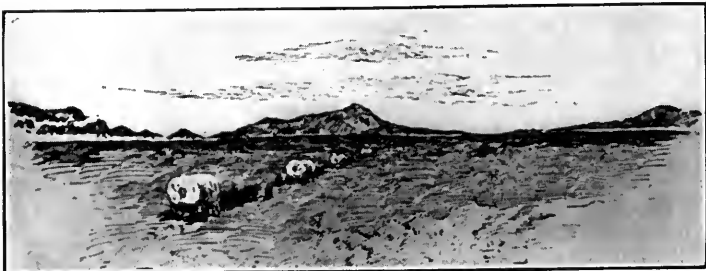
See the rim of light—'tis the silver moon—

The desert moon with its weird wan light;
I wonder are other mortals a-near,
Camping alone on the sands tonight.
So my bare feet dance in the moon's full glow,
There's a sheen on the sand like the glint
of snow.

In the light out there is my hearth of stone;

The full moon laughs and her vigil keeps;
The pale light melts in the rising sun—

The drowsy fire-sandalled desert sleeps—
Sleeps in the heat and hides in the shade—
This is the desert a Fair God has made.



Transformation of Nellie Dunning

By ROCKWELL D. HUNT

SINCE the time of the accident Nellie, now nearly fourteen, had received but scant attention in the Dunning family.

Her father, usually austere and at times impetuous; seemed to be more and more irritated by her terrible lameness. Perhaps his own slight limp, that he had carried for years, made him the more sensitive; at any rate the beauty of his baby girl—"Mountain Daisy," he used to call her—was to him as if it had never been. Her brother Sam took less and less notice of her since his marriage; the struggle to carve out a home for himself and his bride seemed to engross his thought.

Nellie's mother, to be sure, still loved the girl, and in a vague way yearned to give her a better chance. But of late the rheumatism was torturing her weakened body, and the daily routine became more and more burdensome—there was little of encouragement or vision in her own restricted life; what more could she do for poor Nellie?

In short, a cruel fate seemed to decree that Nellie Dunning, once a beautiful and promising child, must spend her days in those Mendocino mountains—because of a serious deformity of one leg—without the nurture that every young girl should receive, without companionship, virtually without education, condemned to helplessness and a life of infinite loneliness.

Yet Nellie was guilty of no fault that she should thus suffer. She was useful about the rude home, she enjoyed abounding health, and a keen observer would have noticed that she even possessed the elements of rare if undeveloped beauty. The beauty of childhood was indeed gone, but there was coming to replace it the maturer beauty of budding girlhood.

She loved her horse-back rides, and she was full of courage in her mountain life,—had she not, when only twelve, shot from the very doorstep a fine deer with her father's rifle? And now and then she heard something of the big world outside.

But there she was, with her terrible lameness. What hope was there for Nellie Dunning, isolated in those Mendocino mountains, with all her childhood's promise and her abounding health, now that her ungainly walking excited only sentiments of pity and her running was positively distressing to look at?

The Dunning family was a survival from an earlier era. But little of the old life was then

in evidence; while the new was shut out almost completely, except for the weekly paper that found its way in and—at long intervals—the visit of old-time friends seeking recreation in camp.

It was a great day in the later '90's when the Hunter family came up the almost impossible grade in a staunch spring wagon drawn by a span of robust and seasoned horses.

"By jolly!" shouted Seth Dunning in a voice that could be heard for half a mile, "but I be powerful glad to see you here! Unhook your horses, and pitch your tent under you' oak. I hain't seen you for nigh onto twenty year, by jolly!"

Mrs. Dunning was just as cordial, if not so demonstrative. There was a marked revival in her drooped spirits instantly. There was in store for her such a visit with old-time friends as she had never enjoyed since moving into the Mendocino mountains.

But the object that caught and held the quick and sympathetic eye of Mrs. Hunter was the shrinking, cringing figure of poor little Nellie Dunning. Abashed by the very magnitude of the event, taught by a stern discipline to keep her place, painfully conscious of her terrible lameness, she dared not express the glee she inwardly felt when in that hour the dim vision of a larger life flitted into her young soul.

"What is the matter with the child?"

And then Mrs. Dunning proceeded to explain how that when Nellie was only ten—the idol of the family—she was the victim of an accident which resulted in a compound fracture of her left leg immediately above the ankle. The nearest doctor was at Laytonville, more than twenty miles away, and it was winter. After no little delay Seth Dunning—rough and ready artisan of the mountains—undertook to set the leg himself, but with such disastrous results that when the bone was knit the left leg was found to be three inches shorter than the right,—a frightful handicap!

The child could not protest; the father did not care to be reminded of his bungling handiwork, and he seemed even to lose much of his natural affection for the child; the brother, now absorbed in his own problems as a young man, quickly superseded the little sister as the center of the family's interests; the poor mother, who had stood the brunt of many changing vicissitudes and was now a constant sufferer from

rheumatism, had felt herself gradually compelled to submit and acquiesce in Nellie's condition, shutting her eyes, as best she could, to the prospect of the girl's dreary and despairing future. Be it said to her credit, she silently uttered many a protest, she breathed many an inarticulate prayer for her little daughter,—she had never allowed herself to become reconciled to Nellie's condition and future outlook.

The chief attraction of the Dunning place, next to the entrancing wildwood itself, was a wonderful strawberry patch. And strawberries were ripe when the Hunter family set up camp under the oak, at the very edge of the patch. What a treat to find fresh, ripe, luscious strawberries, after a fortnight in camp, at the very objective of their trip!

And such berries! At an altitude of 3700 feet the clearing had been made by the sturdy blows of Seth Dunning's axe, the dark leafmold seemed a fott thick on the surface of the black soil, the spring sun had sent his fructifying rays upon the unspoiled ground, and a never-failing streamlet of limpid mountain water came leaping serviceably down from the main brook a quarter of a mile above. No noisome pest had as yet invaded this spot. Did ever conditions meet to produce more perfect strawberries?

The patch was less than an eighth of an acre; yet so productive was it that it yielded no small portion of the Dunning family's meager summer revenue, for such berries met with ready sale at Laytonville.

The younger members of the Hunter family for the moment overlooked the striking beauty of the surrounding scenery,—their eyes seemed fastened upon red, luscious berries. It is not difficult, therefore, to understand how welcome were the hospitable words of Seth Dunning.

"Now pitch right in to the strawberries, folks; don't stent yourselves in the least! By jolly! but it's good to see you all here in these mountings!"

It was but another exhibition of the truly big-hearted generosity of the California mountain man; he will share his last little resources with you and count himself happy in the sharing. May his tribe never perish!

The Hunter family remained for nearly a week. They had regaled themselves with mountain quail and the finest of brook trout. Sam Dunning had shown them where the deer were sure to be found, and they had been feasting on venison. The strawberry patch—it is scarcely necessary to state—was thoroughly cleaned out;—and there had been no shipment to Laytonville that week!

Best of all, there had been the grandest visit! Seth Dunning and Dan Hunter had sat for hours—jack-knife in hand with never-failing stick, for both were true-blue Yankees,—swapping yarns of long ago, rehearsing the checkered careers of old neighbors and acquaintances, and setting the mighty problems of American democracy!

Their wives likewise had enjoyed a veritable flow of soul; it was like the steady, on-going current of a river.

And Nellie was permitted to listen! Wide-eyed, with eager mind and thirsting heart, she received a revelation of a great and grand world she had never entered. Would her feet ever be permitted to pass through its wonderful portals? Sarah Hunter beheld, and was filled with yearning for the unfortunate girl.

The younger members of the Hunter family had hunted and fished and—eaten strawberries! They became greatly attached to Sam Dunning, who could tell them such tales about the raising of mountain hogs, the haunts of the big bucks, the habits of the California lion, and the dens of rattlesnakes, but who had never been one hundred miles away from home in his twenty-five years of life, who knew nothing of the telephone, had never seen an electric light, and had never visited a city larger than Middletown, in Lake County.

It had been a great event when the Hunter family reached the top of the grade and entered the Dunning clearing. The day of their departure was not less significant.

If they could climb "into" the mountains of Mendocino, why could not the Dunnings climb "out?" It had seemed that absolutely nothing could uproot them, but at last promises had been extracted to pay a visit to the Hunters, in their Napa home, at some distant date,—Nellie and all.

And for Nellie,—a deep purpose had been forming in the mind of Sarah Hunter; and before the camp under the oak was broken this purpose amounted to a deep abiding conviction.

When Sarah Hunter confided to her friends her purpose to help Nellie Dunning, some of them tried to dissuade her; she had not the means and her own home duties and church activities were surely sufficient to take her time and energies. Besides, why should she be so concerned about a little mountain girl, whose own parents apparently were indifferent?

But she would not be swerved from her plans. The vision of poor little Nellie, awk-

(Continued on Page 70)

The Hold-Up Man

By FLORENCE HULL WINTERBURN

OVER the violet tinted hills on the northwest edge of Hollywood, men in leather leggings and tall, peaked hats, were galloping madly up and down in the desperate chase of life against life. Now a horse would stumble, fall, and a rider would crumble under him, and be instantly trampled on by his pursuers. Then, would follow volleys of shots, a thickening of the sweet, soft air with greyish smoke, and the shout—

"That last over again! Numbskulls! Put some pep into it! Think you're passin' an exam for a Quaker seminary ridin' school? Now,—at it—Shoot, Lem!"

The camera man, red-faced and with every nerve concentrated, "shot," and shot again until he was stopped by another wrathful explosion from the director, when he wiped his perspiring face, grinned, and dropped down on the tall "devil grass" to rest and cool off. From all around horses and their riders gathered about the camera man. Peaked hats were pitched off, cigarettes were lit, and the inevitable aftermath of camera work—good natured chaffing—set in. At rest and enjoying their few moments of leisure, they made an interesting, picturesque group; this batch of young actors from Universal City. Set up there, against the sky line, they formed a strong contrast to the normal circumstances of the valley, where at the end of the road leading from Cayhuenta Avenue is a spring and a shed that is filled with bottles and casks, and a rambling old red house, where the people dwell who draw the spring water and haul it in sealed bottles about the town. Across the road from the shed is the only other dwelling in sight. It is a wee, one-storied cottage, so over-shadowed by two pepper trees and a forest of tall red genraniums that it is scarcely discernible from a little distance. But its big west window gives directly upon the hills, and a blue-eyed white-haired child of three is usually perched upon the rounds of a little rocking chair, watching intently the maneuvers of the movie people when they pose on location.

"It's all over, mudder!" complained the child, tumbling off his perch, which he had patiently occupied for half an hour.

"But they'll do it over again tomorrow, Georgie, dear," soothed the gentle-voiced, brown-haired, bright-eyed woman in lavender

gingham, who had been quietly washing up the floor while the small boy was engrossed in his hero worship. She wondered, as she took note of his flushed face, whether so much excitement was good for him, and whether he wasn't taking all this moving picture business too seriously.

"I wanted that big man killed!" announced Georgie in the coolest manner. "I wanted to see his horse topple on him and see him killed deader."

"Sh-uh, dearie! Why, you know it's all fun! Why, my Georgie wouldn't want anybody to be "really" killed. They—they're just playing robbers, and nobody gets hurt, really. You know it's wicked to kill anybody. You know mudder doesn't even kill the snakes when they come down from the hills—only just drives them away. Come eat your supper and then I'll tell you a nice little story before you go to sleep, dearie."

Sharp blue eyes calculated the quality of the supper, observed sweeties in it and he graciously let himself be persuaded to take a mellowing view of circumstances. He was exacting about the story and demanded at least one giant and two bears in it. The habit of keen watchfulness of the panorama of the hills had developed a voracious appetite for satisfying climax. But the room was cool and dark, the meal soothing, and three years old is not a match for the wit of a kind, intelligent mother who believes that sleep is the panacea for all the slight indispositions of infancy.

A self-respecting, modestly firm and quick-footed person is Evy; about thirty years of age, and very pleasant to look at. She is pretty when she shows her white, even teeth in a peculiarly winning smile, and her sober, far-away grey eyes light up and gaze directly at you. Sometimes, when she is watching her Georgie at the window, she drops her sewing and sighs gently, and as her eyes roam over the beautiful violet-tinted hills, they dilate with some feeling akin to terror. It is as if the rough-riding and mock-fighting that so often takes place there had for her some secret association whose fear she cannot shake off. Five years ago—yes, it is nearly five, now, something happened that brought into her calm, placid little life the alarm of sudden tragedy, and the awfulness of it has stayed with her.

Even in the peace and sweetness life has brought her with the coming of Georgie, and so many other blessings that she blushes from a sense of unworthiness when she reckons them up—she cannot forget. For five years she has kept in her memory the picture of that big-limbed, muscular man with dark, piercing eyes and stern, yet humorous mouth, who rode these hills by night; and not for the purpose of posing before the camera. She fears—she wonders—and her soft eyes dilate as she resumes her sewing and recollects that it is almost time for her to put it up and begin to cook the evening meal.

Five years ago the sheriff captured here the boldest hold-up man who ever contrived to baffle the pursuit of leisurely California justice; captured him reluctantly and with pleasantly expressed appreciation of his shining qualities. For Joseph Conroy had never soiled his hands with any crime excepting that of forcibly exchanging from the over-loaded pockets of the well-to-do to his own lean ones, that form of privilege facetiously called "filthy lucre." He never added insult to injury when his act was consummated and those of his victims who were able to raise their heads, after his single knock-out blow with his fist, testified that he ordinarily waved his peaked hat as he rode out of sight, in a decent, voiceless acknowledgment of their generosity.

Most of Conroy's spectacular exploits had been accomplished before Evy came to know him. She appeared in Hollywood, from the precincts of eastern Pennsylvania, and settled down in the little brown cottage, a stranger in the land. Joseph rode up one evening, dismounted from his horse, and courteously asked if she would cook him some kind of little meal; he hadn't had anything that could be called a meal, for three days. And with this for a beginning the fates that have charge of such things rapidly rolled up a disconcerting program for gentle Evy. There was something about her that puzzled Conroy and he was curious about mysteries. From the endeavor to unravel this inscrutable quality in the nice woman he went on with his characteristic speed in acting to try upon her his bluff admiration. And, as it re-acted upon him with unexpected satisfaction, he gave way to his natural impulsiveness and suddenly proposed that she marry him.

Now Evy thought that the violet tinted cloud that rested so softly over her worshipped hill had wafted down to bathe her soul in its ether. She was of the breed of women to whom love

is religion and deeply she loved this big, blunt Joseph Conroy. From the hour that she had, as he expressed it, "her claim in him staked out," she earnestly set to work to reform him. Not by nagging, nor by pleading, but by bringing him to look at and take note of the beauty that lies in decency and recititude, and the joy of living in harmony with the sane and wholesome influences that lay in such abundance around their daily lives. Joseph was intelligent and possessed of a latent moral sense. He said to her that if he had ever had a mother maybe he would have been a different man. But at all events, he promised to give up robbery on the road; he gave his word to start out on some honest, reputable course of earning a living. He could have started then and there for, by some peculiar good luck, his popularity was so great among the good-humored Californians that nobody would come back at him for his old misdeeds. But the haunting instinct to have "just one more lick" before quitting his interesting trade, took him out one night when a stranger from the east, who had no generous side to his nature, journeyed along the road.

He had heard ill things about the pass and he traveled in his high-powered motor with a gun in each fist, resolved to defend his property with all the force of a quick and skillful hand. Joseph came, tried his usual policy, and for the first time in his life was taken off his guard. A well-aimed shot crippled him, and as he lay unconscious he was hustled into the car and taken to jail. Swiftly and awfully, he was brought to justice; the easterner brooked no nonsense. He complained that five years in the penitentiary, which was the sentence imposed, was too light a punishment. But to the out-door man, used to sleeping under the big stars, eating beside some clear stream as he lay on his back, throwing choice bits to his horse, that stood nibbling fragrant grass near by—the term was pure, unadulterated Hell.

The five years had almost passed. In another month Joseph would be free. She was thinking of this, with strangely mingled feelings of pleasure and terror as the child had climbed down from his chair, with that plaint that "It's all over and nobody killed at all!"

The next afternoon a tired man was making his way along the shadowed road toward Hollywood. He could have taken the trolley, but he had preferred to walk. The long tramp was bliss to a man of Nature's mould, who had pined behind prison bars. Government humanity had supplied him with five dollars and a rough, strong suit of clothes. By steady good

conduct he had earned a remission of his term—of a single month. He had not written this to Evy in any of his scanty notes; writing was torture to his unlettered mind; he believed that come when he would she would be ready for him; that his welcome would be secure. His Evy! The one woman on earth on whom he would bank for faith and purity under any trial of time or space. If he had owed the world anything he had paid it; wiped the slate clean; got it ready for a new record that might properly contain nothing but joy. He raised his head and sniffed the sweet air that breezed down from the hills and hastened his steps. So far he had kept to the less frequented roads, but now his course lay through the principal street of the town, unless he took a very round-about path which his impatience rejected. On Calguenga Avenue he drew his hat low and slouched along with the shuffling steps of the man who has for a long time walked in limited spaces and turned often. Several times he ran against people, but Hollywood is too used to freaks to be surprised at any departure from the normal and they merely turned out and gave him the road, supposing that absence of mind was his pose. Probably he was heading for a waiting camera, somewhere.

Suddenly, as he was nearing the Acme grocery store, a woman pushing a little go-cart before her, came out. Something came into his throat; he felt that queer, hot feeling that breaks over anybody who has been jostled by the unexpected appearance of something he has been going after and thought still far away. Evy Delmar was distinctly an individual; one of the quietly dignified personages who carry about a certain atmosphere that makes it impossible to mistake them for anybody else. Unobtrusive in every way, plain in dress and modestly disposed to wait for and upon others, she was always, nevertheless—Evy, as one pansy is itself and not its neighbor. Conroy knew her instantly, although he saw her half a block away. Quietly, and with delight in his heart, he followed her, keeping just the distance between them that prevented the chance of her recognizing him. But after a few minutes had passed and she turned out of Cahuenga Avenue onto Holly Drive, a thought came that smote him like a blow on the back of the head. A child! A little white-haired child in the go-cart! But he recollected that she sometimes had been used to taking care of the child of some busy mother who had to leave home. Calmed again, the deep frown that had furrowed his forehead smoothed out.

But every startling suggestion leaves its trace, making it easier for the next doubt to gain hold on the mind. And now Conroy began to feel, for the first time, the worry of anxiety over what might have happened in that long term of his absence. His trust had been curiously strong; absolute as his faith in the warmth of the sun, the pleasure of open fields and night and starlight. Evy had written him a few letters; she was as little of a penwoman as might be; and somehow, the deep feeling that lay between Joseph and her seemed above the necessity of constant repetition. Her few letters had been stiff and awkward, he remembered now. Perhaps—it came with a sudden angry shock!—the awkwardness had been reluctance to explain that she had grown weary of the long waiting. He had no hold upon her except her affection. What blind fatality had made him believe so utterly in the strength of that? What cursed pride had made him forbid her to visit him in his confinement—and yet, if it were to do again, he could not feel otherwise. He had been forced to trust her blindly—

“If it was any other woman on the face of the earth,” thought Conroy, wrinkling his forehead again—“I’d have hooted the idea of her keeping on loving me. But—Evy’s different. Somehow, when she told me she’d never change I believed it, God strike me dead if I didn’t! And just suppose’n that I’ve been kiddin’ myself all this time like a damn thumb-suckin’ trustin’ idiot!”

He had slowed down his walk and the woman and the go-cart had gone far ahead. Now he put on a little more speed and caught up again. At first, he had had no other idea than to meet her as soon as they should get clear of the town. But the doubts that had clouded the hour had destroyed the pure pleasure of the meeting. He could not rush at her impulsively and happily, as he had intended to do just before seeing her on the street. There were new things to be considered; perhaps talked over. It was hard—maddening to the man who had built for so long upon this meeting. Was not something good due to him, after his long penance? He surely had earned his happiness; and now fate was cheating him out of it. He pushed his hat over his eyes, and fell into a state of moodiness. And still, all the time hope and faith kept trying to beat down his doubts. His trust in Evy had been too deeply rooted for anything except her own confession to destroy it. Things must and “would” be cleared up; he felt absolutely certain of it, at

the bottom of his heart. And yet, he restrained the impulse to rush forward and meet her on the country road.

In truth, it was not country, but merely a rural road now. Hollywood had grown fast and there were many little bungalows along the Drive that had formerly been a wilderness. But the Drive ended in the crooked lane, and Evy turned up toward the arroyo where her little cottage lay, across from the bottling factory. Now the hills were close upon them, and the man breathed the pungent odor of the rank herbs and weeds with keen pleasure. He could have lain down and rolled in the grass like a colt, only he must not lose sight of Evy. Now, she stopped at the door of the little cottage and laying her bundles carefully on the steps, undid the straps that held the child in the cart, and helped him out. What did she bring the kid here for, instead of taking him to his home? But maybe—hope persisted—maybe she was just taking care of him for the night.

"Mudder," said little Georgie distinctly, "I saw the big movie man that they killed on the street. Maybe they didn't kill him dead enough. Maybe they'll kill him again tomorrow. I'm goin' to keep watch."

The shrill little voice rang out in the silence, and the listening man was sure of the word that had stricken him. "MUDDER!" and her tenderness, the sweet smile her face had worn as she bore him into the house in her arms, although such a sturdy kid could have walked well enough. The door was shut, and the man who had hid behind the thick bushes gave a groaning sigh; the sound that goes up hourly toward the placid skies when some heart breaks. Are those sighs heard by pitying angels? Quien sabe.

The afternoon waned; the brief dusk that precedes the splendor of night in California brushed the glowing flowers and touched the low-hanging oranges on the blossoming trees in the gardens along the Drive. Then, the big stars shot into their places one by one, and the man who lay buried deep in a mass of grass and leaves, opened his eyes and looked up with an angry scowl toward the calm sky. He clinched his fist and shook it upward.

"I tried, Lord," he muttered. "You know I've tried with every bit of force that's in me. And you've gone back on me. For five years I've battled with the old Adam in me, and got myself quieted down soft and gentle as any little lambkin, damn him! Then I come back—come back with my old heart knockin' and

poundin' inside me, just with the excitement and happiness of thinkin' about "her" and the future we was goin' to have together—future that was just pleasant and honest and full of decent work and—home things like people ought to have. And—and—oh, God, do you hear what you've let be done? You've just killed everything good and decent in me, by kiddin' my belief in Evy, and now I'm goin' to show you how bad I "can" be!"

The choke of it—the fierce pain of it—to wake with this jolt out of the calm, deep faith in a woman; of her honesty—her piety—her decency with him! Even if she had changed—if she had made up her mind to slip him off and take up with a better man, hadn't she the right to let him know—to warn him—so that he mightn't come along to the very door of her house all smilin' with expectation and pleasure over the picture of her as she used to be, and happy at thinkin' how she loved him!

He got up and went to the window and looked within. Already, in this shaded place, it was dark, and the lamp shone pleasantly in the neat little living room. Evy was busy with the white-headed kid, talking to him in her soft voice. The "man" was not there. She put the boy to bed, and now that her face was turned toward him, he saw something in it—some chastened feeling—that made him mad with anger. She did not look happy, and yet, there was a sort of yearning in the glance she cast toward the door. Evidently, she was expecting somebody. "The man." The wild impulse that inflames jealousy to hot anger made chaos of his thoughts. This was his woman; she had been held close to his heart; he had kissed her sweet mouth, and listened to her half whispered confession that she loved him. All these five awful years the echo of her promise had held him bound to her, as no oath to man or country even could have bound him. Another man to take her from him? Not while there was red blood in his veins and strength in his right arm. And now, as he lay huddled there in the darkness, Jealousy gave birth to her brutal offspring, Murder, and the throes of suffering calmed down into a revengeful purpose that soothed his wound.

He watched long. But sheer weariness finally overcame him, and he fell into a doze. Presently, he awoke with a start, realizing that somehow, fate had again defrauded him. While he slept the man must have returned and gone inside. Now he was refuged beside the woman, and safe. Joseph shrank from the thought

(Continued on Page 69)

Reincarnation

By AMES PETERSON

As the clear tone of some old silver bell,
Breaking across the stillness of the dawn.
I heard your voice, and like some fairy spell.
Swift on my heart it fell, and you were gone.

Then through the cloudy gates of memory
I saw the curtains of the dim past part,
And in some long forgotten century
I knew once more the treasures of your heart.

For Love comes back across the years again,
Unconquerable as the eternal sea,
Lifting the veil in some mad moment when
From the dead night of Time he sets us free.

Ah, loved one, I know, though you gave back
no sign
That for one mad moment you again were mine.



A Northern Nightingale

By MARY D. BARBER

Midnight! A sparrow so sweetly is singing
Dark tho' the night is, cold misty and dread.
Birds that are silent, this message he's bringing
"Springtime is coming with sunshine and
cheer!"
Thrushes and vireos, wake from your sleeping!
Think not your song-time forever is gone,
Sweet "Northern Nightingale" lone watch is
keeping,
Hear his glad promise,—then sleep and
dream on.
Dream that the rain-storms of winter are end-
ing,
Dream that wild poppies gleam bright in the
dew,
Dream that with love-songs your mate you are
tending
Springtime is love-time—your dream shall
come true.

(Note.—Gambel Sparrow, the white-crown-
ed sparrow called the "Northern Nightingale,"
sings as early as February; even on rainy
nights in the vicinity of San Francisco, Cal.)



A Little Too Much

By ERALD A. SCHIVO

ALL right, Herbert," spoke one of the young men at the poker table, "if you raise me two, considering that this is a no limit game by your preference, I will raise you, say five blues!"

Herbert Dodge glared at his cards, observed again the "full house," and though he had been losing steadily, put five blue chips into the pot.

"You see me," said the first speaker. "Lucky for you, old man, I have four aces!"

A sickly grin came to the loser's face. Five blues equaled twenty-five dollars, and he could ill afford to lose them. The other two players laughed, while the winner offered Dodge a cigar.

"Thank you," said Dodge sarcastically. He viewed the numerous chips before the winner. "Say!" he blurted, "let's play a man's game, this is too slow. What do you say to a little game of dice?"

"Second the motion," laughed Fred Lane, a young man who earned a large salary as a reporter. "It will give Dodge a chance to win back some of the hundred dollars he lost. I'm somewhat behind myself."

"But," objected Harold Schranz, who had little earning ability, "he's liable to lose much more, and he can't afford it. In fact I can't afford to lose much myself."

"Well," said Highstone, the man who had most of the chips before him, "I don't care what the game is. If Dodge wishes to play dice it is his fault if he loses."

"That's so," agreed that young man confidently. "I'm willing, in fact I think any one who stays out is a piker!"

"Settled then," muttered Schranz. "Take your medicine then if such it may be."

"Cash in everybody," ordered Dodge. "We'll use real money in a real game."

The table was soon cleared of all chips, and it was Highstone who extracted the dice from an inner pocket.

"Highest rolls," he stipulated, and he rolled the dice on the table. The others followed in turn. Lane made the highest number.

"I'm the man to exercise first," he laughed. "I'll begin with five dollars, fade as much as you want."

Dodge left the room and soon came back

with one hundred dollars in his hand. He had intended to buy a suit of clothes and other needed clothing. This money he now put on the table with little thought of losing it.

Dodge covered the five dollars that Lane had bet. The hour was late and he must win quickly. The fellows could not be expected to stay very long.

"Say!" protested Schranz and Highstone in the same breath. "Leave something for us will you?"

"Never mind fellows," appeased Lane, "here's a dollar for each of you."

The two were satisfied. Dodge, they thought, was a little too reckless.

Lane rolled the dice and made an eight. There was general excitement. Dodge puffed vigorously on his cigar. The other men watched closely. Lane prepared to roll again. They hoped Lane would lose, not so much that they might each win a dollar, but that Dodge would win five.

"Come ye eight," called Lane, and eight it was. He collected the money perfunctorily. "Here's ten this time," he said.

Dodge again "faded" the entire amount and again Highstone and Schranz protested. They were quieted in the same way as before.

The game progressed, and when an hour had passed, Dodge was minus the hundred dollars. Schranz lost half that amount. Highstone had most of the money, Lane being the winner of about ten dollars.

"I move we quit for the night," said Schranz, "I've lost enough, and it's one o'clock."

"I'm willing," added Highstone, "and I guess Dodge is, considering that he is broke!"

The latter was staring at the ceiling; a paleness shown upon his face. He must at least win back the last hundred he lost. The intended suit of clothes was necessary. He was a salesman in a downtown store and his apparel was beginning to look shabby.

"Lend me a hundred dollars, Highstone," he asked suddenly.

"Charmed, I'll get rid of some of these fives," granted Highstone, and counted off the desired amount.

"Fade it!" cried Dodge, taking the dice in his hand.

"What—what do you mean?" muttered

Highstone, "if you still wish to play I'll fade ten of it."

"If you're not a piker you'll fade all of it!" blurted Dodge.

"Now see here Dodge," protested Highstone, "we are friends, and I didn't come here tonight to be called names, neither did I come to win a large sum of money. You asked me here, saying it was to be just a little social game. I didn't expect any one to lose ten or twelve dollars, at the very most! Immediately after we sat down you set the value of the chips much higher than we have usually been playing for. Schranz and Lane bought fifty dollars worth and I did the same, not wishing to be called a piker. What was the idea?"

"The idea," muttered Dodge. "Well, Lane, here, whom I invited and introduced to you, told me that he never played just to pass away the time, like we have been doing. I thought it would be no harm to put a little excitement into the game. Schranz and he were quite willing."

"I see," snapped Highstone, "and now you wish me to cover the hundred. I do not wish to do so!"

"Either you do," cried Dodge, "or you're a ———"

"Enough!" roared Highstone. "I won one hundred and forty dollars in this game and I don't give one damn about losing a hundred of it now. I don't like to see the total come up to two hundred and forty, that' all."

"Oh," sneered Dodge, "is that all? Then if I'm willing, please fade this hundred or——"

"Go to it Highstone," interrupted Lane, delighting in the argument. "If Dodge wishes it so it is not for you to say it shall be otherwise."

"What do you think, Schranz?" asked Highstone somewhat sadly. "You know how we have been playing."

"I see no way out of it," decided Schranz.

"Well, then," offered Highstone, "I will fade the hundred, with the understanding that if Dodge loses he shall discontinue the play, if he wins he may do as he likes. Is it understood?"

"Quite fair," agreed Schranz.

"Shoot!" yelled Lane.

Dodge shook the dice within his hand and nervously rolled them upon the table. He made a four. His face was very pale as he prepared to roll again. If he lost——

The dice left his hand and cracked against the hardwood table. All eyes stared at the inevitable seven. Dodge had lost the hundred dollars and had rolled twice!

"My God!" he groaned, "what is the matter

with me tonight? I'll——"

"Let's go!" broke in Lane, little aware of what the loss of three hundred dollars in one night meant to Dodge. He had seen many men lose a few thousands without a murmur.

"Wait!" called Dodge desperately, "I'm not finished yet!"

He reached into an inner pocket and produced a diamond ring. A flush appeared upon his face as he brought it to light, and it was not hard for Highstone to guess for whom the ring was intended. The piece of jewelry had been recently purchased and now shone with a bright vivacity in the strong glow of the electric lights.

"Highstone," said Dodge, "this ring cost me one hundred and fifty dollars. Please fade it for a hundred and twenty-five; if you win the ring is yours."

"Say," protested Schranz, "didn't you agree that if you lost it would end further betting?"

"I said nothing of the kind. It was you and Lane that did most of the agreeing."

"I refuse to bet again," said Highstone. "I'd rather give you back what you lost!"

"Do you mean to insult me?" roared Dodge with rage. "Will you fade me or not?"

The young man's lips twitched with nervousness. The dice were wet with perspiration from his hands. If Highstone "faded" him and won the ring it would be a hard blow.

This time Highstone did not refer to Schranz or Lane for their opinion. He set one hundred and twenty-five dollars on the table.

Dodge wiped the perspiration from his hands and prepared to roll. Highstone wished with all his heart that Dodge would win the money. His friendship was too great to be wrecked by gambling.

All was quiet, and the dice seemed to bang the table. Dodge glared at the upturned nine. He then removed the dice from the table and rolled them again.

A five, three sixes and two eights came before a seven was rolled.

"The ring is yours," choked Dodge, "and I owe you a hundred dollars!" The young man's face told of the pain he was suffering. There was no mistaking the quivering lips and the tearful attitude. No doubt if Lane was not present he would have shown his feelings, without striving to control them as he now was. Many nights in the past, before falling into delightful sleep, he imagined himself proposing to a certain girl and placing a diamond ring upon her finger.

Highstone could not stand Dodge's dejected

(Continued on Page 71)

The Way of the West

By ELMO W. BRIM

CHAPTER VI

The Land Rush

For miles a motley array of riders, buckboards, buggies, prairie-schooners and horsemen stretched in a line across the Oklahoma prairie awaiting the twelve o'clock signal.

The formality of the long deferred introduction had been performed, and Jack had concealed his personal dislikes and had made himself agreeable to both the colonel and his daughter.

The colonel, despite his age, was perfectly at home on a horse; one glance at him was sufficient to prove that he was a horseman of exceptional qualities. After forming Jack's acquaintance he immediately took it on himself to entertain him, much to the amusement of Pauline and Dick.

While waiting for the signal gun, the colonel went into a lengthy reminiscence of how the present scene reminded him of a charge in which he participated while under the command of General Morgan of the Confederate cavalry, and to all appearances Jack was enjoying the narrative.

As for Pauline and Dick, who were a short distance from the colonel and his listener, a handsomer couple could not have been found on the prairie that morning. Dick from his high crowned Stetson, which surmounted his curly, black hair, to his yellow, angora chaps was a model of the Western artist's conception of the cow-puncher.

Pauline, who was riding a buckskin pony of exceptional qualities, was dressed from cowboy boots to divided skirts in typical Western style. A snow-white neckerchief set off a red silk shirt-waist, while her jet black hair braided in two plaits—Indian fashion—gave her an additional touch of the romantic.

Dick, who was engaged in an animated conversation with Pauline, suddenly ceased talking and raised his hand for silence. Far in the distance could be heard a cavalry bugle, the call was taken up and repeated.

"All set!" he exclaimed. "Watch yourselves! Remember what we have discussed about saving the horses at the start; save them for the final run. Jack, you and the colonel can look out for yourselves, I will see Miss Pauline through, and——"

Bang! boom! roared a battery of artillery.

Then, thousands of horses' hoofs pounded the dry prairie as riders, buggies, buckboards and prairie schooners leaped forward in a long, irregular line and clouds of dust settled around and cut off the view of the racing riders and drivers.

Dick, who could not recognize any one in the swirling dust further off than Pauline, could not fail to note her horsemanship, and he mentally averred that Kentucky must have some people who knew a little about horses. Again and again he would caution her not to give her horse his head until the first five miles had been covered. When the dust cleared up they saw that the colonel and Jack were missing.

"Oh, what shall we do; we have lost Daddy Greer!" said Pauline faintly, her lips going pale.

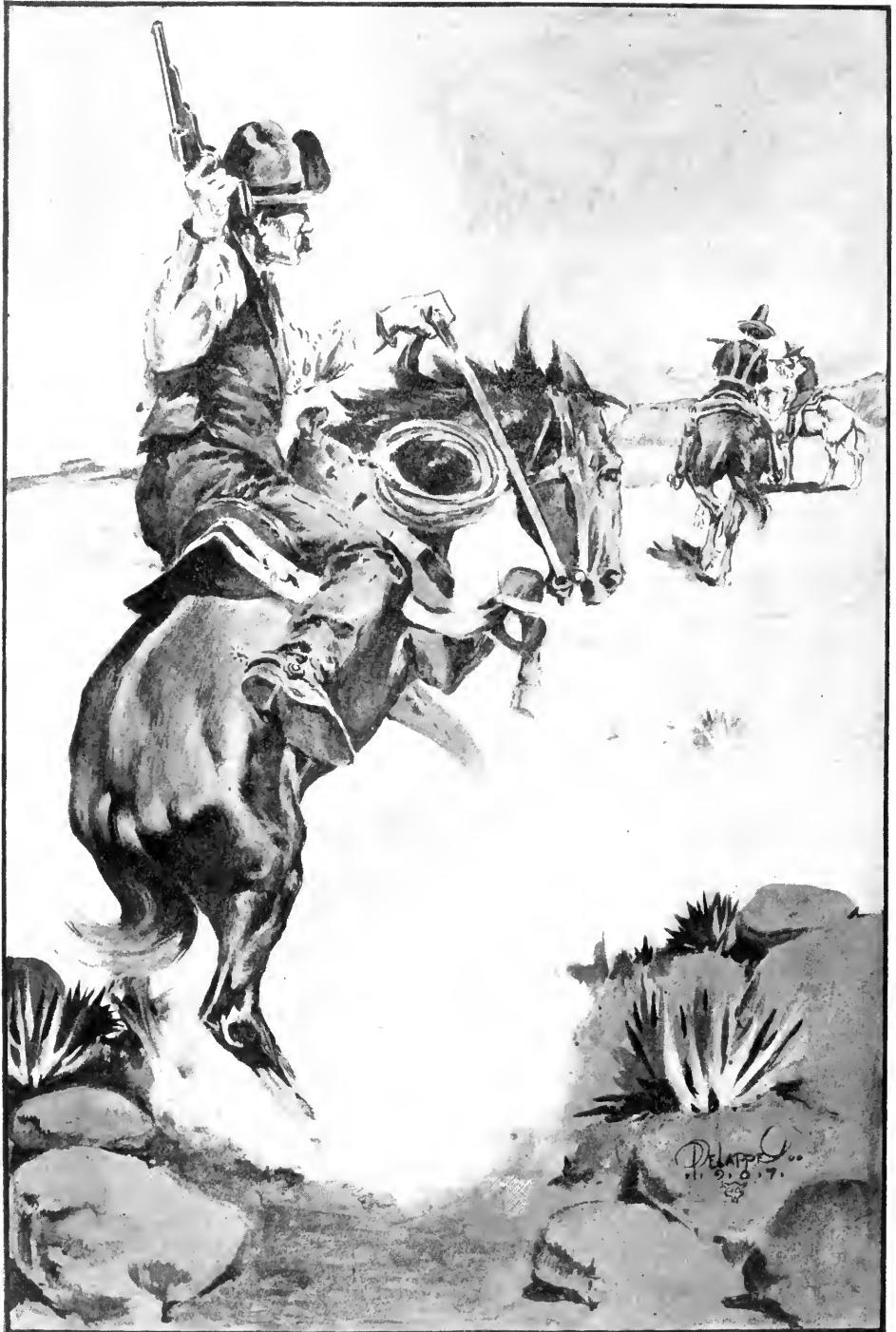
"Don't worry, Miss Pauline," he soothed her, "the colonel and Jack will show up all right. There is but one thing to do, and that is to keep on and secure a good location. They will find us, so there is nothing to worry about. It would be impossible for us to find them while the race is on."

"I am awfully worried," she wailed, "but I know you will find them if they do not find us; so I am going to try to look on the hopeful side."

"Sure, that's the idea," said Dick. "Now, let's pick up a little speed, even the prairie schooners are passing us. They can't keep up at this pace, for they are killing their stock. Look at that wagon on your right."

Pauline turned her head and looked at a wagon which was passing by in a sweeping gallop. The driver, who had tied his lines to a hoop of his prairie schooner, was busily engaged in trying to lighten the weight of his overladen wagon by throwing out various household articles. As they swept by him he was heaving a crate of chickens out of the swaying wagon.

Wrecks of all descriptions, runaways, broken-down wagons, overturned buggies, began to dot the prairie. Then came a series of broken-down or jaded horses, both wagon and saddle stock. Some drivers were throwing household articles out of their swaying wagons, while other drivers cut their horses loose, mounted one of the horses and proceeded on alone—leaving their wives and children in the deserted wagon.



"was a model of the Western Artist's conception of a Cow-Puncher"

"Oh, look! Isn't that simply awful!" cried Pauline.

Dick looked in the direction she was pointing just in time to see a tow-headed child fall from the top of a high loaded wagon—the parents, never missing their loss, were trying to secure more speed from their fast breaking team. As his horse came even with the fallen child Dick swung over in the saddle and his right hand reached out and dragged the child up in front of his saddle. One glance showed him that the child was unhurt.

"No, he is not hurt," he replied to Pauline's look. "but it is a thousand wonders that he was not."

As they raced past the wagon, he swung the child over by the side of its mother and yelled back over his shoulder: "Come near forgetting something, didn't you?"

"Come on, little girl, we have got to do some riding," said Dick.

With one accord both horses were put out to a fast gallop.

"Not too fast," he cautioned. "We will let them go like this for ten miles, then five miles will put us in one of the best sections of 'The Strip,' provided too many are not ahead of us. Anyway, we will make a run for it. I think we will make it, for even large numbers of the riding stock are failing. They have put them out too fast at the start."

They continued on and the miles were covered past the number mentioned by Dick. They had long passed the harness racers, and riders were fast falling out, some of whom had given up the race and were staking out claims. But there was danger of the long line of thousands of racers closing in towards the center instead of keeping straight, thus reaching the section which lay ahead of them.

Pauline noticed that Dick had increased his horse's pace, so she struck her pony with her quirt and he sprang forward and for a mile kept the lead. Then her horse suddenly stumbled and crashed to the ground in a flying fall. Dick reined in his horse so suddenly that he threw him back on his haunches, but before the horse had stopped sliding he had sprung from his back and was running to the fallen horse and rider. Very gently he drew her from under the horse, and as he carried her to one side he realized that the securing of a choice homestead meant nothing if the girl was hurt. Pauline at this moment opened her eyes, and after one startled glance smiled and said in a faint voice:

"Mr. Sterns, I am all right; you can put me

down. I am the least bit dizzy, but I will be all right in a few moments."

"You can't imagine how you scared me," said Dick, as he placed her on the ground. "I was sure you were badly hurt."

"Oh, I am ready to race again. But look at poor Buckskin. He must be awfully hurt or he would get up. Can't you do something for him?"

Dick approached the fallen horse, and after pulling his fore feet forward, one of which was in a prairie-dog hole, he took the reins from over his head and pulled him to his feet. Then as he started to lead him the pony made a couple of limping steps and stopped.

"Oh, he is lame; poor horse! We won't get any further, will we?"

"Yes, we will," said Dick, as he removed the saddle and bridle. "I'll turn him loose; but we have not stopped yet. He ran to his horse, and as he unloosened his slicker and let it fall to the ground he said:

"Come on; you get in the saddle and I will get on behind you. He will carry double. We could stake out a claim here, but I believe that we can make five miles yet, and that will put us in the best section."

Without a word of protest the girl ran to the horse and climbed into the saddle. Dick swung up behind her, and they started off into a lope.

At the end of five miles many riders had been passed by them, and stragglers had stopped and were dotting the prairie as they staked out claims. As they neared the scene of stake driving Dick called a halt and jumped to the ground.

"Well, what do you say to a little homesteading?" he inquired. "We can go on, but our horse can't make it much further. We might lose out entirely, as the stragglers and people with jaded stock will either be stopping or falling back and staking claims. Good spot right here for two claims; they will corner on the stream, which lies between us and the parties who are ahead of us—water is going to mean a great deal, and there are lots who are going to overlook that fact.

"I think this is a perfectly lovely spot," said Pauline, as she dismounted. "I fully agree with you about stopping. If we go further we might lose out entirely, so I believe in letting well enough alone."

"All right, good for you," said Dick. "Now I am off to look after the staking. You can wait here where the two claims will overlap. I will ride around them, dismounting and stopping at the corners to place the stakes, but I will not be gone long. Here is my gun and belt; if any one tries to stop on our property haze him on."

"I'll 'smoke' them up," laughed Pauline, as she buckled the belt around her waist.

"Don't take any chances," said Dick, as he mounted his horse. "And remember that there are both good and bad people in this outfit. The bad ones are meaner than a poisoned rattler. I will have my eye on you nearly all the time, and if any one stops I will come in before you have time to have any real trouble, so don't let them bluff you. Well, I'm off. Adios."

"Good-by," said Pauline, "and don't worry about me; I'll see that no Mister man stops while you are gone."

Just as Dick finished driving the last stake he saw a horseman stop in front of Pauline. He rushed to his horse and started at a gallop towards them, but before he had covered half the distance the man moved on.

"What did he want?" inquired Dick, as he reined in his horse.

"Dismount, Mr. Homesteader, and I will tell you," laughed Pauline. "Don't look so serious, he did not insult me."

After Dick dismounted and sat down beside her she continued.

"It was that toad of a man that you whipped the day I met you——"

"Yes," interrupted Dick, "there he is—off to the right of your claim dismounting—he will make a nice neighbor. I am going to make him move on."

"No, please don't start any trouble," pleaded Pauline, who seized Dick's arm as he started to arise. "He was very polite to me; never said a word further than to inquire the extent of the two claims—then he left without another word."

"Well, it is good for his health that he did, or I would have killed him. I don't like him any better than a rattler. I don't like him for a neighbor. I think I will go out and haze him on."

"No," pleaded Pauline, "let him alone as long as he lets us alone. He has a perfect right to the land."

"He has a right to the land, but it spoils all fun of homesteading to have him around. But just let him get the least bit out of his berth and there is going to be a killing."

The evening passed away swiftly, Dick's attention being divided between talking to Pauline and moving would-be homesteaders off their claims. Towards night all the area within their vision had been staked, and while a few wagons were going forward, there were large numbers of both wagons and riders who were coming back. The noise of stake driving had ceased, and with the exception of an occasional argument which

would arise between a claim holder and some one attempting to "jump" his property, everything was quiet.

Just as dark was settling and Dick was returning to where Pauline was sitting on a seat made from his saddle and blanket, a man halted a light covered wagon on an adjoining claim. Immediately an angry conversation started between the owner of the claim and the driver of the wagon. As a few words of the conversation drifted to him, an amused expression crossed Dick's face and he turned abruptly and started to meet the wagon, which was driving away from the irritable claim holder. As he neared the wagon he shouted:

"Why, Colonel, I am sure glad to see you! But what has happened to you?"

"Mister Sterns! Whoa, horse!" roared the Colonel. "Why, it is a real pleasure to see you, suh. And my daughter, Pauline, is she——"

"All right," broke in Dick, as he climbed into the wagon. "We will drive over to where she is, Colonel. Tell me how it comes that you are driving around in a wagon, and where is Jack?"

"One question at a time, young man," replied the Colonel. "I got separated from your young friend when all that dust settled around us, and I never seen him again; but he is a very capable young man, so you need have no uneasiness about him, suh. When I got started some dod-fired fool driver turned his wagon over, and in the clouds of blinding dust I ran right square over him—quite a wreck, I assure you, suh. I picked myself up unhurt, but my horse was out of it entirely—lame in both shoulders—and mind you, suh, I had not gone two miles. Decided right there to go and get the team and go in search of you and Pauline; knew I could not make it in time to secure a location, and——"

At this moment the Colonel saw Pauline running to meet them, and he suddenly ceased talking and jumped out of the wagon.

"Oh, Daddy Greer!" she exclaimed as the Colonel folded her in his arms. "I have been so uneasy about you! Are you hurt? Your horse—and what is the meaning of the wagon?"

"One question at a time, Puss," laughed the Colonel. "I am not hurt. That will be enough to tell you at the present. I am hungrier than a starved hound, so this young man and I will prepare something to eat, and then I will tell you all about my adventures."

"All right, Daddy Greer," laughed Pauline. "Now since I have gotten you back and you are not hurt, nothing matters."

Twilight deepened into night, supper had been eaten, the Colonel had repeated his adventures of the day; then the tent had been pitched,

Dick had been assigned to the covered wagon, and over the prairie tired claim-holders had fallen asleep and were dreaming of future days and prosperity.

CHAPTER VII

Six Months Later

The rapid growth of early Oklahoma towns was phenomenal, and the telling of it sounds like stories taken from Arabian Nights. Numbers of towns sprang up within a night, some, as was the case of Guthrie, with a population of ten thousand people. It is said that a party of enthusiastic persons organized an excursion, and when their train reached a suitable place on the prairie they stopped and staked out the site for their city. The most miraculous event of the early days was the settlement of the Cherokee Strip in half a day. "The Strip" lay south of the Kansas line, running west of the Arkansas River, and was fifty miles wide. Between five and ten thousand persons participated in this land opening.

Before six months had passed a town of six thousand dotted the prairie in the section chosen by Dick and Pauline, embracing quite a bit of their homesteads. Not only did they own residences of good structure, but they had money in the bank.

But while Dick was dabbling in real estate and prospering there was a fly in the ointment—not Pauline, everything was lovely from that score. They had been engaged for some time, and the day of their marriage was not far off. The trouble was of another nature. Jack had failed to make good on the day of the land rush. His horse had fallen before he had gone five miles, and had lamed himself so badly that he could not proceed any further, so he had staked out a claim which in time might be valuable but at present worthless as far as ready money was concerned.

Dick had pleaded and insisted that he should take half of his claim, but without avail, Jack contending that it was purely a gambling proposition and not one where their being partners might be considered. He was stubborn and could not be shaken in this decision. During the intervening six months since the land rush Dick had seen but little of him. He was living in a tent on his claim part of the time, while the other part was either spent breaking horses for settlers or in town. Owing to the fact that Dick insisted on doing something for him every time they met, he saw but little of him while in town, as Jack avoided meeting him. He spent most of his time while in town gambling, playing

with varying luck, but keeping ahead of the game.

From all reports that he had gathered, Dick feared that the time was not far distant when Jack would turn "bad"—he had reached the indifferent stage, where some person's blunder might cause him to do something which in normal times he would not consider doing.

There was another matter that irritated Dick not a little, and that was Pauline's adjoining claim-holder—Charlie Swain, the gambler. His holding, owing to its being near the center of the town, had proven more valuable than either Dick's or Pauline's. While they yet retained all of their holding he had been more fortunate, selling with one exception all that he owned. The one exception was a lot which adjoined the Greer residence. Upon this he had erected a substantial home. With his newly accumulated wealth he had built "The Palace," the largest saloon and gambling house in Langford.

Swain's prosperity did not interest Dick, but his building next to the Greer home and a friendship that he had cultivated with the Colonel did not meet with his approval. The Colonel, who was fastidious on the matter of fine drinks, had fallen an easy victim to Swain's ingenious mind—and as Pauline, who feared the outcome of the Colonel's violent temper, had never informed him that his new friend was the man who had insulted her, everything played in Swain's favor. But as he was playing a deep game he did not make the mistake of being too hasty. He had expressed his regrets to Pauline on numerous occasions for his conduct at their first meeting, claiming his ungentlemanly conduct to have been due to the influence of liquor and not his natural self, a condition which was abnormal with him, possibly caused by hardships encountered coming to Oklahoma. He stated: "It is true that I drink, but, with this one exception, for years I have not drunk to excess.

Pauline disliked Swain, but she had the womanly trait of admiring his neat appearance and polished manners. She believed that his apology was sincere and that he was truly sorry for his conduct, so the spider was weaving his trap to ensnare his victim.

While Dick was aware of Swain's influence over the Colonel and Pauline's attitude towards this embarrassing situation, he was not aware of the fact that he was attempting to gain favor in her eyes until one afternoon of a contemplated horseback ride.

As he galloped down the street at the ap-

pointed hour his eye alighted on Pauline, who, garbed in divided skirts, boots, blue silk shirt-waist, a white silk neckerchief, braided hair hanging from beneath the cowboy hat and mounted on her buckskin pony, made a wonderful picture. But the feeling of pleasure which surged over Dick at the sight of her was instantly replaced by a frown as he noticed that she was in conversation with Charley Swain. As he reined in his horse beside Pauline Swain raised his hat and said:

"So the Colonel is in; all right, thank you, I will go and see him." Then returning Dick's angry glare with a polite nod and a cynical smile, he turned and walked toward the house.

"Come on, Dick," said Pauline, archly, "let's ride! Don't look so mad. Why you look so vicious I am positively afraid of you."

"Pauline," said Dick, as the horses cantered down the street, "I am surprised to see you talking to that 'stinging lizzard' after the way he insulted you. It is bad enough for your father, who does not know his character, to talk to him, but you—I certainly would not have believed it if some one had told me. But after seeing it with my own eyes I am forced to believe it."

"Now, Dick, you make me about half mad," pouted Pauline. "But listen, and don't interrupt me. You are due an explanation, and I will tell you all about it. When you have heard it you will agree that there is nothing so bad about it."

"Mr. Swain is awfully sorry and ashamed of his conduct that day, and he has apologized to me on several occasions. He was under the influence of liquor that day, so it was not his real self. He is sorry and penitent in his apologies. I am really sorry for the man, he is so cut up about the affair."

"Sorry, piffle!" interrupted Dick. "That is just what he is playing for, the low-down loafer. That is just like his breed; they are always playing as if they were doing you a favor or that they were the only honest people in the world."

"Now really, Dick, you are too hard on the man. He was honest in his assertion that he was not normal, and he further stated that this was the first time that he had been drunk for years. He said that he drank, but with the exception of this instance he had never been under the influence of liquor, and on this occasion it was possibly due to the hardships that he had encountered in coming to Oklahoma."

"Drunk, your uncle?" exploded Dick. "He was no more drunk that day than I am right at the present time. But that's a nice yarn and most any woman would fall for it. It is true, possibly, that he is seldom under the influence

of liquor to any extent—gamblers are too smart for anything like that. They usually get their victims drunk, remaining sober themselves so they may be in the proper condition for robbing their victims. But he was not drunk that day; his actions were due to pure low-down cussedness and nothing more."

"Now, Dick, I do not approve of him, but I do think he is interesting," she cried tormentingly.

Instantly Dick was mad all over. Man-like, he had failed to grasp the fact that Pauline had seized the opportunity of talking to Swain, whom she really disliked, in order that he might see them together; and she was diplomatically teasing him on to further jealousy. True to her sex, she could not feel satisfied as to the strength of his love without knowing that he could be jealous of her receiving attention from other men.

"Pauline," said Dick in a cool, even voice, "the idea of your calling that man interesting after the way he insulted you is past me. Why——"

"Now, Mister Bear," interrupted Pauline, "I don't care for any one but you. Don't be silly. Come on, we are out of town, I'll race you! Bet I beat you to Medicine Hill! And hitting her pony with her quirt she was gone, closely followed by the mollified Dick.

The race continued for a couple of miles, Dick holding in his horse so as never to get further to the front than the flank of Pauline's horse, much to the lady's satisfaction. The many races that they had run in the past had always been thus, and Pauline fully believed that the "buckskin" was the speedier of the two horses. When the two horses reached the top of Medicine Hill Pauline's horse was half a neck in the lead, and she was on the ground by the time Dick had dismounted.

"Oh, you cowboy," she chided, "why don't you get a horse that can run?"

"That's all right," laughed Dick, "I'm going to beat you some day, see if I don't. But I will hand it to you, that 'buckskin' can run."

"You are always saying that, Mister Man, but you have got to show me—I'm from show-me county, Missouri. Come on, let's look at the scenery, it never gets old to me when I am up here."

Before them lay the town of Langford, stretched out on the prairie blotting out the valley which began at the base of the hill and extended past the town into the far distance, where it ended in purple mountains. The prairie, as far as the eye could distinguish, was

a mixture of green and dark brown spots, which gave it the appearance of a gigantic map. The green grass was intersected by squares of ground broken by the plows of the new homesteaders—the beginning of the vanishing of the cattle-men from the “open range.”

To the lovers, who were building dreams for the future, the picture soon lost its beauty. The evening passed swiftly and it was dusk before they realized its passing and started on the homeward trip.

When Dick arrived home he met Jack coming out from stabling his horse.

“Hello, Dick!” he greeted, “making myself at home. Didn’t find you around so I just turned my horse in and was going to tell you about it later.”

“Why, Jack, old boy,” said Dick, dismounting and shaking his hand, “I am sure glad to see you. I will turn my horse in. We will go in and stir up some eats, then we can have a good old talk.”

“Sorry, Dick,” replied Jack, “but I am due to see a party uptown within a short time, so I will have to go.”

“Come on in, Jack, that will keep. You are getting to be a regular stranger to me, and now that you do come around, running off like that; that’s not playing me fair.”

“It does seem like you say,” replied Jack, “but you know how I feel about it. I am getting ready to go back to ‘punching’ cows—Arizona, I guess—leaving in a day or so. I will come back and talk it all over with you tomorrow.”

“Well, if you won’t stay I am banking on seeing you tomorrow. I want you to tell me about it. But I hate like smoke to hear you talk of leaving.”

“So long,” said Jack, as he started for the street, “see you tomorrow.”

“Same to you, Jack, and don’t fail to come.”

As Jack disappeared into the night Dick shook his head in emphasis of his disapproval of Jack’s leaving.

CHAPTER VIII. SHORTY HICKS

When Jack entered “The Palace” saloon all games of chance were in full blast—faro, roulette and poker, according to the players’ choice. Pausing for a moment at the bar he bought a drink and a stack of chips, after which he sauntered over to where a group of men were gathered around a roulette wheel.

Crowding in among the players he placed half his chips on the black square. The ball

rolled and stopped on the black. Leaving his winnings, he shoved the increased stack over to the green square. The ball raced around the wheel and stopped on zero. Angered at his loss he placed his remaining chips on the black. The ball rolled and stopped on the black. The game continues, and while he loses at times his pile of chips steadily increases until they represent a large denomination. There have been two changes in dealers in the attempt to break him, but without success. He quits the colors and lines and starts playing the numbers, occasionally playing safe on zero. It seems as though he has a supernatural insight as to where the ball will stop. At last Charley Swain takes the wheel.

“Going to break me, ain’t you, Jack?” he inquired.

“No, I am just getting a little run for my money,” replied Jack. “It won’t last long—nothing good ever lasts long with me.”

Notwithstanding Jack’s statement, the luck did continue, but if Swain felt any uneasiness it could not be detected from his expression; and to all appearance he was as cool and suave as if the winnings were on his side of the house.

“What is your limit?” at last inquired Jack. “The ‘blue sky,’ and whatever is above it!” said Swain as he picked up the ball.

“All right,” said Jack, shoving all his chips out on the table, “I am playing the whole works on number thirty-eight.”

If he won, this meant thirty-eight times his bet. With the amount he had on the table multiplied by that number it would take Swain’s saloon and all he owned to pay it. Swain wore a mask of unconcern as he said: “All set—that’s a good bet—so, here goes the ball, and where it will stop nobody knows!”

A deathly stillness fell over the spectators as the ball, with a swish, left Swain’s hand and bounded around the wheel. Jack was as indifferent as Swain—while he did not have at stake as much as Swain, yet there was a small fortune on the table, and it represented every cent that he owned. The ball grew slower and slower, until with one exhausted movement it balanced itself between thirty-eight and thirty-seven, then tottered over on thirty-seven.

“Well, that cleans me,” said Jack, as he arose from the table, unmoved as though the stakes had been but “two-bits,” instead of a small fortune.

“You played close to it, Jack,” said Swain. “You really ought to have had it. Go up to

the bar and take what you want, and here is a stack of chips for you." But as he pushed out a stack of chips Jack waived them back.

"I appreciate your offer, Swain," he said, "but I can't take it. I will take the drink though."

Jack poured out a stiff drink of whiskey and drank it down. Refilling the glass he pushed the bottle back, and as he did so his eye fell on a short, heavy-set, red-headed man who was standing next to the bar at his right. As a half spoken word of recognition arose to his lips the man deliberately winked at him and nodded towards the street entrance. He slowly dropped his right eyelid, and turned his attention to his glass. As he set the empty glass on the bar the stranger was disappearing through the street door, so he quietly followed.

As Jack passed through the front door of the saloon he saw the red-headed man walking slowly up the street, so he quietly fell in behind him. The man, after one backward glance, turned abruptly off from the main thoroughfare of the town into a dark, unlighted street. Finally after covering several blocks the man entered a poorly constructed, two-story building. As yet no word of recognition had passed the two men, further than the exchange of winks which had passed while in the saloon. Jack entered the door closely behind his guide and followed him through a narrow hall and up a crooked, creaking stairway into a dark room where the guide was in the act of lighting a lamp. When the man turned around, Jack seized him by the hand and exclaimed:

"'Shorty' Hicks, I am sure glad to see you! Never thought of seeing you again, after leaving you at Deer Lodge."

"Jack, me boy," exclaimed the man, whose ruddy, clean-shaved face was wreathed in smiles. "I am prouder to see yer than if yer were me brudder. I never dreamed of meetin' with a buddie in this neck of ther woods, but 'tis a proud day ter me that I met yer; and I'm thinking that ther meeting will mean good to both of us. Now take a seat and make yerself at ease, for I've quite a bit ter tell yer."

"Well," laughed Jack, as he sat down and leaned his chair against the wall, "what are you so darn mysterious about? You use as much caution as you did the night we escaped from Deer Lodge."

"Like this," said Hicks, as he filled and lighted a short briar-wood pipe. "Yer know 'cracking cribs' was me 'long suit' when youse knew me, and it is still me means of a livelihood. I've got a 'hen on' for this hick village,

so it pays not ter spoil a good beginning. I was going to work it by meself, but now since I've run into youse, I would like ter have a buddie about yer calibre. A job is always easier if yer have some one yer can depend on. I will outline me plans and if yer take to it we will split the boodle in ther middle—yer take half and me the other. What do youse say; is it a go?"

"I need money," said Jack, turning out several empty pockets for illustration. "If being broke is any indication, I am cleaned to the last penny, but, 'Shorty' I can pretty well figure what you are up to, and I can't say that I want—"

"Ah, go on an' can dat Sunday talk!" broke in Hicks. "Youse can't tell nudding about it 'til I give yer the lay of things. Now yer knows I'm a nitro-glycerine man—when it comes to using the soup I'm right on ther job. But I'm way ahe'd of the average yegg, cause I can work or 'feel' the combination of the average crib—not many crooks are on ter dat stuff yit. Back in ther State of New York, before I went crooked, I was master mechanic of one of ther biggest vault and safe factories in ther country, so before I went crooked I got pretty well on to how ther boxes were built, and since den I've kept pretty well in practice."

"I've got ther dope on this First National Bank of Langford, and take it from me, I can run dat combination in less than twenty minutes—things all quiet, no noise or excitement, everything as peaceful as a church, see? No danger of any rough stuff—why it's a pipe; like taking candy away from a kid. All yer need ter do is ter stand in ther door of ther rear entrance, or rather when we goes in, yer will watch de street through a crack in de door, see? If anybody comes down ther side street youse can watch dem, and if dey try ter come in, stop them. But there is no danger of dat, cause dis side street is not used much; and there will be no glim, so nobody will see a light from the front of ther building. Man, it will be pure velvet, an' dat bank is as rich as river mud. What sez yer, are youse on?"

"Shorty," said Jack, "go on and work your job, but count me out; I don't want it, I'm trying to play straight."

"Ah, sneak dat 'straight' stuff!" exclaimed Hicks in an angry voice. "Youse knows as well as I does that we are both 'lifers' if dem Montana officers can get der mits on us; and dey haven't quit looking for us, cause when a 'lifer' gits loose dey never quit looking. So yer see we have got a hot chance for playing straight

—'bout der time that we gets a roll, joins the church and begins to be useful citizens along come some hick officer and der next thing dat we knows we are doing de lock-step back at Deer Lodge. Now youse knows dat just as well as I do."

"What you say is about right," said Jack. "But after we escaped from the penitentiary I got in with a good clean bunch of fellows, and I have been trying to forget the past. If I had made good on this land rush I would have sold out and gone to some other section and played it that way, but my horse went bad and I lost out. I've got a claim that will be worth something some day, but I can't wait on it—the way it stands today it is worse than useless. My pardner made good and tried to divide with me, but you know I could not accept anything that way, not even from a pardner."

"I'm cleaned now, even to the last dollar. I got a little run on roulette before I met you, but I got cleaned on the last whirl of the wheel; so I guess I will see Dick, borrow a stake from him and go back to punching cows."

"Now, listen ter me!" cried Hicks, smiting the table with his clenched fist. "Yer have been crooked once, and yer are an escaped jail bird; an' now yer have ther nerve ter set there and feed me dat straight stuff—youse makes me sick. Yer intentions may be good, but without money it can't be done—yer will be cooling yer heels in a steel cage ther next thing dat yer know."

"Listen here, Hicks," said Jack looking him squarely in the eye, "that jail bird stuff goes, but I am right here to tell you that the 'crook' stuff does not. I have never been a crook and no matter what I may be in the future; I was not a crook, in the true sense, when you knew me."

"Ah, don't git on yer ear, Jack," apologized Hicks. "I did not mean ter offend yer; ferget it, won't yer?"

"That's all right, Shorty," replied Jack, "but you never knew why I was sent to Deer Lodge. All you knew was that I was in the penitentiary and we escaped from it together. I was sent up for killing a man, not for being a crook; it was not murder in the true sense of the word—but some people made it that."

"Before I got into this trouble I owned a pretty good cattle ranch up in Montana, and was doing well. I married the wrong type of woman—she was one of those kind who can never love one man all her time; in other words one of those butterfly types who can only exist on soft words and flattery."

"I said I owned the ranch, but that was only a figure of speech. I owned it in partnership with a man I had pardnered with for a number of years, but the woman broke up our friendship. I played him fair and warned him, but he had become so infatuated with the woman that he was past the reasoning point."

"One day it came to a showdown—he went for his gun, but I beat him to it. He had it coming to him, for I had played him square—but when it came to the showdown I had it to do—it was his life or mine. The one who deserved what he got, or what I got, went free—they always do. I should have left her, but I loved her too well for my own good."

"I surrendered to the officers of my own accord, never dreaming that the case would go against me. There were only two witnesses—myself and my wife. Well, the woman went against me—swore that it was unprovoked, and that I murdered the man. I took my medicine—never attempted to expose the woman's unfaithfulness, and went to Deer Lodge for life. I was popular in that section, so they would not give me the 'first degree.' If I had gone on the witness stand in my own behalf I would have come clear, for that jury would have believed every word that I said. So you can see I have never been a crook—escaped jail bird, yes."

"Yer certainly got a dirty deal," said Hicks, who had been an interested listener to Jack's narrative. "But a skirt will git a man into trouble every time. Dats ther trouble with me—too many skirts. Dey will put a man on the bum every time if he don't watch his step."

"Now, let's get back to dis Langford job. Here is the way dat yer stand—Yer have been a straight guy, and would yit if yer had half a chance, but yer can't do it—yer are down and out. Yer can go back ter punching cows, but sooner or later some guy will see one of them Montana reward circulars and then back to their strong box yer will go—or another killing, so there yer are. Now, ther guys dat have their coin in this bank have made it easy, an' they have plenty more, or property. Some of it, but for yer horse, ought to have been in yer own pocket. We can pull dis job, split ther coin and blow into Old Mex and live in peace. I'll pull ther job off smooth, then we can go on about our business. No man knows me, nor suspicions me; so yer see yer can go back ter yer homestead and wait until ther thing blows over, and then yer can breeze over across the Rio Grande."

For several moments after Hicks ceased

speaking Jack sat in a deep study, then he suddenly straightened up in his chair and gave Hicks his hand.

"I'm with you," he said, "I—don't want to do it, but from the way circumstances have stacked up against me there is nothing else to do."

"Dat's ther sensible talk," said Hicks, who grasped the outstretched hand. "Yer meet me in ther alley back of ther bank at one o'clock; could wait later; but ther streets will be pretty well cleared by dat time. And now don't ferget that we will only have a bit over two hours ter play on—and, take dis wid yer."

"No!" refused Jack, who waved back the twenty dollar gold piece which lay in Hicks' hand.

"Ah, go on," said Hicks, "yer broke, be sensible—call it on account, if yer will not take a loan."

"All right," said Jack, who took the coin and put it in his pocket. Then he arose and started out, but when he reached the door he turned and said:

"I will meet you in the alley at one o'clock."

CHAPTER IX

A Night of Excitement

It was about one-thirty when Joe Henderson came up the dark, unlighted street which lead by the First National Bank of Langford.

Joe Henderson was a man of cool judgment and iron nerve. As a native of the early West he had followed a varied and exciting career as ranchman, Indian fighter, pony express rider and shotgun express messenger. Owing to these qualifications he was chosen as the first chief of police, or town marshal of Langford—and it was not long before the lawless element learned that they would have to fight for anything that they put over "Old Joe," or any officer of his choosing.

To-night he was tired. He had pursued a Mexican for the last hour, for whom he had a warrant for stealing, but the "greaser" had escaped him in the outskirts of the town. A sigh of relief escaped his lips as he neared the center of the town, and he decided that he would turn in and get some rest. Somehow exertion was telling on him more than it used to. "Must be getting old," he muttered.

Suddenly, as he neared the bank, he became alert and his physical condition was forgotten. Two men were coming out of the side entrance of the bank.

"Throw up your hands!" commanded Old Joe, drawing his pistol, "or I will—"

Bang! came the report from a flash of light which lighted up the street, and he never completed his command; but as he crumpled towards the ground his thumb released the hammer of his Bisley and a roaring report followed as the 45 spat fire and lead at the darkened doorway—Old Joe had "gone under" according to the code of his kind.

One of the two figures grabbed his arm when Old Joe's pistol fired, and he uttered a suppressed groan.

"Are you hurt?" inquired the uninjured man.

"Shot through the arm," replied the other. "Nothing serious, but it will bother some. Come, let's beat it; there will be a bunch here in a minute—I don't like this shooting."

Then as they ran around the building into the alley, the other man said:

"I didn't want ter do it, but yer know he brought it all on himself."

"That is true enough," said the wounded man, "but I'm sick of this killing business."

As the robbers disappeared down the alley several Langford citizens, who had been drawn to the scene by the two pistol shots, turned the corner at the First National Bank, where they saw a crumpled figure lying in the darkened street. The man in the lead ran to the fallen man and turned him over.

"My God!" he exclaimed, and dropped to his knees. "Boys, it's Joe! Are you hurt bad, Joe? Who did it?"

Then as he pillowed the wounded man's head in his lap, Old Joe uttered a groan, and gasped:

"Bank robbed—size—looks—Dick Sterns!"

"Was it Dick Sterns, Joe?" inquired the man who was holding his head. "Was it—"

But the man suddenly stopped, for Old Joe had given one convulsive gash and his body relaxed—and he knew that his soul had crossed the "Great Divide" to meet his Maker.

"Boys," said the man in a choking voice, after he had removed his hat, "Old Joe is gone, and a gamer, bigger hearted, all-around man never lived—and him gone like this—shot, like a worthless dog, by a sneaking thief."

"Boys, he was true blue—you know that, and you did not know him like I did. I've known him since the old Indian days—fought them with him. He fought clean, there was nothing dirty about him, either in his fighting or his dealings with men. Many a broke and down-and-out man have I seen him stake—he was a man's type of a man."

When the man ceased speaking the men drew in closer and there was an angry glitter

in their eyes, as they voiced their approval of the fallen officer, towards his slayer.

"Now, boys," again spoke Joe's friend, "it is getting time for us to do something. Joe never said absolutely that Sterns shot him, personally I can't get myself to believe it, for he has always been a clean kind of a fellow, and as he has money, I cannot see his motive for committing this robbery, but he must be looked up and given a chance to explain things; the sooner the better as something may be picked up that will be in his favor, or against him, if he is guilty."

"Part of you boys go and round-up some riding stock. One of you can go and get the U. S. Marshal, and some of you can give me a hand in moving Joe's body. We will all meet at The Palace."

The men started on their different missions and the street once more became silent.

(There were no sheriffs until after the Territory days.)

In the meantime Shorty Hicks and Jack had halted in a vacant lot, several blocks from the band, and were holding a whispered conversation.

"Now," said Hicks, "let me see what I can do for yer arm."

"Let it go, it is not hurt bad," replied Jack. "I thought it was broken at first, but it is not. The ball hit me in the left breast, glanced around my rib and passed through the muscles of my left arm; may have glanced the bone, but it is not broken—you can make a sling out of my neckerchief if you want to though."

Hicks opened Jack's shirt and pulled it down over his arm, exposing both wounds; then after producing a small bottle he poured some of the liquid on his handkerchief and quickly rubbed it over the groove cut in Jack's left breast. Jack flinched as the liquid entered the wound, and Hicks remarked:

"Iodine is what I am putting on it; there is nothing better in a case of this kind; I always carry a little for emergencies—won't hurt long."

While he was talking he was busily engaged in swabbing off the arm wounds. The handkerchief was then bound tightly above the wound. Jack's shirt was pulled back in place, and a sling was made of his neckerchief and his arm was placed in it—all of which was done in a very short time, considering that Hicks did not dare to use a light, and was resorting to touch instead of sight.

"Thanks, old man," said Jack when the op-

eration was completed, "you have fixed me up in fine shape."

"Here is your part of the boodle," said Hicks, shoving two rolls of money into Jack's pockets. "I divided the swag while I was in ther joint, so I think it is about kerrect. Now are yer all right? If yer are not, we will beat it together, but we will stand better chances if we separate."

"I am all right," said Jack, "and my horse is near here; I'll make it all right—you are right about the chances. Well, so-long, 'Shorty,' hope you make it—and try to take care of yourself."

"Same ter youse, Jack, and I hopes to see yer later somewhere—mebby Old Mex."

Then as the low-voiced conversation ended the darkness swallowed up the speakers—Jack hurrying in the direction of his horse.

Dick had retired shortly after cooking his supper, but he could not sleep; several times he thought of dressing and going up town. Jack's coming and what he said about leaving the country worried him. He knew that the range was the best place for Jack under the existing circumstances, for his present way of living was going to end bad if he continued it, but he was deeply attached to Jack, who was not only a friend, but a pardner. But, he mused, Jack was not treating him right; he should take part of what he had gained from his property, it was coming to him—they were pardners—and not only that, Jack was responsible for his having it—he would have never come to Oklahoma but for Jack. But Jack was too proud; there was no reason about him in a matter of this kind.

Well, he was going to give him a good stake when he got ready to leave—he would have to take it. And while Dick's troubled mind was musing over doing something for Jack he fell into a fretful sleep.

Dick had been asleep possibly two hours, when he was aroused by a loud lumbering down at his stable. Wondering what could be the matter with the horses, he hastily dressed and made his way out of the house. Nearing the stable he saw the door of the stall containing Jack's horse was open, and then he heard a voice say:

"Whoa! Firefly, old boy, don't you know me? Come on—their ain't any use of acting this way."

"Hey, Jack," said Dick, as he recognized Jack's voice, "you come right out of there and go to bed! I'm not letting you leave like this—and then it is high time you were in bed, anyway."

"Dick," interrupted Jack, "come in and catch my horse for me—I've had some trouble—and I can't get away too quick."

True to his Western breeding, Dick never inquired as to what had happened, but instead, he instantly reached his hand in through the darkened doorway to secure the bridle, and in so doing his hand momentarily rested on the sleeve of Jack's blood-soaked shirt.

"Why, Jack," exclaimed Dick in a surprised voice, "you are shot! Your arm is all wet with blood—let me take you to the house and fix you up."

"No! Catch the horse; nothing serious about the shooting—all a flesh wound; I've got it bandaged. Here's the bridle; I can't catch him—he smells the blood, and one hand is not much good."

Dick, after a short flurry, bridled the excited Firefly, and led him out and saddled him.

"Hold him!" he commanded. And thrusting the reins into Jack's hand, he started in a run for the house. After a very short time he re-appeared carrying a small sack. Arriving by the side of the horse he quickly removed the slicker from behind the cantle, and after placing the sack in the slicker he re-tied it to the saddle.

"Some eats," he remarked, "and here is a little present I will slip in your pocket."

"No, I don't want it," said Jack, who had felt the bills which Dick was trying to slip in his pocket. "Money is the cause of my trouble. I don't want it."

"But this is different," said Dick, "this is from me. No, you need not try to keep me from it; I am going to give it to you—take it as a remembrance." Then as Dick shoved the money down in Jack's pocket his hand encountered a large roll of bills, but at the time he did not gather its significance.

"Well, Dick," said Jack, "to remember you, I will take it—" Then as he hesitated for a moment, the distant sound of horses' hoofs came to his ear, and he continued, "Help me on Dick—I hear them coming."

"Jack," said Dick, "I'll go with you if you need me."

"No! God bless you Dick!" said Jack in a choked voice, "I don't want you in this—it's bad enough for me to be in it."

As their hands met, Jack exclaimed:

"Good-bye, old pardner, I'm off for Mexico."

"Good-bye, Jack, and don't forget, I'm always your friend. I will hold them until you have made a good start."

Then the night swallowed the horse and his rider.

Dick rushed to the house, procured a lantern and had just returned to his barn and lighted it when a party of riders came thundering down the street, and as they arrived at the alley which leads down to his stable they suddenly reined their horses—true to his expectation, the light at that late hour had attracted their attention.

"Hello, boys!" exclaimed Dick, as he came out of the stable with the lantern in his hand. "My horse got tangled up in his stall, and I had to get him up. What are you boys riding so late about?"

"It's like this," said Marshal Morgan, riding a little ahead of his posse, and watching Dick's face with a cool pair of grey eyes, "Joe Henderson was killed a bit ago, and we are looking for the man who shot him."

"Not Old Joe?" said Dick in a surprised voice, but not showing the sign of guilt that the marshal was expecting to see.

"Yes," replied the marshal. "The party first robbed the First National, and then shot Joe. I am sorry, Dick, but I must put you under arrest."

"All right, Morgan, but you know I am not in need of money—I cannot see how you can figure that I would rob the bank and shoot Joe."

"Well," said the marshal, who had motioned for one of his men to dismount, "Joe made a dying statement that rather implicated you."

"Joe evidently mistook some one for me," said Dick, who handed his lantern to the dismounted man and prepared to mount. "Old Joe never had a better friend than me in Langford."

As Dick reached with his right hand to catch the horn of the saddle Marshal Morgan noticed that the palm was stained with blood.

"How did you get that blood on your hand?" snapped the marshal.

"Why, I got that off my horse," replied Dick without changing his expression, "he cut himself on a nail while he was down."

"John Miller, you and Sam Taylor take the lantern and examine Sterns' horse and see if he has any fresh cuts on him," ordered the marshal. "We will take the prisoner to jail. It may be horse blood, but it strikes me more like it is human blood—and Old Joe's at that."

CHAPTER X

The Way of the West

Dick had waived his preliminary hearing and

had been bound over to the next term of criminal court—or rather bond was refused him and he was doomed to spend the intervening two months in jail.

The loss of the bank had been ten thousand dollars—the larger amount having escaped Shorty Hicks' vigilance. While the bank was excited over this loss, it did not affect the depositors. The public was wrought up over "Old Joe's" death, and if Dick was guilty it was certainly going hard with him. This was the general public slogan, but, notwithstanding the incriminating evidence, the public as a whole did not believe him guilty. His reputation and financial position, since they had known him, was utterly against an act of this kind.

The colonel, regardless of Swains' influence, was one of the many friends who tried to secure bail for him, and he was very emphatic in his assertions as to Dick's innocence.

To Dick the future looked gloomy. True he intended to secure the best legal talent that money could secure, but he realized that a lawyer must have something to build upon to overcome his lack of an alibi and the overwhelming amount of circumstantial evidence. But regardless of consequences he had but one course to pursue—and that was to shield Jack.

He knew that he was guilty, the wounded arm and the roll of bills, which his hand had encountered when putting his money in Jack's pocket, could mean nothing else. He did not approve of what Jack had done—but right or wrong, Jack, who had once saved his life at the odds of losing his own, was a friend, nay more than that—he was a pardner—and come what would, he would carry all blame to shield him, even unto death. But he was breaking his heart to shield his pardner, for his love for Pauline and thoughts of losing her made the stand that he was going to take nearly unendurable.

And Pauline—at first she had not taken the matter seriously as far as Dick's being guilty was concerned. When she announced that she was going to the preliminary hearing, she was easily persuaded to stay at home, after the colonel had explained that in a case where the accusation was as absurd as it was in this case, that it would be highly improper for her to attend. Then he went on to explain that the arrest had been made on nothing but flimsy circumstances, and that Dick would be cleared instantly of the "infamous charge."

But when Dick waived examination and was sent to jail to await trial, that was a horse of

another color. Pauline spent a restless, sleepless night and early after breakfast she stood knocking on the jail door for admission.

"I want to see Mr. Stearns," she said, when Jailer Bud Martin cautiously opened the door and protruded his bewhiskered face. "I am Miss Greer—Mr. Stearns' fiance."

"Say yuh are?" exclaimed the astonished Bud, who failed to comprehend the latter part of her speech. "They say he has lots of 'finances,' but I didn't know yuh were—part of it."

"No, you don't understand," said Pauline, half smiling. "I am the girl that Mr. Stearns is going to marry."

"Uh-huh!" said Bud, grinning. "I've seen yuh two together a lot, missy, and I used ter think that yuh would hitch up some day. Come right in, missy; shore yuh can see him. Dick has just et his breakfast, and he will be plumb proud ter see yuh."

"Follow me," said Bud, after locking the door and leading the way to a flight of steps. "Jail is plumb deserted except for Dick; never see such a scarcity of prisoners since they built the place. Now watch yuhself on these steps; they ain't much—well, they don't build jails much for comfort."

Pauline felt a queer, chokey feeling when Jailer Martin opened a door at the head of the steps and ushered her into a room where three grim, barred cages met her startled gaze.

"Hello, Dick," said Bud, "yuh had better be parting yuh hair, cause I've got one of the purtiest women here ter see yuh thet ever growed." Then as the door swung open, he continued, "yuh go right in, missy, and stay as long as yuh want ter. When yuh are ready ter leave just knock on ther door at the head of the steps, and I will come and let yuh out."

"Thank you, so much," said Pauline in a weak voice. And then she stumbled through the cell door way into Dick's arms and was sobbing on his shoulder. Bud gave one approving glance, and then went out and locked the door.

"Pauline," said Dick, after clasping her to him for a moment, "this is one of the happiest and saddest moments of my life. I am proud of your coming to me like this—it means more to me than I can tell you. But, girlie, I wish you had not come—no, not that I have not been wanting to see you. I have thought of you every hour that I have been awake, but people will talk; it is about you that I am thinking."

"Let them talk," said Pauline defiantly, "little I care about what they may say."

"I believe you," said Dick, kissing her on her defiant mouth. "You are the kind of a girl a man can tie to."

"I just had to come to see you, Dick," said Pauline wistfully, "not only because you are in trouble, but I knew you would tell me why you did not offer any defense at the trial. I know you are innocent, but you have some reason for keeping quiet. You will, I know, tell me what it is, Dick?"

Dick dropped his arm from around Pauline, and sitting down on his cot buried his head in his hands.

"Tell me, please," said Pauline, sitting down beside him and taking his hand in hers. "You know, Dick, what you say to me will be sacred."

"Pauline," he said, looking her in the eye, "it was Jack. I've got to shield him, cost what it may." Then he briefly outlined the events of the fatal night.

"Well," said Pauline thoughtfully, "I know you are deeply attached to Jack, but that attachment does not call for you to sacrifice yourself."

"My attachment, as you call it, is of such a nature that I cannot break it. It is not only based on friendship; it is based on the fact that Jack saved my life once, enduring great torture in so doing, and risking his life in the most unbelievable manner to save me that you have ever heard of. There is not a man in a thousand who would have taken the chance that he did."

Then his eyes grew bright and his face became animated as he pictured the scene far back in the Wind River Mountains where nothing but a slowly uprooting tree held him from a fifteen hundred foot fall and eternity. Then, as Pauline listened breathlessly, he described the heartbreaking struggle that he had made climbing the rope. He dwelt upon his resentment towards Jack, until he recovered his strength and looked around to see what had become of him—saw him lying in a dead faint with his arms locked around a small tree, while tied to his legs was the other end of the rope, that he, after a great struggle, had climbed.

A sob shook Pauline's body as he pictured the anguish and misery endured by Jack during that eventful climb, where but for Jack's iron nerve and determination, the tiny thread would have broken and they would have landed far below in the rock strewn canyon. Knowing how great the odds were in favor of losing

his own life, he, without hesitation, took the chance of saving the life of a man, who at that time was nothing more than an acquaintance.

"Now," he concluded, "you can see why I must shield Jack. He is more than a friend, he is my pardner—in this country there is no greater word."

For a moment Pauline sat in a deep study, then she suddenly looked Dick in the eye and softly said:

"It was indeed noble; it was the grandest act that I ever heard of, but—Dick, there are two ways of looking at the present situation. If there was but you and Dick to consider, your course would be the right one, but you have me to consider. Do you love Jack more than you do me?"

"No, Pauline," replied Dick, placing his arm around her waist and gently drawing her to him, "there has never been any one that I loved like I love you. I never took to women until I met you—never knew the meaning of love until you came into my life. You mean everything to me, but I never have gone back on a pardner, and I can't start in by throwing a man who has saved my life."

"But listen, Dick," persisted Pauline, "Jack has gotten away by now, so there will be no harm in telling."

"No, you are wrong," he replied. "With the telegraph wires, which cover large sections of the country today, and with the circulars with which they would flood the country, they would get or kill him, either one. The odds are against him, and not only that, it is against my creed to tell anything on a man who trusts me—a pardner, never!"

"Yes," said Pauline, drawing away from him, "you would uphold him in this robbery and cold-blooded murder, even against all the love you have for me."

"Pauline!" said Dick sharply, "I am not upholding his act; I certainly do not approve of what he did, but he is my pardner—and, right or wrong, when he needs help I have got to give it to him. It is my sense of honor and friendship that I am up against, and cost what it may I must face it."

"It is hard for you to understand, for where you come from people may look at things differently, and the 'creed' of the cattle country is a little different from any other section. We do not care where a man comes from or what he was, either good or bad,—the present is what we figure on. Neither do we take any stock in anything bad that one person may say about another, for we size a man up by our

own observation of his qualities—good or bad as the case may be. What knockers may say is really in the man's favor, for the true Westerner is not of that type. If he cannot say a good thing about a man he remains silent."

"Since the pioneer days it has been the custom throughout the West for the latchstring to hang on the outside of the door. Any traveler may enter any ranch house or cabin when the owner is absent, cook him a meal or spend the night, and he is welcome. All that is expected of him is that he shall leave things as he found them. But let him violate this, and other customs of the country, and of decency, he becomes a marked man, a degenerate. The cattle country does not knock, but when it chooses to remain 'silent' about a man you can say he is a parasite of the lowest type."

"Money does not mean much out here. If a man is straight he can borrow money, even though he does not own a penny. A note is not necessary, all that is needed is his word. A man's word is everything in this country, if men trust him."

"And now when we tie to a man as a pardner we stick through thick and thin—we never lay down on him unless he does us dirt. So you can see that I can't turn Jack up—even if he was never caught, the news would go all over the West. I have a clean reputation and a host of friends up in the Northwest country, friends who trust me. If they heard of my turning-up a pardner—yellow and dirty would not half describe their contempt for me. But I am range bred and the creed of the cattle country is born in me. I can't break it—not even to save my life. I would for you, only too gladly, if I could—but I cannot. My own pleasure and happiness is not to be considered. My only regret is you. Were it not for my love for you, and the worry that I am causing you, my burden would not be so bitter."

"But listen, Pauline," he continued, "we are crossing the bridge before we get to it. I have

not been convicted, and there is a good chance that I may yet be acquitted."

"Well," said Pauline, springing to her feet, "if you won't tell, I will! So there!"

"Pauline you cannot do that, because I trust you, and then you promised that you would not betray my confidence," said Dick solemnly.

"I don't care if I did," she said, stamping her foot angrily. "I am going to! I am not going to let you sacrifice yourself for any fool code like this."

"Pauline," said Dick, "you are not yourself, or you would not talk like that. If you do tell I will deny it, so you will not get anywhere. But if you were to tell it without my backing your story they would at the most only consider that Jack and were both into it—so after all you would only make matters worse."

"Well," said Pauline scornfully, "I believe now that both of you were in it."

"If I did not love you like I do, Pauline, I would have a lot of contempt for you—after my telling you all of this confidentially. But you are not yourself, you are laboring under excitement or you would not talk that way—for you do believe every word I have told you."

"It is certain," sniffed Pauline. "that you do not love me. Don't interrupt me, I know what I am saying and I am not excited, not one bit, and I will tell you, Dick Sterns—you are the same to me as you would be if I never met you. You can go and let them hang you if you want to—I don't care one way or the other. I am through with you."

"Well, I love you, no matter what you say, Pauline," said Dick brokenly. "You will change your mind when you have time to think things over—if you don't you will regret it more than once."

But Pauline, with her head high in the air, did not reply as she marched out of the cell and began furiously pounding on the door for Jailer Martin.

(To be continued)





The Peace of Night on Lake-Shore and Mountain Top

A "Bush" Courtship

By ETHEL B. SAVAGE

NO doubt all men at times get right down to first principles and show themselves as the primitive animals they all are under the thin veneer of civilization, but it is in the newer, more sparsely settled countries that you see them stripped bare of all pretenses.

And after all, while you may have contempt for the hypocrisies and affection of modern life, yet it serves the purpose of smoothing the rough paths and keeping oiled the wheels of Society.

The law of the survival of the fittest rules every where, but it was in the vast new country of Australia that I saw it best illustrated.

The coach carrying me up from Brisbane also contained two young women whose sparkling eyes showed they were enjoying the adventure. As it was a journey of several weeks, and we were all headed for the same place, you may be sure we became very well acquainted.

Both were English girls—one about twenty years of age, who had been engaged as bar-maid, an extremely blond type, as all English bar-maids are—the other, Martha, about two years younger. She had accepted the position as piano-player for a dance-hall up country—as it was her one accomplishment—the death of her father having compelled her to earn her own living.

The more I came to know these two, the firmer became my opinion that, altho Gertrude might get along very well in this wild country—being older and apparently much more sophisticated and in every way more capable of looking after herself—Martha, sweet and innocent of the world would be entirely out of her element.

One fine morning, swinging along under the dropping gum-trees, the conversation led around to herself. "Do you know anything of this place you're going to?" I inquired. "Why, no," hesitatingly—"but the wages offered me were—." "Aw, whaddya want to scare her for?" broke in Gertrude angrily, "I've been told it's no different than any of the other townships scattered over this country—lots of men and only a few women—that's what any girl likes—why, in these places I hear women are so scarce they get loaded up with all sorts of attentions and a girl has any number of 'Beaus' to pick from."

"Oh, but Gertrude," exclaimed Martha, with cheeks flaming, "I'm not anxious to—"

"Well, you may hanker to be an old maid," interrupted Gertrude, whose impatience was so great she never could wait for anyone to finish a sentence, "but just you wait, you'll fall, some one of these days—won't she, Mister!" But before I could answer there was a loud splintering crash, the coach lurched to one side and came to a dead stop. Out we piled, to discover that one of the wheels had collapsed—the roads being nothing but water-worn ruts. This necessitated our camping on the spot. The black-bearded Jehu with the assistance of the male passengers—one fortunately being a carpenter—in a remarkably short time re-constructed the broken wheel—there being plenty of suitable material at hand. Still this lost us a whole day, but the unusual incident thawed out every one, and the day was pleasantly spent, becoming a rest from the hard jolting of the leather-sprung coach.

We continued our journey—eventually arriving weary and dust-laden, at our destination.

The little town of St. George—composed of a loosely constructed row of wooden buildings on one side, facing the deep bed of the Balloon River—but at this time of year, no swiftly running stream—nothing but shaded water holes filled with stagnant clay-colored water—shadowed by gigantic gums. These buildings were of crude primitive construction—some roofed with galvanized iron—others with sheets of gum-tree bark held in place with strips of raw-hide.

In this immense territory there are many such townships. As we rattled down the one and only street, the driver whipping up his horses to make a spectacular "entree," out poured the inhabitants—for the monthly mail coach arrival was a highly important occasion.

As we drew up with a flourish at the general store, likewise postoffice, we were greeted by two Hebrew gentlemen and their wives, who ran the combination postoffice, general store, boarding house, billiard room, dance hall and bar. Apparently these people were coining money fast—in fact all four were fat and prosperous looking. The population of these up-country townships is made up of a flotsam and jetsam of cattle stock men and shearers.

These men make these centers their Mecca and spend their check in exchange for hard liquor. They drink deeply and hilariously of the cheap alcohol, often drugged to add to its potency.

Most of them are trying not to remember—no sweet thoughts of far-away homes and loved ones—for from that direction come memories which mean uneasiness and heartache. Rather much severe hard work for a year, then for a week or two, exhilaration and oblivion. The high jinks always carried well into the wee small hours—then a short fitful slumber was sufficient recuperation for a repetition of the previous night's carousings.

On alighting, the young women were given a hearty welcome—I was looked upon with mild curiosity, but given the best accommodations the place afforded—a sweltering back room.

After a hasty wash-up I threw myself down upon the rickety bed and fell asleep—to be awakened an hour or so later by the murmur of voices. The cracks in the warped boards were so wide the speakers might well have been in the same room with me. Then, the clink of money, and a chuckle—"Well, Brown, now the deal is over, again I tell you that you certainly have made a grand bargain, all that fine mob of cattle for a price way below their value. Now, when are you going to pay me the rest of 'it?'"

"Oh, I have it for you at my place—can you ride over there for it, Goldmetz?"

"Sure thing! I shall come after it within three days." Then the scraping of stools over the rough floors—the slam of a door and retreating footsteps along the hall.

Succumbing to the languor of the sultry afternoon and being a little fatigued—I lay idly watching a big horsefly as it vainly tried to escape. Then—a knock at the door, and in stepped a young giant—well over six feet and built accordingly—he certainly dwarfed the room and its contents. "Say, Mister," he began awkwardly, leaning against the door jamb, "I saw you when you got out the coach—are you going to stay here long—perhaps you can tell me something about that little dame I heard you call 'Martha'—my name is Jim Collins," he added.

"Be seated, Jim. No, I don't expect to be here long—neither do I know Miss Landis very well, but I do know her well enough to tell you she ought never to have come to this place."

"So I thought—" coiling the rawhide stock-whip in his hands in rather an embarrassed manner, not looking in my direction.

"Hoho! So soon!" was in my mind, but

instead I lead the conversation in other directions.

That evening, wandering into the dance hall there was Martha at, to her, a strange new occupation. The piano in the corner was wildly out of tune—but by vigorous thumping Martha was making it mark time for the dances. Hinging over the antiquated instrument, was Jim, gazing with his soul in his eyes, down at Martha.

A shaggy unkempt shepherd had the floor—he was under the influence of the frightfully rank rum and was telling every one, who gave him scant attention, how wonderful his dogs were, especially 'Rory.' "Turn em, turn em," he shouted, acting as though his audience were the sheep. At last a black-bearded cattleman gave him a shove, and being in an unstable condition, he peacefully settled in a corner and went fast asleep.

Then, a little wizened up Irishman, who evidently was a drover, in a thin cracked voice, started in to recount tales of his string of wild horses, 'Brumbies' he called them. The drover's "Gees" and "Haws" fell on deaf ears, as the whole company were only interested in reciting their own exploits.

"You're another," shouted in a husky stentorian tone, "Whaddya mean telling me you can shear two hundred sheep in a day—You blankety blank sundowner!" thus starting the first of the 'Free-for-alls' without which the evening would not be up to standard.

As the various ones waxed noisy and quarrelsome—in marked contrast was a man standing alone—quietly sipping his whiskey and water. Catching Jim's eye, I raised my eyebrows in a questioning manner in that direction.

"Oh; that's 'Silent'—he never talks to anyone—clothes himself in such deep gloom, we never try to fathom him. Of course you know, Mister, most of these men are here because of their pasts—others, like myself, because of a blooming desire for adventure."

"Oh, yes, quite so," I rejoined, "and has not the keen edge of it worn off somewhat by this time?"

"It sure has, Mister, especially during the last few hours."

Well, it seemed to be so, all right, for as I left the scene he and Martha were so very much absorbed in each other—my departure was unnoticed by them—although Gertrude flung me a hearty good-night from her place behind the bar.

Two days passed, during which time I saw very little of the lovers—being quite busy com-

piling my governmental statistics. But on the morning of the third day, I met Martha in the dimly lighted hall-way.

"Well, and how are you and Jim getting along?" I greeted her.

"Fine, he's such a splendid chap, don't you think so? But say, the oddest thing just occurred, I saw a half hour ago, as he was going toward his room, that his clothes were soaking wet, the water leaving a trail in the hall-way!"

"That's nothing to be alarmed about," I laughed. "But there's been no rain for months!" she exclaimed.

"Never mind, dear child," I replied "in this hot weather he won't catch cold, if that's what's worrying you. By the way—when is the wedding to be?"

Evidently the thought was pleasing to her for she smiled. "You see, Jim is a little hard up just now—Goldmetz owes him money—back wages—just as soon as he pays it we shall be married and leave for Brisbane." She accepted my wishes for happiness with sweet grace, and as we parted I found myself sadly hoping that their future would always be bright and free from sorrow.

The following morning all was excitement. A horse had come limping into town with a gun-shot wound—it was Goldmetz's favorite riding horse, a big white-stockinged bay.

Callahan, the black-bearded Irish Sergeant, in charge of the Queensland Mounted Police stationed in that section of the country, immediately secured some of the best Black trackers from the camp of Blacks across the river to pick up the trail.

After several hours they returned—bringing with them the dead body of Goldmetz.

We soon learned all the details—evidently he had been attacked as he rode through the Bush—there were signs of a terrific struggle covering quite a bit of ground—then he had been dragged a short distance and drowned by his assailant in a shallow water hole in the river bed. Here the mute evidence showed a violent struggle had taken place, for he put up a desperate fight for his life. His pockets were empty—showing he had been robbed.

Remembering my conversation with Martha the evening before—Jim's wet clothes, his desire for the money due him which Goldmetz did not seem inclined to pay—it flashed through my mind that Jim Collins must know something about the murder.

I recalled also that his room was situated on the other side of the one Goldmetz and Brown had occupied, so he, also, must have heard

the conversation that drifted through the walls that day, and he must have known the Hebrew would have a large sum of money upon his return from Brown's station.

I figured he evidently had decided to collect the money owing him—probably meeting with unexpected resistance and recognition—I conjectured he had committed the murder.

If he had done this thing, gone were the bright dreams he and Martha had been sharing together. For here—altho far from civilization—justice was administered promptly.

Seeing Martha that evening I noticed she was extremely nervous and depressed, admitting, when I questioned her, that she had told another, Gertrude, about Jim's wet clothes. However, the night and the following morning passed without anything unusual happening—and I hoped that possibly my suspicions of Jim were groundless.

That noon as I took my place at the long dining table, I noted that the murder had not disturbed the routine of the hostelry. As the food was placed before Mrs. Manstein to serve, she lifted the lid from each dish, saying, "Well, and what have we here?" in her customary way—which implied she hadn't seen it before, whereas, as a matter of fact, she herself had prepared it in the kitchen.

The other boarders and usual strangers were in their seats—as also was Jim, who sat next to me—across the table from Martha.

The meal had hardly started when the door opened and in strode Sergeant Callahan—booted—spurs jingling—his face serious and set.

"Ah, Sergeant!" exclaimed Mrs. Manstein from the head of the table, "Back again, eh! Say, there, everybody on that side move up and make room for him!"

As he seated himself—directly across from Jim—he looked over and nodded in a friendly sort of way, "Well, Collins, after dinner, I'm going to arrest you—for the murder of Goldmetz."

There was a momentary pause—a silence in the room—then, from Jim, "All right, Sergeant," and the knives and forks resumed their clatter.

A few minutes later Jim spoke again, "Tell you what, Sergeant, I'll make a proposition—You consider yourself the best man in this part of the country," the Sergeant's eyes never left Jim's—"Well, you're six feet two, broad as they make 'em, and strong as a bull—we're not so badly matched, Sergeant, it'll be fair and square, nothing but bare fists—no holds

barred. If you best me I go without further trouble."

"And if you win?" interjected the Sergeant—

"If I win," reasumed Jim slowly, then he paused, searching Martha's white face with eager eyes—what he saw there must have reassured him, for he continued, "If I win, you give me twelve hours leg room—is it a go?"

It was a clever ruse, for Callahan was justly proud of his great strength and naturally would not allow a challenge like this to pass unaccepted. "All right," was the quiet answer, as he bolted a piece of boiled beef.

The dinner ended sooner than usual—the dried apple pie being forgotten.

The Sergeant led the way outside to the dusty road—the whole company crowding out after him. Then he removed his blouse, handed his revolver and handcuffs to a bystander, hitched up his belt and squared himself for action.

Jim Colline was just as rapid in his preparations—removing his shoes and socks, however.

These two fighting animals almost resembled the Gladiators of the old Roman days.

Collins was the taller of the two, and younger, lithe and lean as a panther. The Sergeant more heavily built—with enormous chest and shoulders—it was a toss-up who would win—and the crowd eagerly awaited the beginning of the struggle, for these were a primitive people in a primitive country and a fight of any kind was their only excitement.

Silence prevailed—and no words were spoken by the two men. After some furious blows were exchanged, they clinched—there being no referee there was no parting of the fighters, then Callahan tripped Jim—they both fell with a crash, continuing the struggle on the ground—striving instinctively as all animals do, to seize the throat.

Only the sound of blows and heavy breathing was heard. Their shirts were ripped open and torn as they struck, clawed, and strangled—faces and clothes drenched with blood flowing from noses and ears—the hissing of the one being choked as he would try to get breath—rolling over and over at one time coming near to plunging down the steep river bank, the crowd surging back and forth to give them room.

For twenty minutes these two giants fought—but gradually the greater weight and more powerful build of the Sergeant tired the younger man out and the next time the Sergeant got on top he stayed there—Jim's arms

relaxed—fell apart—he lay exhausted and helpless. When asked if he had had enough, his answer was a faint moan—whereupon the Sergeant snapped the handcuffs on, helped him to his feet, leading, half supporting him to a tree where he was chained—this being the only jail.

Martha, white and terror stricken, had caught fleeting glimpses of the dreadful struggle—now, sick and heartbroken she disappeared in the direction of her room, there to gain relief in tears.

For three days and nights Jim was to remain chained by the waist to this tree—guarded by troopers—until the mail coach would arrive to take him to Toowoomba, hundreds of miles distant, for trial.

On the evening of the third day Jim stated he had a matter of great importance to confess. Sergeant Callahan was more than eager to listen.

"Sergeant," said Jim, "I never murdered Goldmetz. I wouldn't tell you the facts now—only, my old pal, 'Silent' has had plenty of time to make a safe get-a-way. Sergeant, what else could I do—'Silent' once saved me from a murderous black-fellow at the risk of his own life—that scar across his forehead was made by the Black's Nulla Nulla—I was hurt too, but he nursed me back to health. He was always a close mouthed man, so we never talked about the affair. 'Silent' was wet to the skin when he came to my room to get some dry clothing—he made no bones about telling me the whole story and I dipped myself in the water hole to lead suspicion away from him. It worked fine, Sergeant, and I hope you never get him. He never meant to murder the Jew anyway—but the Jew made the mistake of recognizing him—threatening to get even."

The police did not at once believe Jim's story, but on further investigation certain facts made it plain that 'Silent' was the one they wanted—so Jim was freed.

Three hours later the lovers were joining hands before a parson whose wandering steps had brought him to this out-of-the-way community.

Early the following morning the coach arrived, and Jim and Martha started on their way back to civilization and a new life.

About the same hour of their departure, a small detachment of mounted police dashed off into the "Bush" to pick up the trail of the 'Silent' man—by this time many miles deep into the heart of the "Never-Never" Land.

Late Winter

By GEORGE LAW

A cold wind chills the lower air;
White clouds like drifts of icy snow,
Their blithesome wandering checked,
Hang limp within the frozen blue.
The slender shoots of grass
That rose to meet the spring
Now wither away;
The immigrating song-birds
Are still and mope forlorn
The dead hours of the day.
Even the cedar's sturdy boughs droop down
And keep their lifeless tints of wintry brown.





The Editor's Note Book

Attention has been directed to an unfortunate line which appeared in the article on Bret Harte written by George Wharton James and published in the December, 1921, issue of the *Overland Monthly*.

In a facetious spirit one of our proofreaders made a marginal note which applied to a "pied" line in the article. The line itself was not an unusual error and would have been eliminated on final proof.

But it so happened that the machine operator, being of a serious and literal turn of mind, made the supposed correction verbatim, following the encircled marginal note.

The error is greatly to be regretted.

There can be no greater interest to Californians, or to visitors who enjoy the wonders of California, in short to all who love the natural beauties of our mountains and woods, than that of the protection of our Christmas berries.

With the appearance of the flaming red holly our blood is warmed with the first touch of the holiday season; not to see it banked in florist's windows, on the street corners, and in the windows of homes as we pass would be as great a calamity as to miss the first sunshine and flowers of spring.

To know, then, that vigorous action has been taken, which has already shown splendid results in saving the Toyon, or Christmas Berry, from vandalism, and which in time would be bound to destroy it, is a matter of vital interest and satisfaction.

As further action is to be taken at the meeting of the State Wild Flower show, within a short time, the subject is a matter of importance

and interest, even though the season for this berry and its distinctive use, is more before the public during the early winter months.

It will be remembered that the Wild Flower Conservation League has, during the past two or three years, conducted a vigorous and justified campaign for the better protection and conservation of the Christmas Berry tree. As a direct result of these efforts, a great deal of splendid sentiment was aroused, and in several counties and localities throughout the State, the supervisors or local magistrates adopted measures (and enforced them also) prohibiting people from wantonly gathering, destroying or injuring trees. In a number of instances, where such vandalism was particularly lawless and unnecessary, quite severe penalties were imposed; and, indeed, became necessary, if the people of California desire to retain any semblance of the colorful charm these beautiful trees impart to our autumn landscapes and scenic highways. It is encouraging to know that support to this excellent movement has been rendered by leading and influential citizens of the State, including many distinguished scientists and educators, whose sentiments are well worth quoting. They proved invaluable in strengthening the interest and assisted in crystalizing sentiment into action, which eventually brought about protective legislation. A bill was passed last session by the California Legislature for the protection of the Christmas Berry tree. The law went into effect July 29th, 1921. The successful passage of this bill was largely due to the intelligent handling of the measure by State Senator Walter Eden, who introduced it.

In its efforts to arouse sentiment in favor of

legislative measures the Wild Flower Conservation League was championed by many of the out-door clubs, and such well known scientists as David Starr Jordan, Luther Burbank, Dr. L. R. Abrams of Stanford University, Dr. Joseph Grinnell of the University of California and Charles Francis Saunders, famous naturalist of Pasadena.

Representatives of the leading out-door clubs conferred at the St. Francis Hotel on November 23, 1920, regarding methods of preventing the destruction of the Toyon or Christmas Red Berry, which is ravaged by motorists and vendors of holiday decorations at this season of the year. The meeting was called by Mrs. Bertha M. Rice, president of the California Wild Flower Conservation League. Dr. Wm. F. Bade, president of the Sierra Club, gave the address of the evening. The following resolution was drawn up by Dr. Bade, Arthur C. Mauerhan, president of the Alpine Club, and Roland Rice of the California Wild Flower Conservation League:

In view of the great destruction to which the toyon or red berry is exposed at this season of the year, be it resolved:

1. That we call upon editors to give publicity to the danger of the extermination of this beautiful shrubbery.
2. That we urge the school boards of the State to give warning and proper instruction.
3. That we call upon all public spirited organizations to take steps to check the destruction and possible extinction of this berry in and about their respective communities, both by educational and legal means.

The following clubs were represented: California Audubon Association, Cooper Ornithological Club, California Wild Flower Conservation League, Alpine Club, Sierra Club, Tamalpais Conservation Club, California Club, Audubon Association of the Pacific.

Among the scores of letters received by Mrs. Rice from prominent citizens who championed her cause, were the following:

—

Stanford University, Dec. 16, 1919.

"I am especially interested in your efforts to protect the Toyon (Tollon) or Christmas Berry, which is now being so ruthlessly slaughtered among the mountains and beside our streams. It is a noble plant, one of our most beautiful native trees, but it has little chance to show what it might be if the branches are torn off in the wanton fashion in which I see them carried about every day. Some one

ought to be encouraged to cultivate the Christmas Berry for the sake of its ornamental fruits."

Very truly yours,

David Starr Jordan.

—

Santa Rosa, Dec. 16, 1919.

"Twenty-five years ago great stretches of the bay shore were lighted up for months with the brilliant scarlet of the Toyon or 'Christmas Berries' (*Heteromeles*) and now the hillsides of Sonoma County are being robbed of all these. Automobile, trailer and truck loads of these and Christmas trees and other wild greenery pass on the State highway at this season, mostly for commercial purposes, and while the dwellers in the cities deserve, and should have a taste of wild nature, yet the wholesale destruction of the most shapely and graceful trees will be sadly lamented, not only in the ravaged countryside, but by city dwellers also. It is time to think of saving some of our most beautiful trees, shrubs and flowering plants from extermination."

Luther Burbank.



Mrs. Bertha M. Rice, President of the California Wild Flower Conservation League.

An Act To Add A New Section To The Penal Code To Be Numbered Three Hundred Eighty-Four a, providing for the protection of the Toyon or Christmas Red-berry and prescrib-

ing penalties for violation of the provisions thereof.

(Approved May 14, 1921. In effect July 29, 1921).

The People of the State of California do enact as follows:

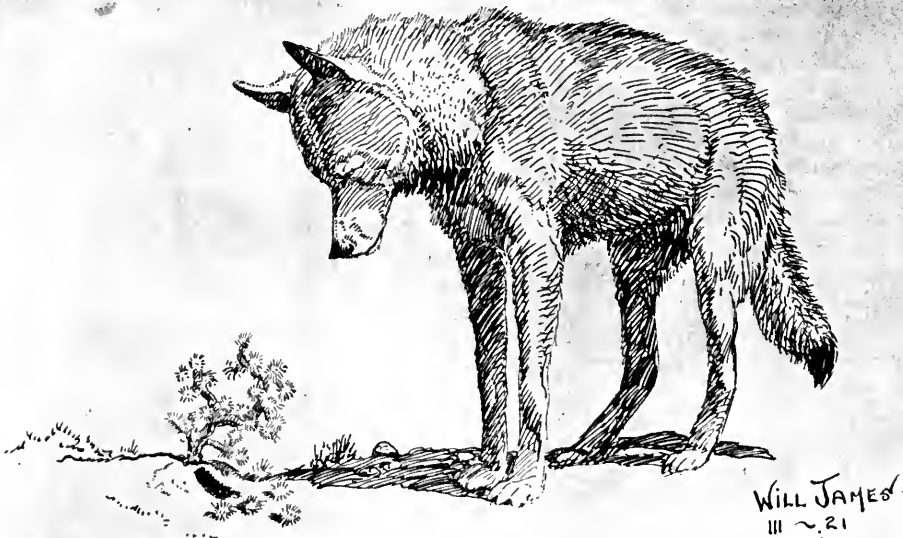
Section 1. A new section is hereby added to the Penal Code, to be numbered three hundred eighty-four a, and to read as follows:

384a. Any person, firm or corporation is guilty of a misdemeanor—

(a) Who mutilates or destroys any Toyon

or Christmas red-berry tree (*Heteromeles arbutifolia*) growing on public or private land, unless, in the case of private land, the owner gives his consent thereto; or

(b) Who sells, offers, or exposes for sale any Toyon or Christmas red berry (*Heteromeles arbutifolia*) or any part thereof grown on land in this State; provided that this paragraph shall not prevent the sale of such Christmas red-berry taken from privately owned land, by or with the consent in writing of the owner of the land.



Coyote—Clown of the Prairies

—Courtesy Doubleday, Page & Co.

The interesting insight into the lives of wild animals which Enos Mills gives us in his recently published book, "Watched by Wild Animals," brings to the attention of the reader habits and peculiarities of these habitants of the forests that only a fearless observation could obtain.

In his book Mr. Mills, famous nature guide, applies to his wild friends titles that are immediately a keynote to the animals' characteristics. Thus with the little chap, herein illustrated, we note the caption: "Coyote—Clown of the Prairies."

One of the main points which Mr. Mills brings out in his narration, and as indicated by the title of the book, is the fact that all wild animals are of a very curious turn of mind and will follow you miles more to watch than to harm you.

"Watched by Wild Animals" is touched with

a descriptive beauty redolent of the woods, and the experiences contained therein show that the author's intimate knowledge ranges from the half-tame little folk of the woods to mountain lion and bear. A naturalist at heart, he developed the profession of nature guide and has been largely instrumental in promoting national and state parks and the preservation of the natural beauty of America.

Doubleday, Page & Co., \$2.50.

Florence Hull Winterburn, editor and publisher, has come from the east to make her home in Hollywood, California.

She was the editor of "Childhood" and brought out a special volume entitled "Nursery Ethics," which has received high praise from critics. Scenario writing has also claimed the interest and ability of Mrs. Winterburn.

Ida Eckert-Lawrence, whose poem, "Night on the Desert," appears in this issue of the Overland Monthly, is the author of many rare bits of verse and her book, "Day Dreams," has a charm that places it well up in American poetry.

In her early years Mrs. Lawrence lived the free, open life of an out-door girl, spending much of her time on horseback, even helping to herd her father's cattle and the effect of this life on the plains brings inspiration in her stories and poems.

Quoting from the Boston Transcript:

"Mrs. Lawrence was selected to address the International Congresses in Paris. Her subject was 'American Women in Literature,' and so well did she handle it, and in such a masterly manner, that the French press devoted much space to the merits of the paper, which was conceded to be the brightest and most interesting given at the Congresses."

Mrs. Lawrence has joined the colony of writers at Los Angeles, California.



A portrait of Don Marquis, by the distinguished portrait painter Joseph Cummings Chase

—Courtesy Doubleday, Page & Co.

"Poems and Portraits," Don Marquis's new book which Doubleday, Page & Company published on January 20, is of two parts, fantasies and savage portrait sketches. The poems are a collection of haunting, wistful, tender, eerie fancies that have sometimes intrigued the keeper of the "Sun Dial" and lifted him above the fever and turmoil of the crowded day. He sings of the lonely ghost mourning his sweet solid body, drifting less than the star light

among the living; of the towers of Manhattan that soar like a lyric in stone; of Jesus, the wistful vagabond, whose love led men the Happier Way; of springs of aching ecstasy; and of Egyptian princesses folded in their cases like mummied lotus flowers. The latter half, "Savage Portraits," is a series of ironic caricatures of the personified vices, the petty meannesses and poses that we all recognize in the people about us and of which we are sometimes uneasily conscious in ourselves.

FOR BETTER OR WORSE

(Continued from Page 22)

She tried the side door and it, too, was fastened. Remembering that a screen was off the front window she hurried around only to find the machine pulling into the yard. She had just time to drop behind the big rose bush when the motor stopped not ten feet away and she heard the vision say:

"Well, Hon, we're no nearer a settlement than we were this time last night."

"I know that as well as you," Clem returned, irritably. "I've argued with you enough, and I'm sick of the whole blamed affair. I won't live with you again. That's a cinch!"

"What will you do? The law is a tyrant. It permits a man to have only one wife at a time."

"I'm not quarreling with the law," rasped Clem.

"But you are quarreling with your wife, which isn't nice."

"I have told you a hundred times in the last twenty-four hours that you are not my wife. If you are by law, you won't be long. That you can count on without fail."

"Oh, Clem, I can't give you up. Can't you forgive a little joke?"

"Why in the devil didn't you stay with me when you had the chance, if you are so all-fired fond of me. I'm glad you didn't, however, but why not have been decent about it? Huh! ran off with that low down Packard. No, sir-ee! I've been twice bled by you and now you're wanting a third chance. Not on your life!"

"But I love you, Clem."

"Love! Bah! you never knew the thrill. You are dead to me; as dead as I thought you were when I sent that five hundred dollars for your funeral expenses. What in the dickens did you mean by such treachery?"

"Oh, Clem," Matie could hear forced sobs. At least they sounded forced to her. "I just had to have some money and—and we thought it would be such a joke."

"A joke! That shows how scatter-brained you are. Who wrote that letter?" demanded Clem heatedly. "It was on an undertaker's regular stationery, all right."

"Packard had a friend in the business," she laughed. "And you never investigated it. Just sent the money, cold blooded, and said you didn't want to see me and—and to cremate my body. You heartless boy."

"We won't discuss that. You are absolutely uncanny in your conception of the rights of

others. There is one question, however, that I wish you would be kind enough to answer. Why didn't you come out and get a divorce and leave me my freedom in place of that rotten funeral dope?"

"Oh, I didn't want to," cooed the vision.

"Well, that is what you will do. I couldn't see my lawyer yesterday. I will tomorrow, and any strings you may have on me will be severed just as soon as the law can do it. I don't want to hurt Matie any more than I have to. I hate you, Nell. Do you hear? I hate you! Matie's little finger is worth many times more than your whole body and I love her many times over those proportions."

"I like that."

"Glad you do. It's sure the truth."

"Shall I tell her, Clem?"

"Good Lord, no! I'll tell her when I get the nerve."

"But I'll fight the divorce tooth and nail."

"Yes, I expect you will make it just as nasty as you can for all concerned; but you had better take the advice that I have been trying to drum into your thick head all afternoon. Go back to New York and get your divorce on desertion, or any old grounds you can invent, only leave Matie the quiet she needs—"

"Matie is not worrying me in the least."

"I am aware of that, but she is worrying me. I'd rather die than hurt her any more than I have."

"Why didn't you tell her? I can't figure your Puritan conscience permitting you to do such a thing."

"I acknowledge my mistake, but I'll tell you why. I didn't want her to know there were such women in the world, Nell, as you, and I thought I was safe."

"You might have known that some one would find you, sooner or later. Didn't you ever think that your aunt Mary would leave you some money?"

"Aunt Mary has a daughter, and you know our families were not on friendly terms. No, I knew I should never be troubled by her searching me out, and as I had no other relatives I felt perfectly safe. Of course I didn't count on you."

"Florence died a year ago."

"Florence—died!" Matie heard Clem gasp.

"Yes. Florence is dead."

"Well, see here, I've no time to discuss family affairs. Will you do as I suggest?"

"Would you give me some money, Clem?"

"Yes, I would. If you go back where you belong; get the separation papers and send them to me, I'll do what I can. I'll do any-

thing to get rid of you quietly. I don't know where in the world I'll dig it up; but I will break my neck trying, if you will be reasonable in your demands."

"Your aunt Mary is dead, too. She left you a hundred thousand dollars."

"Aunt Mary—dead!" Clem's voice carried a note of genuine grief, then changed to a sarcastic bite as he said:

"Ah, that gives me a cue. But, why in the dickens didn't you tell me sooner and save all this mess, if it was money you wanted?"

"But I wanted you. Indeed I did, Clem."

"Most likely. A hundred thousand is not bad even if you have a man thrown into the bargain," Clem laughed. "Well, name your price."

"I ought to have half. If I don't get you."

Clem laughed again.

"If you will go away quietly; get the papers to me certified by our old banker, I'll give you one-fourth. That's more than fair. You ought not to get a penny by rights. Of course, I'm not sure but that you are lying."

"Indeed, Clem, it's the honest truth. Won't you give it to me now?"

"Not on your life. I haven't it, for one reason, and if I had you would be back and try to gouge me for the other seventy-five. No, sir, you can't work me any more."

"You could have your banker advance it. I'll promise you to get the divorce all right."

"Nell, I wouldn't trust you out of my sight. And, on second thought, you'll have to do something else."

"What, old tyrant?"

"Sign a paper, before my notary, that you will stay out of California as long as you live."

"O-o-o, I love it here! You horrid man!"

"So do I, and the state is not big enough for the two of us. This is Matie's home and I intend to stay here."

"Perhaps she won't take this as sweet as you imagine."

"I could choke you, Nell, when I think of all you have done to make her suffer," Clem flared. "She is the dearest wife that God ever gave a man, and I believe that she will look at the matter sanely. If she doesn't—well, we won't discuss her at all. She is too sacred. I won't have you under the same roof with her, that's a sure thing."

"O-o-o, you old boob! I wouldn't stay all night for anything. Go get my wrap. It's on the davenport. Bah!" Matie heard her say when Clem had gone inside. "Bah! I wouldn't live out here for the world. Fooled the old boy, too. He thought I cared."

Clem returned with the wrap and said: "It

doesn't seem right to let you drive back alone. I suppose I'll have to go with you."

"No need. Packard is waiting for me at the end of the pavement."

"The devil!"

"No, Packard."

"I'm ashamed to insult the prince of demons by such a comparison," observed Clem dryly. "It's well you didn't bring him with you."

"We won't discuss him. He is too sacred," mocked the vision. "When will you come in to fix up the papers?"

"By rights I ought not to fix up anything. I ought to put you and Packard in jail. That's where you belong; but it will save publicity and Matie will suffer less, so I will come through this last time. Meet me at the First National Bank tomorrow at twelve."

"Won't you give me the money, Clem? I really need it terribly."

"No, I won't advance one red cent. If you don't want to do what I have proposed, don't. I'm through with you and I don't care a hang who knows it."

Matie heard the car lurch; heard a smothered word from the woman and heard Clem start for the bottling works; then his anxious voice exclaiming:

"Tex, what in the mischief are you doing in the chicken yard? I felt easy in the thought that you were beside your mistress. Go to her immediately and don't leave her again until I come in."

Matie got painfully to her feet. It was a minute or two before she could straighten her back. The dog was at her side by the time she reached the bedroom. He wriggled and twisted in his happiness.

She had scarcely touched the bed when the phone commenced to buzz. Her head swam with her contending emotions, and it was with difficulty that she answered the call, she was in such a state of collapse.

"Hello! What's that? Accident? Oh—yes, Mr. Pinkerton, I'll get him."

The phone crashed to the floor and Matie was unable to move for some minutes. She called weakly for Clem, then realized the futility of her efforts. She tried to drive the dog out, but he stubbornly refused to leave her side. She stumbled along blindly, but finally reached the bottling plant. Her face was drawn and haggard; her eyes had a vacant, hopeless stare and her breath came in spasmodic gasps.

Clem had his coat off and was working like mad.

"Clem, Clem," she called through chattering teeth.

His hands were full of bottles and they crashed to the floor. With one leap he had her in his arms.

"Matie, my darling! Who has hurt you?" he cried hoarsely.

"No—one. She's hurt," she answered, clinging wildly to him.

"Hurt? Who's hurt?"

"Your—your cousin. The phone is waiting."

Clem ran to the house with Matie crushed against his throbbing heart. The phone was sputtering fretfully. He placed the girl tenderly on the davenport and took up the receiver.

"Hello——"

"Yes, yes. Mr. Pinkerton, this is Gordon. Heavens! I'll be down right away." He hung up the receiver and dropped beside Matie.

"Dearest, there has been a terrible accident, and I am needed immediately. Can you stay alone just a little while longer? I will never leave you again after I get this awful mess straightened out. That is if you will ever have—ever want me."

"I'll always want you, Clem. But go to her now, poor thing."

"You can never know what that means to me, unworthy man that I am. I will explain everything when I get back." He kissed her and called the dog.

"You stay here and take care of her," he commanded. * * *

"Now for a clean breast of this whole rotten affair," exclaimed Clem two hours later as he gathered Matie in his arms.

"Save yourself the pain, dear. I know it all and I do not blame you in the least," returned his wife, placing her hand over his lips. "In fact, I love you more than I did before." She then explained the bits of lavender paper and the conversation she had overheard.

Clem was moved to tears, strong man that he was.

"And you treated her with the utmost courtesy. Oh, what a contrast!" he groaned.

"I believed in you, Clem; believed in you against everything, until you were out so long. Then I nearly lost faith."

"I don't wonder at that. I marvel how you could believe in me at all. Poor Nell, she was such a leach. I tried to get away from her time and again, but she would speed up, or do some unheard of thing. I couldn't use her rough, though she deserved it, and I wanted to keep her away from you. Of course I never dreamed that you knew."

"Listen, now, to some things that you do not know," he continued. "I just shouted 'Glory' all the way home. Nell thought she was done

for, and confessed everything. You know where the road runs into the pavement?"

"Yes, Clem." Matie was listening, her breath fanning his cheek.

"Well, you remember what a dangerous curve it is? Nell was furious because I wouldn't give her the money she wanted, and she was unusually reckless. Pinkerton found her as he was returning from town, and learned through her cries of terror that she wanted me. He phoned here, also for the ambulance. I beat it by half an hour."

Matie shuddered and crept closer to Clem.

"Shall we wait till you are rested, dear?"

"No, tell me all now."

"Of course you know, if you heard all of that conversation, that I left New York just as soon as I could after she had disgraced my name. She didn't want to get a divorce because she had some premonition that I would get Aunt Mary's money. When she lost all trace of me she got a divorce and married that low-down Packard. Strange, but she loved the rascal. On learning that Aunt Mary had passed away, leaving no heir but me, she and Packard conceived the plan they were carrying out with such nice precision. First they were to get the money, then let me know about the duplicity. They knew that I wouldn't squeal on your account. Nell was bad enough; but the two of them together were satanic."

"But, Clem, is she dead?" cried Matie, unable longer to endure the suspense.

"No, dear, I thought I had made that plain. She was terribly shaken up, considerably bruised, had a broken wrist and collarbone, I believe, and other minor injuries. But the doctor, who arrived with the ambulance, said she would recover."

"How did she—she find you?" broke in Matie, running her fingers lovingly through Clem's hair.

"Got track of me through Bims, the fellow I met in the Klondike. He run into Packard, and not knowing the ill favor he was doing me (though I am inclined now to think it was a good favor, for I've always felt that you ought to know), and in the course of their conversation he mentioned me."

"You'll give her some of the money, won't you, Clem?" There was pleading in the tired voice.

"Yes, dear girl, and we will go into the hospital tomorrow and do what we can for her."

Clem got to his feet, lifting her to the level of his face.

"Now, dear, you need to sleep for hours and hours. I can never begin to tell you how happy

I am in the knowledge that you are mine in the eyes of the law. In the sight of God there was no question before."

Matie clung to him sobbing. The belated tears were turned loose in torrents.

"I'll never keep another thing from you, so help me God!" he said reverently, kissing her again and again. "Go to bed and Tex will take care of you. I must not let a hundred thousand dollar legacy stand between my word of honor and sentiment. I am dead tired too, but the shipment will go forward as usual; after that we will take time to straighten out this tangle and then spend our days in undisturbed happiness. What do you say, my own sweet wife?"

Matie smiled up into his beaming face.

"My husband," she murmured, "my undivided husband."

THE HOLD UP MAN

(Continued from Page 36)

of polluting the atmosphere of Evy with brutal brawling, but his purpose had grown too lusty now to conquer. As the dam broke and he felt within him the smart of baffled anger he became more fixed in his resolve. Finally he knew what he meant to do.

There was a little woodpile behind the house; far enough away for two who should be engaged in deadly combat not to be seen from within. There, he would wait for his enemy, and there they two should have it out; man to man. And as in olden times, times he had heard about, the stouter, better man should own the woman. Evy was wholly a woman; sweet, clinging; and it was her destiny to belong to the better man. Besides—she had loved him once, and she would love him again. By the Eternal, she would—she should!

About eight o'clock the house door opened, and Evy came out, the kid on her shoulder. She had a little basket on her arm, and setting the boy down, she bade him, in her old, well known gentle voice, gather up chips. Then she approached the little saw-horse and with slow, energetic motion, began to try to saw the gnarly old piece of wood in half.

"The rotter—the shirker—" muttered the man crouching back of the bushes. "He lets her do it, the damn lazy cuttle fish!"

Evy sighed a little, stopped, breathed, settled her shoulders, and renewed her task. Plainly, it was a hard one for her slight strength. A needle was more appropriate to those slim hands than the clumsy saw. The man in the bushes had hard work to lie still, seeing her so spent

over her task. But she managed to secure her few bits of wood and piled them beside the meagre handful of chips the restless little white-haired kid had boastfully gathered. She took his hand and went toward the open door. From his niche the far-sighted watcher perceived within a plain, neat, single cot, already spread up, and beside it a child's wooden crib. The house had but one room. It was living room, kitchen and bedroom, all in one. Where, then, did the rotter sleep?

As Evy disappeared within he crept cautiously toward the house, and parting the overhanging vines that curtained the window, peered inside. A clean cloth with blue Japanese border was on the tiny table, which was laid for two; a child's tin plate and porringer at the second place. Joseph drew his hard, sinewy hand across his eyes as if to clear them from a blood mist.

All at once all that he knew of the woman came over him; her candor, her decency, her love of fair-dealing; her shy but resolute belief in the better life to come. Loyal to the core—she was—his Evy—

He turned and made a dash for the door. It was open. In another minute she turned her bright, trusting face toward the shadow that darkened the doorway, and then, with a little glad cry, stood stock still, her two hands pressed over her heart, her lips parted in a word that could not utter itself aloud.

The man approached her slowly, his not ill-looking face working from the conflict of terrible emotions. His fingers twisted and untwisted; the muscles of his sun-burned face, white in patches—the prison stain—showed the strife within him.

"The child!" he muttered hoarsely. "It's 'your' child?"

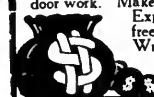
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TRANSFORMATION OF NELLIE DUNNING

(Continued from Page 32)

wardly limping about with her terrible lameness, with no other ray of hope, had been stamped indelibly upon her mind, and with this impression had come the vision that she could help, that perhaps she could be the means of liberating a soul.

She called upon Doctor Henderson, reputed to be the best surgeon in the town. Yes, he would agree to offer his best services in amputating the limb if all the other expenses could be met.

Heartened by this generous pledge, Sarah Hunter went with humble confidence to her friends and with true Christian consecration solicited their aid—to the end that Nellie Dunning might be provided with a suitable artificial limb and thus relieved of her terrible lameness and restored to the possibility of the larger life.

Success crowned her devoted efforts.

Nearly a year from the time of the camp by the strawberry patch, all being now ready, Nellie was brought, in accordance with the promise her mother had given, into the Hunter household, where she received the tenderest care and most skillful attention.

Three months later she returned to her mountain home in the Mendocino mountains.

But those three short months had wrought wonders. A transformation had come over Nellie Dunning.

She stood erect and beautiful; it required the closest observation to detect the slightest limp in her walk; she had learned something of college life, of church, and of social endeavor; into her soul had come a vision of the exaltation of living, and a wholly new ambition had entered her life. She had come to her great experience a shrinking mountain girl, with her terrible lameness; she left it a beautiful young woman, filled with the graces of abounding young maidenhood and a noble purpose.

The transformation was not yet complete.

Three years later the Hunter family once more pitched their tent by the side of the strawberry patch. On this trip Rodney's college chum, Fred Moreland, had come with the Hunters by special invitation. Fred, who had distinguished himself as the best all-round athlete in the college that year, found here a new land of wonder. Sam showed him the haunts of the deer, Rodney led the way to the best trout holes far up the brook, and generous-hearted old Seth Dunning, staff in hand, his great beard covering his breast, tried vainly to wear him out at his favorite exercise of mountain hiking.

"By jolly," he ejaculated. "I didn't calce'late that the biped lived that could beat ole man Dunning trampin' up and down and around these mountings. And here to see this young college feller fresh as a daisy when I'm just about blowed,—wall, there's somethin' powerful mysterious about it. I fail to connect. Just you wait till tomorrow, by jolly!"

The berries were red and luscious. But Fred Moreland discovered something in the Dunning clearing that had for him far more of attractiveness than even the finest of the red, luscious strawberries.

It was Nellie!

Since her transforming experience in Napa she had spent a year in boarding school. That year had brought wonderful development and—thanks to her noble purpose—it had left her unspoiled. She still loved her horse-back rides; she was more helpful than ever about the home; understanding the beauty of loving service, she was a general favorite for miles around.

Yes, Fred Moreland, college athlete and brilliant law student, had discovered Nellie Dunning. And he loved her!

The beauty of childhood had passed, but the maturer beauty of young womanhood had come to full bloom. No longer shrinking and awkward with her terrible lameness, now the very center and soul of the family and the pride of the entire vicinity, Nellie Dunning, with abounding health, widened vision, graceful accomplishments, yet withal possessing the charm of simplicity, was ready for another new experience.

It came in the evening, in the midst of the strawberry patch, as the gentle moonbeams stole serenely down through the branches of the great oak. It was Fred Moreland's manly confession of love.

For that moment Nellie had been in unconscious preparation for more than three years.

Fred dropped his luscious red berry and sealed his love—now fully reciprocated—with a kiss. With full justification he called her "his" Mountain Daisy.

The transformation of Nellie Dunning was complete.

Today Frederick Moreland is one of the leading lawyers in one of the most prosperous mountain towns of Northern California. His wife, Nellie Dunning Moreland, has three beautiful children, is crowned with womanly graces and deservedly esteemed by all who know her. Her life abounds in good works. Her aged father says, again and again, "By jolly! Fred, you beat me at my own game. I give it up! By jolly, I give it up!"

A LITTLE TOO MUCH

(Continued from Page 40)

expression. Too well did he know what it meant. He decided not to accept the ring.

"I don't want the ring," said Highstone quietly. "I have no desire to take a friend's personal property!"

Lane stared with bewilderment, but Schranz was little surprised. He would have done the same himself.

"What do you mean?" cried Dodge. "I bet the ring, didn't I? It is yours."

"I will not take it," replied Highstone.

"Do you think I am a baby?" Dodge hissed angrily. "Do you mean to insult me? I tell you the ring is yours!"

"I will not take it," Highstone repeated obstinately.

"You'll take it," threatened Dodge, "or I'll take the ring and sell it. The money I get I will send to you!"

Highstone was in a predicament. He wished a thousand times over that he had lost instead of Dodge. To take the ring from his friend was impossible; to receive money obtained on the ring was equally undesirable. Highstone knew Dodge too well to think that he could change the young man's attitude. There was only one alternative open to him; he decided to take it.

"Well," said Dodge uneasily, "take the ring and let's have everything settled."

"I refuse to accept," replied Highstone, "I do not intend to say so again."

"Why do you not wish to accept?" Dodge asked the question that Highstone expected.

"Because my dice are loaded!"

The three young men stared coldly at Highstone. That gentleman made the sacrifice without outward gesture or emotion.

"A crook!" muttered Lane, "I thought so." The reporter eyed Highstone, but the look wasn't one of contempt. He had enjoyed a most amusing night.

"The last man I would expect to do such a thing," Schranz murmured sadly.

Dodge appeared dazed at the disclosure, but Highstone did not fail to notice a new light in his friend's eyes.

"You will kindly return the money in that case," ordered Dodge. "And please leave my house immediately."

Highstone put all that he won in the dice game on the table. He then got his hat and overcoat, and was soon in the street. A brisk walk would bring him to his own home.

It was a bitter sacrifice, his lying about the

dice, but he was certain the results would warrant it. He now had the dice within his own pocket; no one would know he had lied.

He had walked but a few blocks when a man tapped his shoulder. Turning, he recognized Lane.

"Got away as soon as I could," said Lane, "and ran to catch up with you. Say but Dodge was glad to get back the ring and money!"

"But why do you wish to see me?" asked Highstone.

"Just to shake hands, old man," laughed Lane. "I know loaded dice when I see them, especially when the dice are transparent. Your dice are not loaded! When your reckless friend gets over his excitement I'll tell him what you did."

"Thank you, Lane, but please wait until he has more money or until he puts that ring on the correct finger of a certain girl."

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CONTENTS FOR MARCH, 1922

FRONTISPIECES:

<i>The Wheat Ships</i>	5	
<i>Below a Neglected Dam</i>	6	
<i>The Old Mill</i>	7	
<i>Bridal Falls</i>	8	
<i>'Midst Nature's Solitude</i>	9	
<i>Herbert V. Coffey, Gen'l Chairman Executive Com. of Arrangements, Disabled American Veterans of the World War</i>	10	
A LIVING HALL OF FAME.....	A WORLD WAR VETERAN	11
THE SHERMAN ROSE GARDEN— <i>Verse</i>		
— <i>Illustrated</i>	ROLAND RICE	14
MONTEREY— <i>Verse</i>	AGNES M. MANNING	17
GENTLEMAN JOE— <i>Story</i>	ELLA STERLING MIGHELS	18
THE SPIRIT OF THE WEST— <i>Verse</i>	A. J. FYNN	24
TOPSIDE IN CHINA.....	ISABELLE D. HULL	25
THE YOUTH OF MONSIEUR PARISOT.....	RALPH DYER	27
TRANSFORMATION— <i>Verse</i>	ARTHUR W. ATKINSON	28
THE DESERT AFTERGLOW— <i>Verse</i>	LUCIAN M. LEWIS	29
GLAMOUR.....	RICHARD BAKER THOMAS	29
THE FARALLONES— <i>Verse</i>	BELLE WILLEY GUE	31
GIANTS UNDER THE GIANT TREES—		
— <i>Story</i>	NINA MAY	30
FOG— <i>Verse</i>	MYRON R. CLARK	33
REFLECTED JOYS— <i>Verse</i>	MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT	34
IN THE WAKE OF THE CITY— <i>Verse</i>	FELIX FLUGEL	34
THE HOME OF PROF. FOGG— <i>Story</i>	NELLIE RAY COMBS	35
LEGEND OF THE MONTECITO GRAPE-		
VINE.....	M. FANNIE MERRITT	41
THE FIRST BLOSSOM— <i>Verse</i>	HARRY NOYES PRATT	43
THE LIGHT OF ALCATRAZ— <i>Verse</i>	CHARLES L. TOMPKINS	45
A SONG IN SUMMER— <i>Verse</i>	R. R. GREENWOOD	46
THE WAY OF THE WEST—	ELMO W. BRIM	47
— <i>Continued Story, Illustrated</i>		
THE SNOWDROP— <i>Verse</i>	MARGARET TREVOR	56
THE CHARM OF BLUESKIN— <i>Story</i>	W. S. BIRGE, M. D.	57
EDITOR'S NOTE BOOK.....		62
<i>Illustrations</i>		15-16-17

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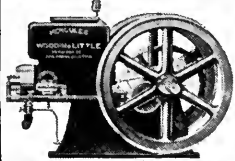
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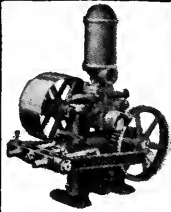
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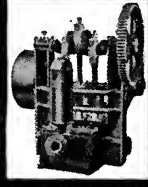
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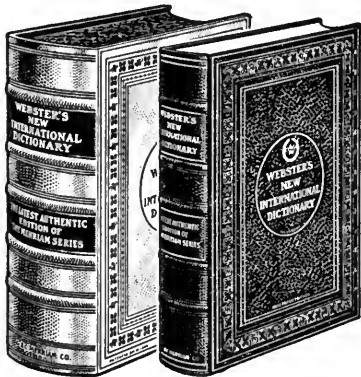
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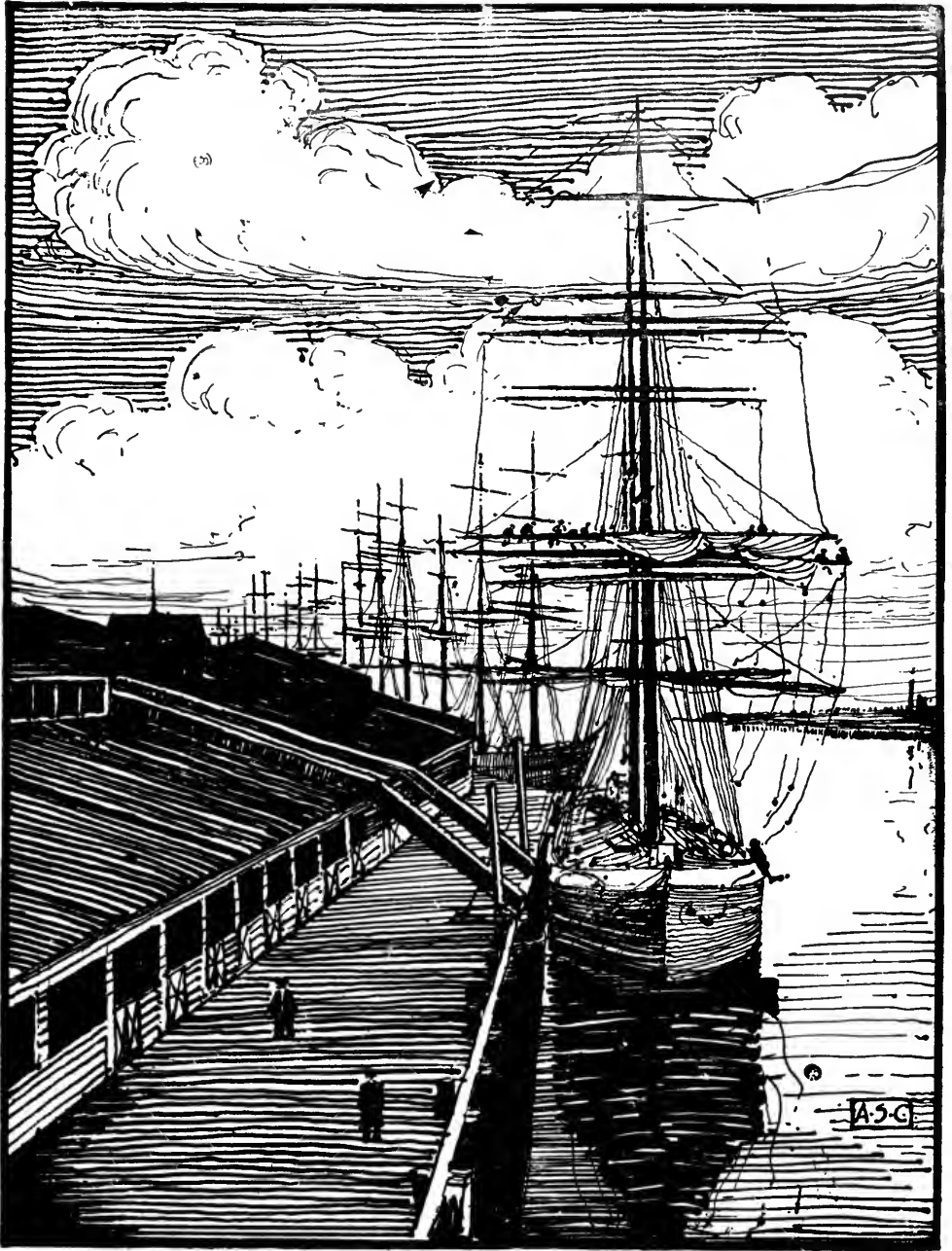


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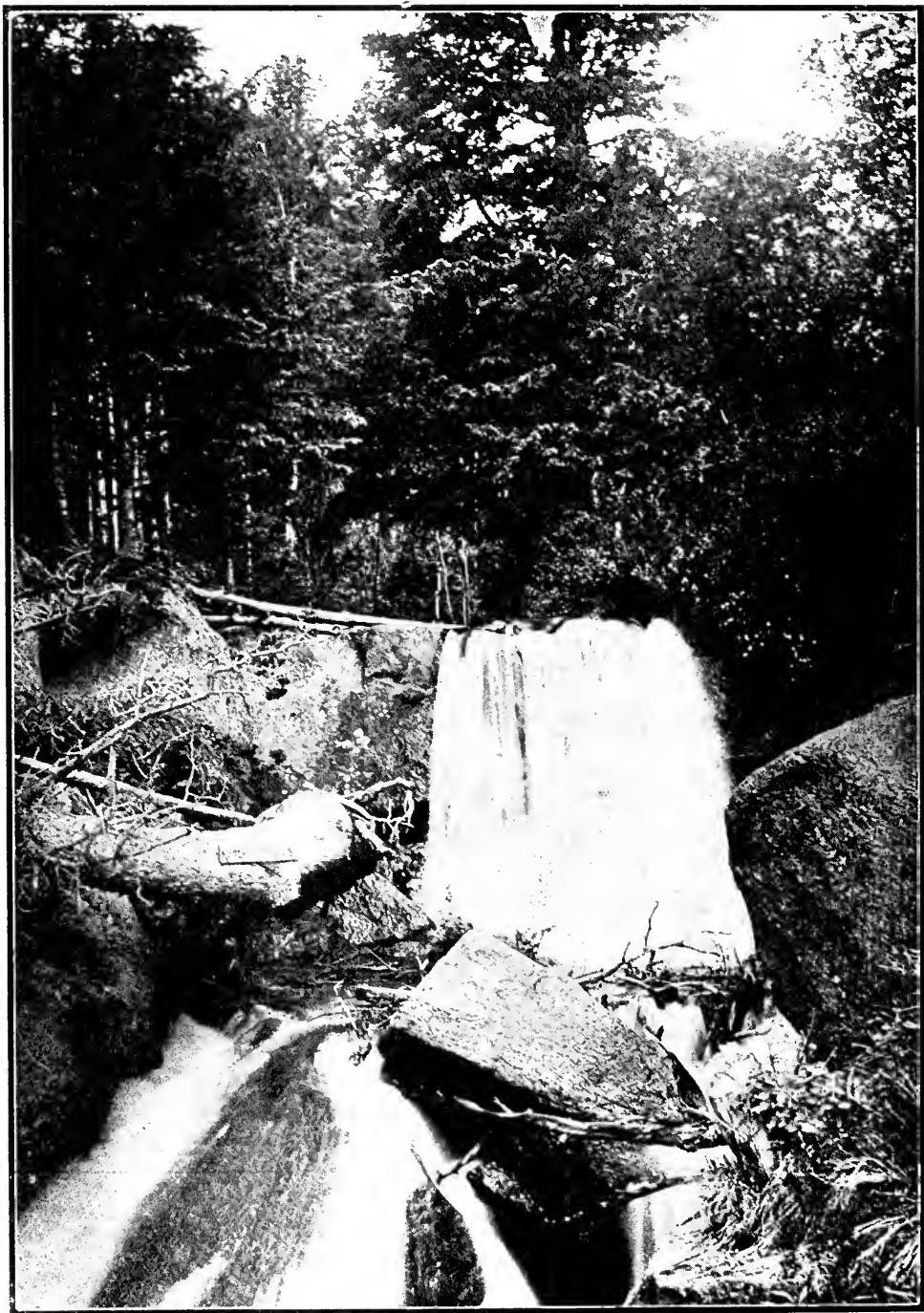
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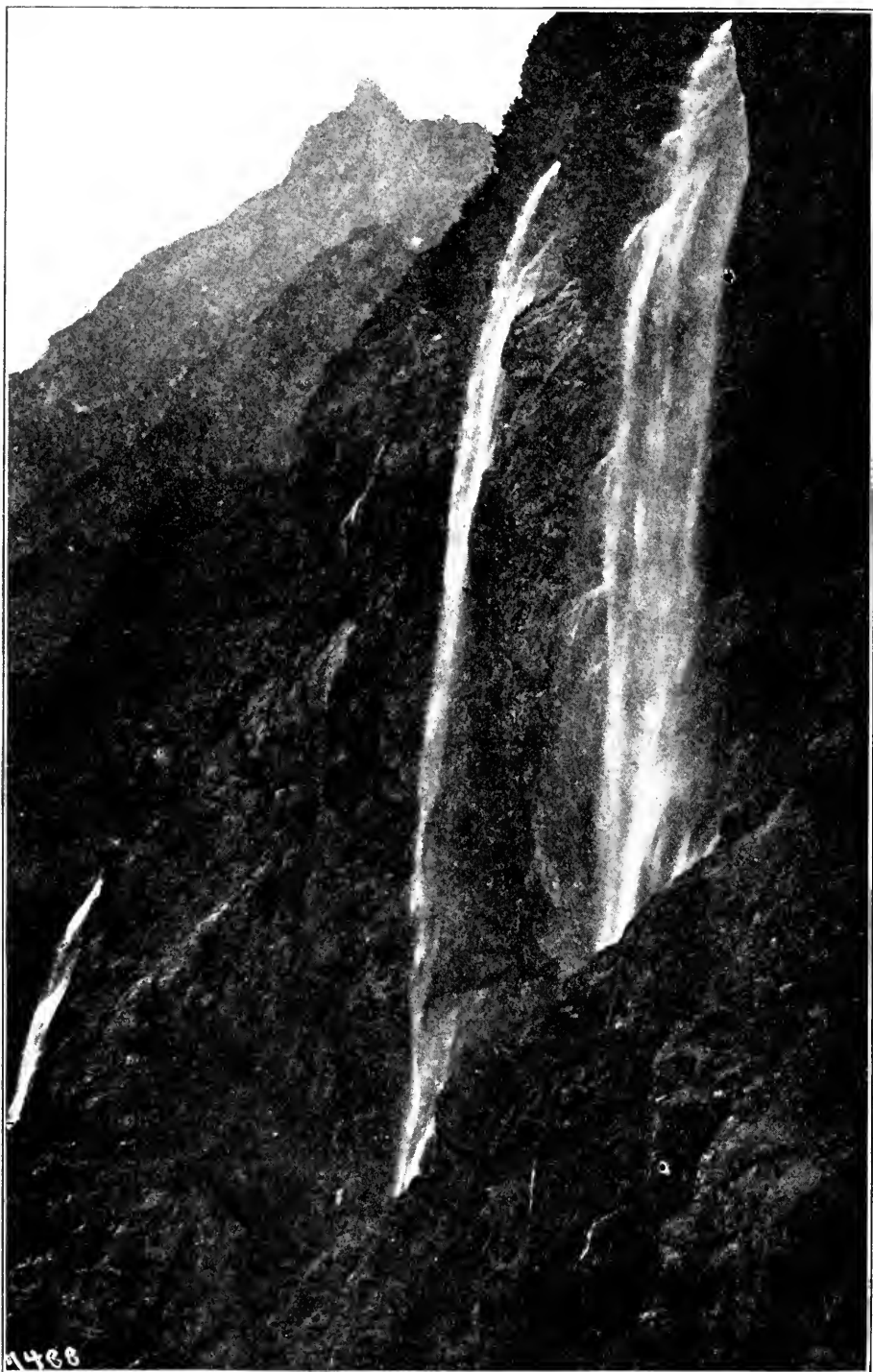
THE WHEAT SHIPS.



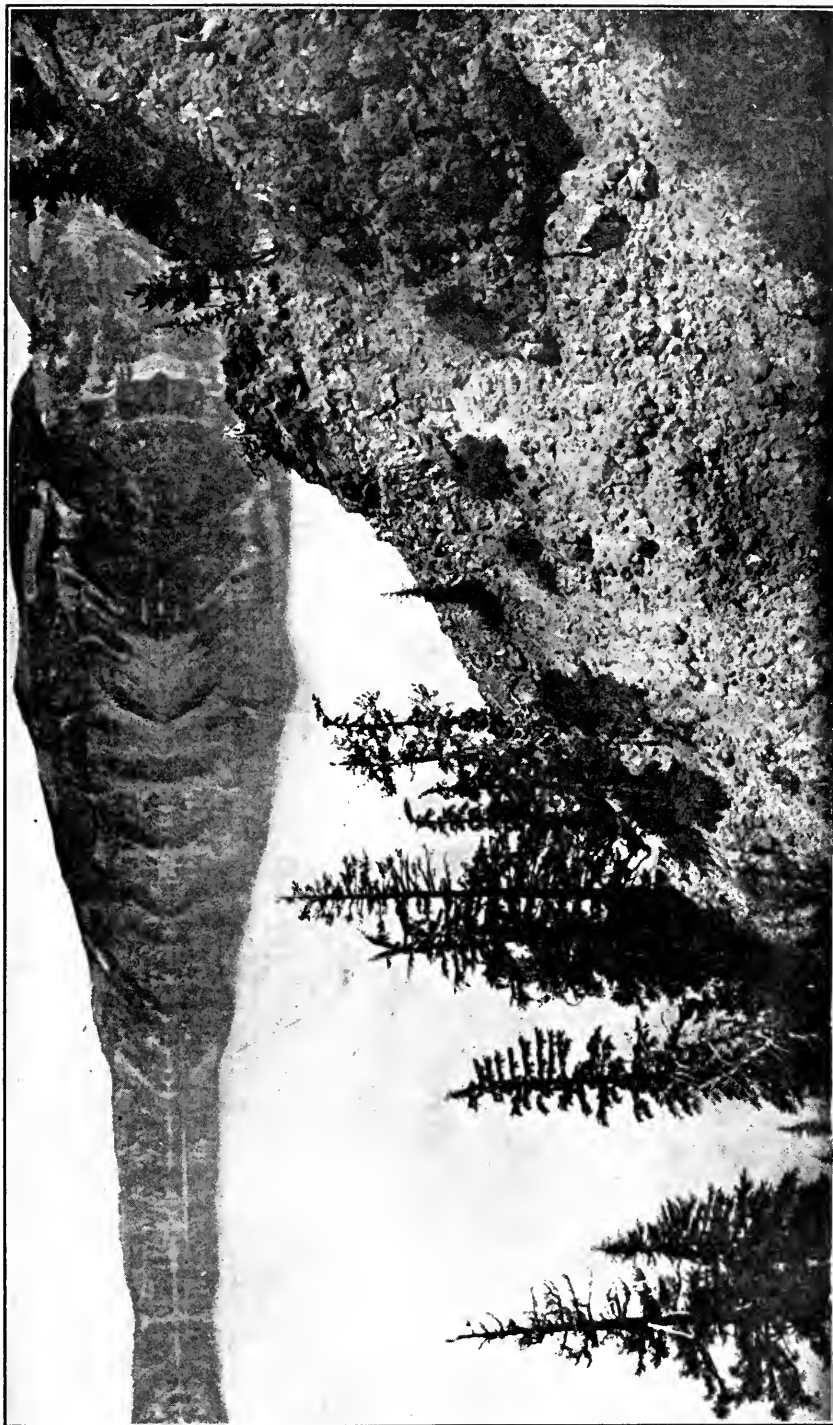
Below a Neglected Dam



The Old Mill



Bridal Falls



'Midst Nature's Solitude



*Herbert V. Coffey, General Chairman Executive Committee of Arrangements, Second Annual Convention
D. A. V. W. W.*

OVERLAND MONTHLY

Founded 1868 *Bret Harte*
San Francisco



Vol. LXXIX

MARCH, 1922

No. 3



A Living Hall of Fame

By a World War Veteran

ACCORDING to statistics furnished by Mr. Robert L. Webb, executive secretary of that wonderful organization which is doing so much for San Francisco and for the Pacific Coast, the San Francisco Convention and Tourist League, some one hundred and eighty conventions will be held in San Francisco during 1922. This is to be a banner convention year for the entire Pacific Coast, the great percentage of important conclaves coming to the Golden West for their deliberations.

Only the other day Mr. Webb declared, "This is indeed going to be a remarkable year for great conventions in San Francisco. National and international organizations, possessing power and membership strength without limit, are coming here for their great conclaves. In the cases of some, we of the San Francisco Convention and Tourist League, found it difficult work to sway the votes of eastern members and delegates, who were reluctant to permit their business sessions and national meetings to come as far West as even the Mississippi River,

let alone San Francisco. But the splendid achievements of our fair city in previous years, in the handling of conventions, and the excellent entertainment and hospitality offered visitors has gone far and wide, and coupled with the assurance that 'San Francisco Knows How,' our prospective visitors invariably permit themselves to be won over, by the very name of the City of St. Francis."

Webb continued, "Of all the great conventions coming to San Francisco during 1922,—and there are scores of vitally important conferences scheduled for this city during the coming year—I must say that I am most deeply concerned in one national conclave that to me carries more sentiment, more real feeling, and creates in me more determination to do my utmost to cooperate for its success than any other. That is the Second Annual National Convention of the Disabled American Veterans of the World War, which is to take place in San Francisco June 26th to 30th inclusive. This great conclave will be attended by many

thousands of wounded and disabled American heroes of the great war from all parts of the United States, who are to be San Francisco's guests of honor. The sacrifices made by these men, our nation's pride during the recent World War, are too prone to be overlooked by unthinking folks, and I am glad to see their preliminary activities for a great National Convention are meeting with keen interest and a generous response on the part of the general public."

The Disabled American Veterans of the World War is the only National organization consisting entirely of wounded, injured and disabled soldiers, sailors and marines of the World War. It was founded in March, 1920, by a group of wounded and disabled men who felt the tremendous need for an organization which would have only the interests of the wounded and disabled at heart. It succeeded from the first in meeting a real need, and chapters were organized throughout the United States. The local posts are based upon the spirit of fellowship, comradeship, mutual aid and cooperation with other agencies. They conduct club rooms, social affairs, entertainments, summer camps, and in general look after the sick in and out of the hospitals, and lend united efforts in all movements to advance the interests of the wounded and disabled. The Constitution prohibits the organization from taking any part in politics or industrial disputes. It also keeps out of sectarian matters. The Disabled American Veterans of the World War are accordingly enjoying the unique and favorable position of working exclusively for needed legislation for the benefit of its members, and the improvement of conditions and accommodations for the many thousands of wounded and disabled American veterans everywhere in the United States. Too many well-meaning organizations have started out on a promising road, with high ideals and commendable purposes, but unfortunately entangled themselves in questions entirely remote from their own objectives and aims, such activities working to their own detriment. The National Officers of the Disabled American Veterans of the World War do not receive one cent of salary or pay, and are giving their time freely and generously to the cause of their disabled comrades.

The National Officers of the organization are: Judge Robert S. Marx of Cincinnati, Ohio, National Commander; Ralph A. Horr of Seattle, Wash., National Senior Vice-Commander; Myles Sweeney of New York, National First Junior Vice-Commander; M. J. Culp of Louisville, Kentucky, National Second Junior Vice-

Commander; Edward H. Hug of Chicago, National Third Junior Vice-Commander; J. A. MacFarland of Dalton, Georgia, National Fourth Junior Vice-Commander; Judge Eugene Sharp of Detroit, Mich., Judge Advocate; Raymond A. Lasance of Cincinnati, National Adjutant; Michael Aaronsohn of Cincinnati, National Chaplain. William J. O'Connor of San Francisco, is National Executive Committeeman, representing the districts of California, Nevada and Arizona.

Recently National Senior Vice-Commander Ralph A. Horr, of Seattle, visited San Francisco, on the last lap of a 30,000 mile tour of the United States, during which time he inspected over one hundred Government and private veteran's hospitals and training centers, and addressed almost two hundred meetings. An instance of the accomplishments of the Disabled American Veterans of the World War was brought out during Mr. Horr's stay in San Francisco, when his charges against the unfair treatment of patients and unsatisfactory conditions at the Palo Alto Veterans' Hospital, resulted in the transfer of Major J. M. Wheate, commanding officer at the institution, to another hospital, as a subordinate officer. When interviewed in San Francisco, Mr. Horr declared:

"The Disabled American Veterans of the World War do not want to be considered obstructionists, when we urge improved conditions at the hospitals throughout the country were thousands of our sick, wounded and disabled 'buddies' lie helpless. Whenever we see flagrant violations of all codes of common sense and fairness in the treatment of these patients, we make use of the right, as Disabled Veterans ourselves, and as Americans, in the interests of fair play, and a certain sense of obligation for these men, to insist on improvement in conditions, and, where deemed necessary, supported by substantiating affidavits and legitimate complaints, to insist on the removal of the officers in charge who are responsible for such unsatisfactory administration.

"Our criticism has at all times been of the constructive order, and our close cooperation with the officials of the U. S. Government Veterans' Bureau will bear this out. Our organization is ever ready to do its part in bringing about results that will enable these thousands of men to receive a fair chance in the fight to regain the health and status in life that was theirs, before they made these great sacrifices during the recent World War."

For the last month or more, the committee of local Disabled American Veterans of the World War that is to direct the program for the great

National Convention of the organization, has been actively at work in the convention headquarters, St. Francis Hotel, San Francisco. The executive committee directing the details of the Convention consists of these wounded and disabled Veterans of the Great War: Herbert V. Coffey, general chairman; Frederick E. Wilson, secretary; Melvin I. Schlamm, entertainment; Milton D. Sapiro, finance; Hayle M. Ayres, railway transportation; William J. O'Connor, hotels and housing; Edward R. Baker, printing and decorations; Charles H. Kendrick, distinguished guests; Harry E. Wentworth, program; C. L. Straub, parade; George Kelley, banquet; Graham Lee, registration; Ray Daniel Hart, liaison.

In addition to the Disabled American Veterans' committee, there have been appointed the Citizens' Committee of five hundred prominent social and business leaders of San Francisco, named by Mayor James Rolph, Jr., and a Fraternal Liaison Committee, including every fraternal, patriotic and civic organization in San Francisco. These two supplementary committees will sponsor many of the great functions scheduled for the week of the big Convention. Mrs. Prentiss Cobb Hale, San Francisco society woman, who headed the important war activities by the ladies of California during the days of the World War, is chairman of the Reception Committee, in which she will be assisted by one thousand ladies.

An elaborate program is being prepared for the Disabled American Veterans' National Convention, the tentative arrangements providing for a great public reception and ball in San Francisco's magnificent Civic Auditorium, a monster military parade, a naval review in the bay of San Francisco, daily sightseeing tours and outings, theatre parties, grand public banquet, entertainments in every hotel and San Francisco clubhouse, social functions for the ladies coming to San Francisco for the conclave, athletic events, and numerous other events.

Considerable interest is being shown in the proposed "Living Hall of Fame," to be par-

ticipated in at the Convention, by the "greatest hero" of the recent World War, from every State in the Union. Already invitations have been sent to the various Governors throughout the country, requesting that the "greatest hero" from the respective states be officially designated and sent to San Francisco for the Disabled American Veterans' National Convention, heading the delegation of delegates and visitors from these different states. During the National Conclave, it is proposed to assemble the "greatest heroes" in a "Living Hall of Fame," as one of the outstanding features of the great Convention.

Arrangements have been made for at least 20,000 wounded and disabled American heroes to come to San Francisco for their National Convention during the last week in June. According to the Convention Committee Chairman, Mr. Herbert V. Coffey, this number will be greatly augmented if the one-cent a mile railroad transportation to and from San Francisco is granted. Efforts are being made to secure this attractive fare rate for America's heroes, who are casting eager eyes towards California as their goal for this coming summer. California's wonderful reputation for "hospitality," and the world-famous slogan that "San Francisco Knows How," have reached all of these Disabled American Veterans, everywhere in the United States, and it is their greatest aim to come to the Golden Gate for their National Conclave of June 26th to 30th.

A royal welcome and right hearty reception awaits them, to be sure, and we of the Golden West will be proud to greet these thousands of boys whose sacrifices should be permanently engraved in our hearts. They will indeed be "guests of honor," and we hope and trust that their deliberations will be aided by the cooperation of a grateful people and an appreciative nation. Welcome, a thousand-fold, America's heroes; whose deeds in the past, and mighty service in the future will do so much for the healing of the nation, and the honor of our country.



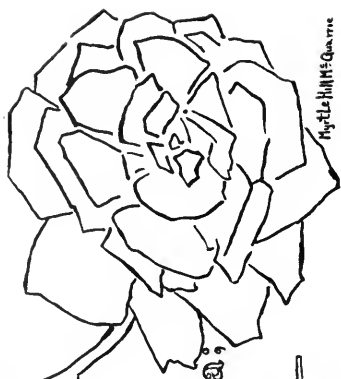
There are many interesting traditions regarding the old Spanish days of Monterey—Quaint city by the Sea General Sherman, of Civil War fame, stationed there in early days, showed attentions, it is said, to a charm.

Senorita. Being ordered east he called to say farewell promising to return. The maiden took a golden rosebud from his coat lapel saying, "We will plant it here in the garden. If it grows I shall know that you will return." The Senorita waited.—He did not return—and now she is gone. But the roses bloom on—in the old walled garden, with each returning spring.

As Roman's Home— an attractive myth of the Southland, is pointed out to visitors, so is the "Sherman Rose Garden" of Monterey a mecca of sentimental interest to all who visit this famous old town.



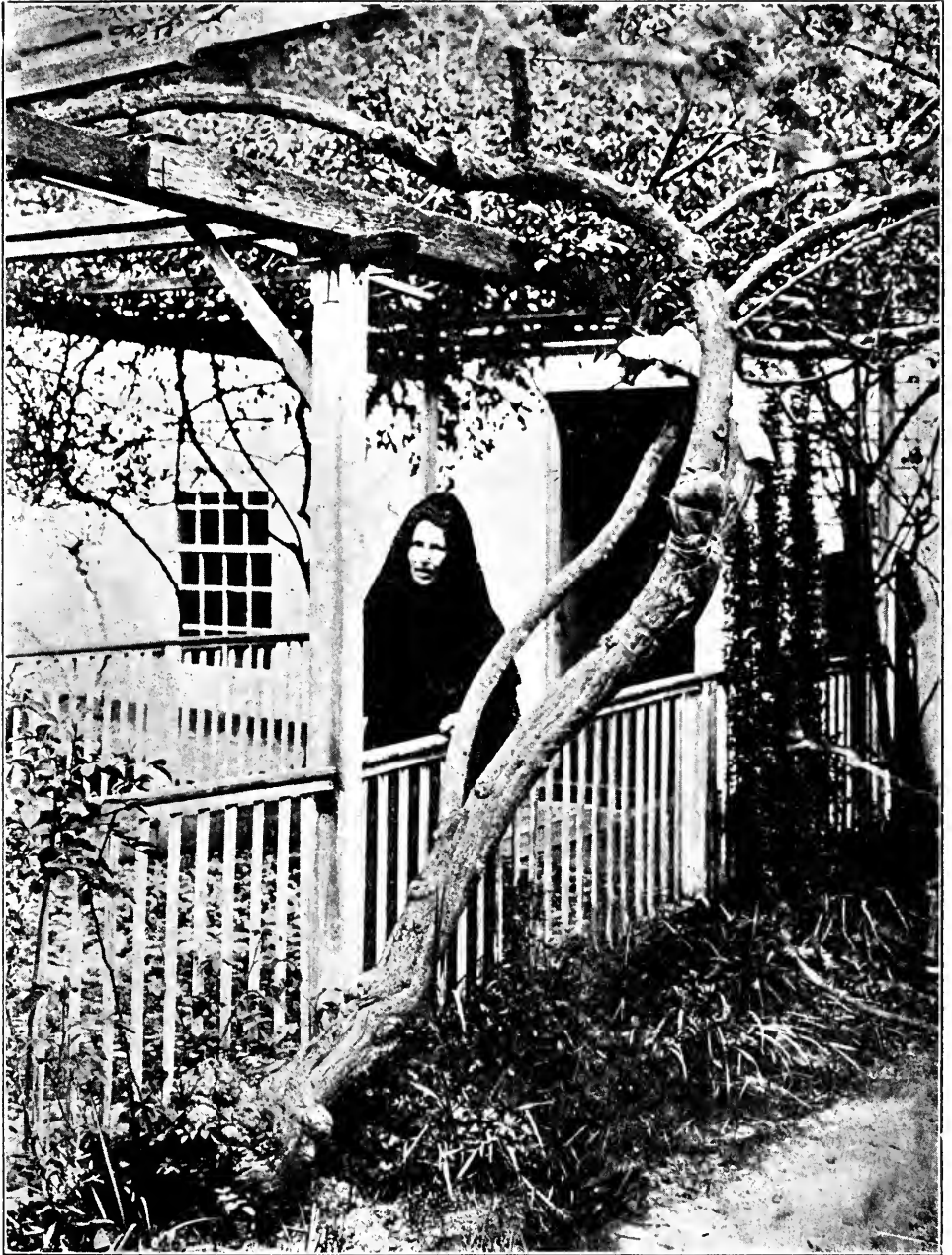
Calum is this old garden of roses,
 Whither the evening winds and the shadows
 East rushing, the petals of roses,
 Bring ill-omened shadows from the long ago—
 The enchanted spell is fixed to know.
 The mists come swirl from the darkened sea;
 Veiling the stars from their memory.
 The hushed murmur of waves on the beach—
 The far pulse of time passed beyond reach,
 Goes to my mind, the soft, my many years,
 Of Fortitude, Building, Monarchs years,
 Dreaming, passed to the limbo of years.



Myrtle Hill Magazine



ROLAND RICE.



The Sherman Rose—Monterey



Home of Robt. Louis Stevenson—Monterey



Historic "Old Pacific House"—Monterey

Monterey

By AGNES M. MANNING

The sleepy old town of Monterey
Drowsily lies in the summer sun.
Amid her adobes, old and gray,
She dreams of a past forever gone.
Out of the shadowy mists of years,
Far from her present of doubt and fears,
Come the ship and the stalwart men;
The pine-clad hills re-echo again,
With clatter of hoof and soft refrain
Of Mission chimes in a low, sweet strain,
Stealing across the summer sea,
Where the breeze-touched waves all merrily,
Chase each other in silvery spray,
O'er thy shining sands, O, Monterey!

* * * *

The sleepy old town of Monterey
Drowsily lies in the summer sun.
Silent her streets, and her walls are gray,
Her glory 'is past, forever gone.
Yet glorious still her maidens fair,
With wonderful eyes and bright brown hair.
Pale are the mists that at morning lie
In fleecy wreaths 'twixt the hills and sky.
Till the cypress boughs spread dark and wide
O'er many a long and lonely ride;
And, by the light breezes softly stirred,
San Carlos' bells may yet be heard.
Still break the waves in a silver spray
On thy shining sands, O Monterey!



First Theatre Built in California—Monterey

Gentleman Joe

A Story of the Great Cattle Range

By ELLA STERLING MIGHELS

IN a spur of the Sierras lies a green valley, locked in by the winter snows as inexorably as if man instead of nature were the jailer. Here are the winter quarters of a herd of cattle, gaining mere subsistence from the green sage. The cattle are guarded by a small band of vaqueros, waiting for spring, when they will follow the trails toward the rich mountain pastures. They are a hard lot, these vaqueros, dwelling together in the rough cabin. The days are short, the nights long. Gambling and drinking are the only pastimes for men thus hemmed in; and so Romualdo gambles off his silver spurs, and José his silver-mounted bit; and then they quarrel hotly over the result of the game.

Gentleman Joe is a unique personage among the swarthy group. He turns from them with loathing, and, rolling himself in his blankets, lies before the fire. A noble face, proud and of fine lineaments; his hair, brown and curling, touches his broad shoulders, while a patch of silver at the temples shines out strangely; the beard is full and close; the eyes are dark and stern, full of meaning long suppressed. Tonight there is almost agony in the eyes, as the Spanish oaths fly thick and fast, and the close atmosphere, reeking with whisky, poisons the lungs, while recourse to the knife is threatened at every moment. It is singularly inappropriate, but there comes to his memory the picture of a beautiful mother and a little boy kneeling before her with hands folded in prayer.

Called back from this beautiful picture of memory, Joe arises from his place and scans the group. The right word at the right time may dissipate this rising tumult.

"Boys, we've got to start drivin' the cattle to-morrer, and ye'd better git a little sleep afore mornin'. It'll be a hard day's job, and ye won't none of ye be fit fur it."

With some disagreement and a promise from José to settle the matter another time, the dis-sension dies down. Joe knows how to handle them. In an hour's time they are stretched out in slumber; but Joe looks still into the dying embers, feeling himself more alone than if on a desert island.

II

Up from the Sacramento valley come the winding herds into the rich summer pastures of the Sierras. With one of the droves is the usual

old rickety wagon, and in it, besides the dark-skinned young driver and elderly sun-burned woman, is a pale-cheeked girl who seems to defy the sun's burning glances. Her red-gold hair and soft black eyes make her an attractive picture, even without the added touches in her costume—the dark blue dress, the picturesque hat, the long gauntlet gloves, and the creamy silk handkerchief about her throat. She has just recovered from a malarial fever, and by the advice of the physician she seeks the balm of mountain air and the experience of camping out.

Hank Wilson is not a picturesque object. The sun has bleached all the color out of his hair, eyes and mustache, and by a peculiar compensation has turned his originally fair skin utterly brown—that burnt, unpleasant brown which has nothing heroic in it—suggesting no battles, no tropic fires; only a parched desert. Mrs. Wilson, though common-place, is the widow of a wealthy cattle-owner, and Hank is heir to thousands of dollars. What though he writes "i" and "mi"; his signature commands more gold than that of a scholar who can express himself accurately in ten languages.

Hank is already deeply in love with his cousin—a cousin by marriage merely, being but the step-niece of his mother—in his rough way admiring her openly and freely.

As for Arizona Weston, she scarcely saw Hank at all. Utterly unaware of her step-mother's design to make a match between them, she said frankly to herself, "He is one of the people whom when you look at you can't see."

Arrived at Sardine Valley, a new world met Arizona's eye. Day by day she watched the moving panorama, the new herds driven in by the new vaqueros—Mexican, Irish and American—all with the same bronzed complexion and heavy cast of countenance. She was almost fascinated for a while by their faces, hard and sinister in expression, until suddenly she roused herself, saying, "What a horrid lot of people!—they look like the offscourings of the earth." And so turned her eyes again to nature.

Sitting in a little covert of her own on the hillside one day, up from the road near her retreat came the crunching sound of a wagon. The sound stopped, and loud imprecations came

to her ear. As the cursing became louder and more blasphemous, she shivered. Peeping through the manzanita around her she saw a heavily laden hay-team, which, in spite of efforts of man and beast, could not be made to budge.

Arizona was a self-willed young maiden, perhaps a trifle high-tempered, and she did not like that swearing so near her sacred bower. Without stopping for her hat, she sped down the hillside. No one but a California girl would have presumed upon man's natural deference to woman in appearing upon such a scene at such a time—no one else would have dared. With hair flying, cheeks tinted and eyes glistening, she confronted the two men with the wagon. They ceased their imprecations abruptly, as if it were an apparition that had suddenly sprung upon them in that wild region, or even a nymph.

"Don't you think I could help you a little?" said the nymph, audaciously.

"Wall, I dunno, but you can," said one of the men.

"Don't you think if you threw off some of that hay they would pull it up easier?"

"I dunno but what they could," said he, again.

The men threw off some bales. Arizona advanced meanwhile to the leaders' heads, patting their noses and talking encouragingly. Then, taking them by the bits, while one of the men lifted on a wheel and the other managed the lines and urged the team forward with ejaculations extremely mild and perfectly fit for publication, she added that movement of energy that horses understand, and in a moment they were running up the hill, putting forth their strength to the straining of each muscle; and the men, with a curious look at the girl, said, "Much obleeged," and passed out of sight.

A new band of cattle was winding into the valley, and riding behind was a man upon whom Arizona's eyes rested wonderingly. He was of magnificent physique—broad, full chest and well-poised head. The dark gray flannel shirt, the broad drooping sombrero, the twist of crimson silk around the neck, gave him a picturesque appearance. The eyes were handsome and dark as night, the complexion fresh and ruddy, the hair and short curly beard unacquainted with the shears—the hair sprinkled with silver threads at the temples, the beard brown as manhood's dearest wish. There was a certain reserve force in the eyes that made her hesitate in forming her opinion. To her surprise, he lifted his hat as he rode by without more than a single glance; and although the gaze of men's eyes had been turned on her so constantly for the last few weeks that she did not notice it any more, this

man's polite salute without the curious gaze betokened him something different from his fellows.

"He is one of the persons whom, when you look at, you DO see," said the girl to herself, hurrying down the road.

Coming into the little brown cabin, she asked impulsively: "Who is that, Aunt Susan? and where does he come from?"

"Oh, that's Joe—Gentleman Joe, they call him. He keeps a herd of cattle in one of the upper valleys all winter. He's been snowed in since last December."

"But he isn't a vaquero?"

"Well, he ain't now, 'cos he's Hank's man on shares and owns half that herd he just druv in. He's a mighty nice man, but nobody knows nothin' about 'm. He saved Hank's life about four years ago. He cut the lasso that would uv killed 'm in a minit more."

Arizona's eyes flashed with pleasant expectations. "I hope he's nice to talk to," she said to herself.

She watched the rodeo next day with new interest. All the cattle were gathered together—all the herds and strays in the valley, irrespective of their owners. About twenty men from the surrounding valleys were present, and with expert vaqueros "cut out" the cattle bearing their particular brands and the little calves following them, for many of them are strays and wander into strange herds during the long drive up from the winter valleys.

Then came the branding of the calves; but after José had brutally put his silver-spurred heel on the throat of one poor little bull-calf, as he cut its ears and put the burning brand into its flank, and Joe had suddenly sprung at him and rebuked him for his unnecessary cruelty, Arizona turned away white and trembling, her heart going out to the man who found a place for tenderness to the terror-stricken dumb brute among that apparently brutal and half-savage throng of vaqueros. She longed to speak with him.

But he never came near their cabin, seeming to avoid her even. She saw him and Hank sitting on a log one evening, after supper, in the midst of a discussion on cattle matters. With her usual audacity she walked up to them, presuming upon that respect and almost reverence with which men had always treated her from her babyhood, and sat down beside them as if she were a little child who was permitted such familiarity. Joe immediately raised his hat to her, and walked away as if he were the intruder.

Arizona sat there quite delighted with herself. "Say, Henry, do you think there is anything terrible about me?"

"Terrible, why, of course not! Why, what's the matter?" he asked, much softened to see that she came of her own accord to sit and talk with him.

"Why, your Gentleman Joe, there, he seems to think that I am perfectly horrid; he even runs away when I come near him. Say, Henry," in a confidential tone, "I'll be very good friends with you if you will go and bring him back."

In a moment the two men stood before the capricious young woman, who felt under the grave look of the stern dark eyes bent upon her that she would like to solve the mystery of this strange character if she could, and not a bit afraid to try it.

"This is Joe," said Hank, stupidly; "this is my cousin Arizona, from the Bay."

"Joe?" repeated Arizona, "Joe what?"

"Simply Joe," said the handsome man, smiling down at her.

"Nonsense! you must have another name."

"Oh, yes," said Hank, "he has got another name; the boys call him Gentleman Joe sometimes."

"What is that for?" said the childlike maiden, mischievously determined to investigate the matter immediately.

The eyes bent on her looked doubtful, but the smile was still lingering in their depths, and his voice was rich and deep as he replied.

"You know the habit of men when they are off in a wilderness by themselves—the tendency to shorten speech? They first drop the title, then the surname. The Christian name readily lends itself to a distinctive title, and then they become Buffalo Jim, Three Fingered Jack, or anything else that is first given them. It is a primitive state of society, and the only reason I can give for such a title is, that I have passed through it."

Hank looked in dumb surprise, and even Arizona was a little quelled by his unexpected diction; still she whispered to herself, "I'm so glad he is nice to talk to." And from that moment their friendship began.

III

It was strange how much more interesting Sardine Valley became after Joe's arrival, and at her own sweet will Arizona wandered around with him, or went riding with him in the moonlight, and lived in a sort of child's paradise.

One day while sitting by the creek, hid by the willows, she heard angry voices approaching and recognized them as belonging to José

and Romualdo. The feud between them had grown since that night in the snow-bound valley, and had suddenly come to the surface. Louder and louder their voices grew, deeper and more taunting the insults, till the climax was reached, and the ominous click of a pistol startled her. But another voice broke in and the pistol was struck to the ground.

"Boys, if yer must fight, take yer fists like men, and may the best man win!"

Through the parting in the willows she could see that the men struggled and fought, while Joe stood looking on impassively.

The girl was frightened by the terrible scene; but in a moment her courage came back, and she dashed down the bushes around her, and cried—

"How perfectly horrible! and to think, Joe, that you would let them!"

At her appearance upon the scene the two men stopped fighting and slunk away. She turned to Joe again, her eyes flashing with fire.

"I am ashamed of you, Gentleman Joe! I don't think you are worthy of your name, to encourage such a disgraceful row."

He looked down upon her with an amused smile. She saw in it a meaning which baffled her. "Why did you do it?" she persisted, yet conscious that she had wronged him by her hasty speech.

"No power under heaven could have kept those brutes from killing each other at that moment; not that I care for them, but I feared the bullets would fly in other directions than their carcasses."

She saw his motive, his desire to protect her from danger, and at the same time took notice of the difference in his speech. With feminine perversity she said suddenly:

"Why do you talk differently to me than you do to the men? You talk to me in the purest English; you talk to them like a vaquero."

"Why not?" he responded, looking away off at the horizon and taking off his hat, as if for relief from some tumultuous memory that sprang up at her words.

"You have no right to live such a life as this," said the girl; "you were intended for better things."

He still looked away off and sighed, pressing his lips together.

"I shouldn't wonder if you understood Latin and Greek," she continued, "and had left a nice family in the East somewhere, to mourn you as one dead."

He looked down on her with a scrutinizing glance.

"You have a history, Joe, I know you have—a real romantic one—and you will tell it to me, won't you?"

"Not now," he said, passionately, "not now!" and strode away.

That afternoon the team with the weekly supplies and the mail came, and Arizona sprang out to get her letters. To her surprise the man paid no attention to her, but drove straight to the corral. In a moment José came toward her with a strange look on his face.

"Here are your letters—and there is something else."

"What is it, Joe?" said she, alarmed by his manner.

"Don't be frightened; it is only a telegram."

"Only a telegram!" She tore it open, and turned deadly pale. "Papa! Papa!" she moaned. She tottered, and Joe put her into a chair. "My father has had a stroke; it is the second. I may never see him again. What am I to do—so far away, so far away!"

Crushed and hopeless, she sank back in the seat where a few moments before she had sat full of life and brightness. Aunt Susan came to her with such sympathy as she could offer. The thought that she must wait a whole day before starting for home was agonizing.

"Why can't I start tonight? By tomorrow morning I could reach the train in time, and be at home tomorrow night."

"Why, you couldn't ride all night. It's too ridiculous to think on."

"Oh, but I must! I can't wait till tomorrow, and then take all day to get to the station. I won't wait! Why, I may possibly get there in time to see him. Just think of that, Aunt Susan, and don't oppose me! Don't oppose me!"

"I wouldn't trust no wagon on that road tonight," objected Aunt Susan.

"Never mind; let me go on horseback. I've ridden that far before."

"Laws-a-mercy, hear the girl! I couldn't take ye on horseback."

"Then, Joe, you will take me, won't you? You must know how I feel! Oh, please, Aunt Susan, don't oppose me! Let me go with Joe; I'm perfectly safe with him."

Mrs. Wilson was a Californian, and had learned to rely upon the reverential feeling displayed by the roughest men in this new land toward the gentler sex. She saw no more impropriety in the proposition itself than did the innocent girl; so she only objected:

"I don't believe Hank would like yer to run the risk of the horses takin' a mis-step."

"Oh, if Hank were here I know he'd take me!"

"If you will trust her to me," said Joe, with the gravity of one making a vow, "I promise to take her safely."

IV

To keep her mind from her trouble, as they loped along, Joe talked of many things. Finally she said:

"How well you talk when you want to. Tell me how it is that you stay here in this little valley where there is no world at all, when you could fill a place anywhere in the great world outside?"

"I did have an offer to keep books for a hotel in this outside world you speak of, where I could have handed the ladies in and out and have given the bills to the guests. Would you consider that better? And in the course of time they would have probably called me the prince of hotel clerks, if I did my duty and played my cards well."

"I'm afraid you're dreadfully American."

"I am. I'll be my own master, and flunkey to no man. You have been curious about me, and have desired to hear my history. I have never told it before. I am a man who has been dead for twelve years. What do you think of that for a beginning?"

"It is a very sad one."

"My father and I parted in anger; he was stubborn, and so was I. Neither would yield; and I came to California. I kept up a correspondence with my mother and sisters, and everything I turned my hand to prospered, in spite of my father's sneer that I would come to no good end. Twelve years ago, satisfied with a moderate fortune, I turned all my property, amounting to about twenty thousand, into gold and checks. This I resolved to carry with me, not trusting to banks or men; and, writing to my mother of my intended departure during that week for the old home in Massachusetts, I started on my journey. That was the last letter she ever received from me."

"Oh, what could have prevented you from going to her after that?"

"I was comparatively young—only twenty-four—and the night I started on my way from the mines, I fell into the hands of gamblers, was drugged and robbed—actually robbed. From a stupor I awoke to find myself in a stage going through a part of the country unknown to me. My evil star was in the ascendant, and, not content with my already forlorn condition, demanded further glutting of its ire. The stage through some fault of the driver was

overtaken, and I was drawn out a miserable wreck—my leg broken and my body bruised. For months I lay in a wretched cabin, under the care of a miner who gave what little time he could to bringing me back to health. I never thanked him for it; on the contrary, I often begged him to go away and leave me to die alone. But with that persistence which people have in forcing life on human beings whether they desire it or not, he continued to feed me when I wouldn't feed myself. In those dreary hours I learned many lessons I had never learned before, among them patience and humility—two qualities I had never dreamed of. I saw that I had been wrong in the quarrel with my father, but not at first. If my downfall had been caused by something heroic, something brave, I could have endured it, and again striven with the world; but it was too ignominious, too petty and contemptible. I felt ashamed to go on living, I who was such a failure, and I had always despised the prodigal son too much to think of imitating him. From that time I have been simply Joe. Caring nothing for the world, I have lived without it; and being without ambition, except in one particular—to gain possession of perfect health, if I must live—I have been content with this untamed outdoor life with the roughest of companions. The man who is without ambition is already dead. I died twelve years ago; and Joe has simply taken my body and gone on existing in it up to the present hour."

"But the dead man could not altogether lose his identity, for his fellow-men have seen something noble enough in him to call him 'Gentleman Joe.'"

"As if a man without a name could be a gentleman! It came about just as inappropriately as the most of such names do. After my long, bitter siege I could scarcely meet men; how much less, then, could I meet women? I so revered them as belonging to another world—one to which I could never again aspire; the world to which belonged my mother and sisters—that I could not listen with patience to those who made the name of woman a means of slander and reproach, no matter how light her conduct. From this foolish instinct a coarse-grained fellow whom I one day rebuked for his idle boasting, called me in derision 'Gentleman Joe;' and, as is usual with such titles, once won, they cling forever. So there is no particular credit in that."

"And your speech—to whom does that belong? To the man who died twelve years ago, or to this paradoxical Gentleman Joe?"

"In order to forget that I ever existed before, I almost anxiously adopted the rough manners and speech of those about me. It seemed a satisfaction to assassinate the King's English, to indulge in a Pike's Peak vernacular, to be as rough and rude as those about me. But one instinct would never leave me, and to meet a woman made me instantly fall back into the speech I had learned before that other man died."

"I am glad of that, for I don't like swearing."

"That was the reason I avoided you so at first, not knowing but that I had perhaps forgotten my old tongue. I knew of your dislike for rough language before I came into the valley."

"How?"

"You rebuked two hay-teamsters in the valley, don't you remember? Such news spreads very fast in this part of the country."

They rode on for a while in silence. The moon poured down almost a solid shower of silver round about them in that pure atmosphere of the high Sierras, and the pines stood out against instinct did not leave the girl, and presently she said gently:

"You have not told me your real name yet, and the story would be incomplete without it, you know."

"Adams," said he abruptly, and lapsed into silence.

They saw the moon grow dim in the west, and the rosy-tinted fingers of morning lift the curtain of day before they reached the railroad station. There was time for a few minutes' rest before the train would come. Joe, putting her ticket in her hand, said gently:

"I hope you may find him much better."

The girl looked up in his face, and in the cold of the morning felt so desolate and sad that parting with the good, kind friend who had helped her to reach her father a day sooner quite overcame her. Her lip trembled, her eyes filled with tears, and with the confidence of an innocent creature who has learned to lean upon the heart which had always been kind and gentle, she laid her head on his arm and wept.

"You have been so good to me, Joe, and I haven't even thanked you—I haven't even thanked you. There are no words—"

The man looked down upon her with a singular sensation gnawing at his heart. This beautiful, innocent creature was to pass out of his life forever—this confiding creature hiding her tears on his great rough sleeve. What an agony was in the thought! But he did not even press the little hand that lay in his; he only looked upon her with eyes of tenderness and said:

"It is nothing, absolutely nothing. Don't think of thanks; only keep your courage up until you get home. I wish I could help you to bear that burden, for my shoulders are so broad and yours so very slight."

"You will call and see us, Joe, if ever you come to the Bay? Promise me that you will," said she, anxiously.

He smiled sadly.

"I may safely promise that I will call if ever I come to the Bay; but it is extremely improbable that I ever shall."

"Oh, you do not mean to say that I shall never see you again, Joe—do you? I can't bear to think of it. It seems as if you were the dearest friend I ever had."

The man's heart beat in heavy beats, his hand trembled a little, but the gentleman was stronger in him than the man; and he only said, "Perhaps some day we may meet again. I hope so."

In another moment the train was off, steaming upon the narrow canyon on its way across the Sierras, down into the Sacramento valley.

V

Three months after Arizona sat at the breakfast table clad in deepest mourning, her head buried in her arm, and weeping bitterly. Her stepmother had just left the room, after relieving her mind of much practical advice. Arizona could scarcely remember what it was all about, but it was something dreadful—something which added five years to her life. A letter had come from Aunt Susan telling that Joe—her Gentleman Joe—had nearly killed a vaquero who had spoken disrespectfully of her. Felisia had said that she had disgraced the family as well as herself; that after such an escapade as she had indulged in—riding all night with that man—no one would be willing to marry her, perhaps not even Hank; that she ought to feel grateful if Hank would condescend to overlook it. As if this were not enough, she had added that she must marry; that as all her father's property was in Felicia's name, she was dependent on her bounty; that the property was so incumbered there was not more than enough to support one of them decently, and that a marriage with Hank was her only hope.

With the perversity common to women, she hated Hank worse than ever, instead of being grateful to him for his magnanimity. She didn't want any one to marry her. But how would she support herself? Felicia's strong will had taken her home from her. What was she to do to escape from this hateful place which was no longer home? Aunt Susan was kinder to her

than Felicia; but—there was Hank. Like all desperate women, she conceived many wild schemes which she knew to be utterly impracticable. "Oh, if I were a boy," she sobbed; "I'd go up to the winter valley and help Joe tend the cattle." And then she wept still more bitterly as she realized what an impossibility it was to convert herself into a boy.

Lifting her head from the newspaper upon which she had been weeping unconsciously, she gave a hysterical laugh at the little lake of tears upon it, then looked intently at the printed words just underneath. It was an advertisement in the personal column.

Wanted — Information regarding the death of Joseph Adams, who went to California in 1867, and was last heard from in Placer county in 1870. Any information, authentic or of hearsay, thankfully received. Address Mrs. J. L. Adams, Cambridge, Mass.

Her griefs were all forgotten. She fell into a brown study. "He cannot bridge over those twelve long years himself. It is impossible; but I can do it for him."

In a couple of weeks, Aunt Susan and Hank came to spend the winter with Felicia, and everything was taken for granted in regard to Arizona. But the girl showed signs of a mental struggle, being hemmed in upon every side, and vainly seeking for escape. One day, after about three or four weeks' constant attention, Hank brought the matter to a point-blank issue.

"I know I'm not fancy, like yer citified fellers, but I'd give ye every dollar I had in the world, Arizona, and work and slave for ye."

"O, I know, said the girl with a sigh; "you're a real good fellow, Hank. It isn't that, it isn't that! I don't like these silly fops a bit better than you do. I can imagine a man, a noble, handsome gentleman, honest and straightforward—that's the sort of man for my ideal."

"I hope I'm honest and straightforward—" began Hank.

"Oh, yes, you're honest enough, I suppose; but, to tell the truth, Hank, you are not the sort of complexion I like—" and she burst out laughing as she looked at him with his faded eyes, pale hair and mustache, and swarthy parched skin, while he turned and sullenly walked out of the room.

It was only a hysterical laugh on Arizona's part. She was curiously trying to analyze why she disliked Hank so intensely. When she said "a noble, handsome gentleman," she knew at

The Spirit of the West

By A. J. FYNN

“What is the Spirit of the West?”
A stranger asked of me—
“I’ve heard of it, among the hills
And by the surging sea;
I’ve heard of it, in city hall
And at the cotter’s door,
But ’tis to me a dreamy thing,
A phrase and nothing more.”

How many others, we have met,
With words no less sincere,
Have questioned thus, as though it were
A something vague or queer,
Unmindful that, when earth was young
And man ambitious grew,
The spirit prompted him to leave
The old and seek the new.

It stirred the stagnant Orient,
In far-famed days of yore,
And patriarchal Abraham
For sook the land of Ur;
It touched the European coast,
Swept o’er her mightiest sea,
And bold Columbus found a home
For greater liberty.

Across the ocean, westward bound,
The famous Mayflower went,
To find, upon a foreign shore,
Mankind more tolerant;
With vision ever broadening,
Men crossed mount, marsh and plain,
And paused not till time’s newest West
Reached earth’s unrivaled main.

And so the Spirit of the West
Moves forward with the sun,
Rejoicing in great deeds achieved
But finding tasks undone—
It is that onward, upward call
That speeds from shore to shore,
Nor halts until the best is reached
Or man shall be no more.

Topside in China

By ISABELLE D. HULL

AT a time when China is so prominently in the public eye, it is a joy to review a year's visit to these very interesting people and country.

China cannot stand still but must rise to the heights of her enlarged vision. She must rise in response to a long effort made by her enlightened sons to do justice to her latent aspirations gathered in all these silent years. In common, she now experiences a ferment that must go on to its fulfillment until all the peoples of the world have taken up higher ideals and shaken off the shackles of ignorance and prejudice. The consensus of opinions of those who know from experience, close observation, and direct contact, is a settled conviction of faith in her final triumph over this dissatisfied condition of her people. The attitude of the Disarmament Conference showed to the world that China was worthy of respect and consideration. This faith in her future shown by others will inspire and help in the uplift. We learn these things by personal contact and experience; when our faith is proven by good works our distrust vanishes.

The City of Shanghai is very cosmopolitan, and a propitious place to study the changes that are taking place much more rapidly than we realize. It will soon be that the life there will assume the changes that have taken place in San Francisco in the last decade. That spirit of independence and democracy which displaces lines of distinction in the Chinese comes rapidly. The children of the second and third generation are thoroughly imbued with the spirit of Americanism. Old customs yield to up-to-date manners, and the distinctive Chinese has only his "face," and is likely to lose that in American aggressiveness.

The spirit of change has been slow in asserting itself, but it surely comes. As a race they have a decided sense of justice; the following incident illustrates in a striking way this quality:

The Chinese tailor, with his portable machine, is a great institution in Shanghai. He can be obtained for a small cost by the day to sew. His imitation or power to copy a pattern or carry out a design exactly is wonderful, but he has little initiative, and must be told how. It is a great disaster when he makes a mistake or "loses his face."

I employed a visiting tailor in Shanghai. He came confidently and did some good work which

was to be copied from a pattern. I finally gave him a bell-shaped serge dress skirt to shorten; I expected him to fold up the bias hem. After telling him briefly that I wanted the skirt shortened, I was called from the room, leaving much to his judgment. I wanted it shortened temporarily, intending to lengthen it again. When I returned to the sewing room he had cut off about four inches. In my surprise I said, "Why tailor you have spoiled my skirt!" he was greatly disturbed. On recovering his face he said, "Missy, me can fix 'em. Me can do. Me can take em home tonight." I yielded, and when he returned next morning he had secured a piece of alpaca braid of the same shade, and with a paste or glue he had made a perfect fit. It looked neat and just as if the braid were used for a trimming. I accepted his reparation and found it both neat and serviceable. At the end of the week he would not accept his full pay, arguing that "Me spilum your skirt, me must pay." A CHINAMAN'S HONOR IS HIS GREATEST BUSINESS ASSET.

One of the most delightful days of this wonderful trip was spent in going to a mountain retreat of the missionaries. The day was perfect. We procured Sedan chairs as we expected to climb to the top and the rickshaw was impossible. Our coolies were in fine mood. The scenery was beguiling, and we lost all thought of narrow stone steps and steep grades with the lilacs and honeysuckle and jessamine mingling their perfume which was wafted to us on the shimmering of the leaves of the bamboo. We forgot the sights, sounds and smells of bad sanitation and careless handling of the dead that shock us so often in China.

When the coolie dropped the shaft from his tired shoulders, and in his pidgin English said, "Missy, topside all 'ight," we heartily concurred with him.

On a houseboat trip wonderful opportunity was afforded to obtain a varied knowledge of boat life in China. Two unique specimens were the tub-boat and the cormorant boat. The former is what its name signifies—a veritable Diogenes tub-boat which was used to gather the buffalo horn nuts from under the water.

A cormorant boatman became interested in us and came so near that we could see his little family inside, also the baby cormorants in their basket nests attached at intervals to the side

of the boat. In one of these nests were two little birds. The roost for the old birds were also attached to the boat. At our request the boatman made the cormorants fish. He gave them little prods with his bamboo rod; the birds would drop into the water, rustle in a duck-like fashion and come up with fish. They were relieved of them and forced to go again. A slipknot on a cord on the neck prevented them from swallowing. Both children and birds had come and gone in this boat life for generations. "That happiness is from within," is the lesson we learn from these simple, yet philosophical people.

Further on we saw boatmen raking long bleached grass from the bottom of the lake. We imagined that it was food for the water buffalo. When we inquired "What use?" we were told it was for "chow."

While in the vicinity of Soochow we visited, what is claimed to be, the largest pagoda in the world. The pagoda purpose seems to be twofold, either as a monument commemorating the virtue or munificence of some departed benefactor, or as an agent of the "feng shui," the genii of good and evil. As we climbed to the top of "Pei-Ize-Ta" we counted 235 steps. The height is 250 feet. The wheat fields and rice fields and tea farms, mulberry trees and lakes combined to make the view from the pagoda a wonderful panorama that fills a lifetime with magnificent memories and impressions, taking in the homes, as it does, of five millions of human being. America's opportunity fills us with wonder, love and praise. * * The pendulum swings. "God's in His heaven, All's right with the World."

Many short strolls were taken in the suburbs of Shanghai, venturing near the native villages many revelations of a domestic nature were gathered. At one place, a little girl-mother was caring for her baby brother, who sat in his high chair at a distance from his mother's shop. At the approach of a foreigner in these sections, every child darts to cover. When the little mother saw us she hid herself. We determined to test her loyalty, and approached the babe, when to our surprise, she dashed from her hiding place and made a personal attack upon us as she mistrusted our motive. Mother-like, she forgot herself in the protection of her charge. We sometimes could look down from the levees into a home. The picture was often

very interesting and gave evidence of the life in the average home in China.

We were interested in the farming and business life of these people, so thrifty and eminent in rearing poultry. Many fine breeds of chicken, geese and ducks came from the Orient. An interesting incident during our house-boat trip was the appearance of a very peculiar nature in the canal ahead of us. There seemed a floating mass of life approaching, which proved to be hundreds of live ducks swimming toward us, and we turned aside to allow them to pass. We were told that they had been incubated many miles north of Shanghai, and were browsed and herded until they reached their destination when about three months old, and were marketed in the city. The Chinese claim to be the discoverers of incubation.

We find now and then a mention of the "Menace of the Open Door," or a reference to the Yellow Peril. There are always some "seeing things in the night," but the spiritual force, the bond of life will remain, and we may learn a lesson from the Chinese in their patient waiting for centuries. The light is breaking through the Open Door, and as was explained to me by a missionary in China, giving her reason for accepting the service of a poor coolie to take her in her rickshaw through the snow and ice with chapped, bleeding legs—"It is the only way we can reach them. We never come in contact with them in any other way. It is through service that our work is accomplished." The last war taught us this lesson.

To allow this spirit to die unused would be a great spiritual waste in experience, opportunity and duty. We stand at the bar of history for judgment, for the use we make of this opportunity—unique and momentous. All thinking people today realize that future civilization depends on enlightened, humane education, not upon dreadnaughts nor politicians, leagues nor kings nor princes, but upon the education of the children of the world. Abroad the outlook must be widened. The efficient missionary must go on with his work, the leaders of finance, manufacturing and other interests must engage our people in doing their might to lighten each other's burdens, to instill higher ideals, and make a great drive to hasten the day when all shall believe in the eternal verities.

"God's in His heaven
All's right with the world."

The Youth of Monsieur Parisot

By RALPH DYER

TRULY, my dear Parisot, she is a remarkable woman," observed Ravelet, the jeweler, setting down his glass of cognac and directing an admiring glance toward the cashier's desk just inside the entrance to the cafe Moulin.

"She is remarkably fat, if that is what you mean," Parisot responded, as he allowed his gaze to rest frowningly upon the widow Moulin's portly figure. The latter, looking up suddenly from her task of making change, smiled expansively at him. Parisot scowled and hastily returned to his brandy. Behind his glasses Ravelet's little black eyes twinkled with appreciation.

"Come, come, my friend," he protested, "you surely are not going to remain a bachelor all your life. The widow is not a Venus, I grant you. But she will make an excellent wife. Besides, if you marry her, your income will be assured."

"I do not intend to marry for money," Parisot said, curtly. The jeweler stared at him in amazement.

"For what else, then?" he demanded. "You earn a bare living writing for the Temps. And—forgive me if I remind you of it, Aristide—you are no longer a young man."

"A man is as young as he feels," Parisot affirmed, stoutly reiterating an old, old platitude, "and I feel like a boy of twenty." He passed a hand over his firm pink jowl, happy in the assurance that it looked fully as well as it felt. Then, with a little smile of satisfaction, he glanced down at the close-fitting, well pressed trousers. Thank Heaven, he could still wear clothes that didn't make him look like a provincial shopkeeper!

"See here, Parisot," Ravelet broke in suddenly upon the journalist's meditation, "I give you a week to marry the widow!"

"Pouf!" Parisot rose to his feet in disgust. "The cognac is going to your head, Ravelet. Come, let us get some air." At the cashier's desk they stopped to settle their bill. The widow Moulin beamed on them in her happiest manner.

"Good evening, messieurs! A fine night! How did you find those new spice cakes? Yes, I made them myself—especially for you." And she winked atrociously at Parisot. He stared at her and felt vaguely dissatisfied. He wished

she wouldn't put on so much rouge—or arrange her mass of coal black hair so carelessly. And that black dress with gaudy, sea green sequins—why couldn't it have been cut so as to expose less of madame's ample bosom? He was thankful when, at last, Ravelet dragged him out into the Rue Lazare. At the next corner, however, the two parted company.

Parisot, on the way to the pension where he lived, stopped at a flower stand in the Boulevard du Montparnasse and purchased a sprig of lilac for his buttonhole.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, inhaling the fresh sweetness of the flower, "I wonder if this little sprig of lilac comes from Vernay. In all France there are no lilacs like those which come from Vernay—." He paused abruptly, conscious of a sudden rush of blood in his cheeks. Borne on the swift wings of Memory a vivid scene from out of the past came sweeping into his brain. An old garden in Vernay, moonlight—he, Parisot, and a slender, fair haired girl. They were standing near the lilac hedge, the opulent purple and white blossoms brushing against their cheeks. The man, very stupidly and awkwardly, had broken the news of his departure for Paris. Helene had received the news quietly enough. But she was passionately certain that she would never marry any one except Parisot. If they could not be married at once then she would wait—years, if necessary. Parisot winced. What a brute he had been to so completely forget her! Why, even now, she might be waiting for him. Well, there could be no harm in learning the truth. Tomorrow he would go to Vernay.

The next day Parisot, squeezed into one of the stuffy, overcrowded compartments of the suburban train, wondered how time had dealt with Helene. Not harshly, he felt sure. And later, as he trudged along an old, familiar road, he pictured to himself a tall, graceful woman with soft hair and bewitching smile.

When he reached the grey stone house where Helene had lived he did not go to the front entrance. Instead he crept around to the little gate in the garden wall. But there he stopped short, appalled by the scene before his eyes. In place of the once trim garden there was a profusion of weeds and uncut grass. Noisy children were playing under the neglected lilac hedge. A woman, with her broad back to

Pariset, was industriously hanging out some clothes.

"Pardon me, madame," Parisot began, uncertainly, "I am looking for Mademoiselle Helene Fanchard—"

The woman swung around, her red hands resting against her hips.

"I am Helene Fanchard," she said, grinning at him. "At any rate, I was—until I changed my name to Madame Doucet."

"You!" gasped Parisot. And he stared foolishly at her. It was incredible—ghastly. Little Helene—this mountain of flesh! No, no, there was some mistake. This red faced creature with the rasping voice was not his old sweetheart.

"I know what you are thinking," the woman remarked bitterly as she noted his expression. "I'm not much like the Helene Fanchard of twenty years ago. Well, monsieur, one can't always raise a family and keep one's figure. At that, I'm as good looking as most women of my age!" Parisot repressed a smile. There, at least, was a touch of the old Helene—that pathetic bit of conceit.

"And who might you be, monsieur?" Madame Doucet inquired, suddenly.

"Aristide Parisot," he replied, with just the right touch of dignity.

"You—Parisot?" The woman burst into a coarse laugh. "No, no, I can't believe it. Why, then, you've grown fat—"

"Nothing of the sort!" Parisot bristled, indignantly.

"And those little wrinkles about your eyes," Helene went on, relentlessly, "they do not be-

long to Aristide—" But the man had departed, angrily slamming the wicket after him. All the way back to Paris he smarted under her flaunting criticism. The impudent baggage! How dared she insinuate that he was fat—and wrinkled! It was a preposterous lie, of course—the malicious taunt of a disillusioned woman. It was not until he had made an impersonal examination of himself in his mirror that Parisot came to a somewhat reluctant conclusion. Confound it, he reasoned, there was more than a grain of truth in the woman's assertion after all!

* * * *

"Truly, my dear Parisot, she is a remarkable woman," observed Ravelet. And between sips of his cognac the jeweler cast warm, appraising glances at the widow Moulin. Parisot, too, looked at her with a fresh interest. She was not fat, he decided—merely plump in a pleasing way. Besides, he did not care for thin women. They were apt to be fickle.

The widow had dressed her hair differently and it was becoming. And that black dress—did Ravelet notice how admirably it set off her white skin? Yes, madame was certainly attractive. And beside a certain lady of Parisot's acquaintance she was a paragon of beauty.

"Well, my friend," Ravelet proposed when the meal was over, "what do you say to an evening at the Comedie Francaise?"

Parisot smiled and shook his head.

"You must excuse me," he said. "Tonight I have a more important engagement." And the widow Moulin, had she chanced to glance in his direction at that particular moment, would have been rewarded with one of Parisot's most enchanting smiles.

Transformation

By ARTHUR W. ATKINSON

Through the burning sand
Of a desert land,
A silver river flows,
Breeding life on either hand,
Singing as it goes.

The flowers upspring,
The thrushes sing;
Rich verdure crowns the shore;
Toil's lilting hammers ring;
Life's cup, with Joy, runs o'er!

The Desert Afterglow

Indian Legend

By LUCIAN M. LEWIS

God took the gold from the sunset,
A softer light from the moon,
The scarlet and pink from the rainbow,
The blue from a night in June.
The fiery red from a comet,
A gleam from the great North-star,
The purple and rose from the sunrise,
The white from a cloud afar;
Then, blending those exquisite colors,
When the sun was sinking low,
He scattered it over the desert—
Man called it the Afterglow.



Glamour

By RICHARD BAKER THOMAS

WHAT a flood of thoughts surge around this small word. It is the magic film Nature gives our mental vision, converting commonplace objects into things of beauty. It is that which makes Susan's plain face angelic in the eyes of her ardent swain; it is that which converts a pile of ruins, otherwise a blot on the fair landscape, into the home of romance, conjuring up legends of fair dames and brave knights in the old days of chivalry. It is the blessed gift which prevents our seeing a multitude of things in our daily life in their bare ugliness, throwing over them a halo of poetry and music. Imagine life seen through analytic eyes! Thanks, O Goddess Nature, for this gift, that makes life really worth the living.

The Farallones

By NINA MAY

Standing out in the spume and spray,
Swept by the winds from ocean caves,
The Farallones, from ramparts gray,
Flash signal lights across the waves.
Sentinel of the Western Gate,
That portal to a land of gold,
Old as the seas, they watch and wait,
The prows that pass with laden hold.

What alien ships, what argosies,
From mystic ports of old Cathay,
What rovers of the seven seas,
This way have passed through spume and
spray!
Guarding, lone, in the western seas,
Where wide and free the billows sweep,
Where far winds croon their litanies—
There, Farallones their vigils keep.



Giants Under the Giant Trees

By BELLE WILLEY GUE

THE forest had been very quiet all the morning, even the wind was still; so still that the leaves scarcely rustled, but clung limply, and silently, to the branches of the trees.

As the day advanced clouds could be seen moving darkly across the sky, and, after a little while, a light breeze sprung up; after that a sort of sibilant whispering could be heard, all through the woodland, as if the trees were talking with each other.

A group of forest giants, growing near together, had formed a little open space beneath them, and this space was encircled by a fringe of low bushes that had grown up outside of the deep shadow that was, even at noon-time, under the mighty trees.

The dried leaves that carpeted the little open space had not been disturbed by any foot-fall for many hours; the place seemed to be pregnant with primitive peace; the solitude was profound.

Suddenly the forest aisles were filled with a loud, resounding roar that seemed to reverberate, back and forth, to and from the very clouds themselves. As the sound approached the little open space it echoed, and re-echoed, so that it seemed to be repeated many times.

After a short silence some of the encircling bushes were pushed apart so that a shaggy face, lighted up by a pair of wide-open, cruel, yellow eyes, appeared between them. Soon, an immense and agile paw thrust itself through the bushes, pushing them a little farther apart; as it did so, this paw was quickly followed by its mate, and then a long, lithe body bounded into the open space. For a few tense moments the cougar stood there, glaring fiercely in every direction, while his strong, whip-like tail lashed his sides and twisted its tufted end over his bristling back. As if he had sufficiently sized up the situation, he took a few stealthy steps forward, then with one great paw lifted from the ground, he stopped in an attitude of keen attention; he held his head high, and cuned his short, blunt ears, while all the muscles of his nervous, tawny body were taut and ready for instant action; all at once he stiffened, and

Something large and clumsy was evidently moving, slowly and carefully, among the trees. As the creature neared the little glade the cougar flattened himself and crept along, with the soft fur that covered his belly brushing the

ground, until he was partially concealed by the overhanging bushes that were opposite to the direction from which the living object was approaching. His nose was between his great, flat paws; the strong, sharp claws of which kept working back and forth, in and out of their velvety sheaths; as the noise drew nearer he raised his hips so that he stood up on his hind feet, while he still crouched down, in front; his body began to sway, evenly and almost rhythmically, while his lips were skinned back from his powerful teeth in a sort of leering, silent snarl.

The newcomer did not hesitate, but made straight for the little open space beneath the giant trees, with lumbering, yet not uncertain tread. He jammed his way through the encircling fringe of bushes, breaking many little twigs and branches as he passed. When his immense, grizzled head had pushed its way through the leafy barrier, the expression on his broad, furry face was one of mild curiosity, combined with unsophisticated bewilderment; with awkward, shuffling steps he started to walk across the little glade, intent, to all appearances, upon something that was beyond it; he did not seem to see the great cat, crouching there beneath the bushes.

As the bear advanced, the cougar's eyes kept closing until, at last, they were but narrow, shining slits in his ferocious and forbidding face; his tail quivered sinuously and his whole body trembled with suppressed excitement; the hair at the back of his neck and all along his spine stood up, bristling with fury.

When the newcomer was within a few feet of the one who had entered the little glade in advance of him, the latter, with a wild scream of blood-thirsty rage, flung himself upon him, hurtling through the air like a living, vibrant volley thrown from a catapult; he landed squarely on the broad back of the huge creature who, up to that moment, had been tmbing good-naturedly across the little open space that was beneath the giant trees.

Adjusting himself unconsciously to the impact the bear stood for a few tense seconds perfectly still; then, as the cougar's claws kept sinking deeper and deeper into his hide, he tried to dislodge him by the simple method of shaking him off. Although the great cat was, without doubt, much disturbed by the violent

oscillations that took place beneath him, he did not release his hold, but, snarling and spitting, clung even more closely than he had before to the position he had taken; at the same time he sunk his long, sharp teeth into the fleshy part of the huge head that was under his own.

Up to this time the bear had evinced his resentment of the attack that had been made upon him by giving vent to deep, protesting growls; but as the stinging pain at the back of his neck increased, he sent forth a scream of agony combined with a cry of rage. The towering trees, together with the dense underbrush surrounded the natural arena, magnified and made more horrible this hoarse, terrific sound; the cougar, raising his head for an instant, answered the challenge by giving utterance to a high-pitched, piercing and defiant yell.

Realizing the futility of the efforts he had been making and suffering intensely, the bear tried to rid himself of his assailant by putting his own nose close to the ground, and clawing at the creature on his back with his muscular and heavily armored forepaws. The cougar, however, moved too quickly for his poorly directed blows to be effective, so that he only scratched and aggravated his already furious foe. Writhing in agony, almost blinded by the blood that poured over his face, he lifted his head and attempted to disembowel his tormentor by ripping him open with the claws of one of his powerful hind feet. Only the remarkable agility of the great cat saved him from this onslaught, for as he slid his lithe body away from the long, sharp weapons with which one of the bear's huge feet was armed, the latter placed that foot upon the ground and dug at him with the claws of the other one.

Weakened by the loss of blood but strung up to a high state of nervous energy, the bear charged, with almost manical fury, back and forth across the carpet of thickly strewn dried leaves, upon which bright red spots were be-

ginning to appear. He tried to scrape the cougar from his back against the underbrush that edged the little open space, but instinctively, with desperate tenacity, his enemy clung to him, making great slits in his tough hide with his claws and tearing at his flesh with his cruel, sharply pointed teeth.

The cougar, being almost entirely free from injury, would probably have overcome the unwieldy creature he had attacked but for the fact that the latter, either as a last resort or because he was wild with pain and fear, threw himself against the trunk of one of the giant trees in such a manner that the cougar was wedged in between the tree and the bulky body of his foe.

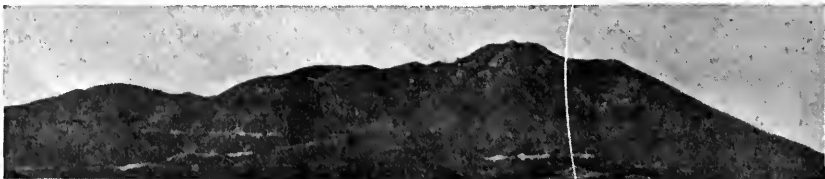
The bear, with all his remaining strength, pushed resolutely back, bracing his feet against some of the criss-crossed roots of the tree that protruded above the ground.

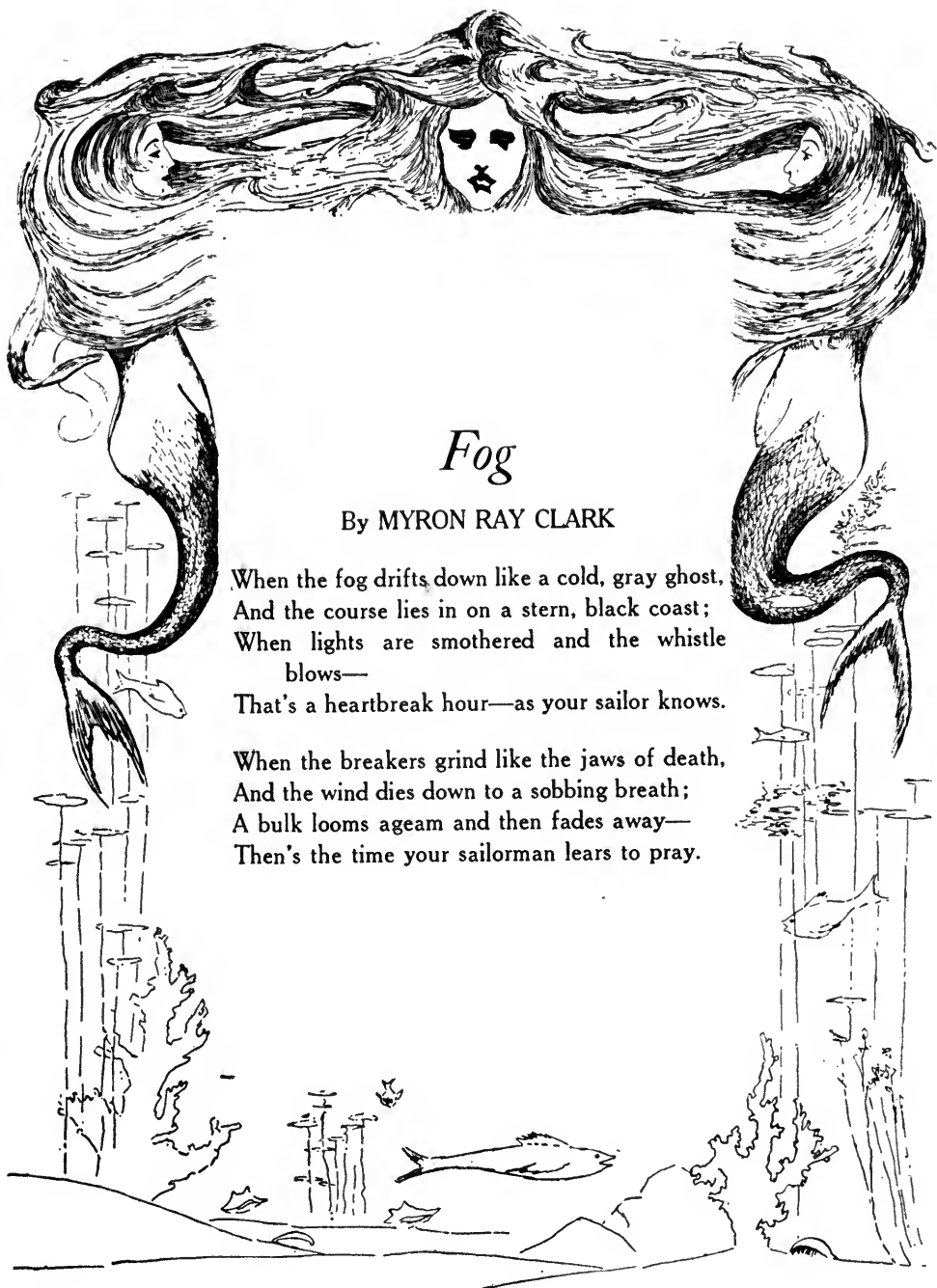
The great cat tried to extricate himself by inflicting further injuries upon the object of his venomous hatred; but, although he lacerated the wounds he had already made, the bear did not shrink away from him, having gone beyond being spurred into action.

At length the cougar, crushed, as it were, "between the upper and the nether millstones," gasping for breath, began slowly to release his hold.

As soon as the bear felt the muscles of his torturer relax he rolled over, so that he was face to face with him; throwing his strong forelegs around the feebly resisting body of his recent antagonist with a mighty effort he raised himself so that he sat upon his haunches, with the cougar hugged close to his breast.

When the huge, furry bulk finally toppled over, the dead body of the great cat was beneath it and the only sound that was heard in the little open space beneath the giant trees was the heavy labored breathing of the bear, as he lay exhausted upon the blood-bespattered carpet of dried leaves.





Fog

By MYRON RAY CLARK

When the fog drifts down like a cold, gray ghost,
And the course lies in on a stern, black coast;
When lights are smothered and the whistle
blows—
That's a heartbreak hour—as your sailor knows.

When the breakers grind like the jaws of death,
And the wind dies down to a sobbing breath;
A bulk looms ageam and then fades away—
Then's the time your sailorman learns to pray.

Reflected Joys

By MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT

Shall we ever learn to know
Love and happiness are best
And that life will sweeter be
When, with love's delight, 'tis blest;
That, in greed and selfishness,
No real happiness we'll find,
And we'll only feel real joy
In e'er being good and kind.

Joy we give to others' lives
Is reflected in our own,
Bringing greatest happiness
That our souls have ever known.
Smiles, upon another's face,
That our loving deeds have brought,
Bring us all the joys of life,
Of which our dear Saviour taught.

Let us then be giving joy
To help brighten others' lives,
And much happier we'll be
Than the person who just strives
To be gaining for himself
Selfish pleasures of this life,
Never caring if he stirs
Up greed's selfish, evil strife.



In the Wake of the City

By FELIX FLUEGEL

Flashes of light
Penetrating the heavy atmosphere
Of a gray winter night.
The plaintive cries of outbound ferries,
The clatter of hurrying feet,
Shrill voices resonant.
What strange, incongruous discords
Crying through the night!

The Home of Prof. Fogg

By NELLIE RAY COMBS

UPON a lofty eminence overlooking the Pacific, impregnable almost as a fortress, stands the home of Prof. Fogg, alone in the grandeur of isolation and gloom. For miles around no other human habitation greets the eye, and only one road leads to the city.

This unique situation was sought out by the Professor, by whom also the house was planned. It was not a bungalow or Swiss chalet, but to all external appearances a near approach to an old English castle. An architect would so classify it. In fact, that was what the Professor called it, and he should know, having vacated his chair at the ——— University long enough to consult architectural plans with which he combined original designs. And the result was a success from the Professor's standpoint, ideal for the culture of germs and the study of bacteria unmolested. He therefore resigned his position altogether in order to devote more time to writing articles on bacteriology. His scientific researches had already covered him with renown as with a garment. He had many admirers for his depth of learning, pollywog tendencies and varied accomplishments. Yet, not a few there were who sneeringly remarked that had the Professor known less he would have been more useful to society; that a good mechanic had been spoiled by the propagation of things undesirable, and as a cabinet maker he could have rivaled Chippendale any day. Thus to his efficiency along so many lines was clearly traceable the fact that Prof. Fogg was a failure—lack of concentration, scattered forces. However, be that as it may, the home of Prof. Fogg stands as a monument to his scientific genius.

To all lovers of the sublime there is nothing more entrancing than the ever restless Pacific, and to the imaginative an inspiration grand and unutterable. Thus in a transport more of heaven than of earth, a young girl viewed the mighty ocean from the Professor's observatory, surrounded by climbing vines forming a canopy of green above her head. Ever blooming roses twined their graceful tendrils about the railing, interlacing and drooping in many hues of bud and blossom.

A balmy breeze stirred the graceful foliage of two huge pepper trees that stood like lofty sentinels on either side of the gate guarding

the entrance to Solitude, the name of the Professor's home. Nestling at their base a mass of golden poppies extended, forming borders to the cement path leading to the front door. Thus was prominence given to the national flower, well chosen. A geranium hedge on either side of the house made homelike the structure, while varied shades of nasturtiums clamored in profusion over the garden wall. Thus was beauty combined with utility, bearing mute evidence to the fact that another's taste had been consulted besides the Professor's own.

Upon this particular afternoon the Professor leaned idly against the railing surrounding the observatory, enjoying the fresh sea breeze tempered by the warmth and glow of an April sun. But it was not the beauty of the landscape or glory of the sea that engrossed his thoughts, as admirably he watched the varying expression of the white robed girl, the one sweetheart of his life, and bride of a few months. Occasionally he would lift his glass and take a wide sweeping view of the surrounding territory. Looking down the road with vision keen as if expecting intrusion.

"Ah!" said the girl, drawing near, "you are for the once, more a watchman on the tower and less an Agassiz."

"A horseman!" he cried, abruptly leaping to his feet. "Go, Octavia, my love; you must not be seen." With a few more words of weighty import delivered as he hastened to descend, the Professor was soon upon solid ground, ambling leisurely to the gate. Reclining thereon he again lifted his glass. Looking far to the west a solitary rider could be seen cantering briskly along the highway leading directly to Solitude. As the man neared the gate the Professor arose from his apparent scrutiny of a shrub at his feet, and at a glance took his cue from the stranger's appearance.

Soldierly in bearing, with all the deadly equipment thereof, he seemed a very Hercules in strength. Tall, with a well proportioned muscular frame, eyes black and face almost as tan as the khaki suit he wore. With what seemed unbecoming haste he dismounted and salaamed in far eastern style. Fogg responded with an affable salutation.

"May I claim the shelter of your roof for a little rest?" said the stranger. "I have had a

long ride and am very tired and thirsty, as is also my horse."

"Certainly," replied the Professor, "hospitality is my long suit, partly because of my isolation here, but principally I trust from less selfish motives," leading the way to the house as he talked.

"Be seated," he said upon entering, placing a chair beside a table upon which late editions of some leading newspapers were spread. Placing a glass of clear, cold water beside the stranger, he then produced from a corner cupboard a bottle of wine and proceeded to fill two glasses—for he it known this story is laid in 1915 "B. P.," which means "before prohibition"—passing one to the stranger with the remark:

"Let us drink, friend, to our mutual welfare and better acquaintance. My name is Fogg, late of the ——— University."

With an appropriate expression of thanks the stranger responded with a toast in which there was no mistaking the friendliness, stating that his name was Frost and that he had but lately arrived from India.

"This is certainly superior wine," he added as he emptied his glass.

"Yes," said Fogg, "I am a native son, and take great pride in home productions. I have my own small vineyard and superintend, and sometimes assist in the making. The best way in the world to reduce the high cost of living and introduce luxuries along with the necessities of your table, is to produce what you consume. And it is wonderful how little earth is necessary to actually make a living on. But really I am thoughtless as loquacious, forgetting in my desire to talk that wine, however good, is not all sufficient for a hungry man."

"Thank you, but I am not hungry," said Frost. "Get no food for me."

Fogg had arisen, glancing out the window as he did so.

"A machine is coming this way," he announced.

Frost hastily arose, looked out and exclaimed:

"They are officers, after me. I should have confided in you, then I feel sure you would protect me."

A scrutinizing glance in the man's face and Fogg said:

"I will protect you and hear your story later. Follow me." Touching a panel a few feet from where he stood, a neat little room was disclosed.

"Enter and make yourself comfortable. You are safe here."

"My horse!" cried Frost.

"Never mind your horse; I will take care of him."

Fogg then walked out to the gate. The officers, two in number, stopped their car and at once made known their quest.

"Yes," said Fogg, "a man of that description did enter my house, but I had no idea he was a fugitive."

"Of course not, but where is he now? That looks like the horse he was riding."

"It is," said Fogg, "and he can not be very far from here. I gave him a drink and bought this horse. He was short of cash and inquired the way to the nearest railroad station. I directed him to a path through this grove here," indicating direction by a wave of his hand.

"So near and yet so far," said one of the officers.

Noting their hesitation, Fogg said, "If you gentlemen think by any chance the man could be concealed about my house or grounds you are at liberty to search. Go in and proceed with your duty. I will join you as soon as I give this horse some water."

"Allow me to accompany you," said one of the officers, while the other entered the house.

"That's a fine horse," said the limb of the law.

"Yes," said Fogg, "I hope that scamp didn't steal him. In that case I'd lose both money and horse."

"It's more than probable he did," was the reply, and he proceeded to enlighten Fogg regarding their quarry.

"A murderer!" cried Fogg. "I'd never have believed it."

"Of course not; but then one never knows anybody." A statement Fogg thought correct from a general viewpoint

Thus conversing they returned to the house, where the officer announced that he had completed his search and was satisfied that the culprit was tramping through the grove to the station.

"It strikes me," said the least talkative of the two, "that if we hurry we may catch him before he boards the train.."

"That's so," the other agreed.

Then followed directions as to an outlet to the big road which they all agreed was long and complicated enough.

As they were starting Fogg bethought him of his wine, a thing of which he was particularly proud.

"See here, gentlemen, if you will promise not to think me trying maliciously to detain you, I'd like to have you try my make of wine," producing bottles and rinsing glasses as he

spoke. Whatever they thought was passed over in the satisfaction of the clear sparkle and glow of the unexpected treat, dispatched with gusto. Thanking the Professor, they each seized a cigar and hastened out to their machine. Fogg watched them ride off with evident relief mirrored in a blank smile.

"We forgot to tell you," called back one of the officers, "there is a one thousand dollar reward offered for Frost's capture. If through any chance he should return, manage to keep him and notify us."

"Certainly," replied Fogg, adding under his breath as the machine dashed away, "I will use my own judgment about that."

Touching the concealed panel in the smooth surface of the wall, an opening revealed the secret chamber of its occupant. Seated upon a chintz-covered couch with eyes blazing with the fury of a fiend incarnate, Frost stared uncompromisingly as his supposed captor.

"The reward is yours, Prof. Fogg. A fair exchange for the broken life of a mere bundle of blood and bones."

"What rubbish you talk, my friend," said Fogg soothingly. "I am not your betrayer by any means; have lied like a dog to save you from those men."

Momentarily the flash of anger died from his eyes, rekindling with a thought—

"But the reward; you did not know of it until they were leaving, then it was too late to go back on your statements. No, 'twere easier to act upon the suggestion of the fugitive returning. Well, in the fastness of this room I am at your mercy. It is worse than the county jail for security. As for my horse, do not let them swindle you out of him. The noble beast belongs to a friend of mine. It would get him in bad if they discovered that he assisted me. The scoundrel would get another owner for the horse, knowing that he would never dare come forth and claim him. Therefore I insist that if you must give him up learn all you can about the claimant, so if the clouds should ever clear that now lower darkly over my head, some lively prosecutions would follow in the turning of the tables. That horse is called Salem. He is intelligently responsive to his name, and will pay no heed to any other."

"I am glad you told me this," said Fogg, seating himself. "I shall keep the fact to myself, and if any one calls for him, it will be one way by which to trap their claim."

"You are right, it will," said Frost, in a tone more natural. "It is an immense relief to me that you are caring for the animal."

"Never fear for his comfort and safety. But

then, Mr. Frost, it depends altogether upon you whether Salem is to be under my care. You are a free man, just as free as before you came under my roof."

"D—n free, with a price upon my head dead or alive! How long do you suppose I'd be at liberty if I once left the shelter of your roof, walking or riding it would not matter, now that I have been traced this far. No, friend, I surrender to you. There is my defense," waving his hand toward the corner where his warlike implements reposed. "Take them out of my sight. Notify the authorities and tell them you have disarmed me. It will show up brave in print for you. Besides you have befriended me and I want you to have that reward. Indian-like, I can appreciate and never forget a kindness."

"See here, Frost, I did not earn my money by traffic in human beings. I am not such a good man myself that I need consign a fellow mortal to prison. All I need to do, and all any other man needs to do is to turn the light of investigation in upon his own soul and see if his integrity could stand alone when once society tears to shreds his protecting mantle of respectability. 'It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright.' No, Frost, you have the protection of my roof, my silence until such time as you can safely leave. And that you may not feel yourself a prisoner I will show you how to get out, thereby convincing you of my trust in your integrity. You can exit by the way you entered. It takes another sliding panel for that. See?" And a touch revealed another opening near the corner.

"I had this room constructed with a view to using it for my experiments," continued the Professor. "Away in here I could not be disturbed. I have not as yet put it to that use, though I do come here sometimes to study."

"Wonderful! But why not the same exit as entrance?"

"There is a reason unnecessary to explain," said the Professor, loftily, thinking about the two sized holes cut for the Newton big and little cats.

"Forgive my impertinence, friend, and allow me to thank you for your kindness. I think this the most unique little room I was ever in, and I have an idea that it is to prove a heaven to me."

"A haven, at any rate, a haven of rest and security. But I must now go out and see about our evening meal. You must be near famished. Here are some papers with which to entertain yourself while waiting. The fact is,

Frost, I have read casually about your lively escapade and feel sure there are extenuating circumstances back of that ugly charge of murder."

"I killed a man," flashed Frost, "but I am no murderer. There is a vast difference between a justified killing and a murder."

"I knew there were two sides to the case," said Fogg.

"Usually there is, but my case is a box with four sides, particulars of which I will tell you as soon as you are at liberty to hear."

"That's all right, but in the meantime calm yourself," said Fogg, passing from the room, and leaving the guest to ponder the something familiar about his host. The Professor soon returned with the cheerful announcement:

"Dinner is ready to serve; come, friend."

Frost responded with alacrity, and was soon partaking of a bountiful repast, so superior in quality as to call forth the compliment: "You certainly have a good cook."

"Yes," was the smiling reply, "my daughter is also my cook—at present."

"Excellent," ejaculated Frost, "but I did not know you had a family."

"Only a daughter. She shares my Solitude."

"Then I do not wonder that you find life not only bearable but delightful in this picturesque spot."

"We do, and think it is a veritable Eden, in which I trust no snakes will ever enter. Have something more, Mr. Frost?"

"No, thank you, I have fared sumptuously," returning to his room as he spoke.

Soon thereafter Fogg entered and found Frost seated upon his cot with his head resting upon his hands in a thoughtful attitude.

"Cheer up, friend," he said kindly, "as becometh one in my private sanctum."

"To me it is a sanctuary," said Frost, "and a gift of the gods this privilege to worship in it. But, friend, while I am truly grateful I can not help but wonder what the end will be. This seclusion leads nowhere, and yet to stir beyond the threshold would doubtless lead to a prison cell, or perhaps an ignominious death."

"We must study up some way to circumvent that disaster. It can be done, it must be done, but in a way I at present know not of. But I hope soon to be able to advise you."

A bell, clear and insistent, sounded near. Fogg hastily arose, saying:

"Everything is here to make you comfortable for the night. If I do not see you again before

morning, turn in when you choose, set your mind at rest and be happy," closing the door securely as he passed out.

With a shade of anxiety upon his features Frost resumed his painful train of thought. Soon the tramp of many feet and sound of voices aroused him from his reverie. Hastily he arose with the mental cry:

"My God, the officers again!"

In a quiver of excitement he listened as the heavy tread jarred dismally the walls of his retreat, against which they beat and thumped with canes in an effort to make good their search. They passed on to other rooms, doors banged and walls thumped. Stairs were ascended and descended, until at last the sounds grew fainter, finally lost in the distance. Silence resumed its sway. Frost listened, listened intently, but hearing nothing, from nervous exhaustion took a seat. Then from a recumbent position on the couch he still listened. But unbroken silence reigned supreme. It seemed the very air was charged with a deadly, oppressive calm. Even the windmill was quiet, and the roar of the mighty deep afar off. Mercifully he at last fell asleep, arousing only when the dawn of another day was abroad in the land.

The events of the night before were recalled with a mighty rush, and to his listening ears there came the grateful roar of the ocean and dash of surf breaking upon the rocks. Gratefully he arose and set about as neat a toilet as possible under the circumstances, wondering vaguely if the Professor's daughter would be at the breakfast table. He had not long to speculate upon the matter. A welcome tap upon the panel, followed by the genial Professor himself, then greetings and pleasantries ensued.

"Was sorry to disturb you last night," said the Professor, "but the truth is those fellows with a reinforcement came back. I was naturally indignant, but they had orders that had to be obeyed."

"Certainly," said Frost, "I thought at times the jig was up, but thanks to your fortifications the castle did not disclose the quarry."

"Oh, you are secure enough," said Fogg, "but come," as a silvery toned bell announced breakfast.

With a right good will Frost arose and followed his host to the dining room, Fogg doing the honors of service. As on the previous evening, his daughter was absent. Long after the bountiful meal was over, Frost's cogitation revolved around the conspicuous absence of the Professor's daughter.

"What manner of girl is she?" he thought, "to be such a good cook; yet she must be quite young. The Professor is comparatively a young man; he looks a bit emaciated, but that is due doubtless to a recent illness."

From this unprofitable line of thought he was interrupted by the entrance of the Professor with a box of fine cigars.

"In order to make your stay in my sanctum more tolerable, friend, you must occasionally lose the seriousness of life in the smoke of a good cigar. Remember, too, to help yourself to wine. You will find a supply on a shelf behind that curtain. A curtain in the corner beyond which Frost had already peeped.

"Thank you, but I am filled with wonder to know how it is that mine host is so good to me."

"Why, it's a practice of the golden rule."

"Yes, but the golden rule is not supposed to include criminals in its practice."

"Remember the exceptions; there are criminals and criminals, as well as Christians and Christians. Listen—an airship," said Fogg.

"I read about a trial of speed between two of our expert bird men, but did not know our locality would be favored." As he spoke he stepped back to the dining room window.

"Come," he exclaimed, "they are circling and dipping right over our heads."

Frost stepped to the window, closing the panel behind him. Engrossed for a moment by the antics in the air, Fogg forgot caution, but was recalled by a suspicious sound. Pushing Frost into a chair he hurried out into the entry. Two men had entered and were coming directly to the door by which the Professor stood. Showing his badge of authority, one of them said:

"I have here a warrant for the arrest of a man we saw in that room back of you."

"While I know you to be mistaken," said Fogg, "yet by all means enter and satisfy yourselves."

So saying, he threw open the door. The men looked about in amazement. A table and chair, that was all the room contained.

"The man, where is he?" said one of them. "There is no exit, closets or place of concealment; he could not have escaped."

"I am the man you saw. Do you not know that glass multiplies as well as magnifies?"

"That's so," said one.

"Then it must be that we are mistaken," the other asserted. Agreeing upon that, Fogg invited them to make a more extensive search if they felt inclined, but they did not, and with profuse apologies for intrusion took themselves off.

After reconnoitering and securing against further intrusion, Professor Fogg re-entered the dining room, where a very much bewildered Mr. Frost had just appeared.

"How in the world did you do that?" he cried.

"That is one of my inventions," said Fogg. "While I talked with those men in apparent carelessness I was rubbing the door facing in a vital spot, resulting in an exchange of floors, as one went down another entered. Completely off my guard, I never thought to remand you to your sanctum before leaving the room, then it was too late to warn you. This experience shows that the most wary can sometimes be caught napping. Why, I had no idea that outer door was unlocked and those bird men were not out there to entertain us, but to act as spies and decoys. Well, they will not near catch us again."

"Not unless your wonderful mechanical devices fail to work, which I trust they never will. It certainly took a genius to construct a house like this."

Fogg laughed.

"The sorry part of it is I must keep it to myself. But I have two life-saving devices I shall give to the world ere long. They will, I am sure, prove a boon to humanity. No traveler upon land or sea should be without the two escapes from fire and flood. I will show them to you, and you can judge of their practicability when you read the instructions."

Leaving two neat little packages for examination, Fogg said: "I must now go to the laboratory and see how my baby lizards are coming on."

Returning in a moment, he said kindly:

"Here are some papers. Was so sorry this lovely morning that I could not invite you to ride out with me when I went for the morning's mail. You see, I have a box down where the rural carrier can reach it, and a boy is specialized to wheel out here every morning with papers."

"Ah, I see," said Frost, "you are not cut off from civilization, if you are in Solitude."

"By no means. I also have a telephone which keeps me in touch with parties willing for a consideration to supply all my needs."

"Splendid!" said Frost, looking with interest upon the papers he held.

"Well," said Fogg, "I must go and leave you to your reading. Try and make yourself at home as far as limitations will allow."

Left alone, Frost read a brief but highly colored account of himself as a fugitive, being traced to the home of Prof. Fogg. Later the

Professor entered with the smiling announcement:

"I am going to the city on the morrow and will consult with some influential friends regarding your case. I have great hopes of seeing you a free man soon."

Frost started, an ejaculation of gladness formed on his lips, but died away in silence. The enormity of his offense against the law overpowered him. Bowing his head upon his hands he looked the dejection he felt.

"I thank you, oh so much," he said at length, "but, friend, the most leniency I can expect is a life sentence in the pen. And I am not willing to pay the price."

"It is not for that we are going to work," said Fogg. "Dead men are preferable to convicts. Every extenuating circumstance back of your crime shall be trotted out and made to work for you. From sources reliable I have gleaned the facts. You killed a man. Why did you do it? The provocation was great. A mutual enemy in the guise of a friend played the part of a mischief-making gossip. He told you that a man named Gordon, whom he pointed out to you, had slandered your family and betrayed your sister. Enraged, you bemoaned your lack of a gun, threatening what you would do with it. At this crucial moment, your wolf in sheep's clothing kindly loaned you his. Then you did the rest—shot a man you never before saw."

"I killed him," said Frost, lifting his head, "but not so cowardly as that. I first asked him to retract his statements, which he neither affirmed nor denied, laughing like he thought it all a good joke. Upon his refusal to tell me where my sister was, I shot him. And if he had as many lives as a cat I would think them all small profit for his offense. But I have been a miserable fugitive ever since. Disguised as you see me I was making an effort to get out of the country, when through mistake I entered upon the wrong road leading here, fortunate mistake, however."

"I hope we will soon be able to infuse more life into Solitude," said the Professor. "Miss Noble, a friend of my daughter, is coming out with me tomorrow. She stayed with daughter during my illness. While convalescing I slept out under that group of eucalyptus trees you saw at your left, and would you believe it, I have had no other medical attention than that derived from natural sources. There is a potency about this California sunshine that invigorates like a tonic. But come," he said, arising as the bell announced dinner.

"How delicious this fragrant coffee," said Frost, quaffing with satisfaction. Replying to the compliment, Fogg said:

"Yes, the coffee is good; Octavia, my daughter made it." And apparently unobserving the start and pained expression of Frost, continued: "But she didn't make or raise the coffee beans, but next best thing to it we purchased it with some of our own overproduction, such as the chicken and eggs you see before you."

"Splendid!" said Frost, enclosing a lump of home-made butter in a fresh biscuit.

"Your daughter is certainly a jewel of a cook for one so young—that is, she must be young to be your daughter."

The Professor laughed heartily as he said:

"Octavia is old enough, and a regular Anthony's wife in perfection."

Pursuing the subject like on fascinated, Frost said: "I should think she'd find it rather lonesome out here."

"Not at all," said Fogg. "She loves the ocean, will stand for hours dreaming beside it. Have another cup of coffee?" Why, you are not finished?" as Frost arose.

"Nothing more, thank you; I have eaten heartily and enjoyed it."

"Well, that is as it should be," said Fogg, touching the bell.

Early after breakfast on the following morning Prof. Fogg, arrayed in his best suit, betook himself to Frost's room.

"Come, friend," he said happily, "cheer up; I am off for the city, down where 'life's shadows fall,' and when I return I hope to have straightened your misfortune's tangled skein."

"Many, many thanks," murmured Frost, as Fogg departed.

In a flutter of excitement that evening Frost prepared for dinner. There was not much he could do to better his appearance, but he did that little to the utmost. He was at last to see the Professor's daughter, and it puzzled him to know why he should be concerned. His toilet was about complete when the Professor entered and regarding him with approval, said:

"You will do. The ladies will doubtless think you look fine."

Surprised at the remark, Frost looked up critically, but said nothing.

"Why so melancholy? Have I not been telling you good news?"

"Certainly, but if I had only not killed that man!"

"Then you'd be glad to know that you did not kill him."

Frost sprang to his feet; such a possibility

Continued on Page 66

Legend of the Montecito Grape-Vine

By M. FANNIE MERRITT

ABOUT four miles from Santa Barbara, in the Valley of Montecito, there grew the largest grape-vine ever recorded. It was a matter of such wonderment that travelers came to the southern city just to view its great size and hear the oft-repeated story of romance that was woven about it as delicately as its own tendrils were woven 'neath leaf and branch.

The prosaic data connected with the vine is as follows: "In circumference it measured four feet and four inches at the ground; forty-one inches, two feet from the ground and it rose eight feet above ground before branching out; then, spreading with extreme luxuriance, its branches covered more than five thousand square feet, requiring fifty-two trellises to support it. The largest branch measured thirty inches in circumference and it was only by constant pruning that the branches were kept from reaching indefinitely in every direction." The vine was of the Mission variety, exceedingly prolific, producing annually from five to six tons of the small black wine grape, which hung in massive clusters beneath the trellises, and creating a glorious picture when touched by the rich autumn coloring.

That it produced, in its first few years of existence, 7000 bunches of grapes that varied from one to four pounds in weight, was a matter of record, but leaving statistics, the romance of this vine is the story we wish to tell.

It grows on a sunny slope of the foothills and commands a fine view of the rugged mountains in one direction, and in the other the lovely Montecito Valley, with glimpses of the blue Pacific. The vine is irrigated by waters from the hot springs of a few miles distant; and the country about the vine is very beautiful and Mexican in its natural and artificial surroundings.

According to tradition, some hundred years or more ago, during the occupancy of the Mission Fathers, there lived in the vicinity of Los Angeles a beautiful young Spanish girl. Not only did she possess her full share of Spanish beauty, but she was looked upon as a queen among the maidens of her native place.

Her complexion, tinged with the warm, brunette hue of her race, was clear and bright with the rich tint of health. Her wealth of black hair fell in rippling waves far below her waist; and her large, dark eyes were fringed with silken lashes that matched the exquisite

penciling of the arched brows above them. Her parents, though belonging to the better class of Spanish, had become poor, through extravagance and mismanagement, and had formed the project of bettering their fortunes by wedding their lovely daughter to some wealthy Don.

The lovely Marcellina did not lack for admirers nor ardent lovers, and among them all, Senor Carlos de Domingues was the favorite and the accepted suitor. He was handsome, tall and manly, but alas! without fortune, and socially not the equal of Marcellina. As may be supposed his suit met with no encouragement from the Don and Don Feliz; and they, finding the attachment between the young people was becoming stronger than accorded with their plans for their daughter, resolved to remove to Santa' Barbara—a mission some hundred miles north—where resided many wealthy families, among whom they doubted not an alliance would be formed suitable in fortune and position.

The announcement of their contemplated removal struck dismay to the hearts of Marcellina and Carlos; but the latter, receiving courage from desperation, presented his suit to the parents. As was anticipated, it was scornfully rejected and further meetings were sternly forbidden. The lovers were, however, too ardent to be separated thus, and, through the medium of an old Indian nurse, who was devotedly attached to the girl, they obtained one interview before parting.

In the early twilight, Marcellina stole out to an olive orchard, surrounded by an adobe wall, which lay back of the paternal mansion. Here she stood, waiting with throbbing heart the arrival of her lover, while her nurse kept watch on the other side of the wall, ready to give the alarm, by a signal agreed upon, should any one approach from the house. Already the shadows lay dark beneath the thick low branches of the olive trees, and at every rustle and sound the fair transgressor started and trembled. Suddenly a tall figure sprang over the wall, and crept along in its shadow, till he came close to where the waiting maiden stood. "Carlos," she cried, holding out her trembling hands. "Is it you, Marcellina? Ah, poor little one, how she trembles! They are very cruel, but we will not be separated. They shall not take you from me, my precious one."

Then he spoke long, low and rapidly in the beautiful language—so exquisitely fitted for expressions of tenderness and endearment—telling her that, as her parents objected to their union on the ground of his poverty, he had determined to win wealth; that an old Indian, bound to him by his ties of gratitude, possessed knowledge of a rich mine far away among the mountains, and to which he had promised to guide him and his company; and by courage and skill, he would soon return to claim her hand from her ambitious, avaricious parents.

“Remain true to me, Lina, and resist their scheming. Wait for me but two years, my darling, and if, at the end of that time you do not hear of me, know that I have perished in the attempt to win you.”

He then gave her a cutting from a grape-vine, telling her to carry it to her new home and plant it, keeping it as a reminder of him, and that while it lived and flourished, she might know he loved her and was true to her. The cutting was in the form of a riding whip, and as such she was to carry it, for her journey was to be performed on horesback.

Vowing eternal fidelity, the lovers parted, and the next morning, Don and Dona Feliz, with their daughters and attendants, started on their journey; while Carlos and friends, with their Indian guide, wended their way, full of hope and confidence, over the mountain trail.

Marcellina, as may be supposed, made little use of her grape-vine switch to urge her mustang along the weary way between Los Angeles and Santa Barbara. Arriving at their destination—four miles from the Mission of Santa Barbara—her first act was to plant the cutting upon the hillside, with many tears and prayers to the Virgin for the success and safety of her lover.

The vine grew and flourished with wonderful luxuriance, and gladdened the heart of the waiting maiden, who could hardly have borne the burden of anxiety and suspense without its silent encouragement; for the Don and Dona had found, as they thought, a suitable companion for their daughter, in a Spaniard of reputed wealth, who promised them liberal compensation for her hand. He was short, of good cricumference, and grizzled with years, but to counter-balance these defects in a lover, his fingers and shirt front shone with gems. Marcellina's violent opposition, however, while it did not move them to renounce their purpose, induced them to postpone the marriage, in the hope she would forget her former love and become more reconciled to their will.

In the interval thus granted, the time for the return of Carlos would expire; and Marcellina prayed daily for the return of her betrothed with the fortune that was to find him favor in the eyes of her parents. The two years were rapidly drawing to a close, yet no sign or token had come, save what she found in the vigorous growth of her cherished vine. At length her parents, pressed with poverty and weary of the prolonged indulgence to what they considered an idle fancy, fixed the day for the wedding with the suitor of their choice, whose only recommendation was his wealth.

The eve of Marcellina's wedding day was the second anniversary of the parting in the olive grove, when Carlos told her that if he did not return or send her word within two years she might know he was dead. She had crept away from the scene of busy preparation within her home, and, hiding herself beneath the shadow of her beloved vine—which was now large enough to shelter her from casual observation in the uncertain gloaming—she sobbed and wept, calling upon the Virgin in hopeless anguish to take her away to the spirit world where she believed Carlos to be.

Approaching footsteps arrested her attention. She started guiltily and attempted to hide her tears, for she dared not let her parents know she still mourned her absent lover.

“Lina! Lina!” greeted her ears in a familiar voice, and stayed her flight. Trembling she waited the near approach of the intruder, when, with one wild, joyous cry of “Carlos!” she dropped into his arms, her beautiful head pressed close to his throbbing heart.

It was, indeed, Carlos returned at last, faithful to his promise, bringing with him a fortune at least equal to that of her aged and detested suitor.

Carlos, with faith in his love and confidence in his ultimate success, followed the Indian across the Coast Range into the heart of the Sierras, where he proved the honesty of his guide and the truth of his promise by the marvelous deposits of gold to which he led them. Two years sufficed to gain the fortunes for which they so earnestly sought.

All other things being equal, the Don and Dona consented that their daughter should choose between the suitors, and the next day, instead of being led to the altar a wretched sacrifice to their ambition and avarice, she went as the willing and happy bride of Carlos.

Years passed; Don and Dona died and reverses deprived Carlos of his wealth, but strange to say, the faithful vine once a token

of fidelity between the lovers, now became their means of support; for so prolific had it become, and so little did the indolent Spaniards about them turn their attention to the culture of the grape that its fruit brought them an income sufficient for their maintenance.

A few years later a second vine sprang up near the original one, growing almost to an equal size. A large dancing floor was erected beneath the shadow of the vine, and here the Spanish youths and maidens united in the merry dance on Sabbath evenings according to their national custom.

Carlos and Marcellina died at a good old age, leaving behind them over three hundred lineal descendants. For years the big grape vine kept green their memory and the story of their love

and faithfulness, long after children and grandchildren ceased to tell of the sweet romance.

Hundreds of tourists have visited the place and find there a never-ceasing charm as they stand and dream beneath its spreading branches. From the hillside one can gaze out over the broad, blue Pacific, keeping green the memory of this true-hearted Spanish maiden, and try to live over again the beautiful faith of her who planted the vine in an immortal love and brought it to bearing and beauty through her tears with which she watered it.

NOTE—Although the big grape vine is now dead it is still on exhibition, having been carefully preserved and guarded through the long years. Many of the offshoots, however, are growing in and around Montecito.

The First Blossom

By HARRY NOYES PRATT

I saw the first pink almond bloom today.
The hillside 'rose above, but faintly green,
Where rains of early spring had lately been;
Below, the haze lay blue across the bay.
The rough, gnarled branches of the tree were
 gray,
And where the petals peeped their satin sheen
Was tender as the clouds at morning seen
A moment e'er they fade and drift away.

No hint of green lay on the bough beside;
No springing leaf, no other opening flower
Or bud save this upon the gray bough lay.
First rosy ripple of the coming tide
Of bloom, it gave to me a perfect hour:
I saw the first pink almond bloom today.



The Light on Alcatraz

By CHARLES L. TOMPKINS

Grim Alcatraz! Gray Alcatraz!
Drear instrument of Fate,
Where stately ships go down to sea
Beyond the Golden Gate.

And there's a light on Alcatraz
That flashes in the night,
To guide the sailor on his way
And set his course aright.

It beams across the mist and murk,
Unseen by anxious eyes,
That in the shadows blindly wait
The boon the law denies.

There on the heights of Alcatraz
It nightly vigil keeps,
Unfailing as the stars above
Those rocky island steeps.

And may it prove a beacon light
For those who dwell below,
To guide them on their way aright
When forth again they go.

Grim Alcatraz, drear Alcatraz,
For those who watch and wait,
While stately ships go down to sea
Beyond the Golden Gate.



“At night, the soul is no longer the prisoner
of a planet; it takes wings, it soars.

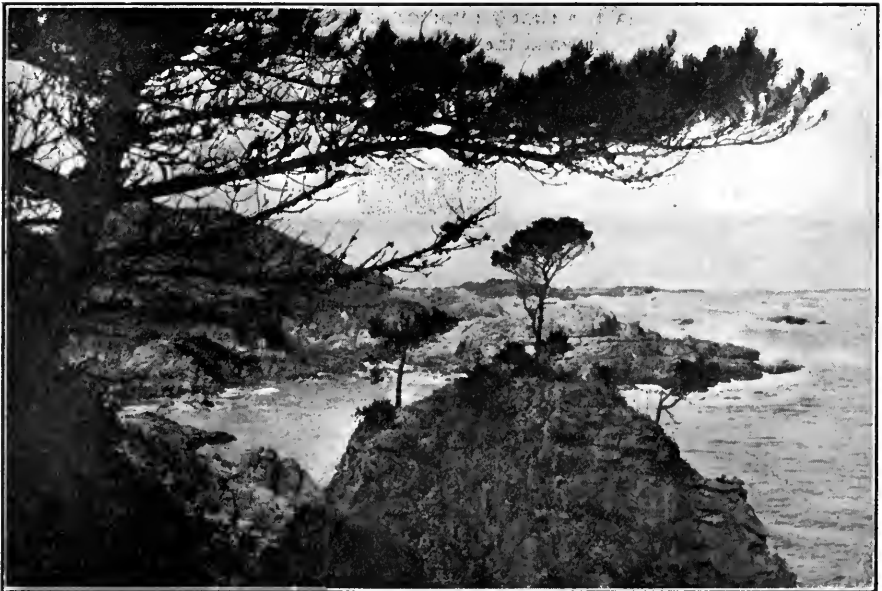
During the day, we are citizens of the world;
at night, we are citizens of the universe.”

—“The Abbe Pierre.”

A Song in Summer

By R. R. GREENWOOD

The sea lisps a song
To the bayberry slopes,
And the goldfinch sings on the spray,
And the wild rose nods
To the neighboring bee
Through the livelong summer day.
And the gulls wheel over
Against the blue
Of the cloud-flecked, changing sky
Like winging dreams
That have gone astray
And vanish like a sigh.
And my heart ever holds
The song of the sea
And the scent of the bayberries, too,
And the rose's breath,
And the croon of the bee,
And the wide sky's cloud-flecked blue.
And out of the beauty
That lies therein
I fashion life's silent song
That sings in my heart
Like a tiny bird
When the way seems dark and long.



The Way of the West

By ELMO W. BRIM

CHAPTER XI

The Fickleness of Woman

Pauline had spent another bad night, not of sorrow and anxiety as had been the former night, but of jealousy and outraged pride. And now as she sat in the shade of the front porch of her home, after the colonel had taken himself up town, the sting still remained with her. She felt that she had never been so abused and mistreated in all her twenty summers. She was mad, bitterly mad, at Dick for the way he had mistreated her. Time and again she had said to herself that it mattered little to her whether he got out of jail or not, as she would never marry him, but she did want revenge, just anything to humiliate and worry him.

"All I want is the chance," she said aloud. "I'll make him miserable or die in the attempt."

She had scarcely spoken before she laughed gleefully, for coming in at the front gate was Charley Swain—and she mentally vowed that he was the answer to her desire.

Mr. Swain, as he turned in at the colonel's residence, felt highly pleased with himself—he had felt that way ever since Dick's arrest. Now he was on his way to see the colonel, whom he knew was safely up town, on a little matter of business. It was a good time to offer his sympathy to Pauline and at the same time poison her mind against Dick—all of course in a sympathetic way. He smiled as he flicked at an imaginary bit of dust on his new broadcloth coat.

"Why, Miss Greer, how are you this charming morning?" said Swain as he paused in front of the porch, bowing low, with his hat in his hand. "It is a pleasure to see you, I assure you."

"Come in, Mr. Swain," said Pauline, arising.

"Ah, no, I hardly have time," said the designing Mr. Swain. "Just a moment to see the colonel on some business—if you will be so kind—"

"Father has gone up town," she interrupted, "but come in, Mr. Swain; I will not hurt you."

"Really, Miss Greer," replied Swain, who could scarcely believe that he was not dreaming when he received Pauline's cordial invita-

tion to enter, and her warm handshake at the head of the steps, "I am in a way afraid of you, but I am only afraid that I may say something that may offend you."

"You are such a flatterer, Mr. Swain, I hardly know when to take you seriously," said Pauline when they were seated.

"Miss Greer, what I say is not flattery—I am always serious when I am talking to you. Even if I was disposed to, I could not be frivolous with you at a time when you are in sorrow as at the present. My heart bleeds for you, Miss Greer, I assure you."

"Why, Mr. Swain," smiled Pauline, "how funny you talk, and what peculiar conclusions you draw. I am not in sorrow, never felt happier in my life."

"But—er—Dick Sterns?" questioned Swain, with poorly concealed eagerness.

Pauline laughed amusedly.

"Really, Mr. Swain, you seem to take it for granted that we were engaged! I can't help feeling sorry for Mr. Sterns, even after his killing that poor officer."

For a moment Swain was too astonished to speak, hardened gambler that he was—then a sudden understanding broke upon him and he knew fate was smiling upon him.

"Miss Greer, I am truly sorry for Mr. Sterns—but if I could only believe that you were heart-free, I—" and Swain diplomatically ceased speaking.

"Well, I am," retorted Pauline with a saucy toss of her head. "But why should you care, Mr. Swain? You speak as if you wanted to marry me—you shouldn't flirt with a young girl like that."

"Marry you," breathed Swain passionately; "I would marry you within an hour, if you would only have me."

"All right, Mr. Swain," said Pauline calmly, "you are just as good as married. Wait until I get my hat."

Then as Swain reached to embrace her, she brace her, she dodged and laughingly held him off.

"I have never said anything about loving you, Mr. Swain. You had better back out while you have the chance."

"Back out!" scoffed Swain. "I love you enough for both of us. In time you will grow to love me, so I am content to wait."

"Maybe," laughed Pauline, as she hastened to get her hat. Within herself she was saying, "I know I will hate you."

And so they were married—but even the colonel, who approved of Swain's every act, was not deceived at Pauline's forced gayety, and the thought entered his mind that all was not what it seemed to be.

They had barely started on their honeymoon before the storm broke, and Swain, much to his disgust, found himself in charge of a hysterical bride—to late Pauline realized the great love, which would never die, that she held for another.

Notwithstanding his firm belief that Dick Sterns was guilty, Jailer Bud Martin for the life of him could not help liking him. Dick's sunny and cheerful disposition no doubt had gone a long way in winning the friendship of his jailer.

"Tell yuh what, Betsey," said Bud, pounding the supper table emphatically with his fist, "that gal has tricked this fellow, Dick. An' now yuh mark my words, she are going to live to regret it."

"Paw, how excitable you do git," replied his spouse—woman, fat, good-natured, who occupied a seat opposite her husband. "Do go on and eat yore supper, and fergit about other people's trouble. Jest see how you have jarred your coffee all over the table."

"Now yuh jest listen ter me, Betsey," cried Bud, again hitting the table violently with his fist. "I say she is going ter regret what she has done—I know what I am talking about. An' that Charley Swain, a cheaper type of a tin-horn gambler than that man never lived. There ain't nothing from murder to hoss stealin' that he won't do. Didn't I know him in Denver and Cheyenne? I should say I did—an' I knew everything but good about him."

"He has got money now, but yuh wait, his kind can never keep it; he will lose it in time, and then what? Why, that man does not care for one woman long, he has too many of them, so this one can look out. He will put her in a dance hall when the money is gone, and make her rustle; that's what he will do. I tell yuh, Betsey, I knows exactly what I am talking about—he will break that woman's spirit like a bronk-twister breaks a hoss, I know." Then for lack of breath Bud paused and looked indignantly at his wife.

"Now, paw," she gently remonstrated, "do go and eat yore supper; it air gitten cold; and yer have jarred yore coffee all out. Let me pour you som more."

"Now, Betsey," said Bud, who was too much absorbed to notice anything about the coffee, "I tell yuh it air hell fer a feller's girl to treat him like that."

Suddenly Bud subsided and attacked the supper viciously, not speaking again until he had finished by drinking a third cup of coffee. As he pushed his plate back, he again broached the subject.

"Betsey, this here fellow Dick don't know anything about this marriage an' it air two days since it happened. Now what am I goin' ter do about it?" said Bud, driving his fork into the table for emphasis.

"Now, paw, yer just do what yer think best; yer always do the right thing."

"Well, I've got ter tell him, and I hates ter do it, Betsey. I'd ruther take a lickin' than tell thet boy. I know what I will do; it is writ up in ther paper, so I will jest take ther paper up ter him an' let him read it fer himself," said Bud, and seizing a copy of the Langford Herald he rushed upstairs.

To Dick's cheery greeting, as he came in front of his cell, he responded:

"Thought I would bring yuh ther paper, Dick, so yuh could see ther news and read the sassiety talk." Then, not waiting to listen to Dick's thanks, he beat a hasty retreat.

Dick allowed his eye to rove indifferently over the paper until it rested on the headline: "First Marriage in Langford"—then as its full meaning came to him, his heart skipped a beat and the paper slipped from his fingers. For a long time he sat with his head in his hands. So this was the end, he mused, and this was the woman, the only woman, that he had loved. A woman who really loved a man would never have deserted him like that—not after the confidence that he had bestowed upon her, and with the uncertainty of the future. He dumbly wondered if all women were like that. No wonder Jack hated women.

He knew the course he was pursuing had been hard on her, but it was hard on him. It was the only honorable course to be taken. He had no choice in the matter—it was circumstances—and she should have stood by him, if she really loved him. Well, nothing mattered now; the sooner they hanged him the better. Suddenly he ceased his musing and picking up the paper re-read the marriage announcement. Then he threw back his head and laughed—a cold-blooded laugh, which echoed and re-echoed

throughout the jail. As he started to tear the paper into shreds, he suddenly shrugged his shoulders, folded the paper neatly and laid it on his bunk, and deliberately rolled a cigarette.

"My sakes, paw," said Betsey, as she heard Dick's laugh vibrate through the jail, "do yer suppose the man has gone mad?"

"Well, if it ware me," roared Bud, "I'd be so durned mad that if I ever got out of jail I'd do anything to a woman thet treated me like this sassiety woman has treated Dick. I tell yuh, Betsey, I knowed ther first time I see her that she warn't no account. Now, ain't I right, I say, Betsey, ain't I right?"

"Yes, paw," meekly agreed his wife, "but, paw, do be quiet, somebody is knocking on the front door."

"Wonder who in tarnation it can be," said Bud, as he ambled to the door. "Well, who in thunder are yuh, and what do yuh want?"

"Letter from the Marshal to you," came the reply through the door.

"Well, come in—just as soon as I unlock the door," said Bud.

"Thunder and tarnation, Betsey, road-agents!" As Bud swung the door open the cold barrel of a six-shooter was shoved in his face, and a cold, icy voice said:

"Hands up!"

As Betsey slowly waddled into the front hall she saw a tall, slender masked man holding a pistol on her husband, and coolly disarming him, while her valiant husband was exerting his utmost strength in the attempt to touch the ceiling with his hands.

"Paw, paw," Betsey squeaked, "what air he doing to yer?"

"Now you can take your hands down—and you," said the masked man, pointing his six-shooter at the trembling Betsey, "can follow your husband up stairs. Need not be afraid, all I want is Dick Sterns."

"Come on, maw," said Bud, in a scared voice. "the man air all right. And I am glad that he air goin' to take Dick—'cause he air a good boy."

In a very short time Dick had been released and the valiant Bud and Betsey, despite their protests, occupied the vacated cell. Dick and his rescuer left the jail and entered an alley where two horses stood tied. When they stopped, Dick seized his rescuer by the hand and exclaimed:

"Jack, you do not know how much I appreciate this, but I wish you had not done it."

"Done it, nothing," exclaimed Jack, removing his mask. "I had to do it. I couldn't let

you go like you was headed. I was in the penitentiary once, so that made it impossible for me to take your place. A man who has been through that hell once will, in a case of this kind, resort to some other means. Here is some money; you will need it. Needn't say anything, you gave it to me. Now get on and ride—we will go a piece together, then we will separate."

"Well," said Dick, when they had mounted and were leaving the jail behind them, "it's good to be on a horse, and to be with you once more, Jack."

CHAPTER XII

Old Mexico

The man's tall figure slumped forward in the saddle, fine dust covered his wide, high crowned hat, shirt and leather chaps; his face, too, was covered with dust, even to the extent of giving his short, clipped mustache and short, possibly two weeks' growth of beard, a grayish color. Dark circles surrounded two sharp, clear gray eyes, which shone from the man's sallow face. As he involuntarily rubbed the side of his face a small white scar came into relief by the side of his nose. The horse, which was as gaunt and tired as his rider, wore the brand of a large Wyoming cattle outfit on his right hip, and showed his American breeding as much as the man, who was typical, not only in his appearance, but also in his outfit, of the western plains of the United States.

Around the man and for miles behind him was a desolate country, which varied in color, in some places being of a sandy, yellowish hue, while other sections of the bare, sun-parched earth would be of a brownish color. Again there would be sections of an alkali formation, which would be white like the driven snow. A dull, scant vegetation covered the sun-parched earth, spiny cactus, of various sizes and shapes, some bearing gorgeous flowers, dotted the landscape, while here grew clusters of bayonet shaped, dust covered yucca; then a solitary palmeto, branchless to the tufted crown, scattered here and there, gave the scene a tropical appearance. The scarlet mottled leaves of the agave cast a little color on the scene of desolation, where thorns are characteristic not only of the plants, but even of the sparse mesquite grass.

The rider now reached a point where the plain began the descent to the valley, which lay a thousand feet below him, and he momentarily reined in his horse to gaze at the lowland scene. The scene was quite a contrast to the desert area which had eaten at the heart-strings of both horse and rider. The long un-

broken valley, which ended in blue mountains in the distance, was covered with green grass; while shaded groves of live-oaks, cottonwood and wild china trees were scattered throughout; like a silver serpent, a stream wound through the valley; here and there timber covered the blank, varying from a narrow fringe to a wide belt. A sigh of relief escaped the lips of the rider, and then, as his eye fell on a ranch-house, partly surrounded by out-buildings, a faint smile hovered on his alkali-parched lips for a second. As the rider urged his horse forward and started down the narrow gorge which led into the valley, the rays of the sun glistened on the six-shooter which hung at his right hip. Both it and the Winchester, partially concealed beneath his knee, were of American make, and the dust had not been allowed to accumulate on either to any extent.

At last the rocky, winding gorge led into the valley and the eyes of both rider and steed lighted up with pleasure as they saw directly in front of them a stream of water. The horse needed no encouragement when he reached the stream and thrust his muzzle deep into the water. The man, who had dropped his canteen into the stream, draws it up, partly filled, and places it eagerly to his mouth; but as he tilts his head backwards a loud report comes from the bank he had just vacated and the canteen is torn from his grasp. As his horse sprang forward his left had steadied him and his right hand flashed up from his hip. Two reports joined in with the volley of shots which came from the timbered bank. Then came a single report from the Bisley six-shooter as the man collapsed upon his horse's neck, and as the horse sprang to the bank the man dropped limply to the ground.

Immediately three heavily armed Mexicans rode across the stream and secured the slain man's horse. "Devil of a 'gringo,'" muttered the one who was leading the horse, and he reined his horse for a moment and spat contemptuously on the slain man's body.

Jack's refuge in Mexico was not worth the hardships endured getting there, but he had met the end true to his American blood, and the Mexicans had paid dearly for their act—for when, shortly afterwards, they headed south there were four lead-horses, and lifeless forms were tied on three of them.

The Pendleton ranch was one of the very few successful American-owned ranches in Mexico. Many thousands of cattle roamed in the valley and distant mountain which bore the J. P. brand. Dr. John Pendleton, ten years previous, had quit his practice in Texas and moving into

Mexico had invested the proceeds of years of successful practice and business transactions in cattle and during the ensuing years his wealth had multiplied.

But while the doctor had prospered he had grown to dislike Mexico, and for the last year had been seriously considering selling to a Spanish neighbor, who was very desirous of securing his holdings, and returning to the States to spend his declining years. One of the main reasons for selling was his daughter, Nina, who had just graduated from an Eastern college. Until the present time she had been in school either in Texas or in the East, where she completed her education, spending the summer months on the ranch with her father.

Dr. Pendleton's wife died when Nina was a very small girl, and the doctor had never remarried. His affection for his dead wife and daughter had blinded him towards thoughts of other women.

As the doctor sat in the shade of the ranch-house porch he was again revolving the thoughts of closing out his ranch. "Possibly," he thought, "within the next six months." He knew that Nina would now be with him until she found a suitable mate, and her welfare must be considered. This part of Mexico was becoming unsafe, especially for Americans. For the past month Juan Guerros' band of cut-throats had been raiding through the lower end of the valley. Every visitor who had come to the ranch had some new tale of their depredations—robbery, fire and murder, together with the stealing of women, was the old story with them. While the doctor was thus brooding two impulsive arms were suddenly thrown around his neck and a warm kiss was imprinted on his wrinkled forehead.

"Why, Nina," exclaimed the doctor, as he looked around at his daughter, "how you startled me!"

Nina, after the stolen embrace, had sprung back, and was now laughing at her father. As she stood there regarding him she made a vision of youthful loveliness. Her features were perfect, clearly cut and classic, and her complexion, unspoiled by either climate or paint, was creamy white, with a delightful tinge of red on her cheeks. Long drooping eyelashes partly concealed two mischievous blue eyes. Her head was covered by a mass of wavy golden hair, worn in two long plaits which fell down her shoulder. The small slender hands denoted culture, as did her small feet, which were encased in alligator leather boots.

Her slender, perfect form was dressed in a becoming riding costume of the cowgirl variety.

She was, indeed, a remarkable girl, a combination of both culture and of the "open country." Unspoiled by either, she was typically Western, and proud of it.

"Why, Daddy Pendleton," said Nina gleefully. "I half believe you mean what you say. I'll bet you are studying about that Juan—what do you call him? Now 'fess up—you know it is good for the soul."

"Well," smiled the doctor, as he glanced at her riding costume, "possibly I was; but, Nina, conditions are getting more serious every day. I think you had better take 'Red' with you today—I'd feel safer about you."

"Now, daddy," she cried, throwing her arms around his neck and giving him a kiss on the tip of his nose. "I do not want any one with me, unless it would be you—and you are always too busy, or some other excuse. Can't take 'Red,' for that will make Anita jealous."

"All right, have it your way, pet," he said. "I can't go today, so do not ride too far, or I will have the boys out looking for you."

"I won't go far, Daddy Pendleton," she said as she gave him a parting hug. Then springing to her feet, seizing a sombrero and pulling it down on her golden locks, she hurried down to the stable where a small, bow-legged red-headed cowboy was holding a clean-limbed dark bay pony, which seemed proud of the hand-carved, silver-mounted saddle, silver-mounted bit and woven hair bridle which decorated him.

"Red," exclaimed Nina, "I didn't mean to keep you waiting for me like this. I will certainly try to be more prompt next time."

"Nothing but pure pleasure, Miss Nina," said Red, smiling broadly as he placed his hat on a head of fiery red hair. "I would admire holding yuh hoss all day for yuh, Miss Nina."

"There you go, Red, trying to flatter me again."

"No, Miss Nina, I am telling yuh for fair," replied Red, his complexion assuming the color of his hair. "Now don't yuh think I had better ride along with yuh today, Miss Nina. A bunch of cattle were run off from Rancho El Verde yesterday and three vaqueros were shot."

"There you go, trying to scare me about that Juan man again," she replied with a smile. "Red Johnson, I am not half as afraid of him as I would be of Anita if she should see you riding with me. I know she would literally scratch my eyes out." Then before Red had regained his composure she hit her pony with her quirt and was gone.

It was Nina's intention to ride to the head of the valley and from there up the rocky gorge

to the plains, but she wisely kept her intentions to herself, for she knew her father would have insisted on sending Red with her—heavily armed at that.

"It may be dangerous," she smiled as she rode along, "but I have not been up there since I came home, and I cannot enjoy that beautiful view under an armed bodyguard. Red is all right, but it is just the sentiment. I am going to chance it just this one time. Daddy Pendleton would have a fit if he knew, but there is no one to tell him, so I will be all right for this time anyway."

As she neared the ford at the head of the valley her pony suddenly jumped sideways and refused to go any further.

"Why, Beauty," she exclaimed, patting the pony on the shoulder, "what are you getting excited about?" Wheeling her horse and riding closer to the ford she saw a still, stark figure lying near the water.

Hastily dismounting, she tied Beauty to a tree and suppressing a shudder she went up and knelt by the silent figure. Even before her hand reached the man's breast she knew that his heart had long been silent, for she had counted at least three dark red splotches on the chest and stomach. Shuddering, she withdrew her hand and picking up the man's hat which had fallen to his side, placed it tenderly over his face—a face which even in death was handsome. The man was possibly forty, dark-haired, close cropped mustache, and there was a short, white scar by the side of his nose.

As she arose her foot struck something hard in the sand and glancing down she saw that it was a large calibre pistol; then for the first time she saw an open notebook clenched in the dead man's hand. When she had removed it she glanced at it and slowly read:

"I and another fellow robbed the Langford bank and killed the marshal. Dick Sterns had nothing to do with it.

"Jack Holt."

The writing was jerky and poorly written, showing that it required great determination to have written it in his dying agony. Nina thrust the notebook in a pocket of her skirt and mounting Beauty started in a mad gallop for home.

As Nina dashed up to the stable her father and Red ran forward to see what was the matter.

"Oh, daddy," she sobbed as she sprang into his waiting arms, "it is just simply awful! There is a poor dead man up at the ford next to the plains—just shot up awfully!"

"Nina," said her father, stroking her hair, "I am mighty sorry that you should have been the one to find him."

"Daddy, it was a shock, but I am not sorry that I found him, because he is an American, and it is only right that people of his own nationality should find and bury him."

"Come on, Nina, and we will go to the house," said her father gently. "Red will look after the body."

"Shore, I will," said Red. "I will get Slim an' we'll look after him."

"Daddy," said Nina as they neared the house, "it just makes my blood boil for Mexican outlaws to murder an American like that." And she meant what she said. True, she had read the man's confession—had it at that moment in her pocket—but she knew that he had written that confession, while in his dying anguish, to clear some one. And then he was an American, and he had died like one.

CHAPTER XIII

Dick Wilson

"Hey, yuh piebald fool, what are yuh acting that way for?" said Red Johnson as he spurred his rearing and pitching pony. "Yuh act like yuh were a 'bronc' instead of an ol'-time cow-horse."

Then as Red tried to urge his horse into the mesquite a low groan came to his ears.

"Woa, Peanuts!" he exclaimed as he reined his horse. "Guess the 'cholas' have done gone and shot up another pilgrim. I'll just tie yuh, Peanuts, so yuh won't run off and leave me, then I will see what ails this gent."

Red, after tying Peanuts securely, started forward, but after he had made a step or two he pushed his hat back and scratched his thatch of fiery red hair for a moment, then he returned to his horse and removed his Winchester from its saddle holster.

"Yuh can't tell just what ter do in a country overrun by a bunch of pepper-eating 'cholas,'" he remarked as he advanced into the mesquite with his rifle ready for action.

When he reached an open space in the brush he saw the figure of a man who lay with his face buried in between two ground-cactuses, and running forward he turned the man over and placed his hand on his left breast to see if there was a heartbeat: then as Red felt over the man's blood-wet shirt the man emitted a low groan.

"Fust durn man thet I ever saw shot through ther heart thet could groan," said Red in a surprised voice. Then as he opened the man's shirt he saw that while the bullet had entered

the man's breast directly over his heart it had evidently been deflected, either up or down, instead of going straight through the body.

"Say, ol'-timer," ejaculated Red, half in astonishment and half in pleasure, "yuh are coming along fine; just buck up a little and I will lead my horse in here an' take yuh where we can do something for yuh."

The man, who possibly understood a little of this conversation, half opened his eyes. Red noting this semi-state of consciousness hurried back to here he had tied Peanuts.

"Now, Peanuts," he admonished while he was returning his rifle to its holster, "I want yuh to act like yuh had some sense, 'cause we have got a hombre who is shot up a whole lot. Dc yuh sabe?" Then they started into the mesquite. Peanuts, acting as though he thoroughly understood his master's words, followed without protest.

Red's alert eye had taken in everything from the wounded man to the surrounding ground, and from the signs he had come to the following conclusion: The man had been shot two or three hours previous and the outlaws, who numbered ten or fifteen, had taken everything from his horse to his hat and boots. Three red splotches on the ground evidently meant that he had killed or wounded three of the attacking party.

Peanuts, after one snort, stood still while Red, after much difficulty, lifted the man to his feet.

"Now listen, mister," said Red emphatically, "yuh have got ter help me or I will never get yuh on that hoss."

The wounded man blindly attempted to follow Red's orders as he led him to the horse. After placing his hand on the horn and his foot in the stirrup Red, after much heaving and grunting, succeeded in getting him in the saddle, where he slumped forward in a stupor.

"I'll just rope his feet under ther horse's belly," said Red as he took his rope down, "an' then I'll take hitches on him so he will stay in the saddle. He will fall off if I don't, an' durned if I want to put him on Peanuts any more."

As Red started back for the Pendleton ranch from which he had left early that morning, he could not but admire the curly black haired stranger. "I'll bet he is shorely an ace with ther women," mused Red.

The wounded man became delirious during the last stages of the five miles to the ranch. It seemed that a woman named Pauline and a man that he occasionally called Jack had figured

largely in his past life, although from his delirious talk Red could make nothing out of it of it.

"Oh, daddy, come down to the corral! Red is bringing in one of the boys hurt," shouted Nina, who had seen Red Johnson coming around the corral with a limp figure tied on his horse.

"Red, who is it, and is he badly hurt?" Nina exclaimed breathlessly as she arrived at the corral.

"The gent is shorely shot-up right considerably," replied Red, who was busily engaged in untying knots. "Stranger in these parts—called hisself Dick Wilson at fust, but then he didn't more than half know what he was talking about. Since then he has been a rip-snorter; shorely have been plumb tired of his line uv talk."

At this moment Dr. Pendleton arrived and helped Red place the man on the ground.

"Ball went clear through him, doctor," explained Red, who was watching the doctor as he took a hasty examination of the wound and took the man's temperature.

"Nina, run to the house and have Anita prepare a bed for him," exclaimed the doctor as he finished his examination. "We must do something for him right away, but I fear that there is but little chance of his recovery.

As Nina hurried away on her errand, the doctor turned to Red and said:

"Run and get a couple of the boys and we will carry him to the house."

The wounded man's condition was according to Dr. Pendleton's statement after he had dressed the wound, very serious. The wound itself was not necessarily serious, unless complications set in, but the deflected course of the bullet could not be ascertained to any accurate extent. What the doctor feared more than anything else was the high and raging fever of his patient, caused from the shock and being exposed so long to the glare of the tropical sun.

The only hope for the man lay in careful nursing. Anita, a pretty, intelligent Mexican girl, who in ordinary times was housekeeper and Nina's maid, was placed in charge of the sick room.

Nina, notwithstanding the arguments of her father, prepared her own room for the patient and insisted that it should be used; and as usual she won her point. Not only did she make this sacrifice, but she hovered around the sick room until the doctor, who feared her health would suffer, took the matter in hand and forbade her entry except for certain short periods during the day, the heavy watching be-

ing done by Red Johnson during the night and Anita during the day.

Red usually had a line of talk that he took pleasure in distributing at the bunk-house each morning while the other riders were dressing. He was always enthusiastic over the interest displayed by Nina in the welfare of the patient, and Red's expression, "I tell yuh, boys, I'd let any of yuh empty yuh six-shooters in ter me ter have Miss Nina hover over me like she does that Wilson gent," became a by-word around the bunk-house.

For two weeks the man's fever continued and he either lay in a quiet stupor or was in a raving, delirious state. Yet, strange to say, while he raved madly when Red and Anita were in the room and talked of Pauline and Jack, he was always quiet when Nina was in the room.

"Tell yuh, boys," said Red one morning at breakfast, "it shorely is plumb past me how Miss Nina can charm this pilgrim, but she shorely does. I've seen her come in ther room and he'd be plumb batty, but ther moment the she would lay her hand on his forehead he would get as quiet and peaceable as a kid."

One morning at the end of the third week Nine sent Anita out of the sick room on an errand and after arranging some flowers she glanced at the patient, and much to her surprise she saw that he was looking intently at her.

"Are you real," he said in a weak voice, "or am I dead and seeing angels?"

"Hush," exclaimed Nina, dimpling prettily, "you must not talk, not for awhile anyway. You are very much alive, but you have been a very sick man for the last three weeks. This is the first time you have been conscious. You were ambushed by Mexicans, but we found you and now you are going to get well real soon—if you will just be nice and do as you are told."

As she ceased speaking the past suddenly flashed into the wounded man's mind—the robbery. Pauline's unfaithfulness, and his escape to Mexico—and an expression of sorrow and bitterness crossed his face.

"Now don't let anything worry you," said Nina, who had noticed the man's expression and feared that he was going to become delirious again. "You are with friends—we are all Americans like yourself."

"My name is Dick Wilson," said the man before she could stop him, "from the States. I appreciate everything so much."

"Now listen," she commanded, "you must not talk any more. I know you are grateful and we are glad to do all we can for you, but we cannot do much for you unless you will help us

to do it; so you must not talk any more. I am going to read to you now, so no more talking."

When Anita returned a short time later, the patient was fast asleep and Nina was placing a book on the table.

"Sh!" she whispered. "Anita, he is lots better; talked a while ago. So now I am going to leave you with him, but when he awakes do not let him talk."

"Si, senorita," replied Anita, giving her mistress an adoring glance.

"I know you will look after him, Anita," said Nina approvingly. "Don't let him talk."

Dick Wilson, as Dick now chose to call himself, improved rapidly and he was surprised to find that the bitterness of the past, which was so vivid at his first consciousness, was leaving him; somehow, he did not feel so sure as he once had that all women were like Pauline. He had been quick to note from the pictures and all the little "keepsakes" that the room that he occupied belonged to his fairy nurse. Jack had been mistaken, he mused, for all women could not be alike. Pauline was always looking for things to be done for her, her pleasures and desires always came first; but here was a woman who seemed to get pleasure out of doing things for others. So each day Pauline gradually grew out of his life and was forgotten.

As for Nina, her first acts had been done purely out of sympathy, but now, since the patient was improving, she feared to analyze her sentiment.

CHAPTER XIV The Real Woman

"Shorely is a great thing ter be an invalid," said Red Johnson as he and Slim Aldred were saddling two ponies down in the corral.

"Wal," said Slim, as he slipped a Winchester under the fender of the saddle he had cinched on the pony, "I don't cotton-up much ter this here sick business. I know when I got shot thet time at Del Rio, and when I bruck my laig down in ther Big Bend country, nuther one of them spells was anything to braig about."

"Shorely not," agreed Red, "But yuh didn't have no good lookin' nurse like Miss Nina to nuss yuh—that's what makes sickness a plumb pleasure resort."

"No, all I had them times wuz greasers ter look after me," replied Slim.

"Aint no wonder yuh didn't like it," grinned Red. "I caint stand greasers when I am well. Now yuh look at this Wilson pilgrim and see how nice things has been for him—Miss Nina for boss nuss, and now fer ther last week she

takes him out every day fer a ride. Now aint thet a life to lead?"

"Shorely is," sighed Slim as they lead the horses out of the corral.

"I tell yuh, Slim, I would be shot with a cannon if I could have Miss Nina fer a nuss."

"She would shorely nuss yuh," replied Slim. "Yuh know the time Jim Evans wuz shot, and Sid Howlett bruk his laig; yuh know where they went—not ter ther bunk-house; no siree, she wouldn't hear to it. Had them taken to the ranch-house an' give up her room both times; no other room was good enough, so she said. Yuh know how she looked after them; and yuh know if one of us boys mashes a finger an' she knows about it, she makes as much fuss about it is if there wuz danger of it's killin' him."

"Yes," sighed Red, "but nothin' ever ails me—I jest caint have no luck." At this moment Nina and her patient came out of the ranch-house and walked slowly down towards the waiting cowboys.

"They shorely be a fine looking pair," exclaimed Slim in admiration. Then he suddenly became busy tightening the cinch.

"Best looking couple in Chihuahua, or Ol' Mexico fer thet matter," agreed Red as he suddenly slipped a stirrup over the horn of the saddle, in order to make it appear to Miss Nina that they had just that moment completed saddling the stock.

"You need not be bluffing, Red Johnson," laughed Nina. "I know you and Slim have been waiting and blessing us for not coming for a long time. I try to improve, but I get worse every time I go riding. Well, let me off this time and I will try to do better in the future."

"Why, no, yuh have been pretty pert," said Red seriously. "Me an' Slim have jest this minute finished saddling. If yuh had been a minute sooner yuh would have had ter wait; aint it so, Slim?"

"Shorely is," agreed Slim as he helped Dick to mount. "We jest this minute got finished; no wait at all."

"Well, have it your way," smiled Nina, "but you can't fool me—and I certainly appreciate your being so nice and patient with me."

"Shorely a plumb pleasure, Miss Nina," said both riders.

After watching Nina and Dick until they disappeared around a grove of the valley, Slim looked at his companion and said:

"Red, he has shorely got his rope on her."

"Ah, yuh jest think that because Miss Nina is sorry fer him," retorted Red indignantly. "An'

she is nice ter everybody thet hez been sick. Yuh may know cows, Slim, but yuh are a poor hand when it comes ter judgin' women."

"Huh!" snorted Slim. "I knows more 'bout women in five minutes then yuh do in a life-time; an' now let me tell yuh something: When a woman's eyes gets soft an' dreamy, like Miss Nina's does when she looks at this Wilson gent, she is shorely in love."

"Yuh knows lots about love, Slim," grumbled Red. "But this Wilson man is not a bad sort among men, an' when it comes ter women, he has shore got ther looks. Yuh may be right after all."

"Wal," said Slim, "ther man thet marries Miss Nina has shore got ter be a clean guy—an' if he mistreats her every man in the J. P. outfit will be after his scalp."

"Yuh have said a mouthful," replied Red. "But what I have seen an' heard about this fellow, he stacks up pretty good. He appreciates everything yuh does fer him, an' he is a nery gent. Yuh know the day he was shot; well, Johnny Dix was up in the Sierras that day an' he said he happened ter see a bunch of a dozen or more riders down in the valley; an' when he looked them over through his glasses he saw that they wuz Mex, an' they had three dead cholas tied to ther horses; an' they were leading a horse thet had an empty American puncher-saddle on him—so there aint no doubt about his gettin' his man when they shot him. He aint no braggin' kind; all I could get out of him was: "They surprised me, and I surprised them a little before they got through with me." I like a man who don't shoot too much bazoo 'bout hisself."

"He aint no bad guy," agreed Slim

Nina and Dick had been having a great time. They had picked prairie flowers, discussed many interesting subjects about the wild life of the West and Mexico, and at noon had eaten an excellent lunch which Nina had spread in the shade of a large live-oak. After the heat of the noonday had subsided they had ridden slowly on to the head of the valley, where they forded the stream that lay between the valley and the high, elevated plain.

"I found a poor man here once who had been killed by Mexicans. He—" Nina suddenly hesitated, and then continued: "But I am not going to talk about him; it is too sad—and you are a patient; nurses must not let their patients study about sad or serious subjects."

"Well," said Dick smiling, "I am going to be a right husky patient. I am going to work next week—I ought to be at work right now. I am getting ashamed of the way you are letting me

lie around. I won't be worth my salt when I go back to work; I am right spoiled."

"You will have plenty of time to work, so you shouldn't worry. Then you have been working for the past week—you have ridden with me every day; some one has got that to do, for father will not let me ride alone since the Mexican outlaws have become so bad."

"This is the first time I have ever heard of 'pleasure' rides being styled work. Why, Miss Nina, if riding with you could be considered a job, and I could get it, I would never throw another rope after cattle."

Nina blushed prettily and turned the conversation into a less dangerous channel.

"There is a wonderful view from up there," she said, pointing with her quirt to the plains which rose high above them. "Do you think you are strong enough for the ride?"

"I sure am," he said, urging his horse forward. "I never felt better or stronger in my life. Come on, let's go!"

"Now," said Nina when their horses had finished the steep climb, and stood panting at the edge of the plain, "let's leave the horses and go over to that boulder, the view is prettier."

For a few moments, after they were seated on a giant boulder which overhung the valley, they were both silent. There was something in the beauty of the valley and distant mountains which was brought out even more fully by the "land of dead things" which lay around them, that was past comprehension. Even Dick, who in his travels had seen many imposing and grand views of scenery, was impressed by the beauty of the valley, and by the marked contrast effected by "land of dead things."

It was a strange coincidence that both Dick and Jack should have come to this same spot within so short a time, yet under so widely different circumstances. While both admired the scenery, it had a different meaning. To Dick it meant love; to Jack, rest for his tortured body, and safety—but, like many other things in life, they were never to know.

"Is it not wonderful from up here—have you ever seen anything like it?"

"No, I never have," he replied. "There is something wonderful and unreal about it, I have never seen anything exactly like it. There is such a marked contrast everywhere.

"There is something," said Nina, looking dreamily into the valley, "about the contrast that always reminds me of people—the good and the bad—only they are not separated like this; if they were isolated like this we would have a much better world."

Continued on Page 67

The Snowdrop

By MARGARET TREVOR

First little wildflower of the year
The snowdrop wakes to light,
A tiny bell on slender stem—
A dainty woodland sprite.

Alone in wilderness of green
Of tree and fern and brake,
It nods its head on every breeze
And cries to Nature "Wake!"

Welcome little bell of hope
Thou messenger of cheer!
For now we know that Winter's gone
And Spring is almost here.



The Charm of Blueskin

By W. S. BIRGE, M. D.

SOME years ago the ship to which I belonged was condemned as unseaworthy, in the port of Melbourne, Australia, and it was my fortune, or misfortune, to remain adrift there for several wees before getting a berth for a new voyage. During this time I boarded in a public house which was known by the odd name of the "Blueskin." The sign—for every English tavern or inn must have an emblematic device—represented a huge eel painted in blue on a light ground with Blueskin in large capitals, and below this the passerby was informed in smaller lettering that Alexander Stuart was only licensed to furnish entertainment for man and beast. I had been recommended by some other American seamen to take up my quarters at this inn, and I found everything very pleasant and homelike there, but the odd symbol and the name of the house puzzled me exceedingly, and I resolved, if opportunity offered, to ask an explanation thereof.

Alexander, or "Sandy" Stuart, as he was more generally called, was an elderly man of strong, brawny make, evidently of Scotch birth, and like most of that race, thrifty, shrewd and intelligent. He was of fair complexion with light brown hair which seemed to have preserved its original color, although he must have been then entering upon his seventh decade, at least. His wife was a blonde, buxom Irish woman, who might well have been a beauty in her younger days. There was a daughter of perhaps twenty, fair to look upon and bearing a strong resemblance to her mother; also a son who must have been nearly forty years old and had a family of his own, but living hard by, and often in and out, making himself quite at home. Qualan Stuart, as he was called, bore some faint resemblance to the old landlord, but the strong, Scotch features were much softened and rounded down, and he was swarthy in complexion, with very fine dark eyes and hair which must have been of jetty blackness in youth, and already showing a tinge of gray. I set him down as having been the issue of a previous marriage, for it was scarcely possible that Sandy and his Irish wife could both be his parents.

One warm evening, when the tide of custom seemed to have ceased for the night, and old Stuart was about to close up the shutters, I stood in the doorway, and glancing up at the hanging sign I remarked to him:

"That's an odd sign, isn't it?"

"What is?" he asked.

"That serpentine symbol on your sign, and the name of your house, too; I've been quite unable to see the fitness of it."

"Ah, indeed! Perhaps not, but thereby hangs a tale, as old Will Shakespeare says. You may have observed that my son has an odd name, too—Qualan Stuart. Can you put that and that together now?" he asked.

"Yes," I answered, after thinking a moment. "Qualan is the name sometimes applied to Strong's Island, one of the Caroline group, which I have visited two or three times in my life, and I have heard these people talk about Blueskin, or at least a word which had that sound, as the name of their god or Great Spirit."

"Just so," answered Sandy, with an approving smile.

"I thought it likely that in the course of your whaling voyages you had cruised down that way, and so you'll comprehend the story that I'm going to tell you. It's a quiet time now, and we can enjoy a pipe while I spin out the yarn."

I had only touched at the Carolina Islands for a few days at a time, and was not really much acquainted with the habits and customs or the superstitions of the natives. But the little that I knew prepared me to listen to more from the old man, who had lived among those people, and broken bread-fruit with them. But I will let him tell his tale in his own way, promising that the more the reader knows of the locality and its inhabitants, the more readily he will credit the whole narrative of Sandy Stuart:

I was a strapping, happy-go-lucky young fellow when I shipped at Hobart Town, for a trading voyage down among the Groups, in the brig Newcastle. I was only an able seaman, though I ought to have been even then at least chief mate if not master of some vessel, for I had been well educated in old Scotland, and was competent enough both in seamanship and navigation, but my reckless habits had been against me, and kept me in the background. However, that is all over since I have grown older and

wiser, though the wisdom did not come until it was too late to rise in my profession. Things have turned out more comfortably for me in my age than I had a right to expect. But still I feel always that mine is a life of disappointment, for I ought to have done better than bring up in a public house at the close of a voyage. However, I won't tire you any more with moralizing over wasted opportunities.

We had knocked about for some months among the savages at the Mulgraves and the King's Mills, driving a trade for shells and coconut oil, and anything that we thought could be sold again in the colonial ports, but the Newcastle was a venerably old castle, and plagued us much at the pumps, especially after we had rasped her on a coral reef one night through the carelessness of the lookout. The usage was none of the best, and I determined to cut and run as soon as a good opportunity offered. So when we were lying in the weather harbor of Qualan, or Strong's Island, as you call it, I made a secret bargain with one of the chiefs, who stowed me away so snugly that the captain, after exhausting all his arguments in the way of persuasion, threats and bribery, was compelled to put to sea one hand short.

He left word that he meant to come back to the island in a few days to get his lost man, but of course he did not come. The object was merely to scare and annoy me, and I knew well enough that if he had really intended to come back, he would have kept secret about it.

So, as soon as the Newcastle's royals had sunk below the horizon, I came out of my retirement and made myself as free of the island as the authorities would allow. Although the Strong's Islanders seem to be a very mild, inoffensive people, they are treacherous in their dealings with whites, and have many barbarous customs among themselves, which would seem hardly credible to a casual visitor. More than one vessel has been cut off and destroyed in those harbors, the crew being all put to death, upon the safe principle that dead men tell no tales.

There was only one white man residing among them when I landed—an Irishman, known simply as Larry, who had been there many years, and was quite as much of a savage as any of the natives. A young woman by the name of Saysa, a sister of the chief who had helped me to desert, became very fond of me, and I had powerful friends in her and her brother. But as you know the government there is despotic in the highest degree, and the power of etiquette and deference to superior rank exceeds anything in that way to be found among the

islanders of the Pacific. Not only I, myself, but my friends Selic and Saysa, would have to be very careful not to offend the chiefs of higher grade, and especially to keep the right side of the king, who seemed to hold the lives of all inferiors quite at the mercy of his arbitrary will. The Irishman Larry had acquired a good deal of influence, and as he understood the language I found it would be necessary to conciliate him on all occasions, at least for the present, but I perceived that with my superior intelligence, I would soon know more than he did, and get ahead of him in the king's favor.

"But I had been only a few days among these people when an unfortunate accident was near putting an end to all my plans and prospects. My friend Selic, the chief, was the owner of a shotgun, and loaned it to me to go into the woods to shoot tropical pigeons. A young native—one of Selic's vassals he might be called, a rather weak minded fellow, but alert of eye and swift of foot—was sent with me to act as guide and also to carry the game which I might be lucky enough to kill. At a moment when poor Arlik was running a little in advance of me and looking back, my gun, catching on a twig, unfortunately went off, and one of the small shot spoiled one of his eyes forever. Of course I was horror-stricken at this mishap, and I at once led the poor fellow home, telling every one honestly just what had occurred, and how it happened. I was much surprised at the looks of sadness that I met with from Selic and others of my best friends, for their feeling of concern appeared to be not so much for the poor sufferer as for myself, and the anguish of my bright-eyed Saysa was pitiful to behold. A crowd was soon drawn together by the news, and on the arrival of the king a few solemn words spoken to him by one of the higher chiefs, who went down on his knees while speaking, appeared to arouse in him something which was not so much anger as a certain sternness, like that of the Roman father, as if he had a duty to perform at any sacrifice. At a signal from him I was seized by three or four stalwart men, who used no more violence than was necessary to make me their prisoner, and started off toward the great-council-house. I felt that my best policy would be to offer no resistance and to face boldly any and all investigation into the facts of the case.

I looked around for Larry, the Irish beach-comber, who of all men could best befriend me in this instance.

"Larry," said I, "surely you will explain the facts to the king. You know I wouldn't have

hurt that poor lad for the world, and it was entirely an accident."

"I know it, of course," answered Larry, "but I can only say that the case is so much the worse for you. You don't know the law and customs here, or you wouldn't have been so ready to tell the whole truth. If you could have made out that you and Arlik had quarreled, and you had put his eye out intentionally, it wouldn't have gone very hard with you. But, as it is, I hardly dare tell you what the punishment is likely to be."

And, truly, rough fellow that he was, he seemed quite overcome, as with the thought of something horrible to talk about.

"Speak out, Larry," I cried, "and tell me just what you mean. Walk alongside of us, within hearing, and let me know the whole at once. Say what is to be done with him.

"Can you bear the whole truth?" he asked.

"Yes, yes, anything better than to be in the dark," I said. "Out with it!"

"In the dark," he repeated. "Ah! that's it. You'll be in the dark in less than half an hour. They'll put out both your eyes, as sure as you're a living man."

You may try to imagine, if you can, the effect of Larry's announcement upon me, a young man, full of life and vigor. I had certainly a full share of courage, as compared with my fellow-men, but here was a fate to be met that seemed far more horrible than instant death. As soon as the first shock was over, my mind was made up to sell my life as dearly as possible, when the final moment came. I would never submit to being blinded, but would fight to the last breath, and die with my eyes wide open.

I kept up the talk with the beach-comber, plying him with questions to learn anything that might be of possible service to me, but all was dark and terrible enough. I now learned for the first time that the immutable law of Qualan was far more severe upon accidents like this than upon any case of injury intentionally done. A quarrel might be fought out, and each combatant take his chance in the duel, but in case of accident the reparation must be, as largely as possible, double the original debt, and as the regal authorities always took the matter in hand, the injured person had no voice in it. It was not simply "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," but the *lex talionis* required two for one in every case. If a man by accident knocked out the tooth of another, he must lose two teeth; if he broke his neighbor's arm, both of his own arms must be broken in a similar manner, and if a finger

were crushed, he must lose the same finger from each hand. As I had darkened one of Arlik's eyes, I was, of course, doomed to life-long darkness. The operation would be performed, he said, with a powerful vegetable acid, which would destroy the sight at once, but would leave no other injuries and affect no other part. Larry had seen this process performed only once during all the years he had lived at Qualan, but had witnessed many other applications of the law of double retribution, even to the breaking of both legs.

"And can you do nothing to save or help me, Larry?"

"Nothing," he answered. "I would if I could, but it would be more than my own life is worth to interfere. The law must take its course."

I looked around upon the faces of the dense crowd. There was no expression of anger or ill will against me, nor, on the other hand, could I perceive a shade of pity on a single countenance. All were set with an air of stern determination and of pride in their unanimous respect for the law. I missed the face of my Saysa, whom I wished so much to look upon for the last time, but to beg any favor of my escort would have been an idle waste of breath. I nerved myself for the death-struggle that was to come, set my teeth firmly, and moved on. We entered the great council-house, the crowd of men, women and children following, though in good order, and without noisy demonstrations.

The king and chief led the way, and his majesty motioned my conductors to lead me to one of the rude benches and seat me there. I had hoped for at least a glance of pity from Selic, but he stood calm and immovable like all the other officials. When I was seated, they were about to bind my hands together behind my back, but I resisted this stoutly, and Larry, coming to my aid, explained to the king that I knew what my fate was to be, and was prepared to meet it like a man.

There was a murmur of admiration at what they considered my heroic courage, and the royal command was given to my keeper to refrain from any violence, merely standing upon their guard to seize me at a moment's warning, should it be found necessary. They fell back a little, and now their attention had been centered upon an old woman who was entering the door at the farther end of the great temple, bearing a calabash, which I felt must be the vessel containing the fatal essence to be applied to my eyes. At his instant there was a quick light step on the bamboo floor behind me, the lightest

touch of a soft hand, and something rough, cold and clammy passed round my throat.

A yell broke from those who saw it, joined in and swelled by the whole assembly; but my movement was too late—the deft little fingers of my faithful Saysa had fastened the something, whatever it might be, at the back of my neck, for with a side glance I had recognized her, and now heard her clear voice utter a scream of triumph. The whole crowd, even to the king himself, dropped as with one accord upon their knees, and the cry of "Blueskin! Blueskin!" shook the rafters of the council-house.

"Keep the collar on, Sandy," roared Larry. You are safe with that on your neck, and no man dare lay hands on you."

Scarcely knowing what I did, I rose to my feet, the crowd made way for me, and I walked out into the air a free man. My Saysa pressed close to my side, and put her hand in mine, so full of joy that she had no power of speech. To my astonishment no violence was offered to her, and as to myself I wanted to fall on my knees and worship her as an angel from heaven.

Now you are wondering what all this meant, and I must tell you before I continue my narrative. The enchanted necklace was simply the skin of a certain peculiar species of eel, such as I have never seen elsewhere, and which even at Qualan is very rare and is never met with except in a certain little cove or inlet way up at the head of the lagoon. This eel is especially sacred to the great deity, Blueskin, and its skin, worn on the person, operates as the most powerful of all the forms of taboo. So long as this charm encircled my neck I was safe, for in its presence even human law was suspended in its operation, and not royalty itself dare lay violent hands upon the wearer.

It was employed only in great and special emergencies, and instances of its use in this way to save the condemned from punishment were exceedingly rare. In such cases, if applied by the hands of a woman, it was instantly acknowledged as the special act of Blueskin himself, acting through her as his agent.

My person was now looked upon as sacred, and the crowd dispersed to their several pursuits. It was nightfall when we arrived at the house of my preserver, and then while I held her to my heart, she told me how to conduct myself, so as to be safe from all harm.

You know that those Strong's Islanders, especially the females, are wonderfully quick at picking up English, and Saysa was one of the brightest specimens among them all. What she

could not say in words, she made me understand by the most expressive pantomime and gestures, so that Larry himself could add very little to my knowledge of the taboo mysteries when I again met him the next day.

I must now wear the eelskin necklace night and day, never venturing to remove it for a moment, until a period of three moons had elapsed. No person would dare to take it off, except in one particular manner, and this would be by passing the end of another skin of the same sort through mine, between it and my neck, and then pulling upon it. If any one could succeed in doing this, and this breaking my collar, I should be at the mercy of the law, and my faithful Saysa hardly suffered me to stir abroad alone, going with me wherever I went, keeping watch and guard upon all who approached me, and I knew that she had another skin always concealed upon her person in the hope that she might be able to replace mine in case of loss or accident. Only one attempt was made to break my necklace, and this came near being successful. I had fallen asleep one afternoon in the house, and my preserver had left me only for a few minutes, when I was awakened by a strangling sensation, and striking cut wildly I knocked over an old man who was trying to pull my precious collar apart with another eelskin which he had slyly passed through it while I was napping. In spite of my blow, he hung on to his own eelskin and gave another desperate tug. For a minute it was doubtful whether I should be choked or have my neck dislocated, but luckily his own Blueskin proved the weaker of the two, for it parted in his hands and he fell over backward. He was on his feet again like a cat and fled in terror from the hut to relate the story of his failure to his comrades, who were waiting outside. Had he succeeded I should have been seized on the instant, and the human would have got the better of the divine law.

You may be sure that after this Saysa and I were doubly cautious, but no further attempts were made. I never knew where Saysa managed to obtain the two dried skins, for the "rolkan"—as the eel is called, when they dare to name it at all—is exceedingly rare, only a single one is met with at a time, and one may lay in wait many days and nights in the little cove without meeting with even one. Not only is it difficult to capture but the destruction of it is limited by royal decrees which are received as having something of divine origin. But Saysa, who was wonderfully gifted with strong common sense, could make the most of the superstitions of others, while in her own mind

she cared but little for the royal edicts or for the terrible Blueskin himself.

Her religion was that of humanity and love, and I am satisfied that she never believed in anything like a personal God, either according to the Qualan or the Christian idea of deity.

At the expiration of the appointed period of three moons, Saysa joyfully took off my uncomfortable cravat, and I was not sorry to go abroad free from the incumbrance, and safe from the pursuit of the law, at least for the present. I was now entirely relieved from that kind of social ban under which I had lived for three months, and went about my business like a native of the island.

I was married to my Saysa with all due ceremonies, according to the custom of her people, and felt myself settled down to become a savage. I was called into the royal presence and informed from the king's own mouth that I would never be allowed to go on board any ship, or even to communicate with the crew of any vessel that might arrive. This was a hard condition to submit to, but I had no choice in the matter, and the fiat of the great Blueskin thus announced from the throne was strictly enforced ever after. When any vessel was seen approaching, I was ordered away into the interior and confined there in a sort of guard-house or calaboose, which was carefully watched day and night.

I was well treated, and my wife was always at my side. But my wife would have been the forfeit if I had strayed beyond certain limits.

As soon as the vessel departed all restrictions were removed, and I was free to go about my business as before.

The Irishman, Larry, was drowned by the upsetting of his canoe a few months after I landed, and no one was permitted to be discharged from any vessel, while I heard that several deserters had been promptly caught and carried back to bondage.

I was the only white man residing on Qualan during the period of fifteen years after the death of Larry. I seemed to have nearly forgotten my native language, and would have done so, perhaps, but for the eagerness of the Strong's Islanders to acquire English.

I was not told by the king or chiefs the reason for my thus being forbidden to leave their country, and it was a long time before I could get the truth from my wife. But as I became more and more master of the language I picked up many things which were not intended for my ears or understanding, and having gathered a part of the truth I prevailed upon Saysa to make the whole clear to me. And here comes

the strangest part of the strange superstitious belief of Qualan.

One who has been saved from the law by a woman having invested him with the skin of the "rolkan," and has succeeded in wearing it for three moons, is safe from immediate punishment, as you have already seen. But the operation of the law is only suspended; penalty is laid up not only against him if he outlives his victim, but against his posterity if otherwise. I was safe during the life of Arlik, but instantly on his decease, I would be held to account for the maiming, and the old penalty rigidly enforced, the operation of destroying my eyes to be performed on the day and hour set apart for Arlik's funeral. It was believed that only in this way could Arlik find favor with the great Blueskin, and get what one might call his ticket of admission to the happy home beyond.

But this was not all, and not even the worst feature of the terrible possibilities. Under the internal ingenuity of the Qualan law, if I myself chanced to die before Arlik the penalty of my accident was to be visited upon my innocent boy. To appease Blueskin, my first born must be blinded with the infernal liquid, and if I left no issue the nearest relative or connection must suffer, which in this case would be my true and tender wife, Saysa, who had thus placed herself in the line of danger when she had thus saved me and married me. And in neither case could the "rolkan" be brought into play to stay the divine wrath. The power of the eelskin taboo extended only during a single life, and this the shorter of the two. From the summons of Blueskin at the death of either party there could be no earthly appeal.

You may try to imagine, if you can, the effect upon my mind when I got a clear understanding of all the devilish requirements of this strange religion. I could no longer be easy for a moment, but felt that I was like one standing upon a gunpowder line. At any moment Arlik might suddenly die, or worse yet I might die myself and the fiendish retribution be visited upon my boy, or even upon Saysa, who was dearer to me in those days than any other human being. There was no escape for me unless indeed I tried my fortune upon the sea, running the risk of drowning or of starvation. The chances of the future were never referred to by any one in my presence, but my perfect isolation from all white men continued, and I knew that I was being kept for the sacrifice.

The laws of the Medes and Persians were not more immutable than those of Qualan, nor were they based upon such infernal theology.

Continued on Page 70



The Editor's Note Book

"The summer rose is dead;
The sad leaves, withered,
Strew ankle-deep the pathway to our tread,"—
Ina Coolbrith.

How many dreamers, sightseers, lovers of the romantic and beautiful have loitered 'neath the arbor of the famous "Sherman Rose" of Monterey, drinking in the rare fragrance from the roses on this old vine?

Or, idly watching the breeze-stirred petals falling about the gray-walled adobe, have unconsciously weaved each petal into that age-old romance of the gallant soldier, General Sherman, and his beautiful Spanish Senorita?

But advancement overrules sentiment, and, if we are correctly informel, the wheels of progress are to grind into oblivion this historic place. Although Landmark clubs have managed to preserve buildings, trees, rocks, even, about which early history and romance of California has been woven, there seems to be a good deal of question as to saving this landmark of one of our earliest Spanish families.

It has been generally known for some time that commercial interests have been negotiating for the purchase of this property, it being stated that not only is a large building to be erected, but that a street is to be cut through just about where the famous arbor stands.

There is probably no town in California that gives so much of the atmosphere of early Spanish life—a life care-free and of languid ease, as clings about Monterey. The town which Stevenson loved so much; where the

first theatre of California was built and where the old Custom House still stands; a memory of thrilling days when Spaniards, Americans and British intermingled in the making of early California history.

A few of the picturesque adobe homes, where danced and sang and drank the proud old families, still stand, but many are camouflaged behind the hideous boarding of cheap store fronts.

Not many of the little gardens that were brightened by old fashioned hollyhocks; clinging rose vines, heavy with their burden of gold and red blooms, remain to remind one of the days of the coquette listening at her latticed window to the impassioned voice of her lover and the soft strains of the guitar.

We still find romance in the little town, however. The harbor, though given over to a certain degree to commercial interests, still retains a bit of its old, drowsy picturesqueness. The bright little fishing smacks, darting in and out of the cove; the tangle of great, brown nets, of ropes and mast-heads rising against the blue Pacific, are inspirations for brush and pen.

But without the rambling, Spanish gardens with their quaint pink and yellow pasteled walls and red tiled tops, the gray-walled adobes, the Robert Louis Stevenson house, the old Custom House and the few other historical buildings, that are yet receiving some care—without these the charm of OLD Monterey will be gone.

Must then the widely known attraction—the "Sherman Rose," with its historic garden impregnated with the atmosphere of Spanish-California, give way to the cold, stern strides of progress?

Martha Shepard Lippincott, whose poetry and prose has added much to American literature in the past several years, has contributed another one of her poems to this month's Overland Monthly, entitled "Reflected Joys."

Her "Christian Christmas," which we published in the December, 1921, issue, savors deeply of that sweet, quaint language of the Friends which has characterized much of her work. This was especially brought out in Miss Lippincott's book of poetry printed some years ago, "Visions of Life," and in the many poems published under Opie Read and in many eastern magazines.

While Overland readers will enjoy these few contributions from Miss Lippincott, we only wish that space would permit of giving some sketches of her life and of her other literary accomplishments, as they have appeared in "Who's Who in America," "International Who's Who," "Men and Women of America," etc.

Those wishing to add to their knowledge of Indian lore, and also gain some beneficial axioms in life, should read the marvelous, yet simple, life of "Wawona"—known as "Wawona the Wise."

Sterling Mighels, depicts the migration and life

This story, recently from the press, by Ella of some of the Indian tribes of the Northwest, but more especially does it tell of the wonderful character of an Indian woman who lived to see six generations about her.

Her gift of prophecy brought her into history, and the depth of a courageously sustaining, beautiful nature saved her tribe for the highest educational advantages that afterwards were reaped.

\$1.25 Net—Harr Wagner Publishing Co.

The accomplished and obliging pianist had rendered several selections, when one of the admiring group of listeners in the hotel parlor suggested Mozart's Twelfth Mass. Several people echoed the request, and one lady was particularly desirous to hear the piece, explaining that her husband had belonged to that very regiment.—Current Literature.

Dr. Carpenter was noted for the quickness of his wit, and it was a common saying in the town in which he lived that he always had an answer ready when it was required. He was once introduced as "Dr. Carter." Immediately his friend saw his error, and corrected himself. "Never mind," said the doctor, "it's only a slip of the pen."

"Autobiography of a Tame Coyote," by Madge Morris Wagner; illustrations by James A. Holden.

The pathetic tale of a captive coyote that, through the too successful operations of "scalp hunters" is bereaved of family and home, and is in imminent danger of ending his days as an attraction to a saloon, in front of which he is chained to an old barrel.

Glimpses into his home life, his method of providing for his family, his fight to protect them and his subsequent flight into a more friendly country, after the five babies are gone and the mother has become a victim to the "\$5.00 per head" bounty hunters, makes a very entertaining little story; also an instructive one to those unacquainted with this too-much disliked chap of plain and hills.

The illustrations accompanying the story are most attractive.

80 Cents Net. Harr Wagner Publishing Co.

It may be a matter of interest to know that Arthur W. Atkinson, whose poem "Transformation" appears in this issue, has had the endorsement and recognition of some of our most eminent writers and statesmen. Among them might be mentioned the late Theodore Roosevelt, Ex-President Wilson, Rudyard Kipling, Marshall Foch and David Lloyd George.

An unusual of adventure is being published this week by D. Appleton and Company, "Double-Crossed," by W. Douglas Newton. This English writer, who won such high praise last year for his novel of English suburban life, "Low Ceilings," has in "Double-Crossed" combined his distinguished ability for characterization with a story of adventure of splendid force and fire. It is the story of an English woman, heiress to great wealth, who is lured by a group of conspirators across the ocean and into the wildest depths of Canada's northwest. These conspirators, a picturesque band, use a ne'er-do-well, for whom she had felt a girlish love, as their lure. A young English diplomat, who happens to be sailing on the same steamer, becomes her champion. Seldom is a climax so breath-taking as the novel's final pages when pistols crack in the far Northwest.

Mistress (engaging new maid): "You say the last family you worked for were Germans?"
Maid (apologetically): "Yes'm—but they was sterilized when the war broke out."—Snap-Shots.

The Blind Gardner

By CATHERINE PECK-WYLDE

Take what you want, I cannot bear their smell,
I, who am blind, perhaps resent it more than though my eyes could take
my thoughts away.
You see I was not always thus, and once this perfume was the breath of
life because it spoke to me of one adored.
Ours was a love as pure as lilies' breath,
Ours was a passion conquering even death.
She wore white lilies on the day we wed,
But one short week—again she wore them—dead.
A hideous wreck that tore her from my arms, and then, as though a kindly
Heaven above
In pity took my sight, lest I awake and fail to see her there—
Do I plant seeds? Oh, never! For they flaunt and sway above in breeze
and sun, and lie in shallow earth a few short days,
But bulbs are different. Blind and hard and cold like my poor heart.
I feel for them. I know their yearning for the sun.
Come every day and pluck each flower that grows.
Bring me your bulbs; I'll love and care for them,
Year in, year out, I'll labor day by day
That they at last may feel the sun's warm ray.
It may be my blind soul, dark and alone,
May struggle with them up through earth and stone,
And burst at last through weight of leaf and sod,
Through Nature's sunshine up to Nature's God.

The Eighth Annual State Exhibit of California Wild Flowers will be held at the St. Francis Hotel next month, opening on April 20th and continuing for three days. The first State exhibit of wild flowers was held at the Panama Pacific International Exposition. It is given each year under the auspices of the Wild Flower Conservation League, directed by Mrs. Bertha M. Rice. Rare specimens for the exhibit are sent in from many sections of the State and are classified by botanists with the scientific and common names. The object is to show the variety, beauty and value of the native flora. The league is conducting an educational campaign for the better protection of wild flowers and shrubs.

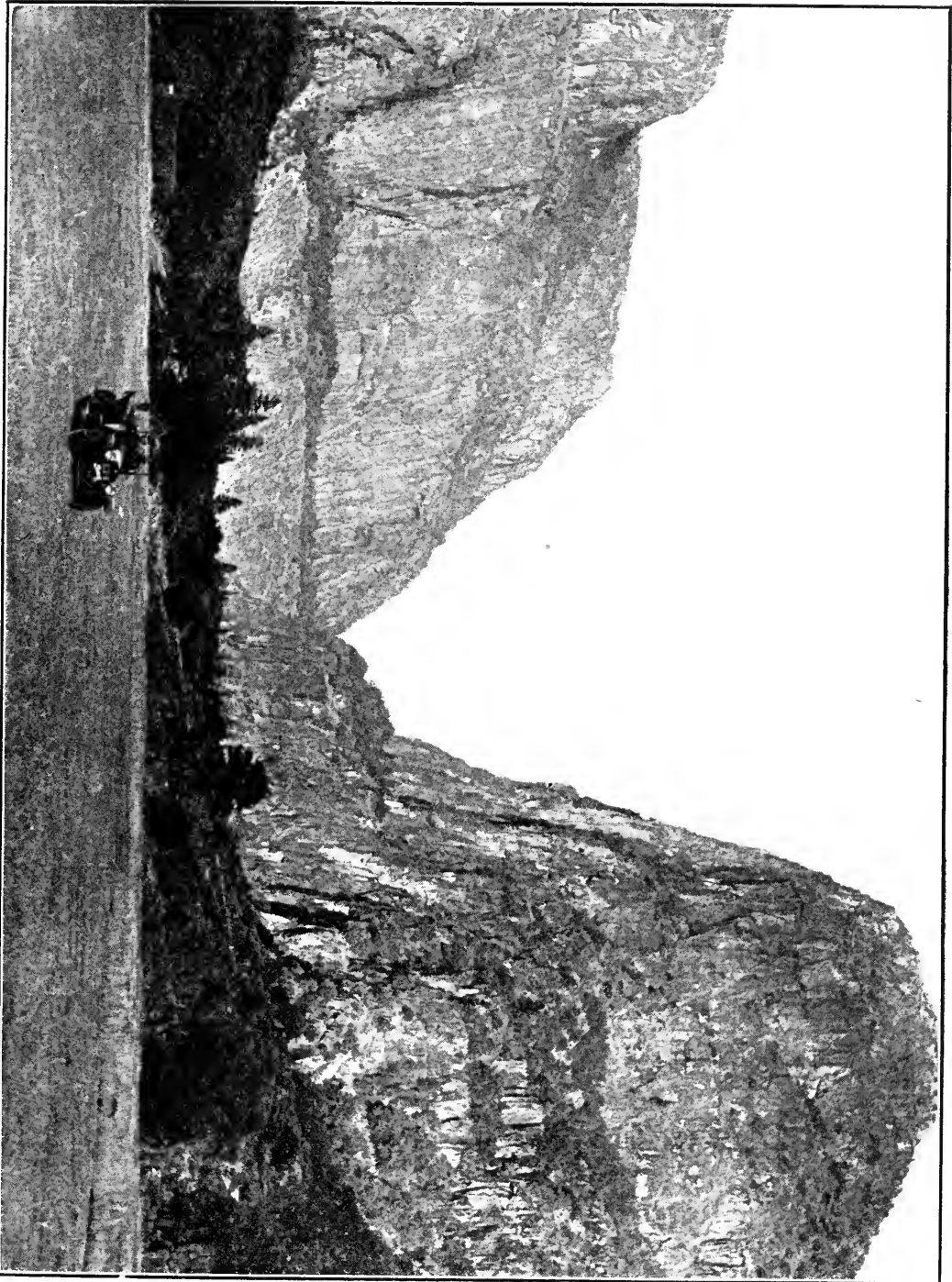
A conference of nature lovers, that will be National in its scope, will attend the coming exhibit of California wild flowers in April, and many eminent speakers will address the gatherings. Among those who will participate in the program will be Dr. David Starr Jordan, Dr. Aurelia Henry Reinhardt, Luther Burbank, Dr.

Ray Lyman Wilbur, Dr. Benjamin Ide Wheeler. The classification of the flowers will be under the direction of Mrs. Roxanna Ferris, assisted by Prof. H. L. Mason and advanced students from the science department of the universities.

The patrons of the State exhibit include many of the leading scientists and educators of the west, and a number of society women from the peninsula, who are actively interesting themselves in this movement, are Mrs. William Crocker, Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker, Mrs. Richard McCreavy, Mrs. Edward Eyre, Miss Marion Ziele, and many others are included as patronesses of the coming exhibit.

On Tuesday, April 4th, at the Sorosis Club, Mrs. Ella Sterling Mighels, First Historian of Literary California, is, by request, giving an evening recital of the Days of '49.

Mrs. Mighels will speak from her yet unpublished book, "Ar Vyvah, or Better than Gold," an allegorical story of California.



Towering Cliffs Edging the Peaceful Valley

GENTLEMAN JOE

Continued from Page 23

once why the idea of marrying him was so repugnant to her. She saw a vision of her ideal before her; and in the midst of all a sob filled her throat, and then, most inappropriately, she laughed. In a moment more, however, she was sobbing in real earnest. "I wonder how long I can hold out?" she questioned herself; "there seems to be no escape." Then drying her tears quickly, she said, "At any rate there is plenty of water in the bay, and I can drown myself if necessary." And she held her head up in defiance once more.

At this moment, the Chinese boy brought in a card and laid it beside her. "Joseph Adams," she exclaimed, the roseate color flooding her face, and a heavenly sparkle coming into her black eyes.

Without waiting to smooth a curl or straighten a fold, she ran through the hall and into the parlor, like the impulsive creature she was.

"Joe!" she exclaimed, then stood abashed and shrinking before the elegant gentleman who rose to meet her—a gentleman in irreproachable black, with well-cropped head, of military cut, the silvered temples more noticeable than before, with handsome drooping mustache of brightest brown, with ruddy cheeks and fine broad shoulders; but the handsome brown eyes were the same, kindly and responsive.

"Mr. Adams," she faltered.

He took her two hands in his; he looked full into her eyes, dwelling on the timid look which was turned to him; he let his eyes rove over the girlish form in its somber garments, up to the soft white roll around her snowy throat, then back to the black eyes once more. There was nothing more to be said.

Stirred to deepest emotion, once more she remembered that cold, desolate morning on the platform, when she had bidden him good-bye on her way to her father's dying-bed. With a sob, from the vividness with which the picture was presented, she hid her face once more on his sleeve and cried softly to herself; but the arm was folded around her this time, and the little hand was tenderly clasped.

And then she forgot herself and asked of his mother. Sitting down, he told of the change that had come over his life. As he would not return to the old home, being completely unfitted for such an existence, his mother was coming to him.

"Imagine such happiness as this falling to my share," he said earnestly. "In a few days I am to go to meet her; but I could not receive her till I had come to you—to you, Arizona. Little did I imagine the day the teamster told me there was a strange young lady on the other side of the mountain that she was going to alter the whole course of my life; that she—"

"I'm so glad that you were not angry at my taking on myself the bridging of the chasm between you and your old world. I'm so daring that I venture often where I ought not—and I'm so glad that this was not one of the times."

"And I am so daring," said he, rising, "that I have ventured here to your very home to tell you the words trembling on my lips—that you are my world; though I have left a life behind me and am about to enter upon a new one, it will be naught to me without you—for you are my world, Arizona."

The gleam in his handsome dark eyes told even more. Willingly she extended her two hands, and said with something of her old audacious spirit:

"Then Joe—Gentleman Joe—your world stands ready and waiting."

THE HOME OF PROF. FOGG

Continued from Page 40

had never occurred to him. He said not a word, but overcome with emotion stared at Fogg.

"Calm yourself; sit down," said the Professor.

"I saw Prof. Gordon of the —— University this morning. He is the man you are supposed to have killed. He forgives you, and with his wife, your sister, will meet you in my dining room this evening."

"My sister!"

"Yes; they were married when you did the shooting. You were unknown to Gordon, and taking you for a madman he was not fast enough with his explanations. But there is the bell. We will go in and meet Prof. Gordon and the ladies."

Arising slowly, Frost said, with agitation:

"Honestly, friend, it takes as much bravery to meet Gordon as it would the hangman."

"Cheer up; he is by no means formidable," said Fogg, leading the way to the dining room.

"Octavia," said Fogg upon entering, "here is your brother, George."

After an affectionate greeting Frost said to his sister:

"Where is Prof. Gordon?"

"He is here," said Octavia, turning to Fogg.

"Yes," said the Professor, "Octavia is my wife and I have no daughter."

"Then your name is Gordon?"

"It is. And I have apprised the police that I am still alive, so the dogs are called off."

With a laugh of genuine mirth Frost said:

"I knew from the first there was something familiar about you; strange I did not suspect. I am certainly glad you are Gordon. I would rather have you for a brother than anybody I ever saw."

"Thank you; I am equally pleased."

At this juncture Miss Noble entered, fair and fragile, with a flower-like beauty that long ago had enslaved George Frost.

"Eleanor!" he exclaimed.

"George!" she said, advancing to meet him.

"This is indeed a royal surprise," said Frost to the Professor. "Do you know Eleanor is my fiance?"

"Yes, Octavia told me. Now we must all eat our dinner and after that we will plan the wedding."

And the planning resulted in a wedding and ball that made of Solitude a veritable carnival of joy.

THE WAY OF THE WEST

Continued from Page 55

"Yes, that is true," he agreed. But to him the contrast represented two women—one considered no one but herself; while the other was happier when she was making sacrifices for the comfort of others.

"The beauty," she continued, "never grows old to me, no matter how often I may come. I just love it; somehow I think differently when I am up here, but it is very seldom that I find any one with me—who can understand and appreciate it. I brought Red with me once, enjoy the scenery, for he was constantly making funny comparisons. He has ridden over the valley and mountains so much that he cannot see any beauty in them. The desert was continually bringing memories of his past to his mind, memories where hardships and lack of water figured largely. I remember one funny

comparison that he made was: 'I would be so plumb dry that a drap of water would have tasted like liceker in Ol' Mexico.'"

"Red is all right," said Dick. "I owe my life to you and Red, and I always stand by my friends. He has always been used to action, so naturally sentiment would not have a very deep hold on him. Then again his life has been out in the open where mountains, plains and deserts have become as every-day to him as his cow-pony—they are merely the setting, and they are considered only when they produce hardships."

"Well," said Nina, looking at him seriously, "mister man, where do you get all your views? Your appreciation of the beautiful is so little different from most of men—I am curious to know about it."

"It came from the early training I received from my mother," he said tenderly. "I've ridden in mountains nearly all my life; a mountain cowboy has a stronger love and understanding for mountains and beautiful scenery than one who has ridden the plains, but my sentiment came from my mother. She and my father came from the South in the early pioneer days; she was a woman of education and culture, and she had a wonderful understanding of all things which were beautiful. I never went to school a day in my life—there were no schools in the section of Wyoming where we lived—but she taught me until I was sixteen, when she died; she only lived a year after my father's death. Since then I have rustled for myself, but I have never forgotten her nor her many beautiful characteristics."

"She must have been a wonderful woman," said Nina thoughtfully. "My mother died just when I was reaching the age to appreciate her. I have never forgotten her—I can understand your loss, and how you feel about it."

For a long time they remained silent, looking into the valley below, but their thoughts were not on the beauty of the scene. When the deepening shadows recalled them to the lateness of the hour and they started homeward, there was a mutual understanding between them, although no word had been spoken.

CHAPTER XV

Mexicans

The men had left that morning to begin the round-up. They were first going to work the Sierra Madre Mountains for "strays," after which they would work the valley.

Now, since the noise of their leaving had subsided, everything was deathly quiet. Nina, as

her eyes wandered from the empty corral to the long, deserted bunk-house, thought she had never seen the ranch so quiet and deserted. She missed Red Johnson's good natured remarks, and she missed—and her face suddenly became rosy. "Yes," she thought, "I do miss him awfully."

Suddenly there was a clatter of hoofs in the rear of the corral, and as Nina heard the approach of the running horses, she said:

"Wonder why they are coming back; they surely must have had trouble." Then her startled gaze fell on fifteen or more gaudily dressed, heavily armed Mexicans who were galloping towards her. Had not the full danger of her position dawned upon her, she would have admired the picture they made as the sun flashed on the silver and gold trimmings of bridles, saddles, sombreros, embroidered jackets, scarlet scarfs and velveteen calzeneros. Thrown across their shoulders, and its fold open to the breeze, were beautiful mangas of brilliant colors. But while they, with their gaudy, expensive costumes, and running steeds, made a picture which bespoke of romance, it was also a picture which had spelled disaster to many a ranchero down in the valley.

As Nina ran toward the house, a Mexican more gaudily dressed than his companions, reined in his horse beside her, and swooping down seized her around the waist; but the act was his last, for as his arm encircled her waist a pistol spoke from the porch of the ranch-house, and the man fell to the ground carrying Nina with him.

As she struggled to her feet she saw her father pitch forward off the porch, and suppressing a shriek, she ran forward and gathered him in her arms. As she held him to her breast she knew that he was dead, for the blood was flowing from an ugly wound in his temple. An insane fury suddenly seized her; choking down her sobs she quietly grasped her father's fallen six-shooter, and, before they had noted her act, fired twice, with deadly effect, at two of the grinning faces of the horsemen who surrounded her. Then, as a Mexican sprang from his horse and caught her around the waist, she pulled the trigger again, but there was only a metallic click—the daughter had finished the work started by her fallen father. When the man snatched the pistol from her hand she hit him with her small, clenched fist squarely on his leering mouth, bringing both blood and oaths from his bruised lips. Then as the man seized and pinioned her hands behind her another Mexican joined him and Nina felt a rope being tied

around her hands; then the next thing she knew they had swung her into the saddle of one of the four horses which had lost their rider.

Two Mexicans at this moment came up from the stable with their arms full of hay, which they carried into the ranch-house; then as one of them applied a match a rifle cracked and he pitched over into the ignited hay; as the rifle spoke again the other greaser dropped his hay and ran for his horse, one arm hanging limply at his side. He noted that his comrades with the gringo girl were disappearing around the corner of the corral.

As the wounded man attempted to mount the remaining horse a Mexican girl, carrying a rifle, ran out on the porch, and as her eye fell on the man she raised the rifle and deliberately fired. The man slumped down in a lifeless heap by the side of the horse. Anita, the Mexican girl, had conquered her first racial desire and had renounced it for her friends.

"Boys," said Red Johnson as they rode down through the valley, "I'll be durned if that noise ain't shooting, an' it's back at ther ranch."

With one accord the cavalcade halted. Back in the distance came the report of a volley of shots.

"Come on, boys," yelled the foreman, Joe Tipton, "let's go!"

As the madly riding men neared the ranch they saw a volume of smoke issuing from the front of the ranch-house; but it suddenly died out and they saw Anita rush out and kneel by the side of some one who was lying by the side of the porch.

When in a short time they reined in their horses, and part of them dismounted, they found Anita with Dr. Pendleton's head pillowed in her lap. A hasty examination showed that he was not dead, although there was a dangerous wound in his chest, and a flesh wound in his thigh, but there was no wound in his temple. Contrary to Nina's belief, the blood on his temple was only a slight flesh wound caused by a glancing bullet.

"Annita, where is Miss Nina?" cried Dick, a sudden weakness overcoming him.

"Dey teek her with them. Go thees way," replied Annita, pointing past the corral. Then as Joe Tipton detailed two men to assist Annita the men wheeled their horses and dashed past the corral with Dick in their lead.

"Not too fast, boys," cautioned Joe Tipton, who caught up with them during the first mile. "Ycu must save your horses for the final run. Look out for an ambush—these cholás are great on that stuff."

When the first five miles had been covered a party of madly riding horsemen could be seen in the distance. It was evident that they had seen their pursuers, for they could be seen quirt-ing their fast lagging steeds.

"Boys," shouted Joe Tipton, "wait until I give the word before rushing them—too many of us, they will not fight—they will split into bunches." Then as they began to close in on them, they would from time to time turn in their saddles and fire upon their pursuers, but they were too far away to be effective.

"Now," yelled Tipton at the top of his voice, "give them hell!" And yelling like mad the men instantly responded and dashed forward as fast as spur and quirt could drive their mounts.

As Tipton had predicted, the greasers separated, one bunch going north while the other headed south. When they split Dick perceived that one horse was carrying double, so he dashed in pursuit of the Mexicans who were headed south. As he neared the fleeing bandits, they would turn and fire upon him and the men who were following him, the bullets whining uncomfortably near at times.

Dick and his companions began firing on the fleeing horsemen, with the exception of the one who was carrying Nina. In a few moments one Mexican suddenly lurched forward in his saddle and fell to the ground. The four remaining Mexicans immediately gave up all thoughts of fight and began whipping their jaded steeds.

All but the one carrying Nina began drawing ahead, and as he saw the others leaving him he fired two wild shots at Dick, and then seeing that he was losing out as the two shots had allowed his pursuers to gain on him, he released his hold and Nina fell to the ground where she rolled over into a quiet heap. But this act only hastened his end, for Dick fired twice and he suddenly crumpled and fell to the ground. Before his horse had quit sliding, from the sudden applying of the spade bit, Dick had dismounted and was running to the quiet form of Nina.

"Nina, are you hurt?" he inquired with a sob in his voice. Raising her head in his arms he noticed that her hands were tied, and as he cut the thongs which bound them he felt a deadly hatred towards all Mexicans.

"Why, Dick," said a weak voice, "how did you get here?"

"Nina, are you hurt?" inquired Dick earnestly, as he noticed she was not fully aware of the present conditions. "I am afraid that you are."

"No, I am not hurt," she replied, and began sobbing, "but my poor, dear father—he is dead."

"No, he is not dead, Nina," said Dick, soothingly; "we just came by the ranch—he is wounded, but not seriously."

"Oh, I know he is dead!" she exclaimed bitterly. "It is unkind in you to try to deceive me. He was shot in the temple—I saw the blood pouring out of the wound."

"Now listen, Nina," said Dick. "The wound that you saw in the temple was nothing but a mere scratch; it looked bad with all the blood, but the bullet never entered, it glanced. He is wounded in the breast, but I do not think it will prove fatal."

"Oh, I am so awfully glad that father is not dead!" she cried, springing to her feet. "Come, let's get back to him! We have got to get him to a doctor, and we can't get started too soon."

"Are you sure you are not hurt," he inquired anxiously.

"Sure, I am, Dick. You see the grass is so thick along here that the fall just knocked the breath out of me without seriously hurting me. Come, let's hurry!"

Before they had covered half of the distance to the ranch they were overtaken by a party of returning cowboys and one of the men gave Nina his horse and they hurried on ahead of the others to the ranch, where they were met by Red Johnson.

"How is father, Red?" inquired Nina, her lips trembling. "Now tell me the truth, Red."

"Miss Nina, yuh father is not dangerously wounded," replied Red. "He is conscious, an' he is giving orders like his old self. We are going to start for El Paso—"

But Nina, closely followed by Dick, had waited to hear no more. She flew into the house and rushed to her father's room.

"Nina," said a weak voice, "don't worry, child. I am not dangerously wounded."

"Oh, I am so glad!" she cried, kneeling by the bed and seizing her father's hand. "Daddy, I am so glad, for I thought they had killed you."

"Annita and "Red" have patched me up a little, but I will need medical attention, so we are leaving for El Paso." After a moment he continued: "Dick, tell Joe to keep five of the boys and stay here; the others will go with us. We ought to get to El Paso tomorrow."

As Dick approached the stable he heard Red Johnson talking to the men, who had all assembled by this time.

"I tell yuh, fellows," he said proudly, "mebbe Miss Nina didn't work on them cholas—she

shorely got two of them; yuh can see their pizen carcasses from here. Annita told me all about it; an' now that Mexican gal of mine ain't off a bit when it comes ter pumping a Winchester—she got two of them. She is all right, believe me."

Dick, who had started Slim with the wagon to the ranch-house, next delivered his message to Joe Tipton, who decidede to send Dick, Red and eight others on the trip to El Paso.

While the men who were to remain at the ranch went up to arrange the wagon and place the wounded man in it, Dick and the men who were to make the trip rode down to a pasture where they secured fresh mounts.

A young Irish sailor, after pulling in forty or fifty fathoms of line, muttered to himself: "Sure, it's as long as today and tomorrow! It's a good week's work for any five men. More of it yit? The say's mighty deep, to be sure." Then he suddenly stopped short; and, looking up to the officer on watch, he exclaimed, "Bad luck to me, sorr, if I don't belave somebody's cut off the other end of this line!"

Guest (to head-waiter): "Is your name 'Tide'?" Waiter: "No, sir." Guest: "Or 'Time'?" Waiter: "Not at all." Guest: "Well, it ought to be one of them. You wait on no man."—Texas Siftings.

Sergeant (drilling awkward squad): "Company! Attention company, lift up your left leg and hold it straight out in front of you!" One of the squad held up his right leg by mistake. This brought his right-hand companion's left leg and his own right leg close together. The officer, seeing this, exclaimed angrily, "And who is that fellow over there holding up both legs?"—Chicago News.

THE CHARM OF BLUESKIN

Continued from Page 61

As I before intimated, it was several years before I found out and understood the whole truth. The great cause of Saysa's unwillingness to enlighten me was the fear that I would make an attempt at escape, abandoning her and my children. But as she came in time to understand me better, she no longer had any fear on that score, and indeed she need have had none. My escape from the island would have had the same legal effect as my death, entailing blindness upon my son, and if I took the boy with me, she herself must suffer in like manner.

Indeed, when I came to comprehend all the contingencies, I no longer had any desire to escape, unless my family went with me. We felt that we must live or die together, and from that time the understanding was perfect between Saysa and myself. I felt that nothing could shake her absolute faith in me.

The boy, of course, knew nothing of the fearful burden which his parents were forced to carry, sustained only by their love for each other.

Thus the years wore on until Qualan Stuart had grown to a stout boy of thirteen, when my poor friend Arlik fell sick of a slow, intermittent fever, and I was called to attend him. As I had taken a partial course of study in anatomy and medicine when a youth in old Scotland, I really knew something of the matter, and from my successful handling of many similar cases I had acquired quite a reputation as a medical man. Arlik and I had always been fast friends, and well the worthy fellow knew that no human being had a more direct interest in his recovery than I had. His death would be more than death to me, and you may depend upon it that I employed my best skill and care upon his case.

But a study of his symptoms for a few days satisfied me that he would never recover. At each recurrence of the fever he grew weaker and it was evident that he had not vitality enough to work a cure. His death would not be immediate or sudden, but Alik was surely doomed.

I made light of the case, however, and expressed the most perfect conviction of my ability to complete a cure. In the intervals when he was stronger I made the most of the fact, and assured the king and every one else, excepting my faithful wife, that he was gaining rapidly and would soon be well again. But while I thus

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disarmed suspicion, there was the most perfect understanding with Saysa, and we knew that there was no time to be lost. We must take the chances of the ocean, carrying our boy with us, and live or die together.

I had my own small canoe, in which I was accustomed to go outside the reef, torching for flying fish, and it was quite a matter of course for our wives to accompany us on these cruises. Of late I had often taken my boy, too, as he was now getting stout enough to be of service and to begin learning the duties of a man.

One day when Arlik was unusually bright and my predictions of his rapid recovery louder than ever before, I gave the secret word to Saysa, for that evening, if ever, was to be our time. At dusk, having just paid a visit to my friend, who was in high spirits, and honestly so, I went from the sick-room directly to the beach, where my wife and boy awaited me with the canoe in readiness for pushing off.

There were several other canoes going out, and some which had started earlier were already on the fishing grounds with their torches blazing away merrily. We lagged a little in the rear of the consorts and were among the last to arrive, taking up our station at the lee end of the line.

You know something yourself of the manner of taking flying fish. The canoes lie to close on a wind with their great sails of matting stretched taut; and the flying fish, attracted by the light of the blazing torches, fly against the sail and drop into the bottom of the canoe.

Taking our places at the lee end of the fleet, I allowed the canoe to gradually sag off, widening the distance between us and our neighbors, and when the proper moment seemed to have arrived I swung her off with a free sheet, dropping my torch as if by accident into the sea. There was nothing for it now but to make the utmost speed, and we plied our paddles with all the muscle we possessed. Under the united power of the paddles and the sail, with a brisk trade wind blowing, our progress was very swift and we were soon looking back upon the torch lights like dim sparks in the distance. We detected no signs of their having taken the alarm, and now felt sure of getting a good start of any pursuit.

We had arms in the canoe and were determined never to be carried back alive. My jewel wife had taken care to smuggle in an extra supply of breadfruit and other provisions and above all, calabashes of fresh water.

Shaping my course to the west-northwest as well as I could by the stars and the wind, we plied the paddles steadily for several hours,

and Saysa insisted upon exerting herself even after I was exhausted, and our dear boy had sunk down from drowsiness.

When day broke, the highland of Qualan loomed dimly on the horizon like a faint cloud, but after a brief rest we renewed our labors, our hearts trembling with fear of pursuit. I knew that as soon as our departure was made certain, large canoes, strongly manned, would be sent out in chase and would gain rapidly upon us, but I put my trust in the thought that the ocean is wide, and the old saying that a stern chase is a long one. My hope was to reach the island of Ponapi or Ascension, knowing that it was high land, visible at a great distance, and if I could keep the same general course I should hardly go amiss of it. We saw nothing to break the clear horizon until late the next afternoon, when the sharp eyes of my wife spied a sail nearly ahead and we outdid ourselves in our eagerness to draw nearer to her.

When the sun dipped below the ocean we had approached so that I could see her lower sails or courses nearly down to her hull, but my anxiety was great as to whether they had seen us. If she was a whaler, as I hoped, it was possible that her lookouts at the mast-head might catch sight of our sail when they took their last look round the horizon before descending from their stations at sundown, but this was only a chance and an uncertainty. I was delighted to observe a few minutes later that she was taking in her topgallant sails, for this made me certain that she was a whaler, shortening sail for the night, as is common on cruising grounds.

We strained every nerve and muscle to our paddles, for every inch seemed important, as increasing our chance of being seen while the men were aloft furling sails. We gained so much during the short twilight that as we rose on the wave I could see a thin line of her black hull. But our attention had been so absorbed with the ship that we had neglected to look astern, and my heart sank within me when suddenly my boy uttered a little sharp cry and touched me on the shoulder. I turned around and there, looming in the last shimmer of the twilight, was the head of a great leg-of-mutton sail, such as was carried by the war canoes of Qualan.

My brave Saysa also looked and took in the situation, but the determination in her eye was only more fierce, and her bare, rounded arm appeared to gather new strength of muscle as she faced round again to her work at the paddle.

I quickly rallied my courage, and reflected

that although our pursuers must have seen the ship, it was quite possible that they might not yet have seen our sail, which was comparatively small, for as they were low down near the surface of the sea their range of vision was not to be compared with that of the masthead-man on board the whaler. I wanted then to let my sail drop, hoping to dodge our pursuers in the dark, but on the other hand I wanted every inch I could gain by its power, for the ship might go away from us, all unconscious of our desperate fate, if we had not been seen by her.

On the ship depended my salvation, for if I could only communicate with her my dangers were over. I must keep up the power of both sails and paddles, and if I could only shape my course direct enough in the dark, I might well be able to overhaul her now that she was under easy sail.

We exchanged not a word for an hour, but I could hear the beating of the faithful heart at my side as we plied our paddle-strokes for dear life. Now and then I gave an anxious glance to windward, but the darkness had shut down upon our pursuers, as well as upon the ship to which we were looking for deliverance.

Again my keen-eyed boy uttered his short, sharp cry, pointing with his hand away off the port bow. His mother missed her regular paddle dip and also pointed with her hand.

"Light, ho!" I shouted instinctively, for the old sailor impulse was yet strong within me, and my hopes went up so high that for a moment I was reckless of the danger of making a noise. If the ship kept a light set I could easily reach her, for I should have a guide to steer by. I did not know why she should set a light and was not prepared for the full joy and happiness that so soon awaited me.

For a few minutes toil at the paddles made it plain, as we and the light neared each other so rapidly, that the ship had tacked soon after dark and was now heading up toward us with her signal lanterns aloft in full swing. Our sail had been seen then before night had closed in, and the ship had maneuvered accordingly.

As we answered her hail, she swung her head yards in aback and in a few minutes more we were on the deck of the colonial whaler Brutus of Sydney, and telling our tale to a score of British seamen. My canoe was pushed adrift and left to her fate as soon as we had jumped out of her, and the ship at once lowered her signal lanterns, but still lay aback.

We heard the Strong's islanders in the great canoe off our weather beam, hovering around us so as to see, but not be seen, heard their cries when they first discovered my drifting ca-

noe and heard their yells of baffled rage when they were certain she was empty.

But they did not venture to approach the ship any nearer, and as we filled away on our course I wished them joy of their job in beating back to the island, which I hope they reached in safety.

It all seemed like a dream to me who had not been on board a ship or seen the features of a white man for nearly fifteen years. I had been so long an outcast that although it was five months before the Brutus returned to her home port, I had scarcely even then acquired the ways and customs of civilized men.

But we were lucky in obtaining a good fare of sperm oil, and as I did a seaman's duty to the best of my ability I was allowed a lay of the catchings, and many little presents were made to my wife and boy by our shipmates, so that we were not quite penniless when we stepped ashore in Australia. I soon found employment, for I could not think of going to sea again and leaving Saysa in what to her was a strange land.

We were in a fair way to prosper, and I should have been very happy but for the failing health of my wife, who had been so true and loving to me through all our changes and trials.

But Saysa was a child of the tropics and the new climate was too much for her. She continued steadily to droop and no medical skill could reach the case. Within a year I was a widower, and but for the son who was left to me, I should have felt that I was alone in the world. I was too wise now to ever fall into the habits of dissipation and I persevered in the steady, upright course, doing by whole duty by the boy, and rearing him up to an honorable manhood.

Time healed the old wound, and when Qualan had himself taken a wife and built up his home, I married my present companion who had been left a widow with one little daughter and this public-house business on her hands, though the premises were under mortgage for half their value. But with my savings I was able to clear away all that burden, and starting fair in the world. We have been as fortunate as we have any right to expect. The house used to be known as the King George, but I took a fancy to rechristen it, and though you might think that the eel is not a very attractive sign, you can judge what associations I have in connection with it and whether the whim was an excusable one.

It is rather a joke spelling Blueskin on the sign, for I must tell you that the rolkan is not

blue at all, but of an ugly grey color, and not half as respectable looking as the one represented by the artist. But it is getting very late, and so with a parting sip to the memory of Saysa, who I am sure has found the great reward, whether professing the Christian faith or otherwise, we will turn in for the night.

Bill was reading the paper instead of washing the windows of the hotel when the manager looked in. "What's this?" he said. "Pack up your things, and go." So poor Bill drew his money, went upstairs, and put on his good clothes. Coming down he met the manager, who did not recognize him in his black coat. "Do you want a job?" asked he. "Yes, sir," said Bill. "Can you clean windows?" "Yes, sir." "You look a handy sort of fellow." "Thank you sir," said Bill; and in half an hour he was back in the same old room earning two dollars a week more than before—but cleaning the window this time, and not reading the paper. —Collier's Weekly.

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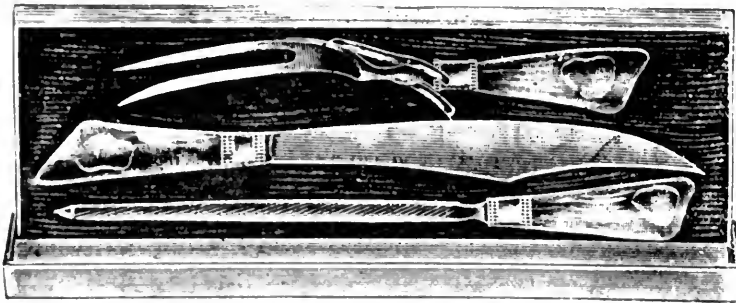
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Overland Monthly



The Illustrated Magazine of the West

ALMIRA GUILD McKEON, Editor.

CONTENTS FOR APRIL, 1922

FRONTISPIECES:

<i>Summer—Its Lights and Shadows</i>		5
"A Land Without Ruins is a Land Without Memories—"		6
<i>Blossoms—Santa Clara Valley</i>		7
"Christian and Pagan Indians Attended—"		8
"The Mission Bells Toll Out their Age-old Messages—"		9
Michael C. Dunne as "Padre Jose Maria del Real"		10
THE SANTA CLARA CENTENARY		
—Illustrated	EDWARD SHIPSEY, S. J.	11
SPRING IN CALIFORNIA—Verse	HARRIET BARTNETT	17
MIRAGE—Verse	GLENN WARD DRESBACH	18
THE KEEPER OF MAYNILA	JAMES HANSON	19
SPARKS AND STARS—Verse	HELENE SEARCY	25
THE CALL OF THE SOUTH—Verse	EILEEN PECK	26
EASTER, ITS MEANING AND ITS MES- SAGE	REV. D. CHARLES GARDNER, Chaplain of Stanford University	27
THE SEA GULL	DELMAR H. WILLIAMS	31
SPRING AT BERKELEY	ARTHUR LAWRENCE BOLTON	32
SIERRA GOLD	CHARLES HOWARD SHINN	33
THE WORDS OF TELLALAH— <i>The Raven</i> —	CHARLES J. NORTH	37
TORRES STRAITS ISLANDS	THOMAS J. McMAHON, F. R. G. S.	39
"GRANDPA"	RICHARD BRET HARTE	
<i>A Reminiscence of Bret Harte by his Grandson</i>		43
DIABLO CANYON—Story	GERTRUDE BRYANT	44
MOUNTAIN SONG—Verse	GEORGE LAW	46
A JEST AND ITS SEQUEL—Story	SCOTT JONES	47
BEWARE—Verse	W. L. MASON	51
THE WAY OF THE WEST—Serial.....	ELMO W. BRIM	52
THE HEART OF A DOG.....	MARGARET DARRELL	60
EDITOR'S NOTE BOOK		62

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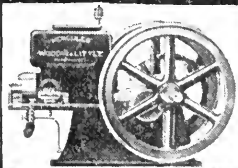
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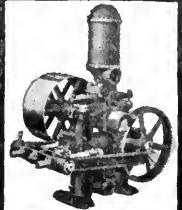
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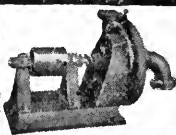


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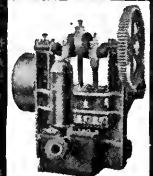


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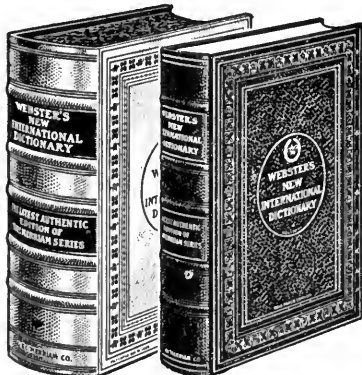
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Summer—Its Lights and Shadows

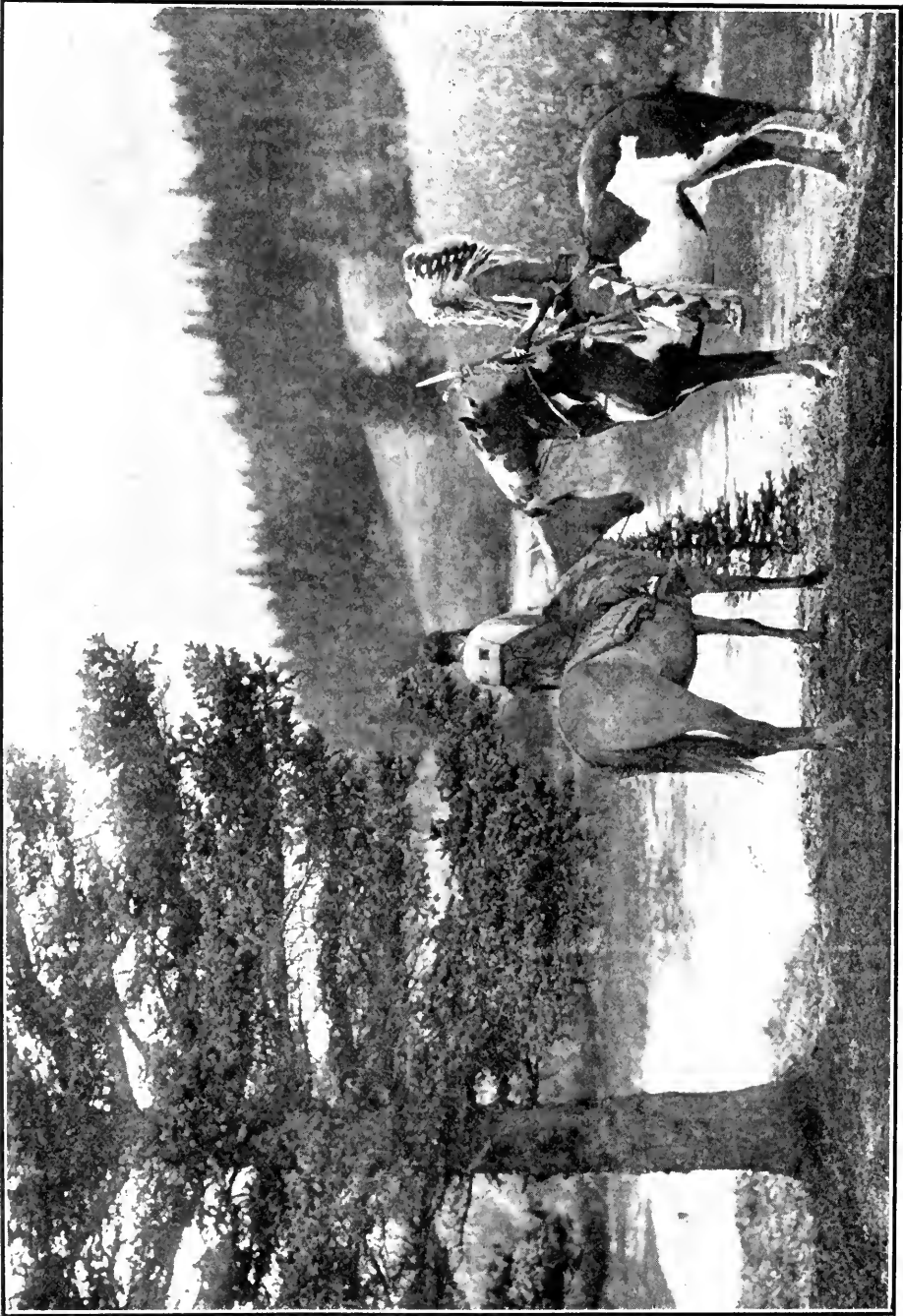


"A land without ruins is a land without memories."

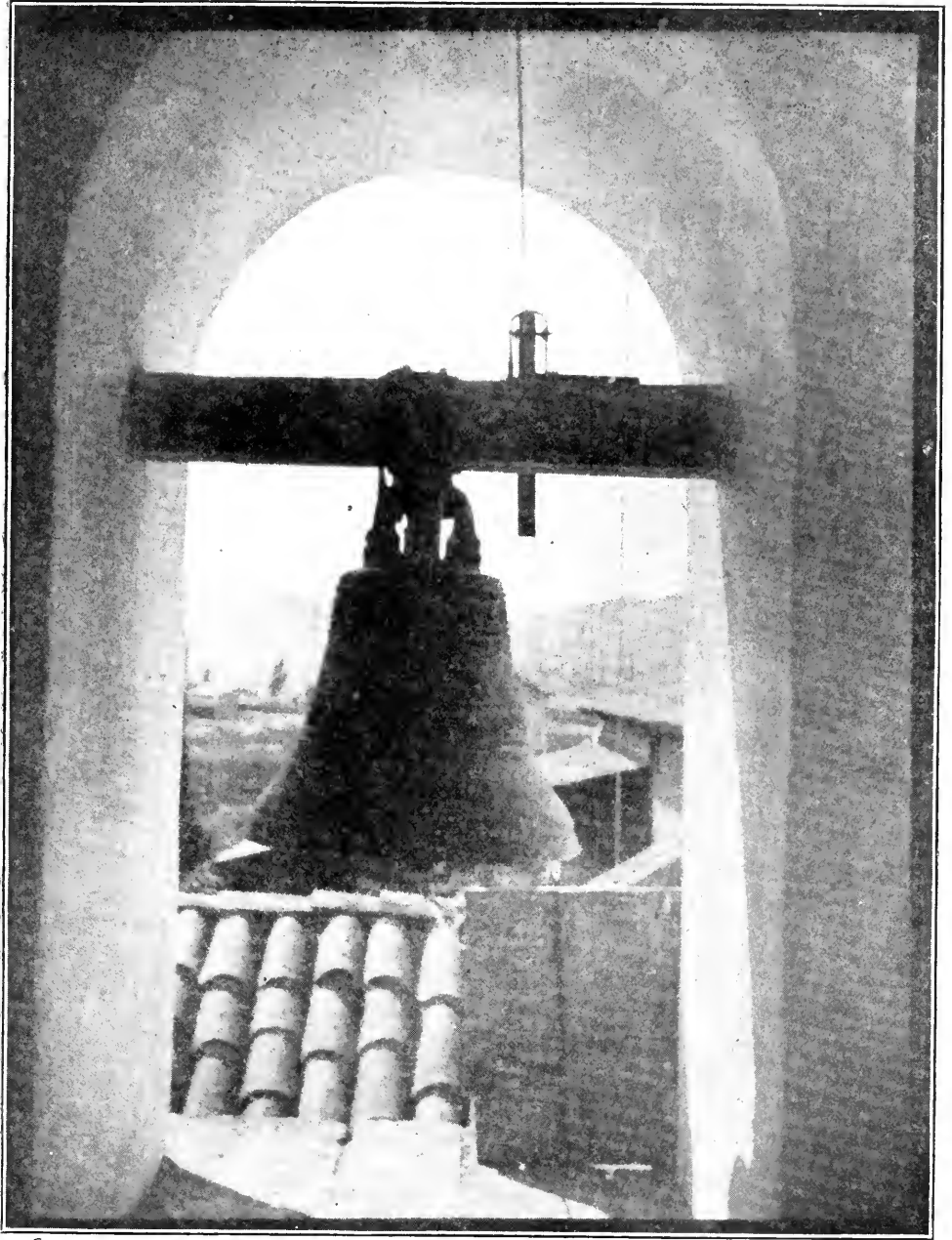
Santa Clara Centenary—Page 11



Blossoms—Santa Clara Valley



“Christian and Pagan Indians attended—”



"The Mission bells toll out their age-old messages"



Michael C. Dunne, as "Padre Jose Maria del Real"

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The Santa Clara Centenary

By EDWARD SHIPSEY, S. J.

SANTA CLARA VALLEY, Santa Clara County, the Town of Santa Clara and the University of Santa Clara all feel that from the Mission of Santa Clara they were given both the glory of a far-famed name and the glamor of a romantic past. They are celebrating a birthday of local and state-wide interest, and of national as well. It may even excite ripples of comment in Old Spain. For the mother must yet feel a pang of concern for the daughter who in babyhood was lost to her forever.

And if Spain may consider California a daughter lost while young, we often conceive the West somewhat differently. We conceive it as did Edwin Coolidge, one of our own poets, as "The Strong, Young West," which

"Stands like a careless giant

Fronting the world with unwearied eyes."

But in its very youth there is an element of deception. For we do not associate gray hairs with green years, nor ruins and memories with a young land. Yet such is the contradiction of California, which gives point to the remark of Professor H. E. Bolton, of the University of California, that "One of the anomalies of historical studies just now is the fact that the oldest fields are the newest."

It has been said that "A land without ruins is a land without memories—a land without memories is a land without history." Rome

and Greece are lands with memories and their ruins come to mind. The abbey ruins of England fired the imagination of Scott and many others. California has her memories and Santa Clara is celebrating the hundredth anniversary of an episode in the history of one of them.

The century plant was formerly thought to bloom once in a hundred years. We have all seen so many in bloom that we may seriously doubt if they were all one hundred years old. Authorities in botany bear out these suspicions. Santa Clara sins in the opposite direction. An institution that is nearly one hundred and fifty years old is celebrating a centenary. The plant that is now blooming there after a hundred years is a plant that was twice removed. Mission Santa Clara had three sites. The third was dedicated in 1822 and now forms the nucleus of the University of Santa Clara group of buildings and about it center the present commemorative activities.

When Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton and Franklin were establishing, on the Eastern Coast, the young republic which in our time has grown to the colossus of modern nations, Serra, Palou, Pena and Murguia were establishing, on the Western Coast, the missions which have colored the life and architecture of lovely California. The year 1776 is familiar and sacred to us as Americans. It is sacred and should be familiar to us as Californians.

It was on March 30, 1776 that members of the Anza Expedition, headed by Lieutenant-Colonel Anza and Father Pedro Font, gave its name to what is locally known as the Guadalupe River. In Father Font's diary is this entry, "1776, March 30. We halted at four in the afternoon on the other side of a river, which we called Rio de Guadalupe." The full name is River of Our Lady of Guadalupe and was called from the famous Guadalupe shrine in Mexico.

On January 6, 1777, nine months later, a little colonizing party gathered at Mission Dolores, San Francisco, and moved southeast toward the Rio Guadalupe to make a foundation in the valley yet unnamed. At its head were Lieutenant Moraga and Father Thomas de la Pena (pen-ya).

"On January 12, 1777," says Rev. James A. Colligan, S. J., in his History of Santa Clara Mission, "Father Pena planted the Mission Cross and celebrated Mass on the banks of a little stream on the westerly side of the Guadalupe River at a spot now forming part of Laurel Wood Farm, near Agnew Station." This was the first site of Santa Clara Mission, and is about two miles from the town of Santa Clara.

The church and other buildings destined to form the community center known as "The Mission" were begun. Messengers were sent to the capital, Monterey, to San Carlos Mission, for Father Murguia. On January 21, he arrived with cattle, seed, implements, and other necessities. That date marks the beginning of agriculture, stock raising, architecture and vocational training in the valley. Junipero Serra as head of all the Missions made visits on September 28, and October 10, 1777.

The first winter at Santa Clara Mission, 1777 to 1778, was Washington's winter at Valley Forge. When he was holding out in that dreary period, those who named this valley were making their early struggle to develop its natural resources and civilize the low natives who were its inhabitants. They were endeavoring to introduce into it the stock, grain, vines and trees, the implements and knowledge of building construction which have since formed the basis of its material prosperity.

As Washington was hampered with cold and lack of supplies, Murguia and Pena were disturbed by floods. In 1779 the site was twice flooded. Many buildings of the new community center were destroyed. It was resolved to move to higher ground. A second site was chosen.

This second site is within the township of Santa Clara at Franklin and Campbell avenues. The spot is about half way between the present site and the Southern Pacific depot. Locating it exactly was the merest accident. Workmen in 1911 were preparing to lay a pipe line on Campbell avenue. In digging, they struck a stone evidently shaped by hand. Investigation showed it to be the cornerstone of the Second Mission, and it is now in the library in the University of Santa Clara. A cavity in the center contained medals, a crucifix and coins. No coin bore a date later than 1778. Mission records show that it was laid by Serra himself on November 19, 1781, and mention that medals, a crucifix and coins were placed in it.

The dedication of this church and mission was set for May 15, 1784. When Serra and Palou arrived for the ceremony a sad community awaited them. Murguia, the builder, had died four days before. Nevertheless on the evening of that day, Serra blessed the new church, the finest of all in California. He was assisted by Fathers Palou and Pena. Governor Fages was present, Commandante Moraga and a great multitude of Christian and pagan Indians and of settlers. The new group of buildings served until 1818. In that year an earthquake whetted upon them its appetite for ruin.

One hundred years ago the third and present site with its buildings was dedicated. The ceremony took place on the eve of the Feast of St. Clare, August 11, 1822. Serra, Palou, Pela and Murguia had long since rested from their labors. It is the completion of this century that is being commemorated.

An adobe steeple ornamented this church until 1841, when a wooden one replaced it. In 1861 or 1862 when the Franciscans had passed on and the former mission had become the nucleus of the University of Santa Clara, this wooden steeple was removed and the present facade, having two towers, was built. In 1885 the tottering adobe walls had to make way for wooden walls. The quaint rearedos remain and the old ceiling painting, executed on the crudely hewn boards, attracts the attention of thousands of visitors each year.

The cross which stands in front of the Mission is the cross the Spanish soldiers and Indians reared and the Padres blessed at the first site in 1777. It has followed the fortunes of the succeeding locations and spent the years between 1779 and 1822 at the second location. It is covered with white pine to protect it from the weather, but a piece of glass at its base makes the original redwood visible. The three bells,

yet used, come down from the earlier time, and were cast in 1798 and 1799. They were given to Santa Clara by Charles IV of Spain on the express condition that they be tolled each even-

hundred Alumni of the University of Santa Clara were gathered in the Inner Garden of the Santa Clara Campus. They were upon the very site of the old Mission Quadrangle that



Arthur J. Saxe as Don Luis Castanares

ing as a reminder to the living to say a prayer for the dead. At half past eight each evening they toll out their age-long message.

On May 30, 1921 they did so under most dramatic and significant circumstances. Five

had been the scene of so many stirring events in by-gone days. On the left was the old Mission Church. At their back a long adobe wall. On their right rose dark olive trees that had waved calmly through a hundred years of his-

tory. Every shrub and tree glowed with hidden and many-colored electric lights. At half past eight the bells tolled forth the usual message. As they did so the body rose and remained in prayerful silence while the president of the association slowly read out the names of Santa Clara men fallen in the World War. Did Carlos Cuarto ever dream that the bells he gave would call forth such an expression from a people but then becoming a nation and whose very tongue was probably unfamiliar to him?

Mr. Z. S. Eldredge in his introduction to "History of California: The Rise and Progress of an American State," says: "It is the intention of the writers of these volumes to give in simple narrative the story of California, more interesting it may be and more romantic than that of any other state in the Union; to give in proper sequence the procession of events which culminated in the blending of the ancient streams of Spanish and English colonization to form an American state. There is so much that seems strange and remote to the American of Anglo-Saxon or Teutonic descent that altogether the story of this California of ours is most fascinating." Then he instances the Missions. The incident just mentioned brings the point out. The present centenary does the same.

One who has delved but slightly into Californiana cannot but notice a difference in mental attitude between works brought out, say in 1850 or 1860, and works of the present day. This attitude regards the Missions. Then Americans were comparatively few and strangers in a strange land. Today we have to pause to realize that things were ever different. Then the Missions were in their decay. Their day of glory was past. There was no general Mission architecture, now so much at home in California and so little at home anywhere else, to meet one at every step whether in public buildings or in private homes. The loftiness of the lives of the Padres had not been caught. The present spirit of respectful admiration, flowing over into enthusiasm at times, was not so much in evidence.

Nor is it surprising. It was necessary that time should throw its halo around what the Padres did. Anglo-Saxon colonizing efforts had no counterpart which corresponded to the Missions, no agency devoted solely and intensely to the salvation and elevation of the natives. The Spanish government or certain individuals within it may have looked upon the missionary effort largely or solely as promoting acquisition or colonization. The cultured Spanish gentle-

man who left his all, put on the brown robe of the friar and sailed to the ends of the earth in the expectation of certain hardships and dangers had but one aim. Today we see its self-sacrificing nobility. Conquistador, Don and Commandante are fading figures. The Padre lives.

In the February number of the Overland Monthly there is a picture of a Franciscan, cowed and calmly serious. He is walking slowly in the covered ambulatory within a row of Mission arches. The light of sunset glows upon the wrinkled features, strangely kind, yet firm. It glows upon the swelling lines of the succeeding architectural curves above his head. Darkly it reveals the hand-hewn beams that support the roof of the portico. It casts shadows across his footway. He himself is in the sunset of his years, as befits one who is a symbol of the past. The caption "Mission Father—Friend and Counsellor to Poor and Rich Alike" tells his story. Any man of education anywhere, seeing the picture would say "California!"

A man of wide reading or one naturally given to reflection would add "The picture speaks of work accomplished; it says nothing directly of labor expended." When we hear the Missions mentioned we think of them in their glory or in the picturesqueness of their decay. We do not think of their beginnings.

Englehardt, "Missions and Missionaries of California," the best authority on the subject, mentions several cases, even among these heroic men, of requests to leave California because of the seeming hopelessness of accomplishing anything, and two cases of loss of mind from hardships. Those who first came into the Santa Clara Valley shared the general impression that California was an island. They had no delusion regarding the low grade in the scale of civilization occupied by the natives. They had no delusion regarding the tantalizing interference on the part of the military that so often thwarted them. Captain George Vancouver, who visited Santa Clara in 1792, draws a striking contrast between the soldiers he had seen at the different posts and the Friars at Santa Clara; the men of war, lazy and instructed not to labor for fear it would lower them in the eyes of the natives; the men of peace, laboring like slaves themselves and guiding the low Indians whose respect they had won in the ways of work. It reminds one of the remark of Vancouver's fellow countryman of today, Mr. G. K. Chesterton, "I would not go to a monastery for the same reason I would not go to the mountains to hunt bear. It is too much work."

Some early writers comment unfavorably on the crude implements used and on the low condition of the natives, "when all was said and done." They forgot the distance those implements were brought or the difficulties under which they were made in a time when all implements were comparatively crude. They did not see, as we see, that the marvel is not that so little was done but that with so little, so much was accomplished.

The Franciscan was the first "Man with a Hoe" in Santa Clara Valley as in the rest of California. He introduced architecture and built masterpieces with Indian hands and mud and straw which have colored the whole architecture of a great state. And if nature which has treated the rock and mortar of English ruins kindly, is causing California mud and straw to trickle away, the people who have come after are perpetuating the style.

The Franciscan introduced music, painting, and sculpture. About the community center called The Mission, the trades began to flourish and the Indians to be trained in them, blacksmithing, carpentry and all the forms of husbandry. Here was a school of vocational training, over a century before that term was coined.

Santa Clara Mission marks the beginning of the redwood lumber industry in California. Specimens lumbered one hundred and one hundred and fifty years ago may be seen there. At the Mission the first grain and vegetables were set out and the first fruit trees, and in this connection the first irrigation was started.

By the Padres the first cattle were brought into the valley and the first sheep, mules and horses. Beef flesh became a drug on the market and cattle were killed for their hides and tallow. Ships came from the good port of Boston for these. Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast" describes such a trip around The Horn. So those who think Boston and California the two great cultural centers in the country may shake hands across the stretches of the past almost from the days of the Boston Tea Party. Americans were known on the Western Coast as "Boston Men" long before the name "Gringo" was heard of. It was the cattle of California that first attracted Americans and many, captivated by the beauty of the country, remained.

In Mission days, California was unfenced and great herds of cattle, brought in from Spain through Mexico, roamed the mountains and the valleys. Annually in May or June a round-up was held, and called by the Spanish name Ro-



Santa Clara Valley, where the first grain, vegetables and fruit trees were set out

deo (Ro-day-o). Vaqueros and Mayordomos, mounted on blooded Arabian horses, presided. The cattle belonging to each Rancho, known by their brand, were separated. The calves that followed their mothers were thereby recognized as the property of a given man.

The work of separation over, the festivities began and a show of feats and skill. The Rodeo was the event of the year. There were gathered the wealth and beauty of the locality. The Santa Clara Rodeo was one of the greatest of these. Horsemen competed for prizes, in contests of roping, riding, and racing. The great-

Merle at the suggestion of Rev. Robert E. Kenna, S. J., formerly president of Santa Clara, is produced from time to time by the students and alumni of the University of Santa Clara, and is never staged away from its natural setting, the very old Mission grounds themselves on which the scene of its action is laid.

The story opens with the Mission in the background. The war between Mexico and the United States is at its height. Padre Jose Maria del Real, the last Franciscan superior, is surveying the motley assemblage, passing among them and giving his blessing to all. Soquel, a rene-



"The Santa Clara Rodeo was the event of the year—horsemen competed for prizes"

est prizes were not listed. For the fair hand of many a *Senorita* was won by some colorful and dashing master of the arena.

The advance of the Americans from the East reduced the romance and social pre-eminence of the Spanish Rodeo to the level of the Wild West Show. Before Cheyenne, Pendleton or Prescott were heard of, hearts were being broken and history made at the Santa Clara Rodeos.

The events surrounding the period of the American occupation can best be told by a brief description of the Mission Play of Santa Clara. This play, consisting of a prologue, three acts and an epilogue, was written by Martin V.

gade Indian, is heard wailing because of the drought that threatens the valley and because of his sick and starving child. Don Fernando Castaneres, a fine example of the stately old Spanish Don, has disinherited his son, Don Luis, for striking the aide to the commandante at Monterey and thus bringing disgrace of court martial upon the family. Even the Padre cannot calm the rage which has been accentuated by recent expressions of sympathy for the coming Yankees on the part of the wayward boy. Jack Mosely is an unscrupulous land agent who bribes Soquel to steal the Mission land grant. Word comes that Monterey has fallen, that Sloan has struck the Aztec Eagle

and raised the Stars and Stripes. In Captain Mallison, U. S. A., the bearer of the tidings, the Padre senses a friend. Gay-hearted Don Luis seeks refuge in the Mission from Don Antonio Alvarade on the military charge. Disguised as a servant, he promises the pompous and near-sighted military secretary to serve a warrant on himself. During the evening fiesta, Soquel steals the land grant and gives it to Mosley. He soon returns, raving. His child has died and he reveals his theft. Don Luis, still disguised, is dispatched to Monterey to thwart the filing of the grant and to return with American military aid. Mosley excites the Indians against the Mission. Captain Mallison and Mission attendants prepare to hold out till help comes. Mosley is Mallison's prisoner for a time but escapes. The attack begins. When the defense seems hopeless, a bugle call announces relief. The Padre's prayers for rain are heard. Don Luis, with the re-filed land grant, throws himself at the feet of the kneeling Padre. The epilogue pictures the calm which follows storm.

The transformation from 1846 to what we now see has been gradual yet phenomenal. The day will be vividly recalled at Santa Clara on May 1 when Franciscans will celebrate an open-air Mass beneath the identical cross in front of which their brown-robed brethren celebrated it at the dedication of the first Mission in 1777, of the second in 1784 and the third in 1822.

The presence of Governor Stephens at this ceremony will recall the similar presence of his Spanish predecessor, Governor Pedro Fages in 1784, and indirectly it will recall the first American governor of California, Peter H. Burnett, whose great-grandson is cast in the Mission Play of this year.

An old tradition attributes to Fr. Magin Catala, who was at Santa Clara in the first quarter of the last century, a prophecy to the effect that another people, speaking another language, would come from the East. We are that people, that language is ours and ours is the state which has grown out of the blending of the two great streams of colonization.



The Mission Santa Clara in 1846

Spring in California

By HARRIET BARNETT

I love the freshets of the waking year
 That glisten through the tender tufting grass
 And whisper liquid purlings as they pass.
 I love the first gold buttercups that tier
 The fresh'n'g hill. I love Spring's pioneer
 The meadow-lark, whose subtle notes surpass
 The whist'ling winds; and oh!—the verdant mass
 A-burst on bud and bough a-far and near!

I love the flutt'ring mood of almond bloom,
 The sifting downward as of pearly wing
 And nestling in the green blossom-plume;
 But most of all I love that holy thing—
 The sap, the scent, the glow, the life, the loom,
 The unseen essence that's the life of Spring.

Mirage

By GLENN WARD DRESBACH

Above the heat-waves breaking
On hazy shores that seem
To grow from faded purple
And gold all spent of gleam
Is spread a desert's dream.

Above the sands and ridges
Barren and hard and dry,
A haunting beauty fashions
Its magic in the sky
Where no birds now go by. . .

A little lake is rippled
By winds not reaching here,
And trees of slender beauty
On low shores linger near
The waters strangely clear.

Unreal! A thing of vision,
Empty as is the air,
Beauty bred of delusion,
Mirage! . . . But O, how fair
Above sands old and bare! . . .

Above the desert places
Of days when nothing seems
Sure of the quest it follows—
Of far-off trees and streams
Mirage send, O my Dreams!



For me, said the Saqui, Yesterday hath no
meaning; Tomorrow hath no existence. I only
live in the fullness of Today.

—Calcutta Review.

The Keeper of Maynila

By JAMES HANSON

IN a cozy little spot, away down in Luzon, just off the silver beach of Subic Bay, there stands a low bungalow with a sloping bronze-green roof. The best artificers in the islands designed it, say old-timers.

It is a sublime exhibition! The place is surrounded by maynila hedges, in which waxy, slick-white blossoms stand out like limpid things in a jewel casket; and black-stemmed palms actually sighing with the weight of juicy fruit; and ancient, writhing dap-dap trees, whose blossoms have all the seeming of bloody fingers.

And beyond that are the rice-paddies and the nipa shacks, where dwell the men who toil there; and the compound and mud-wallow where the patient caribos seek compensation after the labor of the day.

All that belongs to Joe Winkle—a chap who bears all the hallmarks of an even-tempered person. It was a present from a great chief.

Sometimes a great banca anchors off-shore. Joe's visitors are the old chief who has kind, berry-brown features, and his daughter, a lissome girl whose beauty is benumbing. They are fond of Joe, for Joe twice saved—. But therein lies the story.

* * *

Manila is a melting pot of the Western and Eastern worlds. Stroll today up the Escolta and you will see the same sights and raiment that would have confronted you a decade ago.

And there, almost opposite the Bridge of Spain, stood the Mactan Eating Pavilion, conducted by Cabiz Tazabas, the eldest son of an Igorrote mat weaver. For this is a tale of long ago.

Business was good that night; it catered to the avariciousness of Tazabas, laved him in a languid contentment, seeped to the obscure crypts of his squat, pock-marked being.

He sat at his desk of palma brava wood, his glittering black eyes narrowed to pinholes peering through silver-rimmed spectacles at the half-score of girls who worked there.

Then he rose from his stool, got his ancient pipe, which was graven in geometric designs and sand-brown from incessant puffs, filled it with a pledget of tobacco, applied a sulphur match, and settled himself back to enjoy it.

The gods were generous, he thought, as he

looked at the sum advertised in his coffers and scrawled an entry in his great account ledger.

"Ah-h-h!" a long-drawn sigh of contentment escaped him. And Tazabas closed his eyes for a moment and imagined himself an aristocrat, with great fleets of cascos and bancas, and uncountable fields of rice and camotes, and a roomy fandango-house where he reigned king among his harpies.

Abruptly he ceased smoking, and his eyes focused maliciously upon the slender Maynila, who, on account of the nearness of the morning, permitted her steps to lag while attending upon the customers.

Tazabas muttered a few guttural and cryptic words in Tagalog and made for her.

From a table in one corner of the room a blond-haired, lithe fellow with hazel eyes and a set chin, rose and bestowed a disdainful inspection upon the restaurant proprietor.

"Better look out, gu-gu," he drawled smoothly, significantly. "You might get hurt."

The corner of the intruder's lip curled slightly upward, his face otherwise devoid of emotion. Then he sauntered to his chair and casually lit a cigarette, evidently considering the situation settled.

Tazabas liked not the nitrous undercurrent of the interloper's tone. Americans were too quick to strike; they did not argue. He made a reluctant retreat, muttering jungle-curses of his race upon the officious stranger.

Maynila expressed her thanks to the man by a flash of her eyes and a smile of welcome.

"I'll be through, Joe, in about five minutes," she said. "I'm glad you were here."

It was by his own will that Joe Winkle had assumed guardianship over Maynila. It was his righteous duty, he had argued. No living creature save Maynila knew just why; but had one the power to peep into the mazes of his mind he would have seen a panorama of events that began years before.

* * *

Ten years previous the caldrons of hell cap-sized over the Philippines. The torrential typhoon descended from the lead-blue lofts and severely smote the islands with rain, wind, and famine.

Out on the murky, turgid Pasig, that once coiled like a majestic blue python, lay the casco and banca fleets, battered and broken, as though tossed carelessly aside by some bestial

cyclops of the elder world. Within their sable confines the devil of death had emitted his withering breath.

One—a high-sterned, high-prowed, spacious casco with designs painted grotesquely on her bow—lay half submerged in the quicksands.

And Winkle, the roamer, with humaneness in his bosom, crept through her narrow passages.

The stench of bilch-water and rancid grease had not yet served to obliterate breath and consciousness from the nursling who clung, under a squalid heap of rags, to the barren breast of the shriveled, lifeless creature who had given it birth.

Two great eyes, dimmed of luster, pleaded up to him, as with an infant's intuition she sensed that he was her savior; she wailed her plaint against his breast with thin pipings that were insidiously articulate.

"Well, you poor little cuss!" he comforted.

Persons laughed and jeered at him; but he shed their jibes as areca fronds shed the rain.

Even a mop-haired, pot-bellied sampan renegade ceased from abusing his spawn of young to bare his simian teeth and heap raucous taunts upon one who was so crazy as to save a baby when one could plunder.

With one swipe did Joe Winkle bowl him over into the muddy water and left him to thrash ridiculously about while his lacquered, conoid bamboo hat floated away in the current.

Then passed days, and weeks merged into months, and months into years, and Winkle toiled faithfully and patiently so that the waif might have the necessities befitting a maiden whose American calendar-age was measured at fourteen years.

He noticed her beauty one day while strolling with her in the Lunetta. Indeed, more than one wealthy European planter had delayed his carameta to bestow a lingering scrutiny at her conspicuous charm which was a rarity.

Her skin was honey-gold—might have been fashioned from the shards of ancient and mellow ivory. Her body, symmetrical of contour was clothed in countless folds of piña-cloth. Her sloe eyes, under the merest threads of eyebrows; her hair brushed back, sleek as a casque of polished ebony, with ornaments of the finest selected tortoise and trocas shell—that, and her all-trusting demeanor, gave her the timid tenderness of the calyx of a maynila blossom. And Maynila he had her christened.

Winkle was proud of her. And on that day he studied her and thought:

"She's royal—high-born. No ordinary man owned that casco. It must have belonged to some great chief here on a visit. I'll have to see if the police can't find him some day. But in the meantime I'll get her educated."

And he did.

He found a haven for her in an institution where she found education and companions of her own race and sex.

Despite the fact that she was brown and he was white, they must remain close friends. As time passed she refused to accept more monetary aid from him, for she would toil for her own upkeep. Hence the episode at the eating place of Capiz Tazabas.

* * *

Out into the streets they went and they became a part of the endless stream of humanity, ignoring the bazaars whose windows displayed Oriental treasures, eschewing the dance halls, from whose entrances floated the shuffle of dancers and the mellow music of guitars, and passing by all else, till he saw her safely ensconced behind the walls of her home.

Even as they bade good-night a plot was engendered in the brain of Tazabas—an idea that boded no good to either of them.

At that moment, in a mouldy, moisture-dripping chamber below his restaurant, Tazabas was in whispered conclave with his brotherhood of brown Camorra. They had donned their panoply of nefariousness. And Maynila was the subject of the discussion.

Tazabas had resolved to possess her. But how? Money would not solve the problem. Many were the women—mestizos, Japanese, Chinese, even American—within the forbidden walls of Sampaloc whose souls could be purchased for a handful of pesos; but none were there who exposed such beauty as Maynila. Curses on her companion, the white devil! May he expire in a nest of red ants!

A thought struck Tazabas. He would entice the unsuspecting American into a room—then—the bolo, or perhaps poison, such as the sap of the upas tree, or the deadly curare. A bribe would be tried first; perhaps it would not be refused when it meant life or death. One thing was certain: he must have Maynila.

Thus was born the sinister plot.

As soon as Tazabas was alone he went into an inner room and pulled a hempen cord which rang a bell in the distance.

A Dayak-faced slave girl answered its summons.

He demanded food and drink, as he sank to a couch.

"Number one bino and tuba," he instructed. "To-night I quaff the best, for I am obsessed with a great mellowness. Ah! The gods are just; the gods are kind. And bring me an ample portion of breadfruit with the cream of a young coconut atop of it, and avocados and tamarinds and alligator-pears. Ah-h-h!"

And as he drank, permitting the reeking fumes to percolate through his brain, he saw Maynila shimmering before him as the mistress of all his vampires in the fandango-house, and he sighed aloud:

"On the morrow; on the morrow." And he thought of the American, and laughed, an evil, ominous throat-noise. "I shall not welcome him as my ancestors welcomed Magellan—with spears and darts and battle yells as loud as the rumbles of Taal—but with graciousness and calm words—and—ah, it shall be the juice of the ca-lot—it is quicker—"

The next day Tazabas sent out an emissary in search for Winkle. Upon finding him the messenger bared his betel-blackened fangs, and purred:

"My master desires a word with the keeper of Maynila."

Winkle answered the request.

He found the restaurant proprietor in his customary place at his desk, where he sat in all the likeness of a repulsive idol of brown clay.

His eyes were like two piercing balls of fire, as he fixed Winkle in a myopic gaze through the convex lenses of his spectacles. He opened up:

"Maynila, the blossom of sweetness" — over his features rippled an oily glow like the slow arching of a mongoos' back—"should take unto herself a husband."

Winkle raised a questioning glance.

"I have been blessed with her presence," lied Tazabas, in explanation, "and my heart has been smitten with a great love for her."

Winkle drew himself up haughtily, and one corner of his lip twitched with a tiny something that smacked of contemptuousness, as he divined the other's meaning.

Tazabas understood Winkle's attitude and added craftily:

"But I offer lucre,"—again he smiled, servile, obedient—"offer the dignified sum of two hundred dollars for the possession of her."

"You can go to hell," was the laconic rejoinder.

"Yet I may give three—"

Winkle slammed the door, thus abruptly biting off the foul suggestion which was to him

as unsavory as a scent of a bumboatman's dish of snails.

With head erect, and shrugging his shoulders as if quitting the presence of a loathsome beast, he hurried his way down the street.

"To-night is the last night that girl is going to work there," he avowed. "I'm afraid—"

But the incident was not closed, so far as Tazabas was concerned. He had not expected the American to accept. Then the thought swept across his vision. The sheer lucidness of his plan forced a subtle smile to his lips, one that might have been born in the very vestibule of death. He emitted a sibilant laugh and expectorated a vast amount of betel-nut juice from between his reddened lips, after the manner of his race, and set himself to tolerate the passing hours, till would come the moment to give climax to his idea.

* * *

Finally the day ebbed away and night oozed in from the streets. Outside shadowy forms silently passed the steamy windows. A customer entered—and another—until the usual number of visitors had arrived.

In the same manner, as the hour grew late, they passed out into the street. Finally the silence became broken only by the staccato Tagalog, Ilocano, and Visayan dialects of the few Filipino customers who lingered there and exchanged news of the trading marts and discussed their recent winnings and losses at the cock-pits. The air was opaque with smoke, which dimmed the whole room, and there was nothing in the atmosphere that might have indicated the sinister thoughts of some of the occupants.

The hour approached. Tazabas smiled leerily at a comrade, whose face was mummy-like with its parchment skin, as the time struck by the clock accommodated the thought of both.

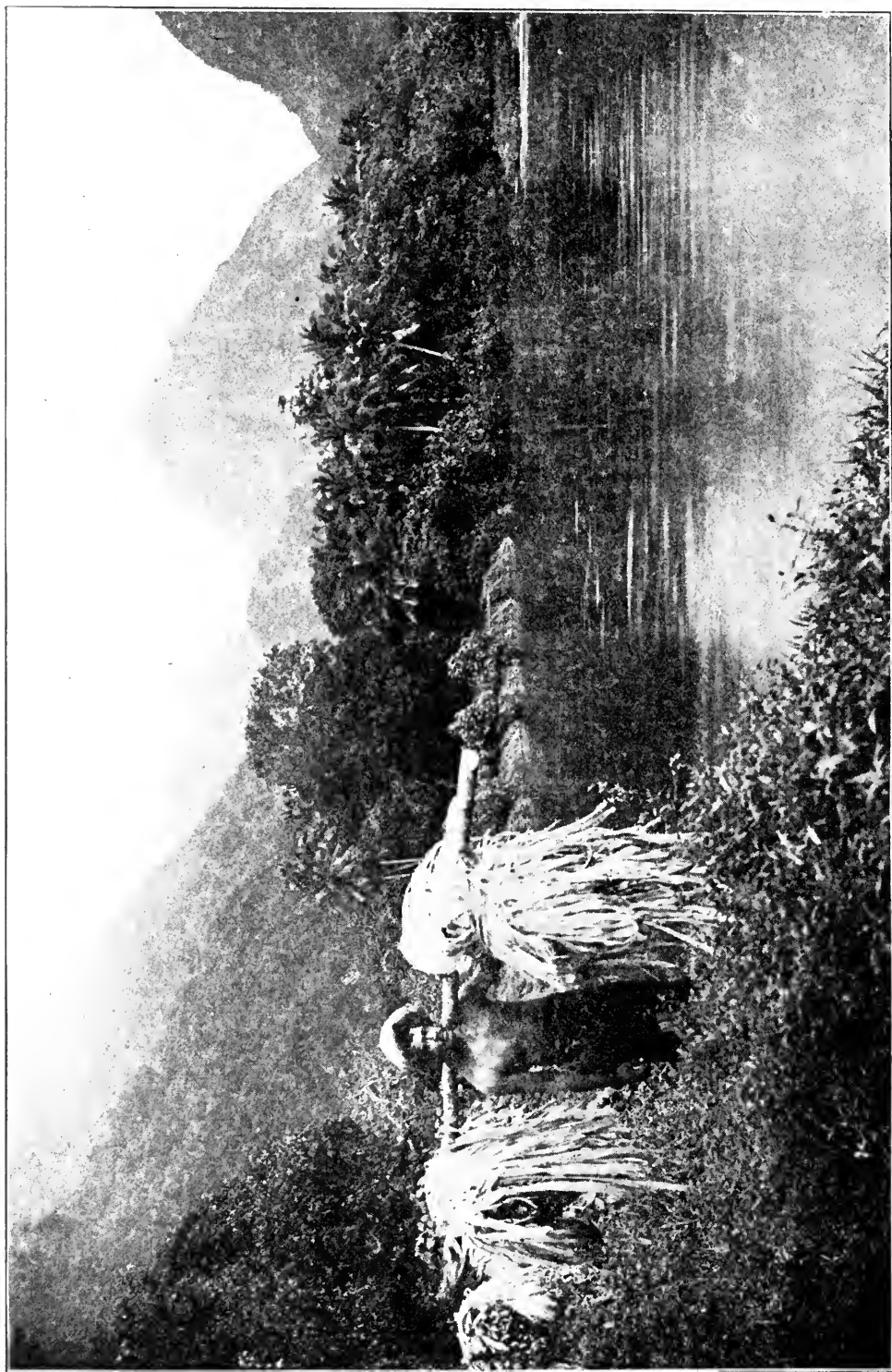
The door rattled—was opened. The keeper of Maynila had arrived. Winkle ignored Tazabas, as his eyes roamed the room for the one whom he sought.

"You're right on time, Joe," greeted Maynila.

Then Tazabas, with his usual manner, took up the great leather-bound account book and started for a side room.

At that moment another entered from the kitchen with a tray of clean dishes which he deposited on a table. And yet another, with two companions, crept noiselessly into the room.

Abruptly, by a signal, the lights were extinguished, leaving the place in inky darkness. The heavy ledger dropped on Winkle's head with a soft "sap!" while Tazabas clutched his



"In a cozy spot way down in Luzon—"

throat in an iron grip. At the same moment a cloth was thrown over Maynila's head, although she had swooned from fright.

* * *

Under the restaurant, in Tazaba's private living apartments, Winkle regained his senses.

Thick, clotted blood covered his face and neck. A thousand specks flashed and oscillated in front of his eyes, as with a groan, he sat feebly erect. His mind was filled with a nameless dread anent Maynila's welfare. He groaned anew and staggered to his feet.

The place of his confinement was as dark as Erebus and damp and malodorous. He called her name and searched about the place for her. After several minutes of search he became confident that she was not there. He looked about for an avenue of escape.

Feeling his way carefully about he came to a door. He tested it. It was of teak, unyielding and solid. With a cry of rage, his pulses throbbing rapidly, he threw himself with herculean force against it. But it was useless.

Then the door swung suddenly back, revealing in the wash of yellow light, several warlike humans. Formidability, tinged with the ironic temerity that showed them to have a paid lust for blood, was written in their attitude.

One of them waved a significant finger at Winkle.

He obeyed, glad to escape the scuttling cockroaches and fleas and insects that stung his flesh.

"Make no outbreak," purred one—Winkle recognized him as the hollow-chested, pygmean messenger who had accosted him—"and you won't get hurt."

They thrust him into an inner room. There he blinked his eyes in astonishment at the sight which met his gaze. It was like emerging from the swart cañons of obscurity onto the glimmering swards of Paradise. The room was an Aladdin's cave of wealth in Oriental art. It held him spellbound for an instant, but only for an instant. He wheeled about and hotly demanded of Tazabas:

"Where's Maynila?"

"She's safe," drawled Tazabas, with a yawn of affected weariness, "about twenty feet from you. Why?"

Then he spurned to hide behind the mask of Filipino cunning and blandness. He had the whiphand, and he knew it. His cold, aloof speech showed his hereditary hatred for the white race.

"I offered you two hundred dollars for a little consideration," he began.

Winkle's fist clenched, and he felt the gnawing desire to implant his fist in the insolent face opposite him.

"Better not," hinted a voice behind him, and Winkle felt the point of a bolo in the small of his back.

Tazabas smiled again.

"Will you accept?"

"No, you damned rat!"

Tazabas winced. His voice came in slow, definite distinctness:

"Perhaps you don't quite understand the situation. I have Maynila; I'm going to keep her. You see—ah—we hate to commit what you call 'murder,' but we may have to. I want the girl; I already have her. So why not take the money and get out? Just think what you can buy with two hundred—"

Winkle's answer was sudden. Things happened with amazing quickness in the following instant. Tazabas, his eyelids aflutter, stretched his length on the floor. Then the flat of a cleaver thudded against Winkle's head.

But no real harm was done. Two brown devils pinioned Winkle's arms to his side as though they were held in a vise, while two more held his legs.

Tazabas staggered groggily to his feet. His words were short and pregnant with vehement hatred.

"The girl will convince him; let her talk to him," he said. Then he and his henchmen left the room.

* * *

Maynila cried out gladly at the sight of her friend. She faltered in genuine fear:

"Joe, they are going to kill you!" Her eyes denoted that she had been weeping, and her hair, which was always so tidy, streamed wildly about her face, and her clothes were torn in a dozen different places.

"Let 'em try it," was the response, but the tone had no ring of confidence.

"But you don't know my people," she protested. "Tazabas means it. He is the leader of a gang of smugglers, and he traffics in slave girls." Her pleadings became frantically tearful. "Please, Joe, do as they wish. Don't think of me—"

Something in her offer of self-sacrifice caused a strange tightening in his throat, and caused his admiration for her to increase a thousand-fold. His mind bridged the gap of years and he saw the nursling of the stranded casco, remembered the laughter of jeering folk, and

again saw her bloom into the radiant creature who now sobbed before him.

His fists clenched anew, and he drew himself up with an enormous resolve.

"I'll see it through," he whispered. "Besides I had news for you today. The chief of police has trace of your father."

He sprang to the door; it was locked from the outside. A smile overspread his lips as he slipped a latch into place, thus preventing anybody from entering without first battering down the door.

Suddenly a knock came—was repeated.

"Open," came the command.

"You open it," flung back Winkle.

A silence ensued, and became broken by guttural voices in discussion. Again the door was tried—again more voices.

Some invigorating potion seemed to course through Winkle's veins, causing his breath to come a little quicker, and setting his legs atremble, not from fear, but with the excitement of it all.

He glanced over his shoulder at Maynila.



"Ancient dap-dap trees—where the patient caribos seek compensation—"

"That'll hold 'em for awhile," he announced. "Tazabas has a good latch on the door of his private room."

His eyes searched the room. A pile of boxes were stacked in one corner. Perhaps the instrument with which they were opened lay about. The boxes were filled with countless, mouldy square tins like sardine cans, on which were inscribed hieroglyphics.

"Hop!" he breathed. "No use looking in there."

Time was becoming short. Tazabas would soon be coming back for his answer. Nothing was overlooked in the diligent search. Winkle even peered into the vases for something that might aid him.

She had taken refuge behind an ebony desk, where she kneeled as if in prayer.

The moments became anxious as a new sound reached their ears—a sound that Winkle understood, and caused him to search hurriedly about for something with which to arm himself.

They were chopping down the door.

Out of the corner of his eye, as his glance again went to the door, he saw a dark object. He reached for it, still watching the door. It felt heavy—strangely familiar. A moment later he stared bulgy-eyed at a desk telephone.

Great globules of perspiration broke out on his forehead as he removed the receiver. What if the line were dead! Then he heard the click of the connection, and—

"Number?"

Then he poured out his tale into eager ears. Presently chips began to fall into the room from an ever-enlarging aperture. The cleaving stopped for a moment while a pair of beady eyes, over high oily cheekbones, peered into the room.

Even as Winkle clutched a massive Japanese vase, a hand, osseous and big-veined, reached through the hole and fumbled with the latch.

The vase was heaved, as if flung from a catapult, crushing the Mongolian's hand and falling to the floor in a thousand vermilion, grey, and green fragments.

But the latch was sprung, and instantly the room became a whirlpool of fuming, seething, murderous humanity.

It was life or death. Winkle swung a chair full upon the cranium of the one who had dealt him the cleaver blow.

Into the very midst of the melee he went, and sent out his hammer-like fists to do damage. As he released a straight jab to the unprotected jaw of one, a scream of warning came from Maynila, and he turned his head aside barely in time to avoid a razor-edged knife which sought his jugular vein.

He began to pant for breath. His clothes hung from him in shreds, his shirt stripped away, revealing a chest that expanded and subsided with each intake of breath needed by his aching lungs within.

Again they rushed him.

He swung a terrific blow at Tazaba's chin, which dropped him as though he had been hit with a maul.

Things began to grow dim before Winkle's

vision. His antagonists seemed to fade grotesquely away into distance, and sounds assumed gigantic proportions.

Just as complete blackness enveloped him, a flat face appeared at the door and shrieked in an alarmed falsetto.

The room became a panic; became a ludicrously funny situation in which brown men squealed like rats that trample and claw each other while fleeing rising water. Then—

A squad of big, burly policemen and constabulary soldiers clubbed their entrance into the place.

"Yez will, will yez?" grunted an Irish officer, with a bulbous stomach, his stick falling like a flail upon one that sought to brush past him. "Take that, yez bloomin' spalpeen. Oi'll hand yez a smack—"

* * *

The room seemed a jumble of affairs as Winkle sat erect and regained the use of his weary mind. His head was swathed in bandages. Maynila smiled before him. Over in one corner hunched Tazabas, barren of bravado and menace, gazing with lowered eyes at the shiny bands that encircled his wrists.

A sergeant of police was rubbing his hands in satisfaction as he conversed with a corporal. Snatches of their conversation reached Winkle:

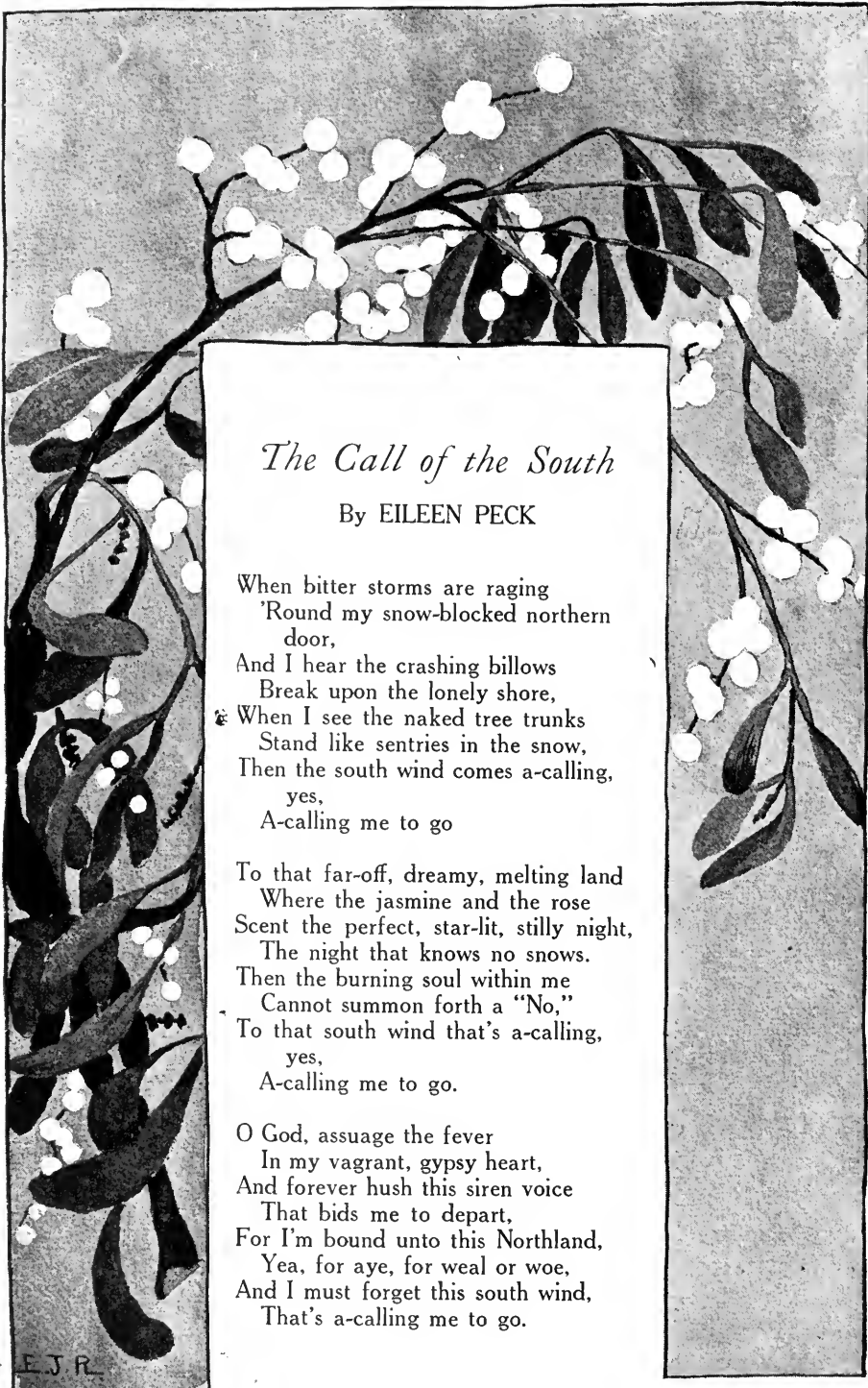
"Wagon'll be here in a minute—make me a lieutenant for this—Tazabas, the big gun of the hop ring that's been worrying us." The corporal glanced at Winkle, then whispered something to the sergeant. "If she's the girl, the boy's in luck. Daughter of old Rizal Laoag—know the old man well—nice old chap too, and rich as a mint—"

Sparks and Stars

By HELENE SEARCY

We built a pine-cone fire one night;
Swiftly it flamed and high,
Sending wild sparks of scarlet light
To kiss the blue starred sky.

Alone I watch stars far and still,
Thinking how night is dark.
Look! There above the pine-clad hill
Flies one, a gypsy spark.



The Call of the South

By EILEEN PECK

When bitter storms are raging
'Round my snow-blocked northern
door,

And I hear the crashing billows
Break upon the lonely shore,
When I see the naked tree trunks
Stand like sentries in the snow,
Then the south wind comes a-calling,
yes,
A-calling me to go

To that far-off, dreamy, melting land
Where the jasmine and the rose
Scent the perfect, star-lit, stilly night,
The night that knows no snows.
Then the burning soul within me
Cannot summon forth a "No,"
To that south wind that's a-calling,
yes,
A-calling me to go.

O God, assuage the fever
In my vagrant, gypsy heart,
And forever hush this siren voice
That bids me to depart,
For I'm bound unto this Northland,
Yea, for aye, for weal or woe,
And I must forget this south wind,
That's a-calling me to go.

Easter, Its Meaning and Its Message

Written for the Easter Month Edition of the Overland Monthly

By REV. D. CHARLES GARDNER,
Chaplain of Stanford University

EACH springtime nature puts on her resurrection robes of green; the trees adorn themselves as for a bridal; flowers bedeck the landscape—even the birds and beasts seem glad.

At this season the note of gladness takes possession of the human soul. The ancients made festival in the spring. They celebrated the yearly awakening of nature out of the death-like sleep of winter to the joyousness of new life in the name of a pagan goddess, Eostre. The Christian Church appropriated that Festival and linked it to the yearly celebration of the resurrection of Christ, our Christian festival called Easter. As the Spring Festival of the ancients expressed the joy felt in the re-birth of nature, so Easter expresses the joy felt by the Christian in the hope of Immortality, hope fortified by the fact of Christ's resurrection from the dead.

Death is the end of every living thing. Man alone of all creation is not satisfied to yield to the apparent verdict of nature. He ventures to doubt whether death means the end of his experience.

Flippant men say: "When we're dead, we're dead—that's the end." But that is the light verdict of ignorance. What is the verdict of science, the summary of human knowledge?

The physiologist says: "Oxidation is the basis of life; when oxidation ceases, that is the end of life." That may be true of the body. Is it true of the soul? Science has nothing to say of the soul. The soul is so far an intangible entity which cannot be seen through the instruments of science.

Men, speaking in the name of science say, "The immortality of the soul cannot be proved." "Science is averse to accepting any conclusions which cannot be verified." True! But if we cannot prove, by process of reason, that the soul lives after death, neither can science prove that the soul dies at death. The idea that death ends life is only a supposition, an inference, an assumption. Professor Fiske, one of America's leading evolutionists, speaks boldly on this subject. He says: "The materialistic assumption that the life of the soul ends with the life of the body, is perhaps the most colossal in-

stance of baseless assumption that is known in the history of philosophy."

I have just been reading Hutchinson's novel, "If Winter Comes." The author paints a vivid picture of the impression which the approach of death makes upon a sensitive mind.

"Yes, Mrs. Perch was sinking. More pronounced now that masklike aspect of her face. Yes, dying. He spoke the word to himself. 'Dying.' As of a fire in the grate gone to one dull spark among the greying ashes. It is out; it cannot burn again. So life here too far retired, too deeply sunk to struggle back and vitalize again that hue, those lips, that masklike effigy.

Profound and awful mystery. Within that form was in process a most dreadful activity. The spirit was preparing to vacate the habitation it had so long occupied. It gave no sign. The better to hide its preparation it had drawn that mask about the face. Seventy years it had sojourned here; now it was bound away. Seventy years it had been known to passer-by through the door and windows of this its habitation; now, deeply retired within the inner chambers, it set its house in order to be gone. Profound and awful mystery. Dreadful and momentous activity. From the windows of her eyes turning off the lights; from the engines of her powers cutting off its forces; drawing the furnaces; dis severing the contacts. A lifetime within this home; now passenger into an eternity. A lifetime settled; now preparing to be away on a journey inconceivably tremendous, unimaginably awful."

Face to face with such an experience, we say: "The spirit has departed." The spirit is the Person. In the "ego," the "I" of one's nature is the consciousness of identity. The "ego," the self, the spiritual consciousness, at its best, feels that it can never die.

It is Tennyson's thought:

"Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:

Thou madest man, he knows not why,

He thinks he was not made to die,

And Thou hast made him: Thou are just."

I know that appearances are against the postulate of immortality. Man as we know him, comes up and is cut down like a flower. If he survives youth, age creeps on. One by one his

senses fall into ruin, and ultimately his body dissolves. "Dust thou are and unto dust shalt thou return." And what happens to the physical body of a man apparently happens to his spiritual nature.

In time the mind fails. Memory clouds. Imagination dulls. Reason, judgment and will become weakened. When the Silence falls, and the sleep of death overtakes the tired body, it seems as if there may be no awakening for the soul. It seems so, for human personality as we know it functions only through a material body. No one in our experience has come back from the grave. No one has spoken to us out of the Silence.

Science looks, and listens with ever increasing interest to the so-called psychic phenomena, but no one within the shadow has stepped even into the twilight of spiritual reality so that we could be sure of his existence.

Death appears to be the end of life.

But appearances are deceptive. We say, "The sun is sinking down the western sky." Yet that is not true, despite the evidence of our senses. Astronomy tells us the truth.

Apparently the earth is standing still. As a matter of fact the earth is flying through space at the rate of nineteen miles a second.

Despite appearances, reason must guide us in answering the problem of human destiny. The eye is not a good guide!

Of course it is difficult to picture the life of the disembodied spirit—to imagine the conditions of existence in another world. And the crowds of the departed—this thought adds to the puzzle of immortality!

But the fact which most daunts the modern mind in regard to life after death is not the condition of existence in another world—it is the puzzling thought that the life of the soul is dependent upon the brain.

Some of the functions of the brain we know. Every thought and word and deed has its reaction there. Brain and mind are linked together in such close intimacy that men have concluded that without brain mind cannot exist.

But we must not lightly conclude that the brain generates thought as the kettle generates steam.

Perhaps the soul is to the brain what the engineer is to the engine. I am writing this article for the Overland. Is it my brain, or is it I, myself, which dictates these thoughts?

Thought is produced by certain chemical activities in my brain. True! But I fancy that the real author of these thoughts on immortality cannot be a chemical force. I, my-

self, a person not entirely bound up in matter, dictate to my brain. I am simply using my brain as the agent in the task. It seems to me that I personally stand behind all the physiological and psychical processes of thought and pen.

The hope of Immortality is the hope that the "I," the self, will survive the separation from body and brain.

What are the arguments in favor of this hope?

Imagination, reason, conscience and will, all these spiritual parts of our nature cling to life. Because for the moment we cannot demonstrate the reality of life beyond death, must we therefore say that death must be the end—that the life of the soul ends with the grave?

The hope of immortality is universal. The savage in his ignorance—the polite pagan in his idealistic philosophy—civilized and barbarian—all have some belief in life after death.

It may be a dream, a splendid guess, but, as Immanuel Kant said: "A dream which all persons dream together, and which they must dream, is no longer a dream, but a reality."

I think we can say that the hope of Immortality is more than race consciousness, more than a tradition or a myth. It is a matter of deep personal conviction.

Sir Walter Raleigh in the speech before he sails says: "Hope is the vision on a dead man's face." The novelist I have mentioned confirms that thought in another scene of his novel.

"He heard Effie's voice, 'Oh, she's dead! She's dead!' Dead? He stared upon her dead face. Where was gone that mask? Whence had come this glory? That inhabitant of this her body, in act of going had looked back, and its look had done this thing. It had closed the door upon a ruined house, and looked, and left a temple. It had departed from beneath a mask, and looked, and that which had been masked now was beautified."

And there is the argument suggested by the thought of human development. Is it possible to believe that the process of evolution should end in the production of a Shakespeare, a Lincoln, a Roosevelt—and that these great spirits must be forever stilled in the silence of a tomb?

Matthew Arnold, thinking of his talented father, wrote after his death: "O strong soul, by what shore tarriest thou now? For that force, surely, hath not been left vain. Somewhere, surely, afar, in the sounding labour-house, vast of being, is practiced that strength, silent, beneficent, firm."

That natural cry of the soul leads me to my

last point—that when our loved ones die, we do not cease to love them. We love them more than ever.

I have just been reading a lovely poem, "In Memoriam." John L. McLane, Jr., speaks thus of his affection for the departed.

Oh, no more dead than the unsleeping stars,

The music of our lips shall sing forever,

Beauty exalted, and your love wane never,

Though year by year the lustre of the moon

Wither, and Spring go from us all too soon;

Yet shall Time's fingers twist Love's binding
bars

Closer about our hearts, for your mute breath

Has stirred to song the silences of Death.

You were the moon of all our devious ways:

Yours was the faith of flowers: yours the
pride

Of beauty's final laughter—now the days,

Hallowed by your pervading light, sweep by
Till Death, grown golden since the hour you
died,

Calls us to you . . . it will be good to die.

It will be good to die since you have died:

It will be good to go the way you trod

Wide-eyed, undreaming, like some lovely god

Flushed with the dawn of an unearthly pride.

It will be good to try the ways you tried,

And venture unafraid into the dark

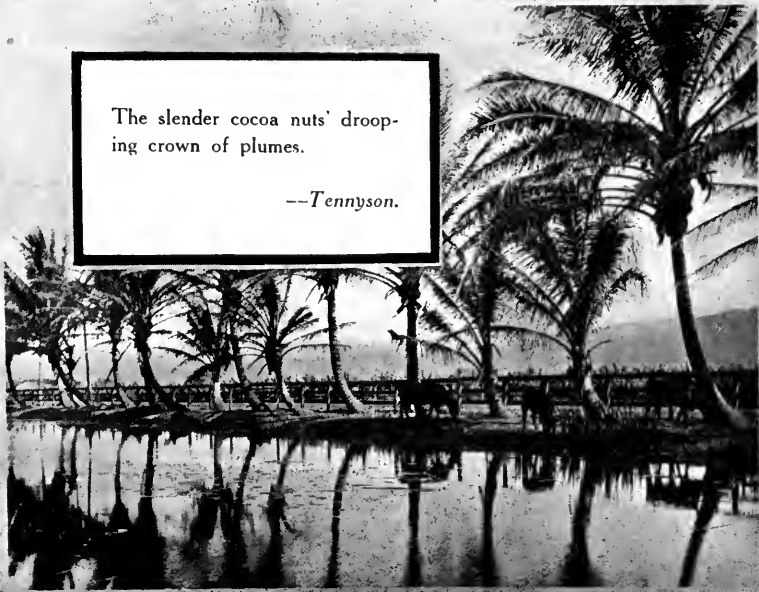
That lies beyond the furthest planet's spark—

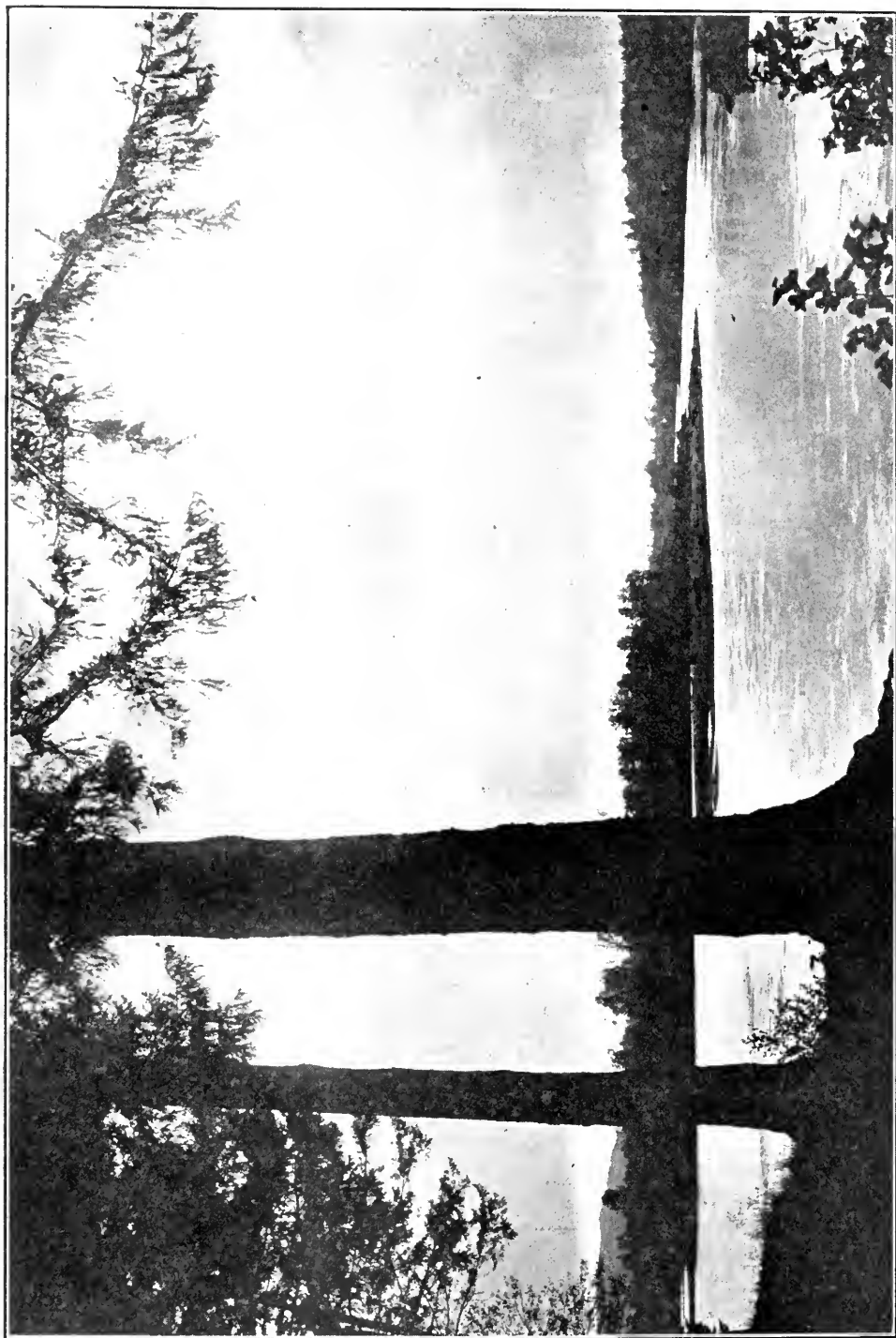
It will be good to die since you have died. . .

ø ø ø

The slender cocoa nuts' droop-
ing crown of plumes.

--Tennyson.





From beneath spreading branches where gentle waters flow

The Sea Gull

By DELMAR H. WILLIAMS

Come sail with me Francisco's bay
And watch the wily sea gulls play;
See how they poise, and start, and glide,
And gaze forever on the tide

With slender downward drooping head,
And graceful, pointed pinions spread,
While tail and tightly folded feet
In nature's perfect rudder meet.

From depths rebounds their raucous shriek,
They're darting downward like a streak;
Battling to seize a morsel on a swell
They fight "like all the fiends of hell."

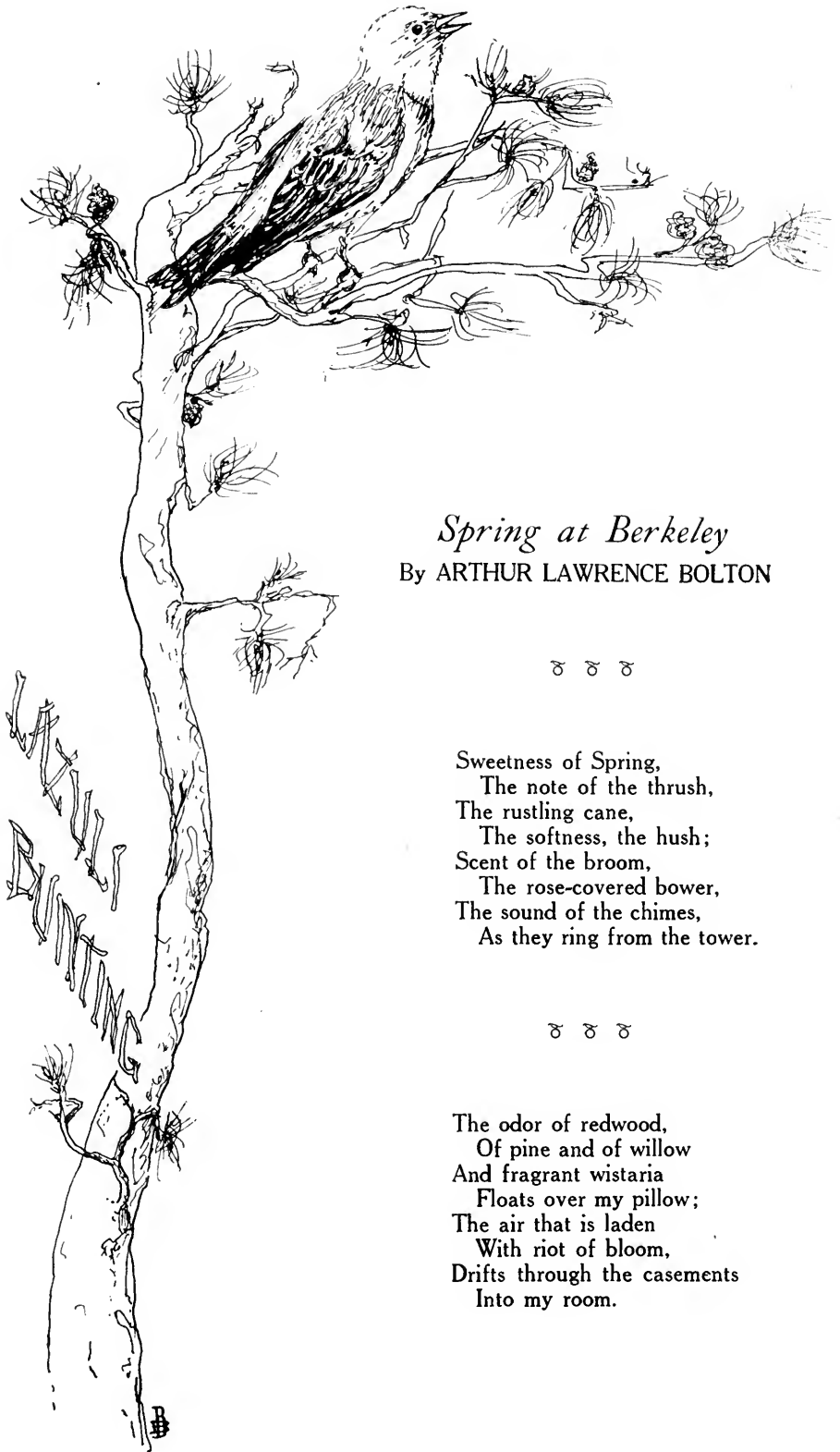
The decks with eager watchers lined,
The rudder churns the foam behind,
We head where deep-draft vessels go
And tides by proud Vallejo flow;

But see that sleek and snowy breast
That puts to shame old Shasta's crest;
Is this that awkward, stumbling flock
That roams forlorn about the dock?

Oh! bird that soars so far and free
You've brought a lesson home to me:
I must keep forever on the wing
Or be an awkward, stumbling thing,

And bravely face each task that's sent
Nor hug repose to find content,
Soar for aye where God intended
Alert until the journey's ended.





Spring at Berkeley

By ARTHUR LAWRENCE BOLTON

o o o

Sweetness of Spring,
The note of the thrush,
The rustling cane,
The softness, the hush;
Scent of the broom,
The rose-covered bower,
The sound of the chimes,
As they ring from the tower.

o o o

The odor of redwood,
Of pine and of willow
And fragrant wistaria
Floats over my pillow;
The air that is laden
With riot of bloom,
Drifts through the casements
Into my room.

Sierra Gold

By CHARLES HOWARD SHINN

IT was late afternoon in a cañon of the California Sierras, seven thousand feet above the sea; the sunlight breaking through between snow-peaks on the west smote half way down a granite cliff and flooded the whole eastern end of the cañon, leaving long shadows over pine forests lower down. Everywhere silence brooded in vast spaces. A solitary bird larger than an eagle—the rare California vulture—was floating in mid-air above this wide, glacier-hewn basin of gray granite, five miles from crest to crest, half a mile deep, piled with gigantic fragments of stone, streaked with enormous forests, gleaming with far-off white waters and unmapped lakes in circles of green. The bird, gazing down with his marvelous vision saw two prospectors sitting in the shadows in the base of the giant cliff where a ledge of rusty quartz cropped out before them. Turning in shorter circles, he noted that they were desperately worn, even to the edge of endurance, and that as they sat in silence upon the rock they held each other's hands, looking downwards to where a miner's pick lay beside a newly-broken notch in the quartz.

So immovable sat the two that again the great vulture swooped nearer, marking their little camp by a spring; the bed of fir boughs; the worn outfit; the pack-mule grazing among the rocks; but seeing at last that they moved, he rose again into alpine spaces, crossed a divide and swept on over other cañons between even mightier snow peaks, watching for miles and hours every sign of life in the forests or on the rocks.

At last the prospectors, turning from that dull gleam of gold wide and free in the prospect hole, but still clasping hands, talked with each other. Said the man, with a man's insistence on the obvious: "Wife, it has come at last. We can buy back the mansion, and take our old place among those we knew; we can again have a library; we can build up our university. And we are not very old yet."

"Of course not," she said, looking with a smile into his wrinkled face, his granite-grey eyes under snow-white brows. "The mountains have been good to us these twenty years since we became prospectors."

"If the strike is what it seems to be," she murmured, "I suppose that we can have all that money gives. We shall again be like other

people, and live in houses, in cities, in the noise and turmoil, and leave our loneliness, our companionship, our toil for daily bread, our study together for assaying, and all the wisdom of the miner's ancient business. But can we ever forget? Can we ever escape from the mountains which have been our refuge in times of trouble? And ought we to try to escape, or change our lives, now that we ourselves have changed so much?"

He looked at her with his whole heart in his eyes, seeing the gray hair, the tired face, the beauty beyond beauty which had made her, ever since they first met thirty years before, so dear to him that no sorrow, not even their two great losses, had staid long or cut deeply while he had her fellowship.

"Wife," he said, "all that is true, and I knew it even as you spoke. We put aside the trick of needless words long ago. We read each other's looks; we know each other's hearts, and our lives have been made one. We went down into the depths together; we dwelt in the deserts, we wintered in the snows. We have left our trails from Cape St. Lucas to the Arctic Circle, and we have played the game of life with courage all these years. And you—" His voice broke, his face lit up as he looked at her. There was silence again and the shadows lengthened from rock to rock.

The woman rose and built a fire; the man deepened the prospect pit and broke off masses of quartz with rich gold. Soon they sat down to their supper and rested in the dusk, watching the stars come out one by one in the blue-black heavens.

Again the man spoke first. "It is a real bonanza," he said. "We can hammer out a hundred thousand dollars from that ore chimney with mortar and pestle before snow falls. Then we can run a mill with power from yonder waterfall, at the head of the cañon, and in two years there will be ten thousand people here, and the fame of the mine will glitter from London to Uganda."

"And what is its name?" she asked, under the starlight, beside the camp-fire. "Is it to be the same old name that we—" She paused here, with tremulous lips, and he put his arm around her.

"Not so," he answered to her thought. "That is our own possession. Our university boy who

died in the Service, our university girl who faded away in her bright youth, are "the children" to us always, but we know better now than to name our mine after them. It needs no name as yet; we might even give it away."

"Then you've been thinking that also!" she cried, "we are enough different, and enough alike; our results tally in the end. Here lies the problem: how much can we yield ourselves to our fortune, and still keep ourselves? Last night when we camped five miles down the cañon, tired as we were and excited as you felt over the prospect of finding before long the source of that "float," you still took out your old rod, and brown hackle, and you caught a magnificent fifteen-inch trout for supper. We both said, you remember, that it was almost like one of our youthful camps, when we were learning how, ages ago; when we took the babies and I put them to sleep early and waited by the fire for you to climb back, up the trail from the Royal Gorge of the American, with your fish and snake adventures. But to-night you heard the trout leaping yonder, and you even let me build the fire, while you staid deepening the prospect hole, already rich enough to frighten us. We missed the trout, while you are somewhat less happy this moment than you have been for many a long day."

"Yes," the man responded, "it is just so. But we shall fish again, don't worry; we shall go where we please and be our own masters henceforth. It may well be that we shall not care for the old life, the great city, the splendid social functions, the French cooks and Vanity Fair. In that case we can sail the New Zealand fiords, climb the Andes, dig up a few pre-historic cities, or set all the inventors at work on new submarine vessels until we are able to map the underseas from pole to pole."

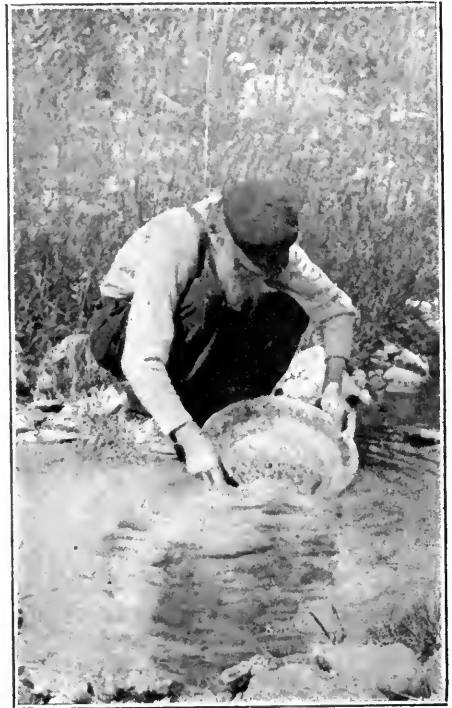
"Yes," she said, "I feel that, too. We may do what we please. Now, what is it that we please to do? Let us give it shape and name, here in the mountains, while we are still able to think it out. In a year from now, if we drift along, and open up our mine in the regular way, congratulations will pour in upon us, but shall we not be caught in a spider-web of bond-ages, now vaguely seen, far off and absurd, but then real, and infinitely hard to break?"

"I see what we shall gain, but what shall we lose? What rights, if any, do we as individuals possess now as against the demand which this bonanza makes upon us, to be mainly used for mankind, but only in small part for ourselves; to give work to thousands; to build a palace

of Inyo marble where men and women shall teach science and literature for ages to come—a memorial building, at our own Alma Mater?"

"In one sense I feel that we have no personal rights at all. To this result our ten years have been directed, and it is only a part of the whole life-game. In another sense I would say that this, too, must be conquered. Let us not be slaves of anything on earth."

"In a little time," he answered, smiling as if there were pleasure in the thought, "we could take out enough gold to live on in comfort, and then we could blast the cliff over the mine



Old prospector "Panning"

so deep that it might not come to light again for centuries, by which time you know, its magic might be lost forever. But still I feel sure that the avalanches and snow-rivers would soon reveal its wealth. Who can say what evil it might not work in the hands of unscrupulous men—evil for which we should justly be held responsible when the balance-sheets are made out—as thus:

"Item, a certain golden ledge in the Sierras of which two prospectors were once afraid. It was their one talent, unwisely buried out of sight, and left there till ages after. Another,

finding, thereby made himself the unjust ruler of a people and wrought wickedness all his days, corrupting justice at its fountain head. And the souls of those two prospectors looking forth, knew all that was done with the gold which had once been theirs. Is not the parable plain?"

"Then there is no other way but the beaten track?" she cried out in sudden despair. "Shall we be paid twice over for these years of joy and labor? Now, looking back, I perceive that I would rather load up Long-ear tomorrow and take a new trail, though we are old and worn, and give this mine away, and be again as we were yesterday."

"Comrade of my heart," he answered her, "there is always a way out. Have we not learned that? Better you know it than I do, and often have you shown me the way. Let us both keep, and give. Let us take for ourselves the few thousands that are needed to make us comfortable when we can no longer climb the mountain trails. To you and me then, with heedful reserve, enough, but not too much. Then, as for the rest, it can be put in trust so that after we are gone the authorities of that university which is ours and was our children's will send graduates of its mining college here, and work out this new bonanza. Do you not think, Partner, that it will keep till then? Can we not build a cabin up by the waterfall and lakes, and live here, where we belong, guarding the university mine? Now and then for old time's sake we will take a prospector's

trail again, but this will be headquarters, and we shall not leave the Sierras, not spoil this cañon. After us, let those to whom we shall be only two old prospectors who loved their university, let loose the deep thunder of the stamps, yonder on that slope of pines by the waterfall, and run their wire cables down to the shaft."

"It sounds all right," she said, laughing as she spoke, "but in a year you will hear of some especial need of money there, and you will tell the mining college to go right ahead. There are other cañons and trout-streams, you know, and perhaps we shall not mind in a year. Sometimes we may even want to slip quietly into the metropolis, just for an opera."

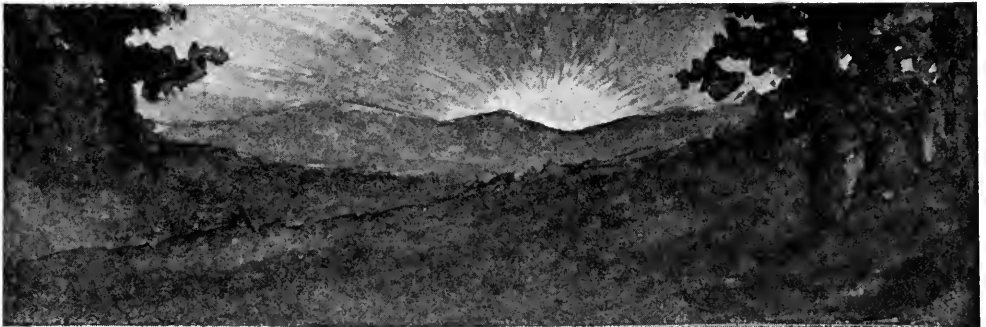
"Of course," he added, "our Alma Mater may crystallize into hard materialism—as even universities have. Perhaps we must search the world over until we find the right sort of healthy idealists of rightly radical fellow-workers of ours who have the courage, the world-love, and who will use these millions of gold which are ours, humanly speaking—will use them to bring the world together in everlasting friendship."

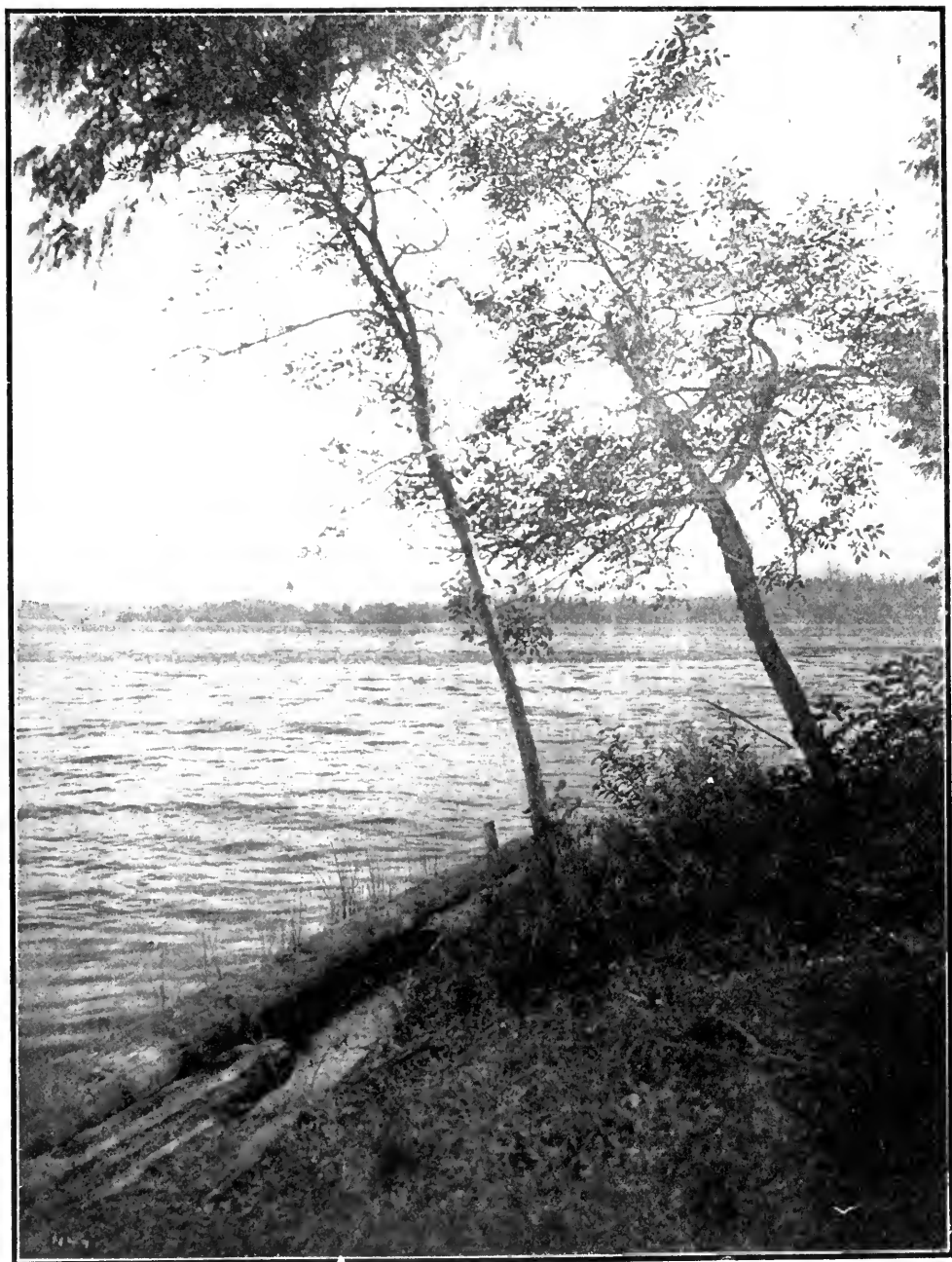
"You mean—the ending of all war?"

"Yes, that, and more; the ending of crime, disease, poverty, ignorance, misunderstandings; the right education of every child."

"It sounds possible," she cried. "The whole earth may be one City of Happiness."

She clasped his hand. They leaned back and watched the constellations move overhead, and felt as if they were children of the universe.





"Along banks of restful rivers, where soft winds and smooth trails meet."

—Words of Tellalah

The Words of Tellalah

Verses of Indian Folklore

THE RAVEN

By CHARLES J. NORTH

The moon god staid too long behind the mountains.

Too long she staid within the cleansing place.
The night gods raced around the sweet grass valley.

Namonah and Nemonis hid their face.

"O mother moon god," spoke the man Namonah,
"Why do you leave us in the dark so long?
The children in the dark time fear the evil,
And all the bad gods in the night grow strong."

The moon god heard him from behind the mountains.

She called the long-necked raven and he came.
Namonah stood and waited in the dark place.
He heard the call of one who spoke his name.

"Namonah, oldest of the moon god's children.
The moon god mother sends to you the light.
Before the wigwam door I build the campfire,
And all the dark gods then will lose their sight."

He then showed to Namonah all the dry sticks.
Namonah rubbed them and they made the blaze.
He then showed to Namonah all the pine knots,
To light his trail through all the night's dark ways.

The raven stood with him before the campfire.
He showed Namonah how to cook the meat.
The raven showed him how to sew the blanket.
And deer skin moccasins to hold his feet.

Namonah said, "O raven, all the mountains
Grow up so high, beyond I do not know.
O raven, take me on your head and lift me,
That I may see the things beyond that grow.

The raven's neck began to grow above him.
Namonah sat upon the raven's head.
Nemonis and the children all grew small then,
The sweet grass valley lay below him dead.

He looked and saw the wigwam of the south wind,
Where all the crimson rivers grow and run.
He looked and saw the wigwams of the dark gods,

Who wake and howl to drive away the sun.
He saw beyond the mountains of the snow gods.
He saw so far that he could see no more.
He saw between the gray clouds of the valley,
The shadow of the wigwam and its door.
He saw the shadow wigwam of the sun gods.
He saw where all the light gods lose their sleep.
He saw where all the day gods build the campfire,

Where all the red gods all their blankets keep.
He looked above the narrows of the river.
And long he looked to find the jumping light.
He saw beyond the frost gods and the rivers,
He looked and nothing more he saw but white.

Namonah spoke and said to him, "O raven,
I see beyond but yet I see no end.
I see no end beyond the flying shadows
That all the wind gods and the cloud gods send."

"Namonah," said the raven, "all the dark trails
Lay in the valleys that you cannot know.
And where they run beyond the flying shadows,
The sons of women cannot see to go."

"I see beyond the shadows of the dark clouds.
I see beyond where all the dark clouds end.
I see where all the bright trails start the climbing.

I see the strong light that the star gods send.
The wigwams of the star gods stand beyond them.

They stand upon the sky god's open floor.
The sky god's floor is like the clear, still water.
The bottom stands, the water walks no more.
Beyond the torch lights in the star god's wigwams,

Beyond the wigwam of the Manitou,
I see the inside of the big blue wigwam.
I look but see no torch light shining through.

"O raven, tell me who it is that lives there."
"Namonah, I have never seen his face.
Above the valleys of the star god's wigwams,
My neck and eyes have gone through all the space.

No star god ever saw beyond the blue skin.
They do not know his valley or his name.

They feel his breath and sometimes hear his whisper.

They found the blue lodge standing when they came."

"Now he who walks and follows on the dark trail,

Until he finds the edges of the blue,

Finds all the new shoes that will climb the steep trail,

And then he finds the blanket that is new.

He climbs and then he finds the star god's wigwam.

He walks upon the star god's wigwam floor.

He looks down through and sees the sweet grass valley.

He sees the rough trails that he walks no more.

He sees the feathered arrows of the north wind.

He sees the heat gods run the fiery race.

He sees the bad gods of the smoking waters.

He sees the storm gods come from every place.

He stands above them in the star god's wigwam.

They do not touch the bottom of his feet.

He walks along the banks of restful rivers,

Where all the soft winds and the smooth trails meet."

The children of Namonah stand and listen.

The raven speaks the good words and they hear.

The raven takes their hand along the dark trail.

He walks before them and they have no fear.

Tellalah from his father heard the good words.

His father's fathers heard them long ago.

The children of Namonah tell their children.

They listen to the raven and they know.



Torres Straits Islands

By THOS. J. McMAHON, F. R. G. S.

FEW parts of the world have had a more interesting development than the islands of Torres Straits to the north of Queensland, Australia. These islands, probably fragments of the immense continent that is supposed to have connected Asia with Australia at one time, vary in size from a mere patch of sand or coral to a few that are about 50 square miles in area. They are inhabited by a very progressive, industrious and intelligent people. About 25 years ago many Americans were interested in the rich pearls of the Torres Straits Islands. Thursday Island, the commercial center of the group, was then one of the most cosmopolitan places on earth. For some years there was a slump in the pearl industry that nearly put an end to it, but now it has suddenly revived in a most astonishing manner. These years of depression were really years of recovery, for the reefs are richer than ever in pearl shells of all kinds.

Trochas shell and beche-de-mer have become products of international importance. The exports of the Torres Straits Islands have mounted rapidly from a mere few thousand pounds to tens of thousands of pounds sterling a year. During the war the Japanese were most prominently and eagerly engaged in these industries on the islands, but now Americans and Australians are participating, and present conditions promise that this rich field of marine products will once again become a commercial rendezvous of many thousands of various nationalities.

Pearls are being found in great numbers, many ranging from 300 pounds to 1000 pounds in value. The pearling industry is safeguarded by many excellent laws to keep it free from any dishonest aspects. A fair proportion of the number of divers are Asiatics, and often owners lose valuable pearls by means that are as varied as they are interesting. When Torres Straits Islanders are engaged as divers, and they mostly are, the "mysterious drifting," as it is called, of valuable pearls to dishonest dealers is very rare. The aim is to have all pearls brought into an open market. This means that buyers of many nations are prepared to rival one another and pay big sums for the pearls they fancy. The open market brings much activity to the industry and much prosperity to all concerned in it.

Beche-de-mer, or sea slug (also known as trepang), is also collected by the pearl divers.

Many thousands of tons of it are shipped annually to China where it is prized as a high-class food for wealthy Chinese. Beche-de-mer is an ugly, black, flabby, unappetizing looking class of food, but it undergoes a wonderful change when boiled and prepared by an experienced chef. It is also one of the most foul smelling of marine products, especially when lying stacked in heaps for days at a time out in the sun on a pearling lugger. Its value, however, can be gauged from the fact that some varieties bring as much as 600 pounds a ton. This slug is picked off the reefs when the tide is low; in some places it is found in large quantities, in others only the most rare specimens are located.

Trochas shell collecting has become the chief industry at the islands, although divers and others engaged in it are ever on the lookout for pearls and beche-de-mer. Trochas shell is much used in the manufacture of buttons and is a splendid substitute for making pearl goods. Prior to the war the Germans and the Austrians were much interested in the Torres Straits Islands and were always taking great quantities of this shell. England and Australia also used much of it. On the opening of the war one of the first actions of the German Pacific fleet was to try to capture the islands and it would have done so if the Australian navy had not been prompt in getting to the Torres Straits. While there was an upset to this flourishing trade, it did not languish, for Japan was ready and prepared to keep it going. The trade to that country was brisk throughout the period of the war. No fewer than 1600 factories were opened in Japan between 1914 and 1920 for the making of buttons and pearl articles. In the last twelve months there has been a very sudden world demand for the shell, with the result that trochas now stands very high in commercial value. It has risen from 8 pounds per ton to 120 pounds per ton and there are prospects of even further increases in the immediate future as the demand is remarkably keen and gives assurance of continuing for many years.

Diving for pearls or trochas shell is very interesting to the onlooker, but it is fraught with many dangers to the divers. Asiatic divers, as a rule, use a dress and many appliances in diving; they sometimes drop into depths of 100 feet or more. Deaths from paralysis are not so common, as government regulations are drastic

in causing every precaution to be taken to prevent accidents. Government investigation is prompt in case of the death of a diver, and any carelessness is heavily fined.

The Torres Straits Islanders are considered the expert divers of the world, diving without dress or appliances of any kind, and to depths quite equal to those reached by the Asiatics. These native divers wear only rubber-rimmed, tight-fitting goggles through which they can see what they are doing while under water. They cover their bodies before diving with a liberal coating of coconut oil. Each diver carries a basket on the left side for holding shell collected and in which is kept a large trade knife in case of attack by sharks or other big fish. Sometimes these divers have a rope tied under the arms, but usually they simply dive, or drop, into the water from the deck of the luggers. They can remain under water for many minutes at a time without any distress. Swimming about the reefs or banks they can pick up pearls or trochas shells. In fine weather and clear water all their movements can be seen. Occasionally they are attacked by sharks and then the trade knife is used with much dexterity. The native will invariably be victorious in the fight, for the shark being stabbed several times will retire to die in some lonely spot beneath the reefs. Other divers waiting on a lugger know when a battle is in progress by the blood that comes to the surface of the sea, and instantly dive to the rescue of their mate. One thing a shark cannot stand is a crowd, and in seeing the divers approaching will beat a hasty retreat.

The most serious danger to divers, Asiatic or native, is that of being caught by the powerful clam shells which lie open on the reefs. These great shells are sometimes twelve feet in circumference. If a diver by accident puts his foot or hand into one of them it promptly closes with a grip no force can open. Death is then certain. Diving has one or two peculiarities. One of them is particularly interesting. It is not wise for two divers known to be in the least unfriendly to go diving together in the same area. At pressures of 20 to 40 pounds per square inch, so it is calculated, a diver's nerves begin to jump, and a man supposed to be quarrelsome will instantly want to fight any enemy in sight. If by chance two unfriendly divers come into contact with one another they at once enter into a life and death struggle. If attached to life ropes, the men on the luggers are quickly aware something is happening and the divers are hauled to the surface; they are amazed when told they have been quarreling.

The experience either makes them friendly, or careful never again to work together. Native divers are very systematic at their work. They are never in a hurry. Even when diving into great depths with high pressure they do everything slowly. Sometimes it appears as if they were actually sitting and resting on the way.

It is a most impressive and animated scene to see a fleet at its work. If a large fleet, the luggers are spread over a great area. There is an unceasing noise of chattering, shouts, cries, songs and laughter of the native crews. Should the fleet be anchored in the vicinity of an island, the native women of the villages frequently come down to the beach fantastically dressed and much garlanded with leaves and flowers, dancing and singing to encourage the divers.

While there are now many fleets of luggers operating it is expected that the coming year will see a large increase in their number and that the industry will be placed on a much steadier basis. One firm now has a fleet of over 800 luggers. The approximate cost of a lugger is between 800 pounds and 1500 pounds. To comply with government regulations all luggers must be fitted out so as to have every appliance for safety and every convenience that will add to the comfort of the crew and divers. Government inspectors board them at least once a month. Any owner once found guilty of any neglect seldom has his pearling license renewed.

Today the Torres Strait Islands form one of the most important commercial adjuncts of the Commonwealth of Australia, and this fact concentrates public attention on the natives who are the chief agents in carrying on the profitable industries. These islands come within the jurisdiction of Queensland and their administration is as successful as it is interesting. The people have self-government under white administration, or teachers. The Queensland government encourages trade and education. Laws of health have doubled the population and have regenerated it into a strong and energetic race. From people once much exploited, they are today thriving; increasing in population and possessing capabilities far above many native races of the South Pacific. Both men and women are veritable giants in stature, well formed, with handsome, regular features. Their moral and physical vigor is reflected in the fact that the islands are self-supporting. Governmental aid is hardly known beyond the expenses of administration.

The natives not only support their families, their sick and their aged, but also maintain

their own institutions such as churches, schools, trade teaching institutes and the cost of native fleets of luggers engaged in the shell industries. Many of the natives are wealthy in landed property, own large fleets, employ many men and have big bank accounts. The people as a whole are quite civilized, well educated and Christianized. The Anglican Mission is an influence for much good and has helped materially in the prosperity of the people.

Signs of progress are to be seen on every hand. The native villages are laid out on a definite plan. The houses, native in design, have windows and doors and under the conditions of law, are built some feet off the ground. Every three years they have to be pulled down and burned and new houses erected so as to prevent vermin of any kind. This materially aids in maintaining the excellent health of the villagers. The villages are municipally governed, the streets are well swept and, with the modern sanitary arrangements, there is perfect cleanliness. Epidemics, once general, are nowadays unknown; indeed, they are almost impossible. The average life of the native is three score and ten years.

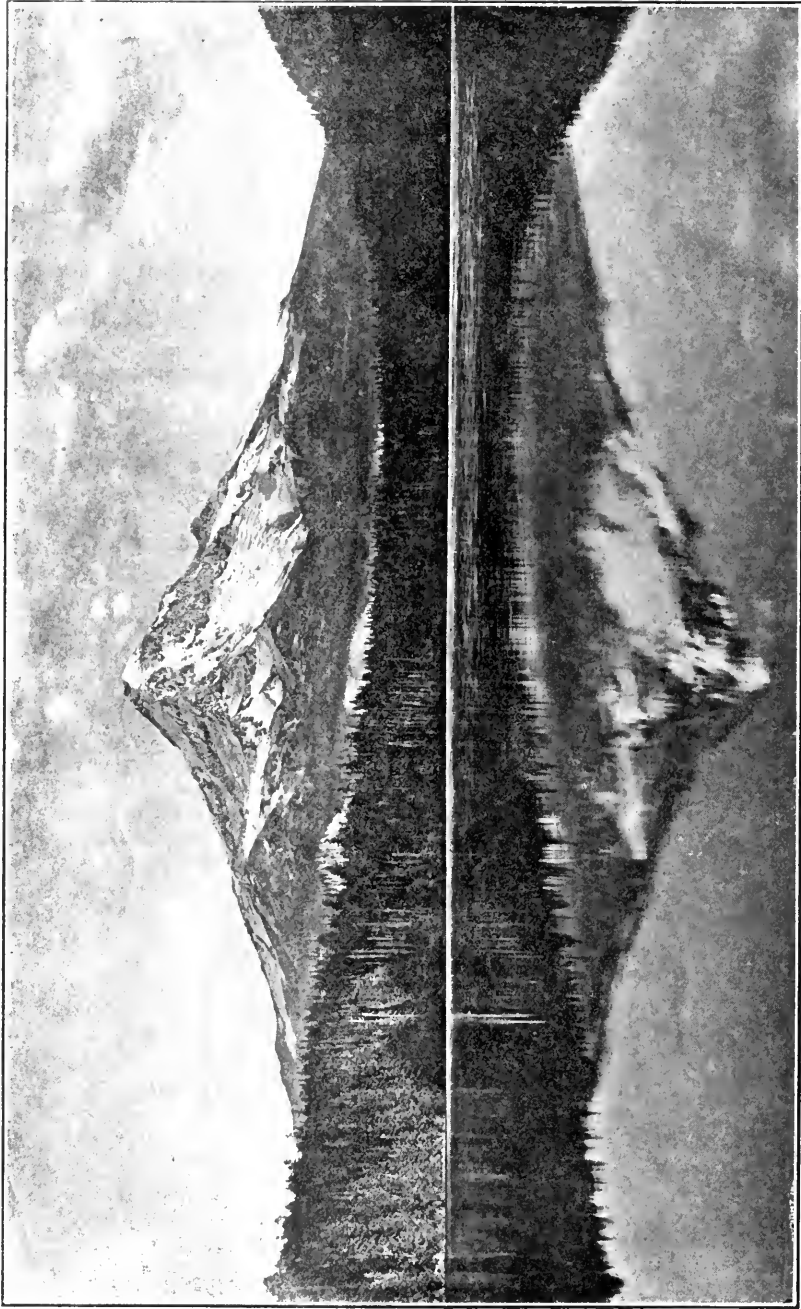
The natives are happy and contented under their system of self-government. Each white administrator (sometimes a woman, and invariably wise in their government) is assisted by three native councillors and a small native police force. The councillors are distinguished by the word "Councillor" in white letters on the front of red jerseys. They are usually men of high intelligence and some personality. They are nominated by the people and are appointed by the Queensland government on the advice and suggestion of the administrator. In the case of a deadlock both men and women have votes. It is part of the many duties of the

councillors to see that the villagers keep their houses, food and clothing clean—vermin or refuse found on premises means a court case and punishment; that they do not gossip—a serious offense in these islands; that they send their children to school regularly; that church is attended; that the native gardens are tilled and tended; that the men faithfully perform their work in the shell industries; and that the moral standards of the community are maintained. If the councillors are suspicious of a housewife in her methods of cooking, they enter the kitchen, lift the cover of the saucepan and taste whatever is being cooked. If fault is found an explanation or promise of amendment is demanded. A local court is held daily to punish delinquents, or to advise householders in the many duties required of them.

The government in a wise way is allowing full scope for native individuality. This results in many simple and interesting customs continuing in vogue which give a decided charm to the native character. Native songs and dances, full of melody and grace, are part of native festivals. The men and women have adopted many civilized customs, especially at weddings. Brides, for instance, wear the wreath, veil and orange blossoms.

The natives speak English fluently and are exceedingly proud of their ancestry, which is of the best South Sea and Papuan blood. They indignantly resent the suggestion of any connection whatever with the blacks of North Australia. They can be considered a valuable working community as their pearl, trochas shell and beche-de-mer industries are of outstanding importance. The Torres Straits Islanders also stand out conspicuously as an example of what can be accomplished among black folk under a wise, humane and just government.





A Reflected Glory—In the State of Washington

"Grandpa"

A Reminiscence of Bret Harte by His Grandson

(Reprinted by Request)

HE WAS GRANDPA—just grandpa—and only as such do I remember him. I saw him with a child's eyes and loved him with a child's heart, for he was white-haired, kindly and sympathetic, and all that makes the name of "grandpa" so full of sentiment and veneration.

But he was not feeble in spite of his years and his white hair. His features were handsome, his expression naturally distinguished. The white hair, the splendid eyes, the aristocratic nose, the drooping mustache, every detail of his face, bore the mark of high culture and intellect, and his figure, always well-groomed, possessed that natural dignity of carriage distinctive of the gentleman.

When I think of my grandfather, I always think of Christmas. We grandchildren, my brother Geoffrey and myself, saw little of him except at this time, and thus the coming of Christmas meant the coming of grandpa, with lovely toys and picture books, and good things for our stockings.

Grandpa had an extraordinary liking for mechanical tops, and it was much to our delight, for they were usually tops that did funny things and made us laugh—and made grandpa laugh, too. That must have been the reason why he meant so much to us as children, because he loved toys and loved to play with them just as we did.

I shall always remember the last Christmas he was with us. The family was then staying at "Warren Height," a house that my father had built at Caversham, near Reading, overlooking the River Thames, and grandpa had come up from London on Christmas eve. Among the many toys he had brought us a little lady in check bloomers who rode around on a bicycle accompanied by a small white dog. I cannot help but laugh as I recall the many miraculous feats that lady cyclist used to perform. There was no end to her tricks. We would wind her up and place her on the table. Around and around she would go, her little knees wobbling up and down, and the faithful "Fido" trotting beside her. Frequently, without the slightest warning, she would suddenly stop and then start again with such furious energy that she would lose her balance and generally finish the performance by riding on her head at a most ludicrous angle, with the ever faithful "Fido" trotting beside her in the air. This aerial feat

of "Fido" greatly amazed our little fox terrier, Boonder, and it was all we could do to prevent him from climbing upon the table and tearing the performers to pieces.

How we roared and clapped our hands, and how grandpa laughed—laughed until the tears rolled down his cheeks. Little did I realize then, or even stop to think that this same beloved grandpa, who laughed and clapped his hands with us, was he who gave to the world "The Luck of Roaring Camp," "M'liss," "Salomy Jane," and that most beautiful of his poems, "Dickens in Camp."

It is not strange, therefore, that with the cherished memory of this Christmas I should think of him always as "grandpa," for it was the last time I saw him. He died in Camberly, Surrey, in the house of his dear friend, Madame Van de Velde, who has since passed away. At this time my family was staying at Richmond, just outside of London. I remember clearly the morning of his death. A silence had fallen over the household. I felt instinctively that it was a silence of sorrow, though the cause of it was yet unknown to me, for everyone spoke in a whisper and moved about the house softly and with a cautiousness almost akin to fear. My grandmother had not appeared at breakfast that morning, nor my aunt Ethel, and I asked my father the reason for their absence. He looked at me strangely and told me that grandma was ill, to be a good boy and not worry. But the shaking of his voice, the wearied look in his eyes and the tense embrace he gave me betrayed a deeper grief than illness. It was the grief not of anguish, but of bereavement.

Bewildered, I turned away, wondering. There on the floor lay an open copy of the "Daily Telegraph," with the glaring headline:

"BRET HARTE DEAD."

And then through a mist of tears I saw once more the little lady cyclist with her funny wobbly knees and "Fido" by her side, I heard again that laughter and that clapping of hands—but now only faintly, as a distant echo—and with the passing vision of a face I loved so well, my heart broke.

The world had lost a great man, but my loss was even greater than the world's, for I had lost "grandpa."

—RICHARD BRET HARTE.

Diablo Canyon

By GERTRUDE BRYANT

RED WOLF, Indian renegade and cattle thief, urged his pinto to greater speed and hugged in closer to the evening shadows cast by the desert range.

For the White Man's law was down upon him.

He swung from the mesa trail and raced through a sandy wash dry from summer heat. Once he slackened pace and threw a glance over his shoulder; not a horseman was in sight. He had outdistanced the rangers. He muttered savagely and dashed on, spurring his lagging pony to spirited effort.

At the entrance to a narrow gorge that broke like a ruptured vein in the breast of the mountain, Red drew rein and lent his ear for the sound of cantering feet. Silence reached him, startled by the mournful cry of a lonely coyote. He sniffed keenly for the scent of animal breath and sweat, but the soft warm breeze was fragrant with wild-sage and cactus blossoms.

He had eluded his pursuers.

Exultant, Wolf swore roughly, in the language of the western cowboy, damning Mexican Joe for his cowardly betrayal. He hoped the rangers would hang that white-livered peon to the limb of a cottonwood.

"The next time I steal cattle," he muttered, "I'll select an honest man to drive the herd to the Rio Grande."

With quick decision Red kicked his pony to action and rode through the narrow gap. If he could reach his cavern in the fastness of the mountain he would be safe for a time, and could defy the officers of the law. When danger had passed he could easily cross the divide and drop down the western slope to fresh pastures.

He pushed forward through the twilight dusk, his lean body erect, his eagle eyes alert. The pony picked its way cautiously across the rocky basin where the floods rush down, and began to climb the narrow, dangerous trail that gave Diablo Canyon its Satanic name.

Black night came down in gloomy, mysterious silence; the purplish shadows deepened to inky wells; storm clouds beat up menacingly over the range; a gray mist veiled the heavens; the wind shifted to the north and puffed an icy breath through the gorge, chilling Red's unprotected body.

"'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good," he muttered savagely.

The wind increased to a gale, switching the protesting pines, and scattering particles of frozen rain. Red Wolf slumped forward in

his saddle, breasting the sudden onrush of the blizzard, shielding his bronze face from the sleet's stinging lash with the broad brim of his sombrero. He knew every foot of the trail that led to his snug retreat, but strangely he was uneasy, sensing disaster—a brooding calamity.

He steered closer to the sheltering ledge and cursed the elements much as he had blasphemed his cowardly accomplice.—As he buttoned the collar of his flannel blouse, he had a longing for the warmth of his bear-skin coat.

In spite of his discomfort Red exulted in his escape. Much as the rangers wanted him, dead or alive, they would hesitate to brave the canyon's devil-traps in a howling blizzard.

He grunted his malicious contempt for the white cowards.

The sleety rain flaked to clinging snow, draping the blurred crags with virginal whiteness; the evergreens put on Christmas garlands; soft down carpeted the path.

Red Wolf's thoughts were on the shelter of his cave and the heat of a flaming fire. He had a vision of himself sitting before a towering blaze warming his numb fingers and chilled limbs.—The fancy pleased him and he dwelt upon it dreamingly.

On and on, as the trail led to the summit, the cautious pony slipped, swerving dangerously. Red spoke to the animal in his native tongue.

"Tread careful, you beast. Below are the pits of hell."

The ascent became more hazardous; the storm increased its fury; the snow was blinding. Wolf could not see ten paces ahead, so he rode slowly, apprehension gripping him. The canyon's creeping noises seemed supernatural, their ghostly echoes mocking him for a coward. The roaring wind buffeted him mercilessly; the heavy snow wrapped him in like a cold blanket, chilling his body to the marrow of his bones. If only he could reach his cavern, and cuddle under the big fur robe that covered his hemlock bed.

Red halted to take his bearings. Through the white mist he recognized a familiar landmark.

"Eagle Rock," he muttered. "The half-way post."

He changed hands on the bridle and urged his pony to greater effort. A drowsiness swayed him in the saddle; his eyes were heavy with sleep.

Cursing, he forced himself to wakefulness. He must go on.

A violent gust snapped a dead limb from the crown of a pine. The unexpected crash startled the nervous horse and he reared, backing perilously over the edge of a sheer precipice where he hung, pawing frantically for a firm hold on the slippery path.

Sensing his danger Red sprang to the ground and tugged with all his muscled strength at the bridle in a desperate attempt to drag the animal back to the trail.

The pony floundered, stamping at the rocky ledge in an effort to gain the trail. Suddenly an avalanche of gravel turned loose with a deafening roar, sweeping the beast before its onrush to the gorge below.

Wolf dropped the dragging reins and flung himself back upon the path.

Terrifying sounds reached him. The rumbling of fallen stones; the rush of a great body tearing through underbrush; the screams of a horse mortally wounded.

Red swore, and eased slowly to his feet. As he pushed on, he found the snow hip-deep in the drifts. His sluggish blood raced as he struggled against the storm, and for a time he took no heed of the cold.

Up and up, he met the giant fury at its threshold.

He searched for the twin boulders that guarded the pocket doorway to his cavern retreat. His limbs dragged like leaden weights; his heart pulsed weakly; his eyes smarted with sleep. The cave—the cave. If only he could reach its shelter.—The vision of a glowing fire haunted him; the red tongues leaped at him through the pelting sleet.

He tripped over a log and fell heavily, sprawling his tall form in the drift; weariness oppressed him and he lay still, half asleep. But the fear of freezing took hold of him and he staggered to his feet. He must go on.

He ran an icy hand into his blouse to make certain that the purse of pesos was safe. The

cattle had brought a fancy price. The gold was there, but the brush of frozen fingers threw him into a panic. The blizzard was seeking to destroy him. If he surrendered, it would beat him down to his death. He must reach the cavern with its warm bed and dry wood.

At last he found the cleft in the ledge and stumbled through to his dooryard. He was weary to exhaustion, but his cold flesh had lost all feeling. He fell, to rise and fall again. But he was conscious that the cave was at the end of the slope. He was almost home. Soon he could put a quick match to birch leaves, and wrap his tired body in the fur robe.

Strange fancies began to torment him. The storm had voices which jeered at him maliciously.

"Cattle thief. Cattle thief," taunted the wind.

A snow-laden branch brushed him to his knees. In his terrified mind the swaying mass took on the rigid form of his old pal, Mexican Joe, swinging to the limb of a cottonwood.

He sprang up to escape this horror and the trail fell from under his feet. He brought up abruptly against a friendly tree trunk, the evergreen that concealed the entrance to his cavern. There before his drowsy eyes was the inky blotch of his doorway.

Shelter—shelter. He had escaped the pursuing rangers, and the blind fury of the storm. He was safe—safe.

He snarled his victory in the face of the gale. He had pitted his man's strength against its turbulent force and won. He had reached shelter. A few steps, a lighted match, the quick flare of a flame, and the warmth of a bear-fur rug to his cold limbs would ease the aching pain.

He crawled to his threshold.—Sleep worried his eyes; his bruised body demanded relaxation; he must rest a few moments—

His shaggy head dropped wearily to his frozen arms, and he slept—eternally.



Mountain Song

By GEORGE LAW

Trek to the mountains—
Snow-water fountains—
Kyaks and pack-burro,
You and I;
Over the high trail—
Gray squirrel and crested quail—
Up to the pine trees
Where the grouse are ever drumming;
Under the open sky—
Rare health and bright eye—
Balsamic odors
And wind crying shrill;
Leave strife and care behind,
Far from the city's grind,
Trek to the mountains
Vacation time.



'Tis is the season of youth! 'Tis the time of spring! Spring with its smiling sky, blossoming trees, flowering garden and nuptial splendours of vegetation. How sweet and radiant Nature looks, folded in her mantle of wonderful hues.

Youth and spring! They make one supreme music! List to the merry carolling of the birds, and enjoy the banquet of life: for life rushes on and time flies. Spring! thou inspirest love in the young, and revivest fond memories in the old! Who can resist thy mighty, magical spell; thine all-powerful sway?

—Calcutta Review.

A Jest and Its Sequel

By SCOTT JONES

BEN ERWAY stood before the mirror that sat on top of the old-fashioned bureau, surveying himself with native pride. For many years he had longingly looked forward to this happy moment.

Born and reared in Columbus, New Mexico, he was a natural product of the border. An open countenance and warm heart were his by inheritance, a shyness and craftiness were the result of his training and environment. His one marked characteristic was his friendliness for every member of the feminine sex, yet, like many a man in that loneliest of all lonely lands, he was neither husband nor sweetheart to any.

He had served as Constable, Justice of the Peace, and now was newly appointed Deputy U. S. Marshal.

As he gazed into the mirror, he slowly folded back his coat and fondly patted a bright, new badge pinned securely to his vest, just over his heart. The pride in those eyes, looking out at him from the mirror, receded and a more severe, harsher tone was reflected as his right hand craftily sought his hip and in a moment a .45 Automatic leaped to a level of that line of vision.

He must needs once more carefully read his appointment papers and softly chuckling to himself, thrust them into the scarred top drawer. Leaving the room, he quickly returned and locked the door, cautiously, noiselessly as becomes one who has been resolved into an arm of the law. Walking along the street, he soon became possessed of another thrill through the consciousness that his fellow citizens were taking a new interest in him, and almost imperceptibly, his shoulders went upward and backward another inch. As he passed the "Black Cat" saloon, voices, speaking in loud tones, reached his ears:

"And I tell you, Villa is about to raid this town."

"Aw, get off your feet!"

"Now, see here; didn't you and I, and others too, see that green automobile going west, driving like blue blazes?"

"Well, what if we did?"

"You blamed rail footers wouldn't believe your own eyes, but I just wish we had a U. S. marshal here. He'd go out and stop them; at least, find out what they're up to!"

The voices ceased and Ben dodged into a nearby doorway and waited. Soon the speak-

ers filed out and he observed that they were his friends.

"Just a moment, John; I want a word with you," he said, detaining him who was so sure of a coming raid.

Lifting the breast of his coat, he showed his friend his new badge, saying:

"John, I've just been appointed, and if you have any information of anything going on that's wrong, I'm here, right on the spot, duty-bound to do my best to serve the Government."

"Sure, Ben, I've seen some Mexicans acting suspiciously, and a big, green motor car went west two hours ago and there was a bad looking man at the wheel, and I guess we're in for it, all right."

John's face was full of concern and Ben's mind filled with anxiety.

Firstly, he must reflect and since, as yet, he had no office, he went immediately to his room. In an hour, he reappeared, walking briskly towards the livery stable. Ten minutes later, he emerged, mounted, and quickly disappeared galloping westward.

John Williams and his two friends quietly stole into the "Black Cat" and laughed long and heartily. They had not seen any green automobile but having become possessed with the knowledge of Erway's appointment, had met and planned a little joke upon their friend. After partaking of several drinks and filling their pockets with choice cigars, they informed the proprietor that Erway had been appointed deputy marshal and was standing "treats;" that he had been suddenly called out of town but upon his return would come in and pay the bill. Since these men were engaged in business and well known to the proprietor he took a drink and a cigar, and charged the whole to Erway.

As Ben's cayuse cantered along the road that leads to—nobody knows where—Ben found time for much reflection. He had no expectation of being able to overtake a motor car that had something over three hours the start of him. He was compelled to admit to himself that he had no definite plan or idea of his destination, but still pursued his way, for his mind craved action, and his sense of duty and obligation compelled him to keep a sharp eye open for signs and clue. It was two hours past midday when he had left town and now it was nearing five o'clock, so he calculated his posi-

tion must be twenty miles west of his starting point.

There are no sign boards in that desolate country—one judges distance by time only.

Observing a slight commotion in the grease-wood upon his right he left the road and turned in that direction. When he reached the spot there was no sign of life about. Riding to the top of a nearby broken ridge, his eye caught a fleeting glance of two coyotes as they literally faded away from the landscape.

"Now what in the name of the Devil startled those varmints?" he murmured to himself, dismounting and tying the lariat to an overgrown bit of chaparral. "It could not have been my presence, for they were surely heading towards me when they first winded me."

His vision swept the horizon in every direction. The sun's yellow glare lighted up the barren sand like a giant searchlight.

"I could see a lizard ten miles away in that light and—"

Ben never spoke the remainder of that which was in his mind, for he heard a voice distinctly say:

"I am so dreadfully warm!"

None but a woman could utter words in such soft, silvery tones. Dropping to his hands and knees he cautiously crept to the edge of the bluff and, peering down, to his astonishment, beheld a large red automobile, parked against the wall of the bluff about fifty feet below him and partially shaded by a niche in the rock.

"Now what in damnation!" arose to Ben's lips, but he smothered it, for he was nearly overwhelmed by the loveliness of the girl sitting at the wheel of the car. He could see no others, yet he doubted not but that more were near, else why the conversation? Yet he had spoken words aloud that afternoon to himself. Why should not others, in that despised, desolate country?

Stretching himself an inch more, to better view the base of the bluff, he loosened a handful of sand and it fell squarely upon the hat of the girl. Instantly a pair of snapping black eyes were raised to his and as they filled with horror, the girl's lips parted and she gave a terrified, smothered shriek.

At once an elderly appearing woman came from underneath the car and engaged the girl in conversation. Ben arose to his feet and bowed graciously to the girl and inquired if they were in trouble.

"And will the Senor be kind enough to help us?" she replied.

Ben turned to the left and hastily skirting the ridge soon found a place where he was able to climb down. Approaching the car he removed his sombrero and smiled, saying:

"I am not much of a mechanic, but will endeavor to make up what I lack in skill by my desire to aid you."

His open, frank face and guileless manner disarmed the girl and she smiled frankly up at him. Ben lost no time in peeling off his coat and getting to work.

The elder woman stepped into the motor car, seating herself by the girl. She wore a heavy veil, as was the custom of her people, and to Ben's inquiring look the girl touched her lips with her finger and sadly shook her head in the negative.

Ben passed a half hour in overhauling the car and motor without locating any trouble whatever.

"We experienced great difficulty on the road and came in here, seeking relief from the burning sun and hoping to be able to locate the trouble. I can turn the engine over, but it won't start."

The girl spoke in such distress that Ben's tender heart was touched with her anxiety, and he laid aside his dignity and crawled underneath the body of the car, determined to find and if possible repair the break. He was hard at work, tapping one rod after another, examining each wire and connection, when he noticed his sleeves were becoming spotted with red paint. Brushing a rod with a handful of waste the red was absorbed, leaving the rod a rich dark green in color. So, thought he, that was what the old lady was up to when he had discovered them. She was just finishing the job and no doubt the blistering sun and wind had dried the paint on the body of the car so quickly that it had not been noticeable to him. Cautiously he stretched his arm to full length and touched the end of the body. Yes, it was dry but freshly painted with some quickly drying material that had not yet thoroughly hardened. He was looking for a big green motor car with two men occupying it. This one contained two women. Perplexed, with suspicion aroused, he lay quietly thinking, and while thus occupied became conscious that he was being watched by the elder of the two ladies, who had stepped from the car. It now occurred to him that in removing his coat he had inadvertently exposed his star. Grasping the hind axle he began drawing himself backward from underneath the car, when with a whirl, the motor

started and he scarcely had time to flatten out as the car speeded over and away from him. As he raised himself to his knees the elder woman turned and fired point blank at him.

Ben's right hand fairly flew to his hip and taking quick aim at the big gasoline tank he kept pressing the trigger until his gun was empty.

"Shucks," he said, "too far away. I might as well shoot at the sun."

Yet he followed on and his heart beat faster and faster, as he beheld the telltale drops in the sand. A bit farther they grew to a tiny stream. Shaking his fist at the receding cloud of dust he muttered:

"You're going a mile a minute now, but you won't go many minutes with a puncture like that."

Running back he seized his coat and climbed up to where he had left his horse. As he drew on his coat he felt a stab of pain in his left shoulder.

"That old lady must have punctured me, too."

Ripping open his sleeve he found it was but a scratch and, swinging into the saddle dashed for the road.

The sun was dropping behind the rim of the sand ridge.

Spurring his refreshed pony to his utmost he soon passed the spot where the huge car had swung back into the road. So sharply had been the turn that there was no trace of the two outer wheels until the course led straight away.

"Some driver, that girl!" he ejaculated, as he strained his vision for a sight of the car.

A mile away the road bore to the right and chaparral obstructed his view beyond this turn. Urging his cayuse on he quickly reached the turn and there, approximately two miles down the road, was an object which he doubted not, must be the big red car. Pulling his horse down to a canter he leisurely rode on and upon drawing nearer, observed the elder of the women making frantic efforts to mend the gasoline tank. When she noted Ben's approach she ceased her efforts and seizing a can emptied its contents into the tank. As Ben drew nearer she sprang upon the running board and instantly the big car sped away.

"So that's your little game," mused Ben, as again he dug the spurs into the leathery hide of his tough little pony.

Twilight came, yet night was delayed by that clear atmosphere, and when Ben had tolled off another two miles he came upon them again,

and this time both women were working upon the still leaking tank. He called to them:

"What are you folks up to, anyway?"

The girl quickly climbed into the car and seated herself at the wheel, while the woman began emptying the contents of another can into the tank.

Again Ben called to them:

"I happen to be an officer of the law, and since you have attempted my life I place you under arrest. Will you submit?"

For answer three shots rang out and as many puffs of dust rose a few yards in front of Ben. He had grown wary and was keeping back out of range.

This time the shots must have been fired by the girl since the woman was still pouring gasoline into the tank. Ben was sorely perplexed, and nonplussed as well, since he could not fire upon women and could not establish in his own mind any particular reason or motive for their firing upon him. He reasoned that they might be smugglers and this would account for their repainting the car. They were returning to Columbus and he never doubted but that this was the green car his friends had seen. Approaching a few yards nearer he called to them:

"Stand away from that tank or take the consequences, for I mean to have another try for it."

The woman stepped to one side and received something from the hands of the girl just as Ben poured four shots into the tank. As his fourth shot rang out his horse fell—shot through the head.

He sprang free from him and tore for the friendly chaparral, thoroughly alarmed since he realized a .30-30 rifle was spraying bullets all about him.

"Well, I'll be jiggered!" was all he could say as he lay flat upon the burning sand.

Then he heard the throbbing motor as it seemed to roar its defiance at him and listened as the sounds grew fainter and fainter and suddenly ceased.

"They're stuck again!" he cried exultingly.

Going to where the car had started and following on, he could plainly see a wet line made by gasoline dripping from the leaking tank.

Going back and making sure that his horse was dead he again turned down the road. In fifteen minutes he paused but could hear no sounds. He felt sure they must have used their last quart of gasoline, else they would be mending the tank. He proceeded cautiously and was soon able to make out a blur of some sort

about ten feet to the right of the road and in a cleared space. He dropped to his hands and knees, and trying out each foot of the ground, crept noiselessly to within a hundred feet of the "blur" which proved to be the car. Though night had settled down he could make out its lines, indistinctly but assuredly. It lay just off the road, broadside to him, engine pointing towards the bushes.

"Pretty foxy ladies!" soliloquized Ben, as he noted the cleared space about the car, precluding any one's safe approach thereto. Neither sight nor sound of its occupants could he distinguish.

"I'm simply bound to know what the contents of that huge tonneau are," thought Ben.

Backing away for thirty yards he began circling to the right and squirming along like a snake, came out in an hour fifty yards beyond the car and directly opposite his first position. Inch by inch, he made his way to within a few feet of the cleared space about the car and not over fifty feet from the car itself. Emboldened by the darkness, which now enveloped everything, he crept further on and upon reaching the cleared space could make out a shadowy form leaning against the car and apparently peering across it in the direction whence he had come. Gaining his feet, and drawing his automatic, Ben advanced cautiously to within a dozen feet of that form. Pausing, he said;

"If you move even an inch, I shall be compelled to shoot you!"

The form did not move, and he had taken three steps when a shot rang out and the figure of the girl arose in the front seat. At the flash the form whirled, but Ben was not to be taken unawares again, and as the report of his .45 died away, a rifle fell clattering to the ground and the limp form of the woman crumpled and settled down upon the running board. With a bound Ben reached the car and facing the girl cried:

"Pass me your gun, butt first, or I'll break your pretty arm as I fear you already have mine."

Still she hesitated and Ben thrust his .45 up close to her face and in a moment her revolver dropped to the floor of the car.

"Right this way, my dark-eyed Susan," said Ben, opening the door, and she stepped down upon the ground beside him. "Any more guns or Mexican paraphernalia about you, *Senorita*?"

"None whatever, I assure you."

"Your last shot went a little bit deeper than her first one, though in the same locality, and

I am obliged to trouble you to take my handkerchief and bind it up, since I've lost the use of that wing for the present and must keep you covered with the other one."

She smiled most bewitchingly up into his face.

"No more of that tender stuff with me," said Ben, gruffly, as she staunched the flow of blood and bound up his wound, as he pressed the muzzle of his .45 a bit harder against her side.

"I was so sorry," she said simply.

"That it was not my head, instead of my arm," he replied. "And now," he added, "you had better attend to that woman."

"Woman!" she scoffed. "You poor American fool!"

At length Ben received the light. Bowing graciously to the girl, he said:

"Thank you for your compliments. They at least sting no more than your bullets. I tried to help you and succeeded in making a fool of myself, but you cannot catch me napping again. I am no longer Ben Erway, the man; I am just a plain arm of the law. One little mistake on your part and I promise you, you shall feel the weight of that arm. Now attend to your friend—I only drilled his right shoulder. Americans shoot straight and when they shoot at a gasoline tank they don't hit a rock."

The girl flushed deeply, but was saved this mortification by the merciful shades of night.

As she and Erway approached the crumpled figure the form arose and drawing itself up proudly, tore the dress from its shoulders and stepped forth—a uniformed Mexican officer.

"And who are you?" asked Ben, turning to the girl.

"His wife," she replied, and fell into a violent fit of weeping.

Keeping them covered he stepped to the car, switched on its lights and ordered them to stand directly in their glare while he hastily searched for any hidden arms. Suffering the girl to bind up the man's broken shoulder, he secured a rope and bound the man's one sound arm and commanded him to lie down, fifty feet in front of the car, directly in the pathway of that strong light. He now compelled the girl to tie the man's feet to some greasewood. This done he stuck his gun in its holster and whipping out the lariat, which he had removed from his horse, in a flash bound the girl's arms securely to her sides. Procuring another rope from the car he tied one end of this securely about her skirts, around her knees, and placed

(Continued on page 67)

Beware!

By W. L. MASON

When a fellow comes to meet you with a bright, engaging smile,
And gives you a royal greeting in true California style,
While his eyes are clear and shining, and he's debonair and gay,
And offers you the glad hand in a confidential way,

He will bear a little watching, for he knows a thing or two
About the Eastern tenderfoot who comes here well-to-do.
He knows he's made his little pile, and has a bunch of kale,
And is looking for a gold mine, or an orange grove for sale.

If you're not "up to snuff" perhaps he'll trim your hard-earned pile
Till it looks about like thirty cents in just a little while.
But don't you think that this 'ere chap is native to the soil,
Though he smells of orange blossoms, and his clothing reeks with oil.

He's just a shrewd adventurer who's learned the art of graft,
Who doesn't mind a little thing like altering a draft,
Or handing out a gold brick to an unsuspecting guy,
Or selling him a rancho in the bright cerulean sky.

The native son would never stoop to such a scurvy trick—
He welcomes all right gladly; like a brother he will stick
If he only thinks you mean it whene'er he hears you say
That you have burned your bridges, and are really here to stay.

Then a welcome to the visitors who come here from afar,
No matter how they get here, by train or motor car;
They will help to make the Golden State a better place to be
Till the fertile plains are teeming from the mountains to the sea.



The Way of the West

By ELMO W. BRIM

Chapter XVI

The Pursuit

HIGH UP in the Sierra Madre mountains, on the morning of the attack upon the ranch, a gaudily dressed Mexican lay prone upon an immense, projecting boulder, beneath which there is a sheer fall of several thousand feet. From this viewpoint may be seen the entire length of the upper part of the valley, which spreads out and ends in the far distance at the foot of an elevated plain.

The man was one of Juan Guerros' scouts—it was the unailing custom of this outlaw to not only have men watch the approach to his camp, from points which commanded the surrounding country, but also have scouts watching all important raiding parties that he sent out. The scout's duty was to watch until the raid was a success or a failure, then to return to the camp and make his report to him or his tenients—one of them always remained in camp. In this manner he was always in touch with his force.

If the raiding force was surrounded, the one in charge of the camp went to their assistance, but if the attacked force was too strong they merely divided and made their return to the camp in small bunches. If the raid was a success, or if the raiders were making a successful escape, the reserve force might attempt a robbery in some other section, if circumstances favored its being done at once. In event of this, one man would be left at the deserted camp to notify the others upon their return. This method and the fact that Guerros' headquarters were always far in the Sierra Madre mountains was the secret of his success.

The man on the boulder after producing tobacco and corn husks rolled and lighted a Mexican cigarillo, then he exhaled a cloud of smoke and dreamily eyed the valley. From time to time he had used the excellent pair of field glasses which lay by his side to view the section of the valley lying next to the elevated plain. To the naked eye the blur of a ranch-house could be seen, but the distance was too great to discern anything smaller.

"Por Dios!" exclaimed the man, exhaling a cloud of smoke. "Why do they not appear?" Had they not known that to-day the "vaqueros" started on their "rodeo"—and had they not made an early start in order to make the attack as soon as the vaqueros were a safe distance

from the rancho? The vaqueros had long since left, and only the "golden-haired one," whom the mighty chieftain, Juan Guerros, desired for his margarita, remained at the rancho.

"Carrajo!" he exclaimed in disgust, "snails!"

He spat the cigarillo from his mouth and seizing the glasses he swept the area around the ranch-house. Then his body became rigid as the glass was focused upon a party of horsemen who had rounded the corral and were dashing towards the gringo seniorita who was fleeing to the ranch-house. He recognized the steed of Pedro Sanchez—Juan Guerros' teniente—as that worthy dashed ahead of his companeros and seized the gringo seniorita around the waist—then he crumpled and fell to the ground carrying her with him.

"Dios de mi alma!—God of my soul!" exclaimed the spy, crossing himself. "Is it possible—the mighty Pedro killed? Ha, the grey-haired gringo has paid for his act! The gringo seniorita—what a diablo she is—two of my companeros has she killed. Ah, but they have her—but why are they retreating?"

The picture in the glass changed to a man dashing out of a smoking ranch-house: as the man reached the open and attempted to mount his horse a woman appeared through the smoke with a Winchester in her hand; then the rifle went to her shoulder—a puff of smoke—and the man crumbled to the ground.

"Diablo!" exclaimed the spy fiercely. "Is it possible? Annita—I played with her as a boy—she kill one of her race. Yes, she has killed two, for one remains in the house—lover of gringos—Bah!"

"What devils these gringos are," he thought as he lowered his glasses. "They have killed six of my companeros—four of them can be replaced, but one—the valiant Pedro—can never be." Silently he crossed himself.

"Ah!" he exclaimed as a smile overspread his villainous face, "but they have the 'golden-haired one'—is she not worth the price? I will now see where the gringo vaqueros are, then I am off to make my report—they, of course, are on the rodeo."

But when he at last found the riders of the J P outfit, he found them dashing madly towards the ranch, and as his glasses followed

them in the subsequent chase and rescue of Nina a series of groans and curses issued from his lips. When at last he saw the wagon and its escort leave the ranch, he secured his horse and dashed down the mountainside, never stopping until he passed the guards, entered the outlaw stronghold and was in the presence of his master.

Then ensued wild outbursts of Spanish as master and man went over the details of the crushing defeat of his men and the loss of his most cherished desire—"the golden-haired one."

Juan Guerros' evil bearded face became distorted in rage as he thought of the losses that he had suffered from gringos during the past month—fifteen good men he had lost, and Pedro Sanchez among the number. Pedro was worth a host of ordinary men—and he could not be replaced. Well, he would show them—he would kill every one of them. Yes, and the Mexican *senorita*—Annita—killer of her own blood—she should suffer, he would put out her eyes and cut off her tongue—he would show her. "The golden-haired one" would be his before they covered the distance to El Paso—nothing would stop him.

Calling his men around him, he began shouting orders, and in a short time he rode out of the secluded cañon at the head of twenty heavily armed men, and started in pursuit of the wagon and its escort, which at that moment was thirty miles away on its journey to El Paso.

All through the afternoon and the long ensuing night the wagon and its escort kept steadily on. As noon of the second day, approached they were many miles from the Pendleton Ranch, only two halts of short duration had been made to cook light meals and to allow the stock to eat and rest. El Paso was now only thirty miles ahead of them, so the end of the journey was not far if they encountered no trouble. Dr. Pendleton was withstanding the hardships of the trip much better than they had expected, and now under the influence of an opiate he was quietly sleeping.

A vague uneasiness hung over the tired riders who slumped in their saddles as they rode behind the wagon. Even Red Johnson, to whom the hardships amounted to no more than rain on a duck's back, was silent and depressed. The very air seemed charged with uncertainty and danger. But if trouble came it would not come unexpectedly, for at each halt guards had been thrown out, and now as they journeyed onward scouts covered their advance, flanks and

rear. This left five men to follow the wagon that Slim was driving.

As the wagon rattled along, Slim produced the "makings" and rolled another cigarette, but when he lighted it, he only took a couple of inhales and then disgustedly threw it from him—he had smoked so much that tobacco had lost its flavor. Reaching into his pocket he produced a "plug" and bit off a generous chew.

"Don't believe terbaccy will ever taste good ter me any more," he reflected as he suddenly spat the chew to the ground.

Slim wanted some one to talk to; he was awfully tired and sleepy—driving always made him sleepy. During the long, wearisome night he had chewed tobacco until his jaws ached—since then it had been one cigarette after another.

"Shorely have plumb ruint my appetite fer terbaccy," he mused. "But I jest had ter do somethin' fer company an' ter keep awake—terbaccy is the only thing thet would heve done it, an' now I've done gone an' lost my taste fer it."

The unbroken valley had at last given way to a series of broken hills, and Slim noted that a short distance ahead the trail entered between two rocky hills. Glancing back into the wagon he saw that Dr. Pendleton and Annita, who was huddled in one corner of the wagon, were sleeping; but Nina sat in the other corner wide awake.

"Miss Nina," said Slim softly, "Yuh shorely aught ter sleep a little." But she only smiled and shook her head.

As Slim turned his attention to his team, there came the clear report of a rifle, which was followed by a volley of shots. Instantly the riders, who were half dozing in their saddles, wheeled their horses toward the firing. From the flanks two riders dashed after them. Slim, whose orders were in case of an attack to keep driving, lashed his leaders and wheelers into a steady trot. As he entered the pass he met Ned Chambers galloping back, and as he passed he shouted:

"Keep going! There is another valley, and then another pass—we will hold them."

Slim nodded his head, and then he said: "Miss Nina, don't worry, we will look after yuh."

"I am not worrying, Slim," she replied, "except for daddy. Annita and I have rifles, and if it comes to it we can use them."

"Yuh shorely can," said Slim in an admiring tone.

As the seven riders galloped back they were met by Guy Blake, the rear guard, who pulled down his horse and yelled:

"Come on, boys—get into the pass! Too many of them for the open." And closely followed by the others, he dashed after the wagon.

The riders had barely dismounted and taken cover in the rocky pass before a score of gaudily clad Mexicans came madly galloping over the hill into the valley. Then came a volley of shots from the concealed riders, which threw the charging Mexicans into utter confusion, and they suddenly wheeled their horses and dashed out of range, leaving six of their number motionless on the ground.

"Boys," said Ned Chambers, "while they are getting their nerve up we will get away from here; there is an adjoining valley and then another pass like this. Come on, we will get ready to give them another surprise." The men ran to their horses, and as they galloped through the pass into the valley they smiled as they heard a volley of shots from their rear—the outlaws had reorganized and were fring at their old position.

Possibly a half hour went by after taking their new position, before any of the attacking party showed themselves, then two men rode slowly out of the pass into the valley. When they were half way across, one of the riders suddenly threw up his rifle, but the report came too late—and two riderless horses turned tail and fled.

"Boys," said Dick after another period of quietude, "they may be a long time coming; and then again they may try to work around and attack us from the flank. There is but one thing to do and that is to let one man stay with me; if they come we will hold them; if they go some other way, you will be with the wagon."

"I'll stay with you, Wilson," said Red, "I'd plumb admire a little entertainment of this kind." After a few moments' parley, the men wished them luck and galloped after the wagon.

When after about five miles they overtook the wagon, Nina felt the blood leave her face as she saw Dick and Red were missing; while she was relieved when she learned that they were not killed, there was a pain in her heart and a dread that refused to leave her when she learned why they had stayed—she wondered if she was to win a love only to lose it.

Chapter XVII

The Last Stand

After arriving at the hospital in El Paso the men waited patiently for Nina to appear and give them the doctor's decision regarding Dr. Pendleton's wound. When at last she came down the hospital steps her face was wreathed in smiles.

"Boys, it is almost too good to be true," she exclaimed. "Daddy is suffering from loss of blood from the two wounds more than anything else. They say the ball did not go through his lung—it struck a rib and glanced around and came out at his back. He will not have to stay in the hospital very long—isn't that too good for anything?"

Then, after a low cheer had greeted her assertion, she continued:

"Now listen, boys—just as soon as you can get something to eat and fresh horses you have to go back and get Red and Dick. I am awfully uneasy about them. They are fighting, or they would have been in by now."

"Wal, Miss Nina," exclaimed Slim, "ther bunch will shorely do their part."

"Yuh bet we will!" was the unanimous reply.

"I know you will," said Nina, running down and climbing up on the wagon to the driver's seat.

"Miss Nina," said Ned Chambers, sternly, "yuh are not intimating that you are going with us?"

"Why, sure, Ned," smiled Nina. "Certainly I am going. You need all the fighting men that you can get."

"Miss Nina," pleaded Slim, "yuh go right back into ther horsepill; yore pappy needs yuh. We will get Dick and Red. Yuh are broken down fer sleep, so yuh go in and rest to-night—yuh needs it. We are not going a step with yuh." A chorus of voices immediately approved Slim's assertion.

"Now listen, boys," exclaimed Nina, stamping her feet angrily, "the doctor gave daddy some liquid food, and he went to sleep shortly afterwards. The doctor assured me that he would be all right and that he is not going to be in any danger at all. If I stay, all I can do is to sleep. I would not sleep, that is certain, because I am worried about Dick and Red. I am not going to close my eyes until I know they are safe—so there is no argument about sleep. We will have a wagon to follow us—we can't tell, they may be wounded. I can ride back in the wagon, and get some sleep—so that is all there is to it—I am going."

"But, Miss Nina," protested Ned Chambers, "you—"

"There is no use arguing," interrupted Nina, "I am going! You know I can shoot as good as any of you, and as long as I can I am not going to let that measly bunch of Mexicans kill Dick and Red without helping to save them; not after what they did for Daddy. Come on, let's be going! We haven't any time to lose and too, we might pick up a few boys while we are getting ready. Come on, Slim, climb up here and take your horses." Slim, after half an attempt to speak, took charge of his team and they started down the street, followed by a worried yet admiring bunch of riders.

Sping! zip! ping!—a bullet hit and ricocheted into the air with a wicked whine from the rock Red Johnson was peering around. Bang!—roared Dick's rifle as Red withdrew his head and angrily rubbed the dust from his eyes.

"Got him, Red," announced Dick cheerfully.

"Durn glad you did," replied Red as sight was again restored to his eyes, "ther durn fool near about blinded me."

"Hit you?" inquired Dick anxiously.

"No, but ther durn chola hit within about two inches of my head, an' filled my eyes so full of rock dust that they feel like they had been sand-papered."

Both men ceased talking and became interested in firing at the white puffs of smoke which were coming from the sides and tops of the two hills which formed the pass some four hundred yards away. Overhead bullets whined like angry bees, while others hit the rocks and ricocheted with angry whines into the air. After several minutes of unsuccessful firing, Dick shouted:

"Red, keep a sharp lookout and I will expose my hat—if any of them fall for it, let them have it." Dick placed his hat over the muzzle of his rifle and cautiously pushed it around the boulder which concealed him. Spat!—sounded a bullet as it centered the hat.

"I got him!" yelled Red, as the roar of his rifle died out. "Ther durn fool showed half of his body when he shot. Yuh watch now, an' I'll give them a shot at my sky-piece." But when Red shoved his hat around the rock no Mexican responded to the bait. The firing continued steadily, but it was very cautious inaccurate shooting.

"Gettin' too smart, ain't they?" inquired Red.

"Yes," replied Dick, "and they are getting the advantage of us too. You can see that they

have nearly all crawled up towards the top of those hills, which puts them above us. If we stay here they are going to get us soon. What do you think of emptying our rifles into them, then under the cover of the smoke, crawling down to our horses and trying to make for some hill that is surrounded by a valley?—the wagon is over half way to El Paso by now, so we are pretty sure of holding them, and we can do it without exposing ourselves too much. We should get to a good location before they get their horses and come within range of us."

"Good stunt," replied Red, slipping cartridges into the magazine of his rifle. "I know of the very kind of er hill yuh are looking for, an' it has ther valley around it. Tell me when yuh are ready."

"All right," came the reply, "let them have it." Two Winchesters pumped a volley of rapid shots over the crest of the two hills, and as clouds of smoke covered their position Dick and Red crawled carefully, under cover of boulders, to the pass where their horses were tied. As they mounted, the Mexicans who had been frustrated by their rapid fire, recovered their nerve and began volley firing into the smoke made by the fool gringos—who by this silly method were laying themselves open to sudden destruction.

After running their horses for four or five miles, the hills opened into a valley which was surrounded by larger hills. Both riders gave a yell of pleasure as they saw a small rocky refuge near the center of the valley. They put spurs to their horses and in a few moments reined in at the rear of these rocks and dismounted.

"Looks jest like it was made ter order, don't it?" inquired Red. "I was not kidding yuh when I told yuh thet I knew a real place."

"Sure does," agreed Dick. "Let's get on top, so we will be ready to receive our company."

In a short time they had climbed to the top of the rock-strewn mound and were safely concealed behind two large boulders.

"Them greasers," said Red, "ought to be showing up soon—an' mad is no name fer the way they'll feel about ther march we stole on them."

"They are mad all right," agreed Dick, "but we can sure handle them from here. We are out of range from the hills, so they will have to come out into the open. Of course they may leave us and cut in after the wagon."

"Won't do them any good," replied Red. "It's a rough broken country around here on

both sides of ther trail—I've rode all through this section. If they take to ther hills they will never overtake ther wagon; their only chance is through here—an' here they surely come!"

As he finished speaking ten men galloped in through the pass and suddenly reined in their horses.

"By golly they are shorely thinned out," grinned Red. "But what are they up to?"

"Look out," cautioned Dick, "they are going to try to make the pass by circling the hills; wait until they get nearly around and then let them have it. I'll take the right hand bunch, you take the left."

When the two parties of madly racing riders neared the pass a volley of shots were poured into them by the unseen riflemen, and they wheeled and rode back in utter confusion, leaving three of ther number on the ground.

"That's handing it to them," laughed Red. "An' thar ain't so many of ther pizen lizards as thar has been."

"Yes," agreed Dick, "we have sure taken them to a cleaning. I do not think they will make another attempt until dark, so they haven't any chance of overtaking the wagon. But they will sure try to get even by getting us."

"Wal," said Red, squinting at the fast disappearing sun, "a couple of hours will give them all ther night they want. Let them come, we will shorely give them all they are looking for. Let's take er smoke, I heve been so busy for ther last several hours thet I plumb fergot thet I used terbaccy."

While Dick and Red were smoking they noticed that the Mexicans had ridden close to the pass and were looking at something in the valley where the first fight had taken place.

"What do yer suppose it is?" inquired Red.

"I can't make it out," replied Dick, "unless there are some more greasers coming."

"Ther holy jumping jasper!" exclaimed Red in astonishment, as a number of riders came through the pass. "Two—six—ten—all ther greasers in Ol'Mexico are coming—thet makes seventeen of them. Wal, two white men are equal to that many cholos."

"I don't know, Red, but we will give them the best in the shop. Get ready, they are getting ready to make some kind of a move."

The new arrivals had barely entered the valley before a order from someone in authority threw them in line, and they came charging across the valley.

"Let them have it!" shouted Dick when they were half way across, and they began deliber-

ately firing upon the charging horsemen, who were by this time firing upon them. As the riders neared the rocky hill the fire became too strong for them, and wheeling their horses they retreated in utter riot, leaving a number of limp figures on the ground. Three unhorsed men ran for cover at the foot of the hill. Bang!—roared Red's rifle, and one of them fell.

"Wish we had got ther other two skunks," he said ruefully. "I don't like ther idea of them being so close to us—ther pizen lizards. We got six though, an' thet puts them back ter eleven—they are not as much off as they thought they were."

"They have got nerve, all right," said Dick admiringly, "if we had daylight for it they would not be worth considering—but eleven men in the dark are not a nice proposition."

"It ain't a matter of nerve," said Red emphatically, "they jest haint got no sense. Been fighting and robbing Mexicans so long they think they can run on fellows thet can shoot like they would a bunch of peons—but they are shorely gettin' educated fast. We will hold them cause it won't be very dark, an' the moon will be up early. Dick, I ain't worrying 'bout them cholos—what is eating my soul out is my stum-mick, it feels like it war growed ter my backbone."

"If it wasn't for the two fellows at the foot of the hill," said Dick, "we would get our horses and make a run for it, but we can't risk it. I am like you, Red, about the eating—I'd risk most anything right now for a good square meal."

"I'd shorely make yuh a pardner," groaned Red.

While the two men waited the shadows of night and the surrounding hills darkened the valley, so they failed to see the forms that were slowly crawling across the valley to join the two men who were concealed at the foot of the hill. Nor did the attacking party realize that a force of fourteen men and a golden-haired girl were galloping madly to the rescue of the two gringos who were making their last stand.

Bang!—a shaft of fire spat from the muzzle of Red Johnson's rifle, as he fired in the direction of a suddenly loosened rock, which bounded down the side of the hill. Hardly had the report died before Dick heard some one climbing up the hill, directly to his rear. With his rifle cocked, he was creeping around a boulder when he was suddenly confronted by a leering, bearded face, and as he pressed the trigger he felt a stinging pain as a flash of fire

swept nearly to his breast, then without a sound he fell in between two boulders. Hardly had Dick fallen before the moon crept over the hills and threw a silvery gleam of light into the valley; while from the distance there came the sound of pounding horses' hoofs—and a shrill cowboy, Hi! yippi! yip! broke the stillness which followed the last shots.

Suddenly the figures which were nearing the top of the hill turned and dashed for the bottom, while Red Johnson fired shot after shot after their retreating forms. So interested was he in his work that two J P riders and Nina climbed nearly to the summit and yelled three times before he heard them and ceased firing—the Mexicans had reached their horses and disappeared several minutes previous, but Red was so wrought up that he had failed to note that he did not have a target and was firing more out of pure joy than anything else.

"Red, where is Dick?" inquired Nina excitedly.

"He is—?"

Nina uttered a terrific cry as she discovered a dark figure in between two boulders, and running over she knelt beside him and drew his head into her lap.

"Oh, Dick, Dick!" she exclaimed pitiously. "Tell me you are not going to die!"

His eyes suddenly opened and he looked up into hers and smiled.

"Nina, sweetheart, I've got to get well now," he answered huskily, "since you are here." Then as she pressed her lips to his, Red Johnson said—

"Boys, it shorely does bet h—, ther mischief thet I never can get hurt. Say, heve yuh got anythin' to eat? I'm plumb nigh daid fer some rations."

"Yes," one of the men replied, "we will take Dick down to the wagon and yuh can get all yuh want to eat."

"Wal," grinned Red, "I was jest going ter ask yuh what in thunder yuh had come fer, but since yuh brought rations I understand."

Chapter XVIII Hospital Days

Dr. Pendleton sat in a comfortable arm chair on the shady porch of the Arlington Hospital reading a letter. The letter was written in Spanish and from time to time he would pause and a tiny wrinkle would enter between his eyes as he encountered some word meaning of which would not be clear to him at first reading.

Two weeks had passed since the wounded

men had been brought to the hospital. Dr. Pendleton's wounds had not been of a serious nature; loss of blood and the trying journey had weakened him, but he had quickly recovered. In another week he would be fit to leave the hospital. His period in the hospital had really been enjoyable. Dr. Kennedy, who had but lately come to El Paso where he had established a hospital, proved to be an old school-mate and this was their first meeting since their graduation at the medical college, so they had a great time living over the past—each day some forgotten incident coming back into their memory.

Dick had received a wound in his left lung, and owing to his recent recovery from a wound in that lung it came near to being fatal, but with good medical attention and nursing he was now out of danger and on the road to recovery. Nina and Annita had been given rooms at the hospital and they had proven valuable assistants to the doctor's force, which, owing to a small practice, was yet small.

On the night of the rescue the wagon bearing Dick and Nina arrived at the hospital in the early hours of morning but contrary to her promise, Nina was wide awake when the riders entered the wagon to remove Dick's unconscious form—in fact she had not closed her eyes from the scene of the fight to the hospital. When the doctor came out and told her that there was a chance for Dick's recovery the reaction of the two sleepless nights and the danger and excitement that she had gone through set in—she fell in a dead faint before the doctor could reach her. After she was restored to consciousness she was placed in a bed where she fell into an exhausted sleep, but against the protest of the doctor she was up the following evening, and there was no resisting her demands until she had seen both patients; since then she had spent every available hour that the doctor would allow with them.

Until the men returned to the ranch, which was a few days previous, one of their number called at the hospital both morning and afternoon to inquire about Dr. Pendleton and Dick.

"Daddy, what are you frowning about?" inquired a soft voice at the doctor's side.

As Dr. Pendleton looked up he beheld a vision of loveliness, dressed in a fluffy creation of white which brought out more vividly the wonderful color of her golden hair.

"Why, Nina," he exclaimed, "how you surprised me; you have the nurses beat when it comes to walking softly. As to my frowning, I did not know that I was, but I judge it was

caused by trying to read this Spanish letter—it always tries my patience to try to interpret a letter of this type.”

“Spanish? Who is it from, Daddy?” inquired Nina. “Let me see it.”

“You can see it,” said her father, handing her the letter, “but I doubt if you can read all of it. It is an offer from Senor Avarillo for the Pendleton Ranch.”

“For the ranch, Daddy!” exclaimed Nina, letting the letter fall from her hand. “you are not going to sell, are you, Daddy?”

“Nina,” said the doctor thoughtfully, “I have considered selling for over a year—ever since Senor Avarillo made his first offer—and now since he has again made me an offer I have decided to sell.”

“Oh, Daddy, I am so sorry!” said Nina in a tremulous voice. “I don’t see how I can give up that beautiful valley, the wonderful mountains—and my dry, arid plain which overlooks the valley.”

“Well, Nina, I know the sentiment that you have for the country. I myself feel that way about it, but the association is not the best—there is no social life; then there will be always more or less danger attached to living there. Heretofore you have spent but a few months of each year there—if you had to live there all the time it would doubtless lose its charm. Now that you will be with me I think we should live with people of our own nationality. The time is coming fast when I will be supplanted in your affections.”

“Why Daddy, how funny you talk,” said Nina, blushing and burying her head on her father’s shoulder. “You know no one can take your place with me.”

“I believe you,” replied the doctor, “but affection for a parent and love are two different types of affection. I am not blind, my dear—I have been noticing the signs for quite awhile and it is only natural that the time should not be far removed. If the choosing were left to me I could not select a more desirable mate; he is a man of estimable qualities and he risked his life for our safety.”

“Yes, Daddy Pendleton, I love him,” she almost whispered. Then she kissed him and sprang to her feet.

“I’ve got to run along to my other patient—I’ve got something important to tell him.” As she disappeared into the hospital, the doctor smiled and resumed his letter.

The doctor insisted that Dick should stay in bed at least a week longer, and Dick never offered a word of protest. His wound had

ceased to worry him and he felt fit to be up and walking around, which was merely presumption on his part, but when a man is in love and his love is returned, he naturally has more confidence, and in many instances overestimates his ability—now since he was on the road to recovery, each day was like a wonderful dream. He and Nina were dream-building and with her to love and pet him it is a small wonder that he found no fault with the doctor’s orders.

There was one cloud on the horizon and it gave him a great deal of worry. Pauline had long since ceased to enter into his thoughts, but the events which lead to her renouncing him had not. He was going to tell Nina—it was his duty to tell her. While he knew that it would make no difference to Nina, as far as her affections were concerned, he felt he must tell her and impress it upon her that while he was innocent, yet it would always be standing against him, and some day the hand of the law might again rest heavily upon him. In Mexico it would have no weight whatsoever, but would they always remain in Mexico? He hardly thought so.

This morning, as he lay with his eyes half closed his mind was again engaged in turning over the problem, and he thought bitterly of the circumstantial evidence which had fastened the crime upon him. Suddenly a small pair of hands covered his eyes and, as his hand stole up and caught a small wrist, a dainty pair of lips kissed him lightly on the tip of his nose.

“I got you that time, ‘Miss Silence,’” he laughed as he pulled her to him and kissed her twice on her smiling mouth.

“Now Dick,” she said, shaking a protesting finger in his face, “be quiet! You are going to hurt your wound.”

“Oh, it’s well,” smiled Dick, kissing her again. “I will have to go out and get shot again so I will have a real excuse for playing invalid.”

“Dick Wilson, if you don’t turn me loose I am going to make the doctor discharge you,” threatened Nina. “I will expose you to him—you know he really thinks that you are a sick man. Now let me sit down beside you. I have got a lot of news to tell you. That’s right, turn me loose.”

“Well hurry up and tell me the news,” said Dick, jokingly.

“I don’t see how I forgot to tell you,” continued Nina as she sat down on the bed beside him, “but Red and Annita got married—and I was the maid of honor—”

"What!" interrupted Dick, "Old Red married? Well, I hope I may never—"

"Yes," she continued, "they married and went back to the ranch with the boys."

"I wish I had known it," said Dick, "I would have given them a present. But I will get one just as soon as I get out and send it to them. I owe a lot more to Red than I will ever be able to pay him."

"It was a great wedding—Annita was so pretty," said Nina. "And would you believe it?—Red got so excited that the preacher had to repeat part of the ceremony to him."

"No, I can't imagine Red playing the part of the excited bride-groom," laughed Dick. "But it excites some of the nerviest men, that nothing else would excite. Now when we get married I will not get excited—I will be too pleased at the thoughts of owning you."

"Now, don't be so certain, Mister Man," teased Nina, "you know, 'There is many a slip between the cup and the lip.'"

"That is only too true," said Dick, suddenly growing serious. "That reminds me—I have been mixed up in some circumstances during my past life that it is my duty to tell you about. What I refer to was not a fault of my own, but I got the credit for it."

"I don't want to hear any of your ancient history," said Nina, placing her hand over his mouth. "All men make mistakes. The only really good men are these who say they are good—and the most of them are liars. That's why they need women to marry them and make good citizens out of them. I was just teasing you—so don't get serious any more."

"I think I should tell you," protested Dick.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Nina. "Now listen—Daddy is selling the J P Ranch, and moving out of Mexico."

"Selling the Pendleton Ranch," repeated Dick in astonishment.

"Yes, Senor Avarillo has been after him to sell for a long time; this morning he got a letter from him making another offer, so he has decided to sell."

"Well, I am sorry," said Dick. "That ranch has a lot of pleasant memories for me. But for it I would never have met you. I will never forget the afternoon that we spent on the plain which overlooks the valley."

"Neither will I," said Nina softly, as her hand stole into Dick's. "I hate awfully to have Daddy sell, but he thinks that we should move where we can live with people of our own nationality and I guess he is right."

"Maybe he is," said Dick as he drew her to

him. "Anyway, if we lose the old associations, we will not lose each other."

"No," replied Nina, softly. "Daddy was just talking about you—and he thinks you are just wonderful—and he—er—"

"Willing for us to get married," cried Dick, kissing her blushing face. "Let's call—the preacher!"

"No, you will have to get well. I won't marry an invalid," said Nina, as she suddenly slipped from his embrace and stood laughing in front of him. "Now you go right to sleep! I've talked to you too long; you will never get well at this rate."

"All right, doctor," laughed Dick as she was leaving the room.

After she had left, Dick lay thinking of the charge that the law still had against him and the new change which had come about—the selling of the ranch and leaving Chehauhau were greatly against him.

"I should have told her," he muttered, "but she would not have listened. Well, I shall tell her father. He is a fine man, and he will help us to work it out." Then he fell into a light slumber and dreamed of "golden days" when he and Nina were happy and there was no cloud to mar their happiness.

Chapter XIX Recognized

From all outward appearances the slender, dark-haired man who sat in a corner of the Voydon hotel was highly satisfied with himself; indeed he wore such a satisfied and prosperous appearance that several persons around the hotel, who had seen him playing for high stakes at the "Arcade" the night previous, mentally decided that he had made a big "winning."

However, looks are often deceptive especially is it the case among gamblers. And such was the case with Charley Swain as he smoked an excellent cigar in a self-satisfied manner. His appearance was in keeping with years of careful training—it was only skin-deep. Inwardly he was horribly disgusted with himself, and the thoughts of the future sickened him. Only yesterday he had been a man of financial prominence, today he was "cleaned"—his money, gambling house and all his holdings in Oklahoma swept away.

Swain, like most professional gamblers, could not help being a "plunger." It is a gambler's characteristic to fleece the chump player until he has accumulated a fair amount of money,

(Continued on page 66)

The Heart of a Dog

By MARGARET DARRELL

TRUE!—excited—very, very dreadfully excited I have been and am; but why will you not understand? Human contact has sharpened my intelligence, not destroyed, not dulled it. So surely you, who know all things in the heaven and earth, can understand me, who am merely a master-worshiping dog. Harken! and observe that though I bark and wag my tail I am trying to tell you a story—a story I long for you to know.

It is impossible to say how I will make you understand; but if I continue to try you may finally comprehend.

Ever since eight years ago, when you brought me here a troublesome, shoe-destroying airedale pup, my love and my loyalty have been yours. Always my greatest happiness has been to lie here—in this room—at your feet. My greatest honor has been to listen to you reading aloud the manuscripts you were writing. You did not think I understood them, but I did. Their subjects—honor, ethics, loyalty—were too near the eternal dog-heart for me not to. Ever I yearned to prove to you I understood them. Often I longed for a man to come upon you suddenly, his every intent evil, so that I might spring upon him in your defense.

Many and many a night I have silently stolen through the house—oh, so gently—looking for the marauder who never came. Many and many a day, as we rambled over the hills, I have wished some animal might attack you that I might die for you.

Then last year the baby was born. You thought I was jealous because I wanted to nose him about, but all I wanted was to play with him. He was so tiny and pink and dear. Human-like you did not understand and I was not allowed near him. But he was yours, so ever I watched over him from a-far.

Then the old man came. The old man with the wolfish eyes, and I looked at him and growled under my breath. I suspected him almost from the first. He never attempted to harm me. He has never been other than kind to me; but, as I have said, his eyes! They were those of a wolf—quick, sneaking, afraid even to meet the gaze of a dog. Whenever his glance fell upon the baby my blood ran cold; and so by degrees—very gradually—I came to know his secret intent. I made up my mind

to watch the old fellow and thus know his every plan. So I stalked at his heels every possible moment, hardly ever leaving him from my sight. You ruefully remarked I had found a new love, and pretended you were not hurt. But you were, and there was no way for me to explain. My dog-heart hurt too. But my loyalty was greater than misunderstanding, so ever I nosed in the footsteps of the old man.

Then upon the day he had been gardener just three months, I heard some one call him from the shadow of the hedge as he smoked his evening pipe. He looked guiltily around before he answered the summons. When he saw they were unobserved, except for me, he and the stranger plotted to steal the baby some night as you slept.

I immediately raced to you and tried to make you understand. You jeered at me for being fickle. You scolded me for bothering you, declaring I had reached the age when I should be content to lie by your chair and have my ears absent-mindedly pulled as you read.

Then I knew it was for me to watch alone, and that at last the opportunity to serve you had come. Night by night I slept out, though it made my joints ache with rheumatism, for I am really an old dog, but it was only by being out that I could watch the dreadful old man.

Again we met the stranger. I learned everything was in readiness for the kidnapping, which was to be the next night—last night.

Early I disappeared. You thought I had gone outside to sleep, but I was hidden in the nursery. Hidden behind the cretonne curtains of the alcove where the toys are kept.

I lay very still. The mistress undressed the baby and said a glorious mother-prayer for his safe-keeping. You came in to give him his good-night kiss, while all the time I pressed close to the wall behind the curtains fearing I might be found and driven out of the room.

Finally you turned out the light and left. The soft breathing of Junior in his cradle was scarcely audible.

Presently I heard a slight sound. I knew it was a shoe scraping, as the foot it encased was thrust over a window sill. I lay very still, my heart throbbing with excitement. For perhaps half an hour there was no sound, then I heard soft foot-steps stealing toward the crib.

The hair on my neck bristled, and it was all I could do to stifle the growl in my throat.

A white streak gleamed across the floor, then disappeared. But that second of illumination had been long enough for me to see where the old man stood. I sprang upon his shoulders biting at his throat. He let out one scream as he fell to the floor, then wrestled with me in silence. He managed to get a grip upon me and tore me from his back and hurled me through the open window.

His scream had aroused you. At your approach he fled the way he had come. But when you got there the nursery was quiet

except for the gurgling of the baby, and you thought the cry had been a phantom of your sleep. My barking in the garden you chided.

Today you mourn because your gardener has left you. You are unaware that the brother's bed-side he wrote he is attending is his own, and that he will always carry the mark of my teeth in his neck and shoulders.

I am barking frantically to make you understand that which I now feel will ever remain unknown because of the limitations of your human understanding. But I am happy, fervently, outrageously happy, because I have served you—you, my master.





The Editor's Note Book

BALDY of Nome is dead. Baldy, whose fame from east to west, north to south, from the ice-bound trails of Alaska to the blood-stained fields of France, has gone to that haven that knows but peace for deeds well done.

He was but a dog, some may say, but—he was “Baldy,” and the proud sire of canine messengers of mercy. For in the late war twenty sons and grandsons braved the dangers of war that they might carry important orders to outposts; bring in the alarm where lay the wounded and, under fire, face the dangers that earned for many of them the *croix de guerre*.

With the blood of old Baldy coursing through their veins they unflinchingly, and with human intelligence (or more), met the rigorous conditions of the Alps, where strategy and endurance and skill counted as perhaps in no other of the perils of the war.

In his last declining years when Baldy, almost blind yet with brain active beyond his physical strength, dozed in the sun-lit garden of the Berkeley home of his master and mistress, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Darling, could one doubt that he lived over and over again his life as a Sweepstake winner in the far North; a life of gentleness and intelligence among his own kind, as well as among men, and one which bred stamina in the pups that were to figure so vitally in a World War.

The spirit of Baldy, his wonderful determination and endurance have been recounted in many ways but perhaps, to the readers of “Baldy of Nome,” written by Esther Birdsall Darling, was the fine supremacy of the animal no better shown than in her account of one of

the great All-Alaska Sweepstakes when Baldy was in the lead and suddenly went lame.

The team was making up time at Timber Road House, time which had been lost at Candle, when the appalling discovery was made that Baldy had gone lame.

‘Midst all the gayeties of flying banners and streamers; of wildly cheering, betting miners, women from the States, children, Eskimos; snapping, barking “huskies” and—the “Queen of the North,” with her attendants, to shower blessings over the departing teams, they had “hit the trail for Candle.”

With seemingly all the North betting on him Baldy had surged forward, carrying the White and Gold of the Allan-Darling Kennels. Through the dreaded Death Valley, “where the dead silence is broken only by the wailing and shrieking of the wind as it sweeps down in sudden fury from the sentinel peaks—unswervingly, never hesitating, though the sudden gusts from the mountainside often curved the team into a half-circle and he was forced to brace himself to keep from being carried off his feet,” went Baldy. Then at the relay station, after a night’s rest, he awoke stiff and lame.

There was but one alternative—to follow the usual custom of placing him on the sled until he was again able to take his place on the team. After much resistance he was put in a sleeping bag, tied, and gently lifted onto the sled and two other dogs put at the head of the team.

But, before an order could be given to go ahead “there was the sound of gnawing, and the quick rending of cloth as from the bag emerged the head of Baldy, his eyes blazing

with determination and his sharp fangs tearing the fastenings apart, and the hide to shreds. And Baldy threw himself from the sled with evident pain, but in a frenzy of haste."

Continuing Mrs. Darling's description:

"With intense amazement they ("Scotty" Allan and assistants) watched him drag himself, with the utmost difficulty, out of the sled, and up to the front of the team.

"He paused a moment, and then by a supreme effort started off, expecting the others to follow. There was no response to his desperate appeal—for they were not used to a loose leader."

So again and again he tried, and as the men stood speechless—"he crept close to Allan and looking up into his face reproachfully seemed to beg to be restored to his rightful place."

It did not seem possible that the dog could go ahead but he was given his chance and ahead he did go and in the final dash of the most hotly contested race the North had ever known the Allan and Darling team was "led to victory by Baldy of Nome."

Sometimes when life has gone wrong with you
And the world seems a dreary place,
Has your dog ever silently crept to your feet,
His yearning eyes turned to your face—
Has he made you feel that he understands,
And all that he asks of you
Is to share your lot, be it good or ill,
With a chance to be loyal and true?
Are you branded a failure? He does not know—
A sinner? He does not care—
You're Master to him—that's all that counts—
A word, and his day is fair.
Your birth and station are nothing to him;
A Palace and a Hut are the same;
And his love is yours in honor and peace,
As it's yours through disaster and shame.
Though others forget you and pass you by,
He is ever your Faithful Friend,—
Ready to give up the best that is his,
Unselfishly, unto the end.

—Esther Birdsall Darling.

(From "Dogs of all Nations.")

Baldy, the invincible, long since has run his last Sweepstake; his dreams of those days, and of the deeds of his valiant puppies in France are ended; under the beloved rose bushes of the sun-shot garden at Berkeley will lie all that is left of Baldy, whose spirit has already met the dawn of the morrow.

—A. G. McK—

"In Colors of the West," by Glenn Ward Dresbach, appears this month from the publishing house of Henry Holt & Company, New York.

On another page will be found one of his poems, "The Mirage," which is contained in his new edition.

There has been a great deal of attention drawn to Mr. Dresbach's work of late and most favorable comment made on his poems, such as "The Old Sailor," in the *March Century*; "Song" in the September number of the *Overland Monthly* and other verse that has appeared from time to time.

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Apropos of the lines given in a recent issue in these columns on the story of the coyote from "Watched by Wild Animals," Enos Mills, we quote the following quip from Keith Preston's *Periscope* of the *Chicago Daily News*:

It was a cynical coyote
Come to a crumbling shack to gloat
On hopeless human ills;
He struck a Shavian attitude,
And howled a Wellsian platitude,
And winked at Enos Mills."

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As we go to press a copy of "Abbe Pierre," by Jay William Hudson has come to this desk.

The very title of the book, "Abbe Pierre," and the picture of the quaint Gascon village that comes to mind as one glances over the opening pages, assures one of a delightfully restful hour in its reading.

Does one ever tire of romance when as in this case a good bit of humor sparkles throughout and the more serious thoughts of such a character as the Abbe reflect the deeper thoughts within ourselves.

Nowhere could the author more aptly have placed his setting for this romance of the French girl Germaine Sance and her young American lover than in the picturesque, colorful Gascon village where the scenes and customs are interestingly depicted.

D. Appleton & Company.

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A candidate for municipal honors, irritated by the groans and unfriendly remarks with which he was received at one of his first meetings, exclaimed furiously, "I don't care what you say: you have got to have me whether you like me or not!" "Why, gov'nor," inquired a placid individual, at the back of the hall, "you ain't the blessed measles, are you?"

The League of American Pen Women, Inc., held its Silver Jubilee, Biennial Convention and Book Fair at the Wardman Park Hotel, Washington, D. C., April 25 to 28.

Twenty-five years ago a group of seventeen women planted the roots of the League of American Pen Women in the illustrious soil of the Nation's capital, visioning at the time that the logical place for a national organization was the capital of the United States. Women only were eligible for active membership who were engaged professionally in creative work of the pen, pencil or brush, or who, for associate membership, could prove sustained effort. From this group has grown an organization having representation in all parts of the United States, maintaining a National Headquarters at Washington, D. C., with branches in fifteen of the largest cities and carrying on its rolls over 1500 writing women and others engaged in kindred creative work.

Among these names is that of the First Lady of the Land. Mrs. Harding earned her eligibility to active membership in the League of American Pen Women during the time she was assisting her husband in the editing and running of his own paper, the *Marion Star*.

In the absence of the national president, Mrs. William Atherton Du Puy, the executive office will be filled for the balance of the term by the first national vice-president, Mrs. Henry Wilder-Keyes, wife of the Junior Senator of New Hampshire. Mrs. Keyes is the author of the much-discussed "Letters of a Senator's Wife," which have been running for the past year in "Good Housekeeping," and she will autograph her last novel, "The Career of David Noble," at the Book Fair.

Mrs. Harry Atwood Colman, second vice-president and chairman of the convention, set forth a program of wide scope, which included all business sessions, the election of national officers and the discussion of many problems of those engaged in the field of literary and artistic endeavor. Time was allowed for short addresses from those of recognized authority, among those speaking were Mr. Will Hays and Rupert Hughes.

Accredited delegates were sent from every branch throughout the country, including Alaska and Hawaii. Representatives from writer's clubs, press clubs and arts clubs for the purpose of cooperation and affiliation with the League of American Pen Women, attended.

California, as usual, was royally represented, having four organizations in its principal cities.

The youngest at San Jose was introduced at the national convention by its sponsor and organizer, Mrs. Daniel C. Lothrop, widely known and loved as the author of "The Five Little Peppers" and vice-president at large for the Western Regional District for the League.

One of the interesting events under the Book Fair was the Authors' Breakfast at twelve noon, April 26, at the Wardman Park Hotel. There were 600 plates and a limited number of guests of honor, men and women whose names are well known to the world of literary and artistic achievement, and prominent guests from official and diplomatic life. The event was one of the most interesting ever held in Washington. Among the guests announced were: Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett; Mrs. Mary Roberts Rinehart; Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, foremost of American women composers; Miss Margaret Widdemar; General John J. Pershing; Mr. Basil King; Dr. Maurice Francis Egan; Mr. John Farrar, editor of *The Bookman*; Mr. W. F. Bigelow, editor of *Good Housekeeping*; Mr. Lyman Sturgis, editor of *Century*.

Mrs. Theodore Tiller, president of the District of Columbia League of American Pen Women and chairman of the hospitalities for the convention, planned many delightful entertainments for the visiting delegates and guests. The whole culminated in the Authors' Costume Carnival Ball on the evening of the 28th. This for the past three years has been one of the most talked-of social functions at Washington's gay season. It is a beaux-arts ball, a historical pageant, an evening of revelry, bringing into being the characters from the pages of history, fiction and romance as only they of the art can do.

Miss Eliza Pope Van Dyne is national executive secretary.

In reviewing Brookes More's volume of verse, "The Beggar's Vision," in our December issue we called attention to the fact that his publishers made the statement that a book most likely to have a permanent place in our literature must be of a substance and beauty not of any particular generation, but of all time. And that on this idea Brookes More's verse would be most lasting.

It would seem that the criticism, or prophecy, was well made as a second large printing of the "Beggar's Vision" is announced.

The World Will Lift Its Hat to You

By WALTER J. NORTON

Failure comes to many a guy,
Because he lacks the grit to try;
He tries, at first, to make a hit
And failing—just sulks, then quits.
That kind of man, in life's hard race,
Ne'er meets success in any place:
But storms and frets and stews
And figures he was just bound to lose!

Jack Dempsey, in the fighting game,
Climbed step by step to world-wide fame.
If he'd allowed his feet to chill—
He'd be a second rater still.
So, barring none, he faced them all
And beat each one—the great, the small.
No yellow streak runs up his back;
The world takes off its hat to Jack.

When John McGraw is in last place
And starts to win the Pennant race,
He never lets a losing day
Slow down his 'pep' or hurt his play.
With zeal and punch, which nerve inspires,
He battles on—he never tires.
In due reward to spunk and vim
The world takes off its hat to him.

If Pershing hadn't ever tried,
A country's honor might have died;
But "Over There" in bloody France,
Backed by his men, he took a chance.
He knew of course, beyond a guess,
That constant trying brings success.
It's over now, the war is won—
Our hats are off to "Freedom's Son."

When Carnegie lived o'er the sea,
He didn't own a sou markee;
But leaving home, his native soil,
He blended brains and skillful toil;
Through thrift—in driving home each deal
He spanned the world with iron and steel:
Tho' he's beyond the border dim,
Still we remove our hats to him.

And so it is, since life began,
With thinker, sport or fighting-man,
If one aspires to win renown,
One cannot do it sitting down.
The failures of today should train
A man to try and try and try again:
Thus success awaits you—and if you do
The World will Lift its Hat to You.

NOTE: In publishing these verses, where the reader can readily detect the intensity with which the writer was inspired, we do so knowing that through the inexorable law of life which makes a man pay for a deed rashly but wrongly done, this man is paying. And in the drab of the present he does not forget, and will know again what it means to have—"the World lift its Hat to Freedom's Son."

When Alfred E. Loomis, son of Charles Battell Loomis, the author of many cheerful books of distinctively American humor, brought to The Century Co. recently a juvenile entitled "The Cruise of the Hippocampus" (which they will publish this autumn) it was almost exactly twenty-three years, they say, from the time that Mr. Loomis' father brought them the manuscript of "The Four-masted Cat Boat," also a story of a cruise, which they published in 1899.

"The Jeweled Serpent," a mystery story of the Far East by Katharine Treat Blackledge,

"Angel Face" by Reginald N. Hincks, the story of a Canadian's venturing in England, and "The Stronger Light" by Mary Gertrude Balch, fiction in a New England setting, are among the novels that will be published this spring by The Cornhill Publishing Company.

Belle: "Beatrice has refused to marry Barclay."

Beulah: "And why, pray?"

"Says she will never marry a man whose wealth contains less than six ciphers."

"Well, good sakes alive! Barclay's wealth is all ciphers!"—Yonkers Statesman.

For those interested in birds and beasts of the sea—the hunting of penguins and albatrosses; the mystery of their egg-laying haunts, and the hunting of "sea elephants," is all very curious and is entertainingly told by A. Hyatt Verrill.

D. Appleton & Company.

THE WAY OF THE WEST

(Continued from page 59)

then the small game fails to appeal to him; he must buck games or players where the lid is off and the blue sky is the limit. Sometimes his dream comes true, but nine times out of ten he returns and starts anew on his old victims or seeks a new field for victims of a similar nature.

Swain, after the building of "The Palace," had accumulated quite a bit of money and was in a prosperous condition—the most prosperous of his worthless existence. But after the first year gambling had fallen off until his saloon and gambling house was no longer a paying proposition. When a stranger from the East, with more money than brains, took a fancy to his holdings, Swain promptly closed out to him. With the proceeds, and all other available money, he had hastened to El Paso with the dream of his life in sight—he for once had the money to back his judgment to the limit in a big game. For over a year he had been hearing of the big games and the fortunes which were won or lost at the "Arcade" and he had the gambler's hunch that some day he was going to "buck" and break the "Arcade."

But in one bright night the dream had faded, taking everything with it—he had even wagered and lost his residence. Never had he played for higher stakes and never had fate been more fickle.

"Well," he mused, "I'm 'cleaned', that's all there is to it. I can't go back to Oklahoma broke—true, there is Pauline—she has money—the money counts, but Pauline does not. But there is no chance of getting her money, so there is nothing to it. As to love—Bah!—there is nothing to women—I've had too many of them. Temporarily Pauline appealed to me but that wore off long ago. She did not love me to start with; the honeymoon was a series of hysterics. For once I was a big fool—marrying another man's woman is not what it is cracked up to be. She has never lost an opportunity to flaunt that fact in my face and she has taken great delight in telling me that she merely married me to spite the other man.

"She is the only woman I never broke; I'll hand her that—. She never loved me and she has money—that counteracts against breaking her spirit by abuse. If she had loved me or if she had been penniless I could have done it.

"Bah! the hatred is mutual; it's high time to shake her. I will never give her the pleasure of knowing that I am broke—it would give her

entirely too much pleasure. Well, I am not entirely broke; I have a town lot back at Langford—it just this minute occurred to me; I'd forgotten all about that and Walter Dixon is just 'rairing' to buy it. I'll wire him and get the money; it won't be much but it will mean a lot to a man that's broke. I'll get it, drift into Mexico and try all over again. What the—"

Suddenly he reached up and pulled his hat down over his eyes and watched a well-developed man, dressed as a cowboy, cross the hotel lobby. Although he had but a glance at the man's face there was something strangely familiar in both face and form. Anyway he was not going to take any chances for fear his deductions were correct.

The man stopped at the desk and as he stood laughing and talking to the clerk Swain got a full view of his face. A moment afterwards he unconsciously pushed his hat on the back of his head and disclosed a mass of curly black hair. The man was pale, showing clearly that he had but recently undergone a severe spell of sickness, but there could be no doubt of the laughing eyes and handsome features as belonging to Dick Sterns. Swain repressed an involuntary exclamation and resumed his cigar.

"What luck," he mused, "has caused our trails to cross again? Well, he has happened along at a good time; there is a five hundred dollar reward for him back in Oklahoma. 'Chicken feed'—but I need every penny that I can get. There is more to it than that; I have always hated that man and have intended getting even with him for that hero-stunt that he played at the boomer camp—a lot of business he had butting in on an innocent flirtation. Well, I will send him back where he belongs—that will even things up a little.

"I will kill two birds with one stone, for I will get even with that fool wife of mine. It will nearly kill her when they bring him back. Crazy about him, then treated him shabby like she did—that's the way with these fool women—always doing something smart, then regretting it all the rest of their lives. Oh, I know women—there isn't anything to any of them—. Well, she is the only one who was not crazy about me. If it hadn't been for the money I would have broke her long ago; the money gave her independence. If I cared to I could break her yet; the colonel is under my thumb and she believes in the colonel. I could advise him on some good business speculations and in a short time clean her of her wad of money—not a bad business proposition. I

Continued on page 68)

A JEST AND ITS SEQUEL

(Continued from page 50)

her halfway between her husband and the car. He then tied the other end of the rope to the front axle.

"There," he said, grimly, "I guess you won't disturb me for awhile."

Gathering up some dry brush he kindled a fire a few feet from the side of the car and proceeded to investigate the tonneau. When he had finished checking it up by the light of his brush fire, he found he had listed three machine guns, fifty rifles, a dozen revolvers and much ammunition. He also found everything necessary to enable him to repair the tank, but could find no gasoline. It was nearly morning when he had completed his tasks. He had waited patiently, hoping some passing autoist might spare him a gallon or two of gasoline, but it was after sunrise when he observed one coming at terrific speed towards him. He blocked the road compelling him to stop, and secured the needed gasoline. Also the information that Villa, with a large troop, had raided Columbus just before dawn, shut up the town, killed many and had again escaped.

Placing his prisoners in the car Ben managed to guide the big machine to town and delivered the whole outfit to the commandant there. Then he sought a physician, had his arm dressed, and going to his room wrote out a detailed report of his work.

Four days later, when passing the "Black Cat," he was hailed by the proprietor and requested to come inside. Here he was presented with a bill for refreshments.

"Some mistake here, old man. I never ordered these."

At this moment one of the three friends entered and overheard his remark.

"Erway," he said, "it was all a joke planned by John. Poor John, how terribly true came his prophecy, for he was killed that morning, being one of the first to rush out to aid the soldiers."

The archbishop had preached a fine sermon on the beauties of married life. Two old Irish women, coming out of church, were heard commenting upon his address. "'Tis a fine sermon his Riverence would be after givin' us," said Bridget. "It is indade," replied Maggie, "and I wish I knew as little about the matter as he does."—Tit-Bits.

WHERE KIPLING WROTE "THE LIGHT THAT FAILED"

Thirty years make few changes in a London street, and Villiers street running down to the Thames past the smoke-smudged walls of Charing Cross Railway Station is much the same as when Rudyard Kipling lived in Number 19, the Embankment Chambers, and struggled for recognition from the London editors, says Arthur Bartlett Maurice in "Literary Pilgrimages" in the New York Herald.

The third-floor rooms in the Embankment Chambers where Kipling worked in his early twenties are the scene of nearly all the stories with a London background that he has written.

"For example, 'The Light that Failed.' The rooms shared by Torpenhow and Dick Helder were Kipling's own rooms. From the doorway of No. 19 poor Dick, stricken with blindness, groped down to the water's edge for the sense of the Thames's damp and the feel of the ships that wafted to his nostrils the pungent smells of the East. Lying across that doorway, Torpenhow first found Bessie Broke, the little street girl from 'south o' the river," who fell in love with him, and revenged herself on Dick for his interference by scraping away the face of the Melancholia. On a table of the Kipling rooms in the Embankment Chambers, Charlie Mears, of 'The Finest Story in the World', scrawled the words, meaningless to him, that told of the agony of the galley slave. The very table once had being. Kipling had been burning the midnight oil and generally overworking himself. On the table he had graved the words: 'Oft was I weary when I toiled at thee'—the motto which the galley slave carved upon his oar."

Harsh Sentence.—Abe Cory brought the following story over from New York the other day:

A negro charged with stealing a watch had been arraigned before a court. The judge was not convinced that he was guilty and said:

"You are acquitted, Sam."

"Acquitted," repeated Sam doubtfully. "What do you mean, Judge?"

"That's the sentence; you are acquitted."

Still looking somewhat confused, Sam said: "Judge, does that mean I have to give the watch back?"—Christian Evangelist.

"Blessed be our ignorance, for it maketh conversation."—"Abbe Pierre."

THE WAY OF THE WEST

(Continued from page 66)

could stand in with the party and get half for pulling the stunt. I may play that some time but not now. I want to send her lover back to her and the gallows, damn him—that will be killing two with the same pebble. Then Old Mexico for a period. Later I may look her up and break her—then she can go like the others have done. Well, I see Mr. Dick Sterns of Oklahoma has gone up to his room so I'd better see the clerk and get his 'habits.'

"Who was the man you were just talking to?" inquired Swain as he stopped at the desk. "His face is rather familiar to me but I just can't exactly place him."

"His name is Dick Wilson," replied the clerk, "and believe me he is a live wire. He is one of the fellows who cleaned up Juan Guerros' band of outlaws over in Chehauhau not long ago."

"Were they a pretty bad bunch?" encouraged Swain.

"Bad is not the name for them. You must be a stranger by asking that question."

"Yes, I am," replied Swain, "but go on with your story."

"Well," continued the clerk, "this bunch of outlaws had been a scourge to Chehauhau and to the Texas border for over a year—robbing and pillaging ranches, carrying off women; in fact nothing had been too mean for them to do."

"But when they attacked the J P Ranch they hit a snag—all American riders. Several of them were killed, but they wounded Dr. Pendleton, the owner, and carried away his daughter. The men who had started a round-up heard the firing, returned and after a chase rescued the daughter; then they started for El Paso with the wounded man. The Mexicans got together and pursued them and in the fight which followed back in the hills the Mexicans retreated after the first fire. While they were getting organized this fellow Wilson made the others start in with the wagon while he and another man remained to hold the outlaws back. A relief party went back after them but they had about cleaned up the greasers. This fellow was shot in the last fighting but they say he killed Juan Guerros with his last shot—fired after that outlaw had shot him. Yes sir, that man is what they call a 'fighting fool.'"

"He surely must be," agreed Swain. "I guess he will be leaving soon, won't he?"

"I hardly think so," replied the clerk, "he engaged a room and board for a month—paid for it in advance. He has been here but a little over a week. He has not fully recovered from his wound, and Dr. Pendleton has gone back into Chehauhau to sell his ranch to some Mexican. He will locate in Texas upon his return and it is my understanding that Wilson is acting as his business agent during his absence. It will not be long before Wilson will be in the doctor's family, so he is already taking him in as a business partner."

"How is that?" inquired Swain.

"Well, the doctor's daughter Miss Nina and Wilson are to be married soon. She is the prettiest and one of the most sensible girls in the southwest. I say he is a lucky man."

"He must be when it comes to women," agreed Swain. "Does the lady stop at this hotel?"

"No, she is stopping with friends of the family; she always does when she is in El Paso," replied the clerk.

Swain bought a cigar and after making a plausible excuse left the talkative clerk and rushed to the telegraph office where he sent two wires to Langford, Oklahoma. One was to the party who wanted to buy his town lot, the other read:

"M. T. Morgan, U. S. Marshal,
Langford, Oklahoma.

Dick Sterns is in El Paso. Bring the reward money and come at once. I can turn him over to you. Wire when you will arrive and I will meet your train. Wire care Voydon Hotel.
Charles Swain."

As Swain sat in the corner of the Voydon Hotel the next afternoon, a boy handed him a telegram. Breaking it open he read:

"Charley Swain,
c/o Voydon Hotel,
El Paso, Texas.

Will arrive Wednesday on the noon train. Will have money.

M. T. Morgan, U. S. Marshal."

"Good," exclaimed Swain to himself, "only two more days to wait, then Mexico."

(To be concluded in the May Issue.)

Pathetic.—"How do you feel about reforming the movies?"

"Most of the pictures I've seen are more to be pitied than censored."—Judge.



Where majestic mountains rear their heads into cloud-banks

An Italian having applied for citizenship, was being examined in the naturalization court. "Who is the President of the United States?" "Mr. Wils'." "Who is the Vice-President?" "Mr. Marsh'." "If the President should die, who would then be President?" "Mr. Marsh'." "Could you be President?" "No." "Why?" "Mister, you 'scuse, please. I vera busy worka da mine.—Everybody's Magazine.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

OF OVERLAND MONTHLY,

published monthly at San Francisco, California,
for March, 1922.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA
COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO
ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared C. Van der Zwaal, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the secretary-treasurer of the Overland Monthly, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, Overland Publishing Co., 259 Minna St., San Francisco, Cal.

Editor, Almira Guild McKeon, 259 Minna St., San Francisco, Cal.

Managing Editor, None.

Business Manager, B. G. Barnett, 259 Minna St., San Francisco, Cal.

2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.)

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None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is..... (This information is required from daily publications only.)

C. VAN DER ZWAAL.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 11th day of April, 1922.

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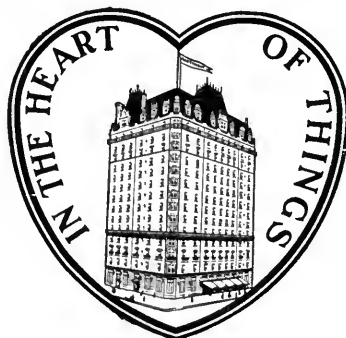
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Bearilously Near.—“I’ve been in camp,” said one of a group in the local grocer’s who were exchanging stories of adventure, “and only came down yesterday. One morning last week I struck the trail of a bear and followed it till about half-past four that afternoon before giving it up.”

“What made you quit after putting in a whole day’s work?” asked one of his listeners.

“Well, to tell the truth,” replied the first speaker, shifting his weight ponderously from one leg to the other, “it seemed to me the trail was getting altogether too fresh.” — Harper’s Magazine.

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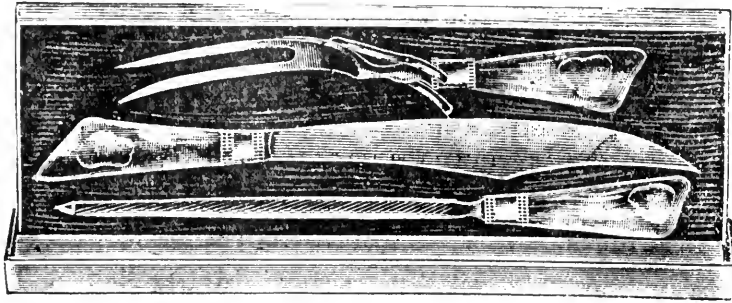
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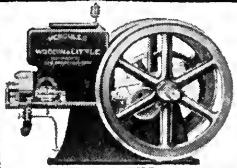
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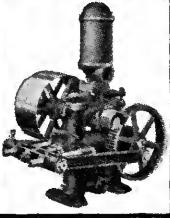
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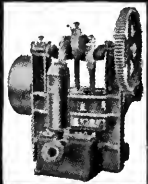


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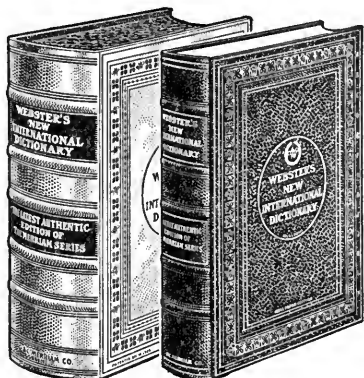
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CONTENTS FOR MAY, 1922

FRONTISPICES:

<i>When Nature Bids Us Leave the Greed-stricken Avenues of Men—</i>	5
<i>A Medley of Schooners - - - with Now and Then a Giant Liner Bound for Distant Seas</i>	6
THE LUCK OF THE MOLLIE HENDRICKS..E. L. PENRY	7
BLACK SHOES AND TAN.....F. EMERSON ANDREWS	15
SUNSET— <i>Verse</i>	ADDISON B. SCHUSTER 20
THE WAY OF THE WEST— <i>Serial</i>	ELMO W. BRIM 21
SCIENCE— <i>Verse</i>	A. G. BIERCE 29
MT. SHASTA— <i>Verse</i>	AUGUSTIN S. McDONALD 31
WHERE ONCE THE HERD— <i>Verse</i>	WILL S. DENHAM 31
THE MAN WHO CAME BACK.....	FRANK A. HUNT 33
EDITOR'S NOTE BOOK.....	36

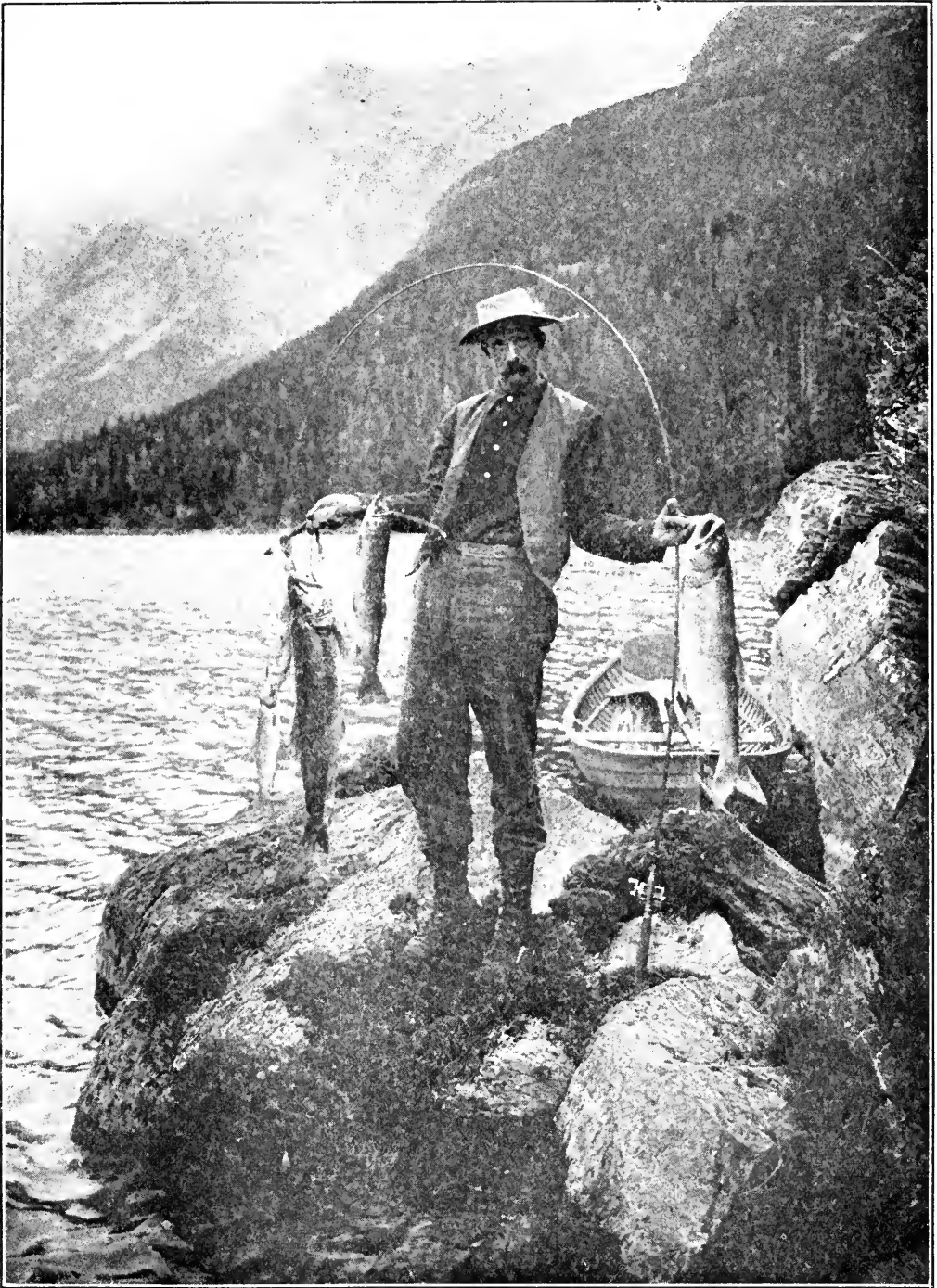
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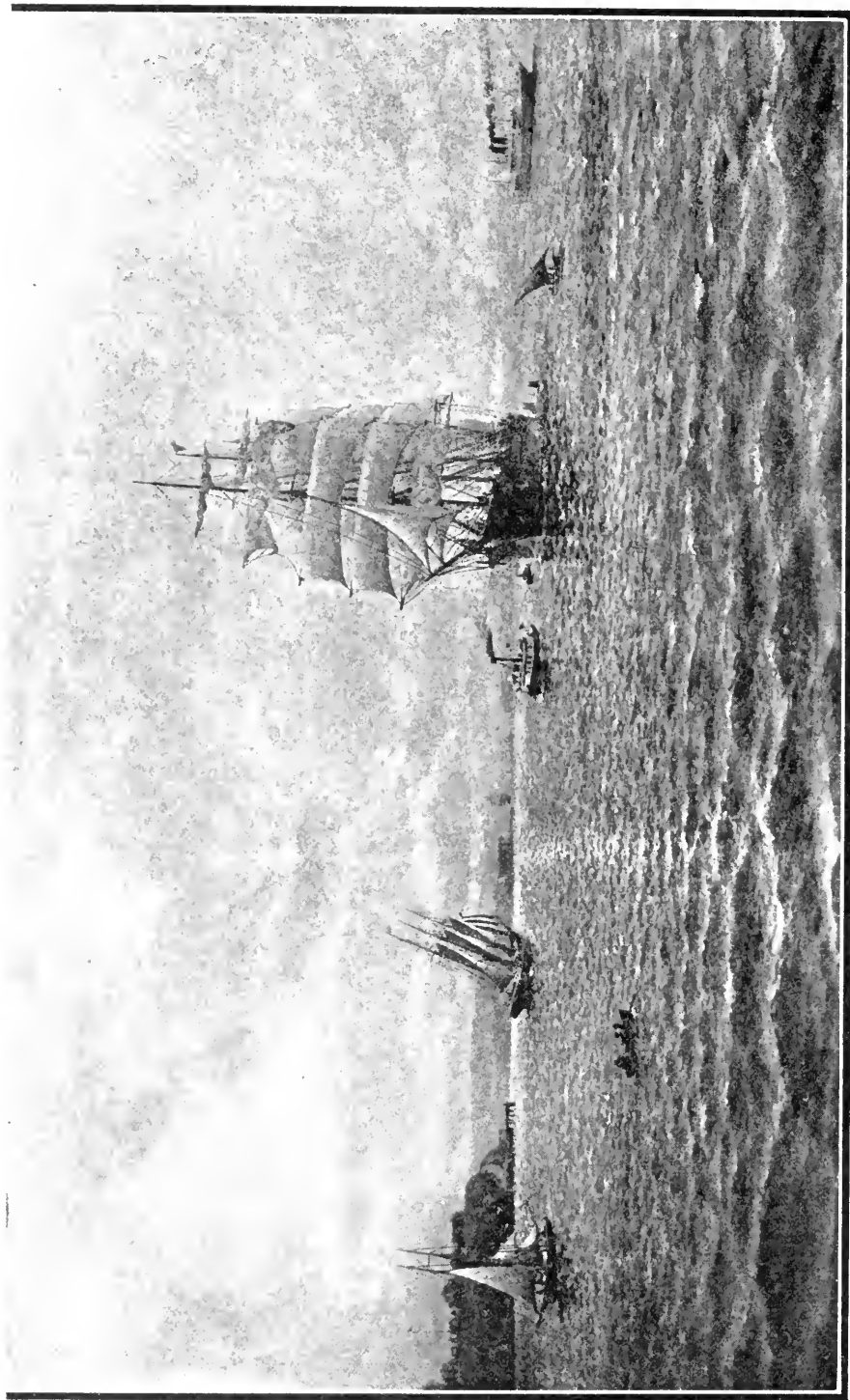
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OVERLAND

Founded 1868



MONTHLY

Bret Harte

San Francisco

Vol. LXXIX

MAY, 1922

No. 5

The Luck of the Mollie Hendricks

By E. L. PENRY

IT was Monday morning, along the waterfront of San Francisco, and the tardy sun was just breaking through a high fog. The ferries were still emptying their hordes of commuters into the Ferry building. There was a continual din from the trucks and drays as they rattled and bumped along the Embarcadero, and the street cars clanged and rumbled as they swung around the Loop, halted to fill with bustling and rushing humanity, and disappeared up Market street.

A medley of freighters, scows, car barges, schooners from the lumber ports of the north, copra-laden ones from the South Seas, and other craft, with now and then a giant liner in or bound for distant seas in tow of an insignificant tug, moved in and out of the wharves. Out in the fairway, and to the south, three men-o'-war lay at anchor like so many sleeping watch-dogs.

A steamer from up the Sacramento river plowed her way majestically along the pierheads until opposite the slip of the Bay and River Transportation Company, then with a toot of warning she nosed into her berth. The side had barely scraped the wharf when she was made fast, the gangplank run out, and the process of unloading begun. A young man in a blue uniform as trim and neat as the ship, and with "Captain" printed on his cap, stepped out of the wheelhouse, ran quickly down the latter to the main deck, and met an elderly man, similarly dressed, who had just come up from the cargo deck.

"Hello, Ben," the latter greeted the younger man; "you're half an hour ahead of time."

"Caught the tide running out through the Strait," explained Ben Whiffle.

"Well, if everything's all right, I'll take command and you can start on your two weeks' spree," said the other. He was a man close on to sixty, and beside him Ben looked young to command a vessel. "Where d'you figure on going?"

"I'm not sure yet, Ole," replied Ben lighting a cigarette. "I might take a trip down to Los Angeles. They're a couple of fine boats on that run. D'you know, Ole, when I see those trim, speedy vessels I feel like trying deep water."

"Take my advice and stay where you are," the old man cautioned. "You've a fine berth as it is. Say, Ben, that reminds me. You were saying that you're looking for a boat of your own, and I've just heard of something that might suit you. You know the Mollie Hendricks?—she belonged to that company that went on the rocks last month—well, she's up for sale at Thomas' ship yard. She's a little old, but in good condition; I'll bet you can get her pretty reasonably."

"Thanks, Ole, I'll take a look at her," said Ben.

Benjamin F. Whiffle had spent eleven of his thirty years on San Francisco Bay and adjacent waterways. His first job was that of deckhand on the old steamer Gold, plying between San Francisco and Petaluma at the head of the

Petaluma Creek, and it was then that he fixed his goal as a master's and pilot's certificate. He gave himself five years to attain it; but circumstances decreed differently, and he overshot his mark by two years. After two years of piloting on the bays, and Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers, he was given command of his first vessel under his master's certificate, and it would appear that he had reached the summit of his ambition. But he had not. He began to cast his eye covetously at the River Belle, queen of the bay and rivers, and flagship of the Bay and River Transportation Company fleet, and he did not rest till he trod her decks as captain.

But still he found that he had to round one more bend in the river of his fortunes before his actual goal could be reached. That goal was to be his own boss; to be the owner of a vessel as well as captain. He realized that it would require hard work, both mental and physical, but he had \$4000 in savings and an abundance of determination and confidence.

Therefore, three quarters of an hour after he had brought in the River Belle, on that morning early in August when his friend Ole told him of the Mollie Hendricks, Ben Whiffle threaded his way among the litter of timber, cordage, barrels, small boats and other articles that went to make up the Thomas ship yard, and approached a shed marked "Office." A river steamer was tied at a wharf which jutted out into the bay, and a party of workmen were laying the keel for a salmon boat.

A man in mud-spattered overalls, and with what appeared to be a strip of oakum drooping from his upper lip, stepped from the gloom of the office building into the doorway and leaned against the casing. He nodded pleasantly to Ben, and scratched behind his ear with the butt of a fountain pen.

"Mr. Thomas?" inquired Ben.

"I'm the fellow you're looking for," replied Mr. Thomas.

"My name's Whiffle," said Ben.

"Whiffle of the River Belle? Glad to know you, Captain. What can I do for you?"

"I understand the Mollie Hendricks is for sale. Is that right?" said Ben.

"Yes, sir, Captain, and there she lays," said Mr. Thomas, pointing to the craft. "She's a good average of her type on the bay, and couldn't be touched at the price if it wasn't for the slump in shipping. You're a riverman and know a good boat when you see it."

They sauntered out onto the wharf, and Ben,

running his skilled eye over the vessel, pronounced her good.

"What's the terms?" he asked.

"Ten thousand cash," said Mr. Thomas. "I wish you'd been here last week when we still had her on the ways. Her hull's as sound as a new dollar."

Ben gave the vessel another appraising glance.

"Will a hundred hold her till Saturday?" he said.

"Yes, that'll do it," replied the ship builder; and Ben wrote the check.

Next day Ben Whiffle and the inspector of hulls and boilers went over the Mollie Hendricks thoroughly.

"Well," said Ben, leaning against a steam-chest when the inspection was completed, "what's the verdict?"

"The hull and boilers are good enough, but the engines, though in fair condition, are beginning to show their age," said the inspector.

"They'll last a couple of years without a lot of repairs, will they?" Ben queried.

"Oh, certainly," the inspector assured him. "Good for five years for that matter.

"Yes; at the figure she's a good proposition. What do you expect to do, Whiffle? Corner the river shipping?" the inspector smiled.

"How'd you guess it?" Ben retorted.

Armed with the inspector's official report, Ben went across the bay to Richmond, his home town, and invaded the loan department of the Second National Bank.

The definition of "whiffle" is, "To veer about; to be fickle and unsteady," but Ben was just the opposite. That fact fought on his side, and Thursday saw him the owner of the Mollie Hendricks with an \$8,000 first mortgage on the vessel, held by the Second National Bank, and \$2,000 in cash for operating expenses. He had given his employers two weeks' notice, and he was now his own master. If Morgan suddenly gained control of the entire wealth of the world, he would feel no whit prouder or elated than did Benjamin F. Whiffle when the various parties finished signing on the dotted lines.

"Well," said his brother, while Ben paced at home long enough for a bite to eat, "now that you've got the old tub, what are you going to do with it?"

"Don't fret yourself, sonny," said Ben, soothingly. "When you're old enough to shave without the aid of a magnifying glass, you'll understand business matters better."

Ben had touched his brother on a tender spot. "Getting to be a humorist now you're a capital-

ist, ain't cha?" sneered his brother. "First thing I know you'll be offering me a job in the galley."

Although Ben's mother gave him to understand that she considered his venture a rather foolhardy undertaking, she nevertheless found occasion during chats with the neighbors to mention casually, "Bennie's vessel," or "Bennie's steamer."

Ben's next port of call in his whirlwind of business was the Oakland plant of the Great Western Milling Company.

"How many tons of wheat, corn or barley can you handle f.o.b. the boat at your dock, the latter part of next week?" Ben inquired of the manager when they were seated in the latter's office.

The manager pawed through a litter of papers on his desk and brought up one that seemed to suit him. It was very evident that he did not preach or practise the gospel of the clean desk.

"Anywhere from 75 to 100 tons of wheat," he finally answered.

"What is your best price?" was Whiffle's next question.

"The San Francisco quotation if delivered not later than noon next Saturday."

"That's about sixty a ton?"

The manager nodded. "About that," he said.

"All right," said Ben. "You can make out the contract to that effect."

"Where do you expect to get this wheat?" said the manager as Ben slipped the contract into his pocket.

"Up the river," replied Ben. He thought it best to say as little about his plans as possible.

"I understand that that territory is pretty well covered," remarked the manager.

"I know it is, sir, but I can try it," Ben answered.

"That's the stuff," laughed the other.

Before going to the ferry, Whiffle went to the post office where he registered and posted a letter to the Sacramento Bee. The letter contained a check and advertising copy which read:

WHEAT GROWERS!

Avoid having your crop lie in the elevator or warehouse indefinitely before receiving your money.

I will buy your sacked wheat at any landing on the Sacramento river at the

SAN FRANCISCO QUOTATION
less ten per cent.

Call aboard steamer Mollie Hendricks, Pier No. 6, Sacramento, on Aug. 11, 12 or 13, and make arrangements with Benj. F. Whiffle.

Then Ben boarded a Key Route train for San Francisco.

Late Friday afternoon Ben Whiffle let down a window in the wheelhouse of the Mollie Hendricks and put out his head.

"All right, Waller, cast off," he shouted to his mate.

The bow and stern lines were brought aboard. Ben pulled on the whistle cord and a sharp blast followed. He jerked once on the engine-room signal-wire and a bell tinkled below; the paddle-wheel at the stern commenced to revolve and the Mollie Hendricks surged away from the wharf at Thomas' ship yard. Ben plowed with not a little pride along the waterfront, keeping well out in the stream, and shaved neatly the stern of a Southern Pacific ferry. He chuckled to himself when the passengers aboard the ferry eyed with apprehension the proximity of the river steamer.

The Mollie Hendricks could not compare with the River Belle, and her upper works were in need of a coat of paint; but she was easy to manage and her captain and owner had many reasons to be proud of her.

When abreast of the Southampton Shoal Light, the River Belle steamed smartly past them on her way up the river. As she did so she saluted the Mollie Hendricks with a sharp blast, which Ben returned, and Ole stepped out of the wheelhouse.

"Here's luck to you and your vessel," he shouted.

"Thanks. I'll see you in Sacramento," Ben shouted back.

"You bet." And the River Belle rapidly forged ahead.

"How's she coming?" inquired Waller, entering the wheelhouse.

"First rate," said Ben. "We're hitting close to eight. Hey, Todd!" he called down the speaking tube.

"Hey!" replied "Lanky" Todd, the chief engineer.

"How are the engines? Are you forcing them?"

"No, sir," replied Lanky. "They're all right. They're turning at the most economical speed now."

"Good," said Ben. "Don't treat them rough."

"And don't you try to give the seals swimming lessons," Todd retorted. "I've only played

with a throttle for close onto twenty years. That's me."

"Do we go right through to Sacramento?" asked Waller.

"No; we take on oil and water at the Standard's Schofield Avenue wharf," Ben answered.

The sun was sinking in a great blaze of color when they approached the Standard Oil wharf and ran inside and tied up. Two hose lines were taken aboard, and the oil began pouring into the fuel tanks while the water tanks were being replenished. Ben debated a moment whether he would ask for thirty days' time, but decided that it would be best to start out on a cash basis. He therefore went down to the wharf and gave his check; and once again they cast off. The Mollie Hendricks backed out, and when, in response to one bell and a jingle, she went ahead at full speed, Ben Whiffle turned the wheel over to Waller, with an order to be called when they reached the Strait of Carquinez. Then he went below to his cabin.

He spent half an hour at his desk, figuring; then rolled into his bunk, supremely satisfied with the past, present, and what he could see of the future. He fell asleep calculating how long it would take to lift the mortgage on the vessel. He was awakened near midnight by a deckhand and told that they were at the entrance of the Strait. He went out on deck, the cold, damp wind blowing up San Pablo Bay driving the last bit of drowsiness from his brain, and climbed to the wheelhouse. Off the port beam twinkled the lights of Vallejo and the navy yard on Mare Island.

Waller spoke a few words concerning the ship as Ben took the wheel, and then went below and turned in. The Mollie Hendricks increased her gentle rocking and dipping to a roll as she entered the rough water that seethed and swirled and boiled through the Strait, and Ben Whiffle settled himself for the long run up the Strait of Carquinez, through the lower part of Suisun Bay to Pittsburg, across to Collinsville and into the Sacramento; and then up the river past Rio Vista and other towns till he reached the State Capital.

The factory whistles of Sacramento were calling the men to work Saturday morning, August 9th, when the Mollie Hendricks rocked in against Pier No. 6 and tied up. The River Belle had been at her dock for two hours. Ben Whiffle had stood quite a long trick in bringing his steamer up the river, and his eyes were

heavy with sleep when he shouted down the speaking-tube:

"Let your steam go down, Lanky; we'll be here for a few days. You can go ashore if you want to. I'm going to turn in."

"All right, Cap," Lanky called up.

Ben rose refreshed at one o'clock, and, after much spluttering over a basin of cold water, he slipped into his street clothes and went into the main cabin to his dinner. A huge bowl of the Chinese cook's appetizing clam chowder soon disappeared, followed by a medium-sized steak and mashed potatoes, much bread and butter, and a cup of coffee. Life on the river evidently produced a fair appetite.

"Here, Charley, another java," said Ben, and Charley trotted in with the pot, grinning to know that his new skipper liked his cooking.

"More chowder?" inquired the cook, in fairly good English.

"Have the men eaten yet?" said Ben.

"Yes, sir," said Charley, "him all eat an hour ago."

"All right then; a little more chowder," Ben directed.

His repast finished, he left the ship, and, joining Ole, sauntered uptown in the blazing sunlight and attended a theatre. One picture showed the steamers shooting the rapids on the St. Lawrence river. Ben admired the pilots' skill, but was of the opinion that he could do as well after a little experience. Ben was not a conceited young man—neither was he troubled with an excess of modesty.

Next afternoon he and a fellow-pilot whose ship did not leave till six o'clock rode out to Marsh Field and watched the maneuvers and stunts performed by the aviators for some charitable organization. Ben was tempted to go up in one of the planes, but he decided that he could not afford to part with ten dollars.

All of Monday he spent aboard the Mollie Hendricks, directing various work about the vessel and getting her ready for a cargo. Every little while he cast a glance ashore in quest of his wheat growers, but none appeared within range of his vision. When the chronometer in his cabin struck two bells and the whistles announced to the grateful workmen that it was quitting time, Ben had received no prospective sellers. He began to be anxious. It was just possible, however, he reasoned to himself, that something had delayed his letter to the paper and it had not been received in time to appear in today's issue. Then again it might possibly be, though he would not allow himself to admit it, that maybe—maybe the grain men did not

want to deal with an unknown buyer in the wheat market; that probably they preferred dealing with someone they knew a little more about. Farmers had been the victim before of slippery characters who were able to disappear and leave the grower nothing to show for his crop but a worthless piece of paper. But still, it was not fair to classify all farmers as narrow-minded where buyers were concerned, merely because a small percentage of the latter were dishonest. It was more than likely that the advertisement had failed to appear. He would stroll uptown and settle all doubts by buying a copy of the Bee.

So he hurried uptown and bought a copy; and on the third page, in the lower left-hand corner, he found his notice shouting in black-face type its message to the grain-growing public. Ben read it through twice to make sure that there were no errors in it that would effect its accomplishing its purpose, and his breathing became slightly heavier when he found there were none; and it was also spaced better than he had thought possible. Ben knew that as an ad writer he rode no higher than the average person; but he nevertheless felt that he had reason to expect better results from his first venture than he had.

However, his determination and naturally cheerful disposition reassured itself by the time he had returned to the Mollie Hendricks; for, he told himself, most of the grain men did not receive their paper till late in the day, and they would not bother to drive in to see him till the day following. And he fell asleep that night planning his line of argument to be used on the flock of wheat men that would swarm aboard the steamer next morning.

But the cards of business do not always fall as we have planned for them to fall; it is more often the player who tumbles and is finally brought up with his head against the wall and his creditors against him. And it is a nerve-racking process, even though you stop short of the wall, as Captain Ben Whiffle soon learned. For Tuesday came and went with no visitor but the wharfinger. That gentleman was beginning to worry about Ben's ability to pay the wharfage, even though he was well known along the river front, but a few mystic passes with a fountain pen in a check book restored his affable manner. Of course he wouldn't think of doubting Captain Whiffle's integrity, but it was customary, etc., etc.

However, Wednesday, the last day that the advertisement was to appear, produced a tired-looking little man with a yellowish complexion.

"I've got a little shirt-tail of a ranch down the river that's the most unhealthy hole in the world—I'm full of malaria," he said in a tired, pathetic voice, as he and Ben sat in the doorway of the main cabin to catch what little breeze there was. It was a scorching day, with the heat waves dancing on the deck and the river and tideland cooking up a hot, muggy vapor that made one feel like diving overboard.

"I've got ten tons of wheat—good wheat, too—" went on the little man, who said his name was Chilson, "and I can't get rid of it. Of course I could have sold it to the Association—everybody else has his crop signed up and in the warehouse or elevator—but if I'd done that my grain would of been tied up, and I need the money next Thursday to meet a note. I thought I could do better and get my money sooner on the outside. It's beginning to look like I'd have been as well off if I'd signed up. I haven't got enough to ship on my own account, so the buyers offer me anything they want; but I'll dump the lot in the river before I'll let them have it at what they offer. What are you offering, Mr. Whiffle? Ten per cent less than the 'Frisco price, wasn't it?"

"Yes, sir," said Ben, thinking of what little service his line of argument was when his flock of wheat growers had proved to be but one.

"That's better than any of us figured on, but I don't suppose you've had many growers to see you?" and the little man smiled faintly.

Ben smiled back. "The truth is," he said, "you're the first, and I think will be the last one."

"I thought so," said Mr. Chilson, with a forlorn shake of his head. "You see, Mr. Whiffle, nearly everybody is signed up. In my neck of the woods I know of only two others besides myself who stayed on the outside, and they've sold their crops already."

The little man walked over to the water cooler and took a drink.

"Well, now, Mr. Chilson," said Ben, when the little man had returned to his seat, "if your wheat is on the river—"

"It's stacked on the levee ready to load," the other interjected.

"I'll take it and pay cash, provided, though, that I can get enough around here to make up a full cargo."

The hopeful light which had appeared in the little man's eyes died at Ben's reservation.

"But if I do (and I think I will)," and the little man brightened, "it will be in the next day or two. You have a telephone?"

"No; but my nearest neighbor is only a

hundred yards from my house, and he has a phone."

"Good. I'll phone you so you can be at the river when I get there. Have you any men to help load?"

"I've got a couple of overgrown boys. They aren't good for much—not their heads full of football and don't do nothing at home but fight over the liniment bottle—but I'll manage to have them there. I'm so chock full of malaria myself that I'm only half a man."

He rambled on for a quarter of an hour longer, and when he left, he and Ben were good friends. Ben saw him ashore and watched him disappear up the wharf; then, deep in thought, he slowly made his way back to the cabin. For some minutes he sat staring at, but not seeing, the muddy waters of the river. He turned over in his mind what Chilson had said. Ben always knew that the Association was strong, but he had had no idea that they controlled the grain market to the extent revealed to him by Chilson.

"Well," Ben told himself, "if I can't get the grain before then, maybe I can get it after."

Rising and walking to the rail he looked along the water front and located the elevator of the Grain Growers' Association, Inc. For a few moments he stood as if undecided; then he came to a decision.

Ten minutes later he was at the offices of the Grain Growers' Association, Inc., and was ushered into the private office of a Mr. Coppershield, the manager. He was a pleasant man of average build, slightly gray, and gave the impression (which was sincere to a large degree) that he was interested in the welfare of whomever he happened to be talking to.

"Well, Captain," he said, when Ben had made known his name, "what brings you around our way? Something mutually beneficial, I hope."

"To put the matter plainly," replied Ben, "I'm here in Sacramento with a steamer of my own, with no cargo in sight, and a contract with the Great Western Milling Company calling for from 75 to 100 tons of wheat to be delivered by Saturday noon. So far, I've only been able to account for ten tons."

"H'm," said Mr. Coppershield, leaning back in his chair and frowning slightly, "that's bad. Is there a penalty for failure to deliver within the time limit?"

"Yes, sir. That's just—the trouble," said Ben, lighting a cigarette.

"May I ask how much?"

"Five hundred dollars," Ben replied, with a wry grin.

"H'm," said Coppershield, with a deeper frown, "that's worse."

"I know it," said Ben, "and that's why I'm here. I want to know if I can get 75 tons of wheat from you."

Coppershield's good-natured face became clouded with a look of deep regret. "Captain Whiffle, I'm very sorry, but we couldn't sell you a ton of anything for the price of your ship. We're contracted down to the sweepings. I'm awfully sorry; but sympathy won't take the place of wheat when five hundred is involved. I've found that out myself."

"Well," said Ben, rising, "there's nothing to be gained by staying here and wasting your time. It looks like I'm on a sand-bar, hard and fast."

"I wouldn't say that yet. You can leave your address with me, and if I hear of anything in your line in the next day or two, I'll let you know," Mr. Coppershield added.

"Thanks, Mr. Coppershield," said Ben. "Pier Number six, the Mollie Hendricks. I'll be there till Friday evening, I guess."

"If anything turns up, I'll let you know," said Mr. Coppershield as they parted. "In my position I hear of all sorts of things."

Eight o'clock Friday morning. The sky and sun promised another blistering day. The factories and mills were commencing to hum with activity, and the river front swarmed with life. Ben Whiffle sat on deck, his elbows on the rail and his head in his hands. He had no eyes for anything but a few square feet of wharf directly beneath him. For Ben's spirits were sinking as fast as the sun was climbing in the sky. The River Belle was unloading at a wharf three ship lengths ahead, and Ben was beginning to wish that he still had the command of her and had never heard of the Mollie Hendricks; when a person has reached that depth of remorse, he has nearly touched bottom. Whiffle had searched the town for at least sixty-five tons of wheat, but none was to be had. He felt as though he were being held under water; every minute it became more difficult to breathe.

"The world looks blacker than hell this morning," he said to the chief engineer, who halted on his way overside on shore-leave.

"No cargo in sight?" said Lanky.

"Not a pound," said Ben.

Lanky whistled through his teeth a moment. "No account, Cap, but how about wages?" he said.

"You needn't worry about that," Ben replied. "I can pay you all a month in advance, and a bonus besides."

"Glad to hear it," Lanky grinned, and left.

"Oh, Lord," groaned Ben to himself. "There must be a hoodoo on this ship. No wonder the company that had her before went on the rocks."

At this critical period in Ben Whiffle's despondency, one of the deckhands carried a bucket of water into the bow, seated himself on a coil of cable, removed his shoes and socks, and proceeded to bathe his corns. The effect of the cool water on his grateful feet was so soothing that he felt he must express his gratification in some manner. If he had been a pig, he would have grunted, but being only a man he took out a harmonica, and, after a few preliminary notes, began to play, in the lowest key possible, that dreariest of melancholy songs: "In the Gloaming." The deckhand must have been a gloomy man, for he was thoroughly enjoying himself.

"I-I-in the glo-a-ming, O-o-o my dar-ling,

When the lights are di-i-m and lo-o-w."

The harmonica moaned on, and the gloomy deckhand rubbed his feet blissfully together in the water.

The music had anything but a soothing effect on Ben. He popped to the surface of the water in which he was mentally struggling, charged around the corner of the cabin, and glanced fiercely about for a missile. Fortunately none was handy.

"Get the hell out of here with that thing!" he roared at the astonished deckhand. And that obedient mortal caught up his footgear and bucket and vanished into the hold, followed by a choice collection of adjectives launched by his captain. "Theirs not to make reply, theirs not to reason why," were evidently his sentiments in matters associated with his captain. Ben concluded his remarks by announcing, "If I hear you tooting on that damned thing again, I'll—"

"I don't doubt it in the least, and I wouldn't blame you either; bad on the nerves," someone interrupted, and Ben swung about to find Mr. Coppershield climbing aboard.

Ben grinned. "That wailing's enough to give a fellow the D.T.'s," he said.

"You rivermen seem to have a large vocabulary to choose from," Coppershield smiled.

"We have to, or get out of the business," Ben told him. "But what good news brings you aboard?" he added, his spirits rapidly rising.

"Well, sir, I just learned that we still have eighty tons of sacked wheat in our warehouse at Stockton that's not been contracted for," Coppershield explained, "and I've wired them to

hold it pending further word from me. Now the question is: Can you go around and pick up that grain and get back to Oakland by Saturday?"

Ben Whiffle considered a moment. "Yes," he said, "I can make it. It'll be a hard run, but I'll make it."

"Good, fine," exclaimed Mr. Coppershield. "I have the necessary papers here. We'll sign them now and you can leave as soon as possible."

"Just step into my cabin here," Ben directed, briskly. "I'll be there in a moment."

"Waller!" he shouted to the mate, "Send a man after Todd and have the fires started and get up steam. We leave for Stockton in half an hour. You'll probably find Lanky at 'Shorty's' pool hall."

A few minutes later Coppershield paused at the rail on his way ashore.

"I can't tell you how grateful I am for all you have done," Ben said. "If you hadn't been so thoughtful, I'd have been in a mighty tough position."

"Shucks," said the other, smiling. "Nothing thoughtful about it—I call it selfishness. We had to get rid of the lot, so we dumped it onto you. I'll let them know right away that you've taken it, and when you'll be there."

"Well, if you ever want a favor in my line," Ben told him, "you'll always find me ready and willing."

"All right, Whiffle, we'll keep that in mind." And Mr. Coppershield left the steamer.

Ben also left a few minutes later and hurried uptown. He entered a drug store and telephoned down the river to Chilson's neighbor, saying that he would be at the landing about ten thirty. When he returned aboard the Mollie Hendricks, great clouds of black smoke pouring from her stack and a thin wisp of steam curled up from the safety valve. With a warning blast he backed her out into the river, pointed her nose down stream and rang for full speed ahead.

It was nearly two hours later when Ben nosed his vessel into the levee on which Chilson's wheat was stacked. He leaped ashore while the gangplank was being run out, and climbed up to where Chilson and his two stalwart sons were waiting.

"Everything ready?" Ben demanded, briskly.

"Yep, Captain," said the little man.

"All right, then," said Whiffle. "We'll get to work," and he picked up a sack and led the way into the hold, followed by his deckhands, the Chilson boys, with their father puffingly

bringing up the rear and apologizing for being "chock full o' malaria."

"I'm mighty glad you could take my wheat," said Chilson, mopping his face with a multi-colored handkerchief when the loading was done. "With that there note coming due, I hardly knew which way to turn. Make it out to T. G. Chilson." This last referred to the check which Ben was writing.

A few moments later the little man stood on the levee with his sons, watching the Mollie Hendricks as she backed out into the Sacramento River and continued on her way down the stream.

"Now, that's the kind of a young man I like to see," said the elder Chilson. "If you boys were like him, maybe you'd amount to something."

"Aw, forget it, Dad," one of the boys advised him. "A guy has to finish high school and know something before he can amount to anything. Whiffle did. We were talking about football and he told me he was left tackle (same place I play) the year he graduated. You can't expect everything all at once."

At Collinsville Ben turned sharply to port and entered the San Joaquin. At the junction of the two rivers the muddy floods formed a tide-rip that frothed and seethed, stretching up tongues of water that licked and curled against the sides of the Mollie Hendricks as she pushed through.

In rounding the bend a dozen miles above Antioch, at the head of the island formed by the two rivers, Ben attempted to gain time by taking a short cut, but only succeeded in running aground.

"Dammit!" he exploded, and rang for full speed astern. The paddles turned the water white, but the vessel scarcely moved. The lead was then heaved, and it was found they had run head-on into a mud-bank which sloped rapidly upward and away from them.

"All right, Todd," Ben called down the tube. "Try it again, and give her the last ounce if you have to blow a cylinder-head in doing it."

"That's me," replied Lanky.

The paddles slapped and churned the river till it looked like yeast and sent out wave rings that ran up the banks. Ben swung the stern to port and to starboard, and then, with an extra burst of speed on the part of the paddles, the vessel backed off into deep water.

"No moreshort cuts after this," Ben told himself, and kept in the main channel.

The sun set before Stockton was reached, and he worked his way up the two and a half miles of canal from the river with the aid of the searchlight on the wheelhouse roof. Half a dozen stevedores were awaiting them on the wharf, where two powerful arc lights were burning. The loading began at once. Ben paused in the cabin for a bit to eat while Waller directed the stowing. He then went below to see how it was progressing. He saw at a glance that Waller knew his business as a stower, so he ran up onto the wharf. There he met a young fellow, clad in khaki breeches and leather puttees, who appeared to be in charge.

"Captain Whiffle?" he said.

"Yes, sir," replied Ben.

"I've a telegram for you," said the young man, and, taking a yellow envelope from his pocket, handed it to Whiffle.

"Thanks," said Ben, and, stepping to one side, opened the telegram. It read:

Will you consider contract hauling grain for Roberts people Sacramento and Stockton to Oakland? Good for three months.

Call them Oakland office Monday morning nine thirty All arranged Expecting you
Coppershield

"Who says the Mollie Hendricks is unlucky?" Ben said to himself. "If it hadn't been for her, I'd never have met Coppershield. He's a friend that is a friend."

Ben spread the telegram out on the side of the warehouse, and wrote on the back:

Will see Roberts people Thanks Can never repay you

Captain Whiffle.

"Can I trouble you to send the message written on the back of this?" Ben inquired of the young man in puttees.

"Certainly," the young man replied, pocketing the message; and, as Ben handed him a dollar bill, "That'll cover it."

"You can donate the change to the Starving Starfish League," said Ben.

"As I'm the president of the league, I'll just keep this toward my salary, which is long past due," the other laughed.

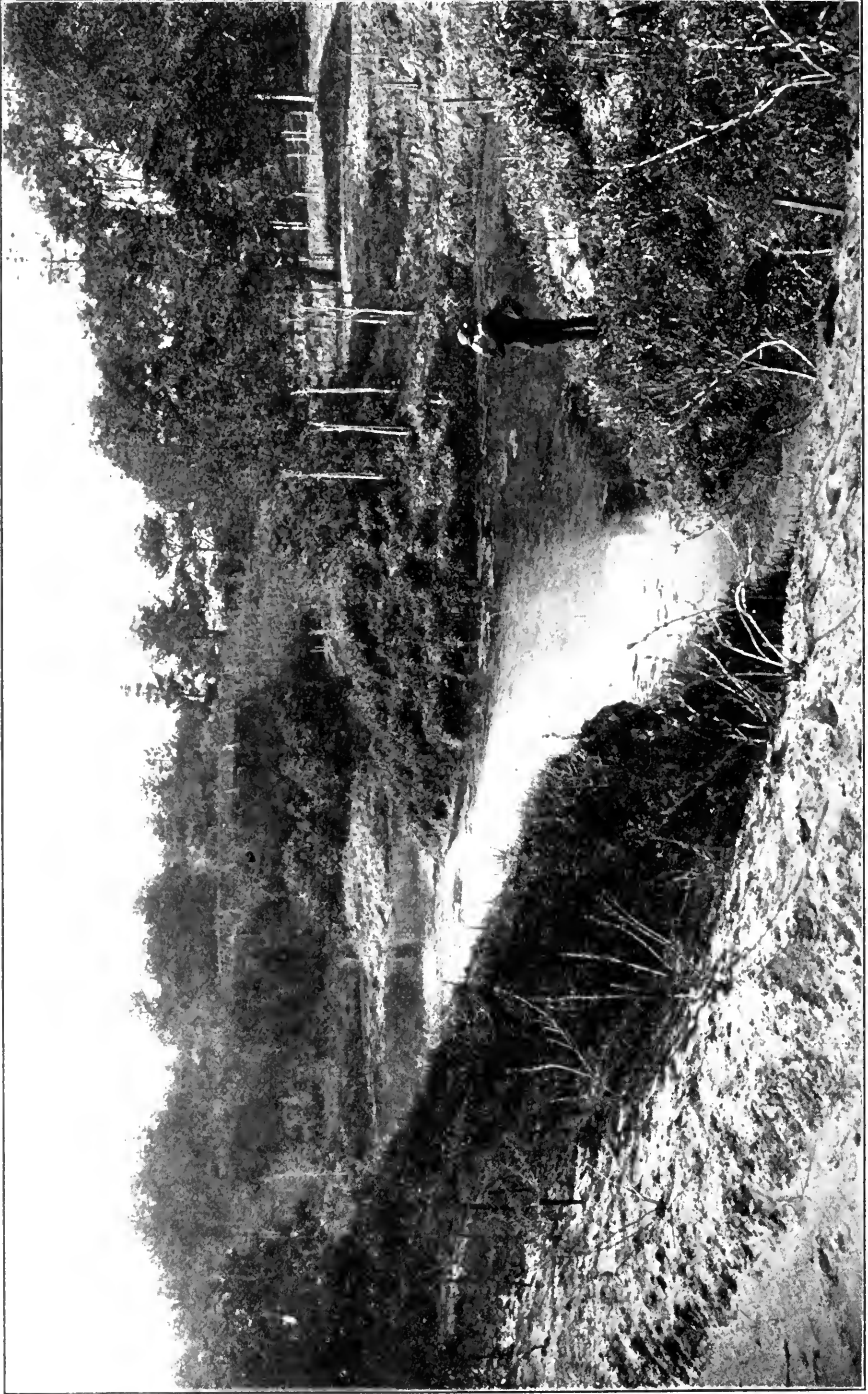
Ben looked at his watch. "Time's flying," he said. "Guess I'd better buck a few sacks myself."

At a quarter past midnight the gangplank was taken in, the lines brought aboard, and, with the shaft of light from the searchlight whipping the sluggish water of the channel, the Mollie Hendricks churned her way out from the wharf and headed for the river proper. She

(Continued on page 32)



"The Sun set before Stockton was reached"



To not know the out of doors is not to live

Black Shoes and Tan

By F. EMERSON ANDREWS

WE are all standing on an island, as it were, in the midst of a very sea of danger, and one misstep may plunge us into the seething black waters. Offend a man of power or passion, act rashly, be mistaken for another, be wrongly suspected, and at once you are drawn into a vortex of danger and intrigue, the outcome of which none can divine—

Henry Chadwick was forty, prosperous and at peace with the world as he walked down town that May morning, but already he had inadvertently made the dangerous misstep. He noticed people smiling and gazing back as they passed him. His curiosity aroused, he glanced down and was horrified to discover that he had on one black shoe and one tan. Now Mr. Chadwick was rather particular about his personal appearance, and this was the busiest street in town, so he hastily dodged down the first alley he came to, angry with himself for dressing so carelessly in his hurry that morning. There was just a chance, he reflected, that by taking back streets the whole way to the office he might escape the notice of his many friends and their pleasantries as to his weird footwear. It was worth trying, at any rate.

Proceeding for some five blocks through the alley, he came to a poor, tumble-down portion of the town with which he was very slightly familiar. Here he resumed his course down town. He had never been on this particular street in his life before, and he was struck by its woeful condition. It was unpaved, strewed with stones, bricks, tin cans and broken bottles and more full of holes than "No Man's Land." The houses were mostly frame and looked as if none of them had seen paint within twenty-five years. On the one side they were sunk below the street level, making them look even smaller in size than they actually were. There was a corner bakery with mud-crusted steps and a dingy show-window, in which a single plate of lop-sided and time-worn drop cakes held solitary state. He hurried on as fast as he could with the double purpose of escaping so unsavory a locality and of giving fewer people an opportunity to notice his variegated footwear. Fortunately for the latter purpose, the street was almost deserted. The only person in sight was a man a short distance ahead leaning against a fire plug and clad in the raggedest and most patched garments Mr. Chadwick believed he had ever seen. One square

more, he told himself, and he could turn down Arch Alley on which was located the rear entrance to his office building.

Suddenly he was startled to hear footsteps behind him. Turning his head slightly he saw that the solitary man at the fire plug was stealthily following him. But it was broad daylight; surely there was nothing to fear. The man was gaining rapidly and soon ranged alongside.

"A minnit, sir! Wait!" the man broke out breathlessly.

"Well?" questioned Mr. Chadwick with simulated calm.

"I almost missed you. They said as how you would wear one black and one tan shoe but I didn't think you were comin' so early. Here it is."

A dilapidated satchel was pressed into his hands before he could resist or, in his astonishment, ask any questions. The man scuttled away like a frightened rabbit.

"Come back here, you! There's some mistake!" shouted the astonished gentleman.

Mr. Chadwick ran after him but the man turned a corner a block ahead and was completely out of sight by the time Chadwick got there. This was a pretty pickle. The first thing to do, perhaps, was to find out what the satchel contained. There might be a clue to the owner in it. It seemed rather light; perhaps it was empty. The clasp, which was badly rusted, stuck tight and resisted all his efforts to open it. Finally he laid the satchel on the ground and pressed the clasp with his heel on the chance of loosening it up. It sprang open and out into the dirt rolled a package with a rubber band around it—all that the satchel contained. Mr. Chadwick picked it up and looked at it curiously. Liberty bonds! And, if the outer one was any indication, of large denomination!

Here was a mystery which needed much explanation. How had these valuable papers come into the possession of such a disreputable appearing man, and why had he given them over? Perhaps he was the messenger for some bank and was transferring them to another bank, but his ragged clothes, his furtive actions, made this seem improbable. Certainly he had not looked like a bank messenger, rather more like a thief. A thief? Surely that was it! He was a thief! He had stolen the bonds and had mistaken him, Chadwick, for some

confederate who was to dispose of them! The thought electrified the sedate Mr. Chadwick. Hastily dropping the bonds back into the satchel he started off at as brisk a pace as he thought he dared without making his movements arouse undue suspicion. One lonely block was negotiated in safety.

On the next there was a man approaching. Slowing down his pace and assuming as nonchalant an air as possible under the circumstances, he went on for there was now no time to turn back. The two men were scarcely ten feet apart when simultaneously each noticed that the other was wearing odd shoes. The stranger, a heavy-set, rough looking fellow, seemed to pause in perplexity, which only made Mr. Chadwick hurry on the faster. He was just passing when the other shot out a burly arm.

"No you don't, stranger. Up with them paws! No, this is a public street; keep 'em down, but no monkey shines!"

The startled Mr. Chadwick looked back into a black muzzle surely as large as a railway tunnel. The satchel fell from his grasp.

"I see you know that ain't yours," growled the other, picking up the satchel. "But I want you, too. Right about face, and march slow. Remember, this here thing will be in my pocket cocked and pointing straight."

There was no help for it: he "marched." He kept on marching until the very outskirts of the town had been reached. Then, at a rough word of command, he turned down a narrow and deserted lane. Here his conductor closed up on him, and when they had reached a very lonely spot, called a halt and proceeded to blindfold his eyes. This accomplished he gave a peculiarly shrill whistle, repeated it three times. In a few minutes the blindfolded man heard the voices and footsteps of several men approaching.

"A bull," explained his conductor briefly. "They must a' found out about that shoe trick and sent this fellow out to get the stuff. Lucky I started out a bit early and found him."

The blindfolded man was roughly turned around three or four times and led away between two men. For a while the footing was soft; evidently they were following the dirt road. Cautiously twisting his head he tried to find out in what direction the sun lay, for its rays would surely shine through even his thick bandage. It was either behind a cloud or they were proceeding in a northerly direction for he could catch no glimpse of its light. After a few minutes the path underfoot became sud-

denly hard. It was not a paved road, however, for it was very rough and every now and then he stumbled over what appeared to be huge rocks lying in the way. They seemed to be turning. Suddenly he was aware of the sun shining directly on the bandage. Suddenly it disappeared and this time without their making a turn. A few minutes more and his conductors led him into what seemed to be a room and tied him tightly to an upright square post. He started in to explain that he had come upon the satchel purely by accident, but a rough blow on the mouth convinced him that explanations for the present were out of order.

Listening intently he could hear the voices of the men in another room distinctly enough to make out most of the words. His captor, judging by the tone of authority he assumed, was evidently the leader of the gang; he was addressed as "Al" by the rest. Exclamations of delight attested that they had opened the satchel and found the bonds intact. Then someone closed a creaking door and the conversation fell to a mere murmur, interspersed every now and then with the louder clink of bottles. The prisoner, who was no weakling, tried with all his might to break or loosen the ropes which bound him, but succeeded only in chafing his wrists.

After what seemed to be a long period one of the men stumbled out to see that the prisoner was still safely tied. Satisfied as to this he returned, forgetting to close the door. The talking in the other room had grown very loud. They were discussing the use they would make of the money realized from the bonds.

"Are you goin' to give any of it to the chap that stole them from the company?" asked one.

"What do you think this is?" replied Al's thick voice. "He didn't give it to the right fellow, maybe he even peached and set the bulls wise. Even if this wouldn't a' happened he'd never of seen any of it."

"But Al, ain't this John Whiting runnin' in rather hard luck? I hear as how his kid's sick and the measly wages he gets from the Bolton Paper Mills ain't enuff to pay rent, let alone eats and a doctor bill."

"Well, that ain't our funeral."

"But, maybe," a third voice broke in, "we could get him into the gang. He could let us in on a big haul from the Bolton people."

"Him?" the chief's voice rose in scorn. "Never! He ain't the kind. He only did this trick to get money for the kid. I knowed when I went in on this that it would be his only

trick. That's why I didn't calculate on givin' him anything anyway."

"But still," persisted the one who had taken the man's part from the outset, "if it hadn't been for John Whiting we'd never have got sight of these bonds."

A string of oaths was followed by the dull thud of a blow and a sound as of an overturning chair. "I'll show you who's boss!" growled out the voice of the leader.

After a short pause conversation was resumed, this time as to what was to be done with the prisoner.

"He don't know this place because he was brought in blindfolded," commented one. "We can hold him until the bonds are sold and we're good and ready to get out, then horsewhip him to teach him not to interfere where he's not wanted, and let him go."

"No!" thundered Al. "He may not know you fellows, but he knows me, and I ain't figurin' on leavin' these parts for some time. Hey, who opened that door?"

The door was closed, and strain his ears, listen as never before in his life, the prisoner could hear no more. Ten minutes dragged on, leaden-footed. Life and death were the issue in the other room, and here he was, bound, blindfolded, unable to lift a hand in his own defense, or even hear what was being said! Great beads of perspiration started out on his forehead. How long the dreadful suspense lasted he did not know but it seemed ages before he heard a slight sound back of him. A man was stealthily approaching! Fear and hope clutched alike at his breast. Then he heard a voice in his ear—the voice he had heard pleading for John Whiting some time ago.

"They're going to kill you!" it whispered. "The gang don't want to do it, but Al won't have it any other way. I hate bulls like you, but that's going too far, and I want to get back at Al, anyway."

A bit of sawing with a knife, and the prisoner felt his hands and feet free. Too stiff to move his legs he tore the bandage from his eyes and gazed hastily about. His helper was gone. The room was perfectly bare and lighted by but one window, through which a stone cliff could be seen outside, rising sheer. The door was tightly closed, for which he was now as heartily thankful as he had previously been aggrieved. There was no time to lose, he well knew, so he walked as quietly and quickly as he could in his stiffened condition to the one window. Several of the panes had been broken out but the frame still held tightly. Indeed,

it was so warped by the weather that in spite of his utmost efforts he could not raise it. He looked about him in desperation. The shanty had evidently been used as a tool house before the quarry, as he now saw it to be, had been abandoned. Although there were several pieces of broken pipe around there was nothing small enough to use as a wedge to raise the window. How had the other man escaped? Scarcely through the door, for that would have been dangerous and besides, he had not heard it creak. Fool that he was! It was only the lower sash that was in, the upper one was entirely out and, from appearances, had been so for a long time.

It was but the work of a moment to climb up onto the window ledge, crawl through this opening and drop down on the other side. But already he had delayed too long.

As he dropped to the ground he heard the door of the room he had just left opening, and Al growling: "Come on, boys. The sooner we get it over with the better."

Chadwick knew that it would be a matter of seconds until his flight was discovered. He looked frantically about for a means of escape. The place he was in was a very long and sloping quarry, with a sheer wall of rock twenty feet high separating him from the open country and safety. To escape here was impossible. The sides were unbroken. Far down the straight stretch he saw the rapidly retreating figure of the man who had released him, but to follow him down that long and perfectly open incline while his pursuers had firearms and no compunctions about using them was little short of suicidal.

On the one side he now noticed for the first time an old incline plane track which had been used for hauling stone. On the platform at the top stood one of the old cars, red with rust. It was his only hope. With a bound he was up the short incline leading to the platform and had detached the cable which held the car. He pushed with all his might to start the car from the level platform. It groaned and creaked but budged not an inch.

He heard shouts down at the shanty and turning saw several of the men emerge with Al at their head holding a smoking revolver. In his excitement he had not even heard the shot Al had fired. A final desperate shove, and with much complaining the car began to move! With a flying jump Chadwick was in it; at the same instant a bullet whined overhead.

Slowly at first, but with rapidly increasing speed, for the incline was sharp, the car

began to lurch downward. The crouching, terrified passenger had not even had time to see if the track ahead was clear and still intact; he could only hope. The car was fairly tearing down the long grade now, swaying dangerously from side to side with the unholed wheels screeching out deafeningly. If only the road were intact and the car would hold the rails!

A bullet struck the car, passing clear through the rusted metal sides and barely missing the occupant. But that was the last. The careening car was no easy object to hit and it was rapidly drawing out of range. If it held the rails for 60 seconds more! But the speed of the car was becoming a positive danger. It could not hold the rails much longer in its dilapidated condition, even if the roadbed were perfect. It had never been intended to run free down the terrific grade, a cable having been used to hold it. Faster and faster it flew along, yet miraculously holding to the rails until suddenly it seemed to shoot up into the air and then fell over on its side, a twisted wreck.

Stunned for but a moment the fleeing man soon extricated himself, unhurt, from the wreckage. The car had run clear over the mound of earth at the end of the track. Far up the quarry, a quarter of a mile away at the least, the gang of ruffians were running toward him, but on either side stretched the open country. In his college days Chadwick had been a track athlete. Now he broke all previous records on

his trip back to town and to the nearest police station.

* * * *

"There they go," nodded the police sergeant, as the roar of a motor rapidly eating up the road to the quarry grew faint in the distance. "As you say, they'll almost certainly go back to the shanty to get the bonds before making their final getaway and then my men will have them beautifully trapped. With the bonds recovered, doubtless the Bolton Paper Mills will give their general manager another raise. But how you knew it was your firm's money is beyond me. They didn't find it out themselves at the office until just half an hour ago."

"Oh, the gang mentioned the thief's name when they were talking about disposing of the bonds and said he worked for our company so the deduction was easy."

"I declare!" ejaculated the sergeant, "In our hurry to get those men who threatened your life we entirely forgot to hunt up the thief who caused all the trouble. But that will be easy. What did they say his name was?"

Mr. Chadwick looked meditatively down at his shoes. One was black, the other tan. He took out a notebook and very deliberately wrote in it: "John Whiting—see that his salary is raised and his sick child cared for." Looking up at the sergeant with a puzzled expression, he said:

"Do you know, I have forgotten. I don't even remember what he looked like." Then, in a very matter-of-fact tone of voice, "By the way, sergeant, where can I get a pair of shoes?"



Sunset

By ADDISON B. SCHUSTER

The mountain has the color of a dusty Autumn grape
 The sky below glows rich like ancient gold;
 The shadows cross the valley and the breeze-front follows close
 And the day's a pleasant story all but told.

All around the ragged skyline cling the last bits of the day,
 In a variance of lavender and rose;
 The shadows rise to claim them till one peak stands all alone
 In the last and rarest beauty of the close.

The Way of the West

By ELMO W. BRIM

CHAPTER XX

The Sixth Day

DICK was back in his old cell in the Langford jail, and Jailer Bud Martin, despite the fact that he and his wife, Betsey, had spent a very disagreeable night, locked in his cell, during the night of Dick's release, was truly sorry to see him return—for he still liked and sympathized with Dick.

Dick's arrest, which had occurred on the streets of El Paso, had come unexpectedly and was a complete surprise. He had offered no resistance, instead offering to come quietly if Marshal Morgan would leave at once with him and not attract attention.

There had not been much to his trial; true, he had employed a good lawyer, but the lawyer could not win the case on his character and financial condition, at least not against such a strong chain of circumstantial evidence as there was against Dick. There was no way of proving an alibi; he had been at home all the time, but unfortunately, no one had seen him. The jury following the evidence found him guilty of the murder of Marshal Henderson. The judge made quick work of it, and set the date for him to be hanged one month after the trial. Within less than a month and a half after his arrest it was to be all over.

The time had slowly, but surely passed, and now as Dick sat in his cell he slowly counted the remaining days—there were only six of them. For the hundredth time his mind went back over the scene of his arrest and the events which followed. He might have succeeded in getting away from the officer either in a physical encounter or, had he given any notoriety to his arrest, there were many friends who would have prevented the marshal's ever leaving with him. The part he had taken in wiping out Juan Guerros' band of outlaws had made practically every one his friend and admirer. Never once did he regret that he had submitted to arrest—although it meant that he would lose Nina. He preferred death rather than to lose her.

There was nothing that counted with him but Nina; she loved him and had more than proved it—and she was a woman in a thousand. He realized that he had never loved Pauline. She was fascinating, but it had been a case merely of admiration. After she deserted him, at a time when friendship counted, it had not been hard to forget her. But with Nina it

was different—he loved her. It was the old, old story of the one real love. A woman never loves but once; a man is more fickle; while he may love, or fancy that he loves many women, there is but one of the many women who holds his love. So, after all, it is but one woman and one man though it is seldom that two of similar affections are mated.

During the period of his incarceration Dick had tried to write to Nina, explain his position and seeming indifference, but somehow his heart failed him. There was the ink and the writing material which he had secured for this purpose, but the dust lay heavily upon them. They had been unused although twice he had made the attempt. After the first page of each letter he could get no further and they ended in small, charred masses on his cell floor. For over a month he awakened with the intention of writing the letter and throughout the day, until he went to sleep, he thought of it.

On the morning of the sixth day, after studying over many things, he deliberately got his writing material and began writing to Nina. He knew that it would be easier for her to forget, thinking him unfaithful than it would be if she knew that he was still true to her, and was sacrificing himself for a friend. Nina was different from Pauline. She had finer sentiments and, too, she was "range bred." She could sympathize and approve of the stand that he was taking and would know that there was no other course, no choice in the matter. It was hard to tell her but it was only fair that she should know, so he wrote on and after an hour or more of uninterrupted writing he folded the letter, put it in an envelope, and after a moment's hesitation, addressed it in care of Mrs. G. W. Norton, El Paso, Texas. She would still be there, he was pretty sure, if not he felt she would receive the letter.

"Ho, Bud!" he called. "Come up here."

"Wal, Dick," said Bud when he stood in front of the cell, "what can I do fer yuh?"

"Bud, take this letter and get it off on the noon train," said Dick, passing the letter and a five-dollar bill through the bars, "and keep the change for your trouble."

"I'll shorely mail it, Dick, so don't yuh worry one bit," said Bud, "but I will bring yore change back; I am not charging yuh for doing

yuh a turn. I don't charge for doing favors for people I like."

"Well," said Dick, "I certainly appreciate your friendship, Bud, I am glad to know that I have one friend in this town. Don't forget to get the letter off."

"I won't," said Bud, starting for the door. "I may fergit ter eat but I won't fergit ter mail this here letter. It will go if ther train runs."

Then the door slammed and Dick heard Bud descending the stairway. The street door slammed and then he knew that the letter was starting to a woman who was, to him, the dearest person in the world.

The steady echo of hammers as the carpenters built a scaffold in the jail lot could be heard distinctly at the Greer home—all morning the hammering had continued. Pauline sat in her room with her fingers in her ears trying to shut out the noise of the hammers. She had succeeded in this but she could not stop her active brain as it drew vivid pictures of the past.

In her imagination she saw the first meeting with both lover and husband and she thought bitterly of the contrast which was shown in the two men. How handsome and fearless Dick had looked when he came to her aid that day—and what a brute and sneak Swain had been—how cowardly he had looked in the presence of a strong man. Brute!—he had been that ever since their marriage. Her face grew scarlet as she recalled the number of times he had struck her, but she smiled faintly as she recalled the fact that he had never broken her spirit.

Now he had left her; she knew that there could be no doubt about it for he had been gone for over a month without a word from him. He had sold, so her father had told her, his saloon and gambling hall before he left. Since then a family had moved into his house so it too must have been sold.

"Well," she exclaimed, bitterly. "I hope he has gone never to return. How I hate that man! I've always hated him, for that matter." Heretofore she had, secure in her position, ruled those about her but never before had she encountered two men of the types of Dick and her husband—in one the animal qualities predominated, while in the other, sense of honor and duty overruled everything.

It angered her to think of the character of this strong man, who, from a sense of duty and the code of a bunch of "wild men," had sacrificed not only himself but her. Too late she had learned that in punishing others we usually punish ourselves. How she hated him for caus-

ing her to marry a man like Swain. He had tried every conceivable method to break her spirit and, except for her money, he probably would have succeeded. As she removed one hand from her ears she shuddered as she heard the blow of the carpenter's hammer driving the last nail home. Suddenly it dawned upon her that had it not been for Dick there would have been no money.

"I hate him!" she cried to herself, her hands pressed tightly to her ears. But she meant that she loved him and too late she realized the injustice she had done him at a time when love and friendship counted above all other things.

On the colonel, who lay sleeping in a large arm chair within the cool shade of the front porch, the noise of the carpenters' hammers had no effect. Since Swain had left and "The Palace" had changed hands, he was unable to receive the attention and choice liquors that Swain had procured for him so now he spent most of his time at home.

"Father," she said gently as he opened his eyes, "I believe Charley has left me—and I am glad that he has."

"Nonsense, Puss! Utter nonsense!" exclaimed the colonel, pompously. "He is down at El Paso. He will be back in due time."

"In El Paso," repeated Pauline. "How do you know that?"

"Well, Marshal Morgan told me all about seeing him there," replied the colonel. "In fact he told me that it was through Charley's efforts that Dick Sterns was apprehended. He located Sterns and wired the marshal to come—a very worthy piece of work."

"So he was the cause of Dick's being arrested," said Pauline, bitterly. "Well, it is just like such a cowardly cur to seek that sort of revenge. Oh, how I hate him!"

"Why, Pauline!" said the colonel in a shocked voice. "I can't understand you."

"Well, I'll tell you, daddy," said Pauline. "I never loved Swain. I married him for spite. I hated him; knew he was a sneak, and I can't tell you all now but I have paid for my act more than once. Daddy, Swain is the man who insulted me at the 'boomer camp'—the man whom Dick Sterns whipped. He knows that I love Dick so he reported him to get even with me, and also to get revenge for the whipping that he received from Dick's hands."

"You mean that he is the infernal villain who insulted you?" gasped the colonel who had made several ineffectual attempts to speak. "Just wait until I see him! I'll have—"

"Daddy," interrupted Pauline, "we are never

going to see him again. We are going to sell our property and go back to Kentucky or anywhere but here. You know we have a standing offer so we will sell tomorrow."

Then throwing her arms around her father's neck she gave way to violent sobbing.

"Daddy," she said brokenly, "we must leave before—before—Oh! I can't say it, but there are only six days before it will happen."

"Yes, dear," said the colonel, stroking her hair gently. "I understand. We will go back to Lexington."

CHAPTER XXI

The Girl's Belief

It was Nina's custom to visit her girl chum, Grace Norton, when stopping at El Paso for any length of time, so when Dick left the hospital she took up her abode with the Nortons.

During the period when Dr. Pendleton was a practicing physician at San Antonio he and George Norton, Grace's father, were very intimate friends. Shortly after Dr. Pendleton went to Mexico George Norton, who was a prosperous cattleman, sold his holdings and moved to El Paso, where he established a bank. He died shortly afterwards leaving a widow and one daughter.

Nina and Grace had been chums since their early childhood. They had been schoolmates at San Antonio, and had gone East together to complete their education. Grace had spent many delightful days at the Pendleton ranch and Nina never failed to visit the Nortons when in El Paso. Mrs. Norton called the two girls "my twins," and declared that she could not have loved Nina more had she been her own child. Dick, who came to see Nina at the Norton home after taking his abode at the Voydon Hotel, became a great favorite with Grace and her mother who were well pleased with the match.

Then, like a bolt of lightning from a clear sky, came the shock. Dick suddenly disappeared leaving no trace as to what had become of him. Nina was inconsolable and Grace and her mother were nearly distracted. Had the earth opened and swallowed him up Dick could not have disappeared more completely, and, by some strange freak of fate, nobody could remember having seen him the day of his disappearance. The clerk at the Voydon Hotel had conversed with him the night before and he had not spoken of leaving town, evidently had had no such intention, for he had paid in advance. The agent at the station was positive that no man of his description had bought a ticket that day. Nina had never lost faith in

him. Never once had she thought him unfaithful or that he had deliberately, of his own accord, deserted her at their hour of understanding. Somehow she could not help but believe that the part he had taken in the extermination of Juan Guerros and his band was the cause of his mysterious disappearance. True this outlaw was dead and his band killed or scattered, but his influence still lived among his many friends and admirers; many were the Mexicans that would sacrifice their lives to kill the hated "gringo."

Nina spent hours riding up and down the Rio Grande and was, whether alone or in company with Grace Norton, always looking across into Chehuahau, occasionally stopping to examine a distant rider with the field-glasses which were always attached to her saddle. She and Grace had also made several trips to the summit of Mount Franklin, which towers above the town, and from whose height one can see from 100 to 200 miles in every direction. Though the disappointments were many she never lost faith in Dick, nor lost her belief that some day she would see him coming in on a travel-weary horse with that handsome, knightly look on his face which hardships and suffering could not remove. While she firmly believed that he had been kidnapped and taken into Old Mexico, she felt certain that he had not been killed—something told her that he was yet living and some day would escape and return to her.

One morning, over a month after Dick's disappearance, Nina and Grace sat within the vine-covered porch of the Norton home and, as usual, Dick was the main theme of conversation.

"Grace," said Nina after a moment's pause, "I am beginning to lose the hope that I once held about Dick's returning. For the last two days an awful fear that he is going to be killed has taken possession of me."

"Nonsense, dearie!" replied Grace as she threw her arms around Nina. "You have been worried and have thought so much about this that the strain is telling on your nerves. Don't worry, dearie, he will show up yet—you know, 'It is always darkest just before dawn.'"

"I know you are right, but I can't shake off this feeling, or presentiment," said Nina, soberly.

"For goodness' sake, look at mother!" exclaimed Grace, abruptly. "Something has happened! This is the first time I ever saw her running."

Mrs. Norton, a rather stout, good-natured, elderly woman came running up through the palm shaded walk from the street.

"Dearie!" she exclaimed breathlessly, as she reached the porch. "A special delivery letter

—it must be from Dick! I ran all the way from the office. Read it quick.” Then as Nina opened the letter Mrs. Norton sat down heavily and began fanning herself.

With a half wondering, frightened cry Nina began to read.

“My Darling Nina:

I have not intentionally treated you in this thoughtless, inhuman manner—it has hurt me more than I can tell you. After you have read this letter you can realize the misery I endured since last I saw you.

“Each day,—yes, several times each day—I have thought of writing and telling you of the position in which fate has placed me. Numbers of times I have started the letter but my heart would fail me when I thought of the misery and sorrow my letter would cause you.

“Today is my sixth day to live—and with the end now in sight I am not afraid, but the unhappiness that I am to cause you, the dearest one on earth to me, breaks my heart. For a long time I could not fight down the belief that it would be easier for you to forget if you thought me unfaithful than if you knew that I died loving you, and was faithful to the end; to also know that circumstances over which I had no control should be the cause of our unhappiness. After many painful thoughts I have at last decided that you deserve to know all and I am duty bound to tell you. I am to die at sunrise next Friday for a crime I never committed.

“To begin with, my right name is Dick Sterns and my home before entering Mexico was at Langford, Oklahoma—the name of Dick Wilson was an assumed one.

“While I was the foreman of the Circle D Ranch in Wyoming Jack Holt saved my life, at the risk of his own, while we were having a round-up in the Wind River Mountains. After roping a wild steer the cinch of my saddle broke and I was thrown over a precipice. Luckily I got hold of a small tree which, for the time being, saved me from a fifteen-hundred-foot fall, and death. Jack Holt threw a rope to me a few moments afterwards and I climbed to the top of the precipice. Imagine my surprise when I recovered my strength and looking for him found him in a dead faint with his arms locked around a small tree and tied to his legs was the rope I had just climbed. The rope being too short and I being nearly exhausted, there was no time to splice the rope and make it reach the tree, the only solution was to splice the rope with his own body. You can well imagine the agony that he under-

went. You can also see how he disregarded his own safety in the attempt to save my life. Only a tiny thread separated us from eternity. We were just ordinary acquaintances at that time so that made my debt of obligation so much the greater.

“After this we not only became friends but ‘pardners,’ and later we participated in the land-rush when the Cherokee Strip in Oklahoma was opened. I played in luck and secured a good location. The town of Langford sprang up and I sold part of my holding for town lots.

“Jack, whose horse fell shortly after the start, secured a claim which was of but little value. Time and again I insisted upon dividing my holding with him but it was against his code and I could not make him accept a penny. He took to gambling and drinking and finally ended up by robbing the bank and killing the town marshal. His horse was in my stable that night. Some time after midnight I heard him and went down to the stable. He was wounded in the left arm but gave no further explanation than that he was in trouble and asked me to catch his horse. I got him away shortly before the arrival of the marshal and posse.

“I was arrested and placed in jail, owing to the marshal’s dying words: ‘Size—looks—Dick Stearns,’ and the fact that there was blood on my hand, from Jack’s wound; I was refused bail.

“A few nights after I was placed in jail Jack returned, held up the jailor and released me. We separated and I made my way into Mexico. I never knew what became of Jack. You know the rest.

“I was recognized shortly after I took up my abode at the Voydon Hotel by a man who had known me in Oklahoma. I was on the street when the marshal arrested me. No one saw him make the arrest and I promised to go quietly if he would leave at once.

“There was not much to my trial, owing to the strong circumstantial evidence and the fact that I could not prove an alibi. I was at home that night but unfortunately no one saw me. Jack had escaped but you know the Way of the West—no man can say anything against his partner, even if he disapproves of his act. Before this Jack’s safety depended on my silence, now it does not, but you understand. I can’t say it—he has done too much for me. Later he might be caught.

“I could have escaped from the officer at El Paso but either course I took meant that I

should lose you so I prefer death to a long life as a fugitive, where my love for you would be constantly reminding me of how life might have been—the happiness which might have been ours, but for fate.

"You will remember I tried to tell you about this while I was in the hospital at El Paso but you refused to let me say anything about my past. I decided, after you left me that day, to tell your father and ask his advice; now I regret that I did not tell you.

"Nina, my story is ended and it is a sad one, after the dreams we built for the future. The short days that I knew you were the happiest of my life, and the love that I hold for you is the only real love that I have ever known.

"Dear-heart, I have come to where I must say good-bye. No one but you can realize what it costs me or know the great love that I hold for you—my love for you will be my last thought.

"May God bless and support you in your hour of trouble.

Yours,

"Dick."

As Nina finished reading the letter sobs shook her and her eyes glistened with suppressed tears; then the letter dropped from her nerveless fingers.

To Mrs. Norton and Grace's words of sympathy she made no reply. For a few moments she sat wildly gazing into vacancy, then she picked up the letter and springing suddenly to her feet thrust the letter into Grace's hand and rushed to her room.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Governor of Oklahoma

Before Nina sprang to her feet she had remembered the American cowboy whom she had found at the upper ford and the note-book in which he had written his dying confession about someone who was innocent of committing a robbery and murder.

"Could it be possible that the man referred to was Dick?" she thought, as she flew up the steps to her room. "The dead cowboy must have been Jack."

When she entered her room she ran over to a traveling bag and kneeling beside it pulled out the riding skirt that she had worn to El Paso, as her trembling fingers searched for the pocket she wondered if she had lost the note-book.

"No," she thought, "I never took it out after that day on the ranch. Forgot all about it—

yes, here it is." Her fingers at this moment came in contact with a small note-book which she hurriedly pulled out, began to turn the leaves.

"Oh, if it could only be true," she thought. Then a glad cry escaped her lips as she read:

"I and—another fellow—robbed the—Langford—bank—an killed—the marshal—Dick Sterns—had—nothing—to—do—with—it.

"Jack Holt."

"Thank God!" she exclaimed as she finished reading the confession. Then she sat down and wrote a short note to Dick, telling him that she was coming to free him. After finishing the letter she gathered up a few dresses and, placing them in the traveling bag, put on her hat and rushed down stairs.

"Nina!" gasped Grace and her mother in one breath; dropping the letter they had just finished reading they sprang to their feet and lovingly placed their arms around her.

"Listen!" exclaimed Nina, reading the dead man's confession. "That man was Jack! He was killed near our ranch by Mexicans. I found him but had forgotten about his confession until today. I placed the note-book in my riding skirt and never thought of it again. I am going to see Governor Lane of Oklahoma and make him pardon Dick. The governor is an old friend of father's so everything will be all right. This confession proves that Dick is innocent."

"But, my child," expostulated Mrs. Norton, "you are not going alone. Grace shall go with you."

"No, I haven't a moment to spare," replied Nina. "I have just time to make my train. Grace can go with me to the station and mail a letter for me but we must go now—for we haven't a moment to lose."

"Come on, Grace!" she cried, kissing Mrs. Norton and then rushing towards the street.

John B. Lane, Governor of Oklahoma, sat in his executive office at Guthrie reading an assortment of mail which his secretary had deemed worthy of his consideration.

He was a man of heavy build and of medium height with iron-grey hair and a closely clipped beard and mustache which would have given his ruddy face a stern expression had they not been offset by a pair of smiling, grey eyes. He was a very agreeable person.

As he laid down the letter he was reading he exhaled a cloud of smoke from the excellent cigar he was smoking and reached for a bulky letter which bore a Washington post-mark.

"Um!" muttered the governor, "From the President of the United States." As the governor tore the letter open his ear suddenly caught a conversation that his secretary was having with someone in the adjoining room and he paused in a listening attitude.

"Miss Pendleton," came the voice of his secretary, "I am very sorry but the governor is very busy—you will have to call later."

"Can it be possible?" mused the governor, suddenly forgetting the letter as his mind wandered back into his past life.

"But I can't wait!" a soft pleading voice was saying. "It is a matter of life or death to one who is very dear to me. I've got to see the governor and I must see him now—I haven't a moment to spare. I am certain, if you will only see him that he will not refuse to grant me a hearing. He was formerly a very intimate friend of my father."

"Really, Miss Pendleton," came the voice of the secretary, "I am sorry, but—"

The governor waited to hear no more, springing to his feet he started for the adjoining room.

"It may be his daughter," he muttered, "if not she is a lady in distress anyway and I will see if I can do anything for her." As he opened the door he beheld a small, golden-haired lady, whose beauty, as she stood pleading with his secretary, fairly took him off his feet.

"It is all right, Hugh, I will see the lady," said the governor with proper dignity. "Walk right in, madam, I shall be glad to be of service to you."

"Thank you so much, Governor Lane," exclaimed the lady, thankfully. "I am so glad you came out; I was getting desperate and was planning to try to force my way into your office. Oh, I am forgetting to tell you who I am—I am Nina Pendleton, daughter of Dr. Pendleton, formerly of San Antonio, Texas."

"Well, well!" exclaimed the governor, seizing her hand and shaking it vigorously. "My old friend Doctor Pendleton—his daughter! How time does fly! It seems but a short time since your father and I were in San Antonio and you were but a very small girl—and now you are a beautiful young lady. Have a seat, Nina, tell me all about your father—then, if there is anything that you desire me to do, tell me and I will be glad to do it."

"Daddy is getting along fine," said Nina, accepting the proffered chair. "You know that he has been in Mexico for the past ten years but of late we have had a great deal of trouble

with outlaws so we have decided to leave there. Father was wounded by them not long ago and we had an awful time getting him to El Paso. Now that he has recovered he has returned to Mexico to sell his ranch. When he returns we will possibly locate in Texas.

"You surprise me, my child, when you tell me of your father's being wounded," said the governor, kindly, "but I am glad that it was not serious. I had not heard—but we never hear very much in this country. I am glad that he is coming back to his own people. Your father is a wonderful man and he was, before I lost track of him, my most intimate friend. I should like very much to see him. Have him write me when he locates in Texas and I shall most assuredly pay him a visit. Now, my child, what can I do to aid you? If it is in my power I shall be glad—more than glad, to do it."

"In order for you to fully sympathize with me, Governor Lane, it will be necessary for me to go into details. It relates to the man I love and through your help I hope to marry," exclaimed Nina in an earnest, pleading voice.

"Tell me," said the governor, sympathetically.

"A few months ago," she continued, "while we were living in Mexico, one of my father's riders brought in a man who had been badly wounded by Mexican outlaws. After I nursed him back to health the ranch, in the absence of the men who were starting on round-up, was attacked by outlaws, father was dangerously wounded and they carried me away with them. The men who heard the firing returned and in the pursuit which ensued this man rescued me from my captors.

"Upon our return to the ranch we placed father in a wagon and, with half of the men for an escort, started for El Paso. We were pursued by some twenty Mexicans and after a fight had occurred between our men and them, this man—Dick Wilson—insisted that while he and one other remained to hold the Mexicans the others should proceed with the wagon to El Paso. When we returned, after placing father in the hospital, the Mexicans were storming their place of concealment. After putting them to flight, we found him badly wounded—you can see the sacrifice that he made for father and me—you do not wonder that I love him? I have loved him ever since I first saw him.

"After he recovered and left the hospital he took up his residence at the Voydon Hotel. Then, shortly afterwards, he disappeared leaving no trace of his whereabouts. I was nearly

frantic. Father had gone back to the ranch and I needed him badly to advise me. I was with friends but I needed my father, yet I did not send for him. A month went by, during which I suffered untold agony. The only theory that I could form for his disappearance was that friends of the vanquished outlaws had kidnapped him. Then a letter came from him and it was to this effect: He was sentenced to die for a crime he never committed. He could have cleared himself but in so doing he would have implicated his partner, a man who at one time had saved his life at his own great risk. As I said before he could have cleared himself by implicating his partner, but you know the creed of a range-bred man, that made it impossible for him to clear himself; he was duty-bound to shield his partner, even if he had not been under obligations to this man for saving his life."

And then, in a voice which at times thrilled with admiration, she vividly outlined the contents of Dick's letter to the governor, drawing a vivid mental picture of Jack saving Dick's life back in the Wind River Mountains. Then came the details of the land rush, Jack's subsequent downfall and the circumstantial evidence which placed the crime on Dick and his escape into Mexico and arrest at El Paso. She tenderly alluded to how he had fought against causing her the sorrow of knowing his awful position until he was under the shadow of the gallows.

"A few days before Dick was brought to the ranch I found his partner, Jack Holt, dead, about five miles from our ranch-house," said Nina. "He had been killed by Mexicans and in his hand was a written confession. I never thought of it again until I received Dick's letter, then I looked it up and saw that it referred to him. Now that he is dead I feel sure that Dick will approve of my using it. Here it is—when you read it you will know that he is innocent."

The governor, who had listened attentively to all Nina had said, took the note-book and read Jack's dying confession. Then he reached into a drawer and drew forth a paper which he handed to Nina:

"Deer Guvner

ther Guy thet is ter die at Langford, Okla, fer ther murder of ther town marshal is clean of ther job. me an a nudder Guy did thet bank job. I shot ther marshal, he was shootin at me, i will be ded when youse gets this, lungs on ther blink. caint last but a few hours, so i

dont want a innercent Bloke hanged fer somethin he never done.

"Shorty Hicks."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, as she finished reading the note. "You knew before you saw me that Dick was innocent. Now I am sure that you will give me his pardon!"

"Nina," replied the governor, sadly, "it is not in my power to grant a pardon."

"Not in your power to grant a pardon," repeated Nina, indignantly, her face becoming deathly white. "Not after those two statements? Why, Governor Lane, I—"

"Wait a moment, my dear," interrupted the governor, "you are misconstruing my statement. It is not a matter of personal feeling, Oklahoma is a territory, a governor cannot grant a pardon. It can only be secured through the President of the United States."

"But Dick is to die tomorrow morning at sunrise," said Nina with tears in her eyes. "Can't you do something? You are not going to let an innocent man die?"

"I investigated the man, Hicks, and found that he died in a small Oklahoma town," continued the governor. "He left some money which was identified by the bank that was robbed at Langford; I took the matter up with the President, giving him the full details, including the former character and financial standing of the accused. I was just opening a letter from Washington when I heard you talking to my secretary; I believe that it contains the pardon—I hope so at least—we will see at once."

Nina scarcely dared to breathe as she watched the governor open the letter and draw forth a rather bulky document. After examining it for a moment his eyes began to twinkle, and he said:

"My dear, it is all right! It is the pardon, and I am certainly relieved that it is."

"Oh, it is too wonderful to be true!" exclaimed Nina, springing to her feet and throwing her arms about the governor's neck, she kissed him.

"Well, my dear," said the governor smiling, "I wish I could get a pardon for you every day, for it is not often that a rough old man like me has a beautiful woman to kiss him. I am truly glad that the pardon came when it did. Now I will have my secretary wire the U. S. Marshal at Langford and, if you desire, you can also deliver the pardon—I know you will be leaving on the first train."

"You cannot imagine how grateful I am to you," replied Nina, her face wreathed in

smiles. "And I will never forget to kiss you every time that I see you in the future."

"I will hold you to that promise, Nina, when I visit your father. Now I do not want to hurry you but you have sufficient time to catch your train for Langford and no time to lose. You will change cars at Clarion; the branch line runs from there to Langford." The governor called his secretary and directed him to get a carriage to carry Nina to the station.

"Here is the pardon," he resumed; "you will deliver it to the U. S. Marshal. Shorty Hicks' original letter is attached to it so you will not only have the pardon but evidence to prove to the Langford citizens that circumstances have, unfortunately, abused a very honorable man. It will be their duty to make amends in exonerating him and wiping off the unfortunate stain which fate cast upon his character. Now, my dear, I wish you and this young man all the success and all the happiness in the world. He has had a very trying time, but he is securing a jewel in you which will more than repay him for what he has endured."

At this moment a knock sounded upon the door, and at the governor's command his secretary entered and announced that the carriage was waiting.

"Now I will bid you good-bye and I hope you will meet with no discomfort on the trip to Langford," said the governor, extending his hand.

But Nina, whose heart was too full of gratitude to speak, did not accept this formal parting; instead she threw her arms around his neck and kissed him good-bye.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Last Train to Langford

There had been trouble with a freight ahead of Nina's train making her arrival at Clarion two hours late. When she alighted from the train she experienced a sudden choking sensation as she saw that there was nothing but the bare rails of the road which led out from the main line—the Langford train had gone.

Hurrying into the station she accosted the agent, only to find that her fears were true, the Langford train had been gone over an hour.

"Sorry, Miss," said the man as he noticed her troubled expression, "but you can stop at the hotel and go up on the morning train."

"I am awfully disappointed!" exclaimed Nina. "I guess I will send a wire, secure a

conveyance and go through the country to Langford."

"Miss, I certainly hate to tell you, but you can't send a wire. The line is broken somewhere between here and Langford. We had a bad wind storm last night and they always tear up the wires. I have been trying to get Langford all day but I can't get them. I have a very important message that I want to get through."

Nina was too confused to speak on receiving this information.

"Where will I find a livery stable?" she inquired as she recovered from her surprise. "I want to get a conveyance to go to Langford tonight."

"Why, Miss, I would wait until morning and take the train," suggested the agent. "Langford is forty-five miles from here."

"Tell me, please, where I will find the stable," replied Nina. "I appreciate your suggestion, but it is a matter of life and death to me; I must go tonight."

"You will find the stable on the right hand side of the street as you go up-town," replied the agent. "But it is run by Sim Moffett, one of the contrariest mortals in this town and I doubt if he will make the trip tonight for love or money. I hope you have luck but you have a hard proposition."

"I thank you very much," said Nina, picking up her traveling bag and starting for the door.

After proceeding up the fast darkening street for some distance she saw a building bearing the weather beaten sign: "Sim Moffett, livery-man." As she finished reading the sign she stood for a moment regarding a man who stood at the entrance of the stable.

The man was tall, raw-boned and skinny. His long, thin face was clean shaven, except for a sparse black beard which grew from directly under his chin, giving him a goat-like appearance. His eyes, which were small and piercing, leered from drooping eyelids. A smirking, tobacco-stained mouth increased his forbidding appearance. All told, from his ill-fitting clothes to the slouchy grey felt hat which covered a tangled mass of coal-black hair, he looked like a "hard-boiled" citizen—and he did not belie his looks.

"Are you Mr. Moffett?" inquired Nina as she approached the man who stood in front of the stable.

For a moment he eyed her in half disapproval, then replied in a harsh, biting voice:

"I've been called that by some people, but it is not common for people ter give me ther Mister handle."

"Well, Mr. Moffett, I would like you to send me to Langford tonight; I missed my train and it is very important for me to go. I am willing to pay well for the trip."

"Wal, Missy," he replied as he rolled his quid of tobacco from one jaw to the other, "that air some trip—I spects yuh had better wait an' go up on the train termorrow morning."

"Mr. Moffett," said Nina, with an effort controlling her temper, "as I said before, it is absolutely necessary for me to go tonight. I will pay you any price, if you will only take me."

"Can't be did, Missy," he snarled. "Hates ter disappint a lady, but all ther stock I has is 'singles'—not a thing in double rigs. A single hoss can't make ther trip."

"Well," replied Nina, "what about hiring me a horse to ride? I will pay you for a week's hire and return the horse before that time."

"Can't see my way clear ter do that, Missy," he said, leering at her with his watery eyes.

"Can't tell nothing about strangers, yer know; might cost me a good hoss—I'm not in this business fer my health."

For a moment it required all her self-control to keep from telling the man what she thought of him, but she instantly knew that she must remain diplomatic, for the life of one who was dear to her heart was at stake, so instead she laughed and said—

"Well, Mr. Moffett, people do get fooled sometimes so I will not argue with you any longer. I judge that you have a horse and saddle that you will sell—most stockmen will sell. I will buy a horse, if he is a good clean horse and bridle-wise."

(To be concluded in the June issue)

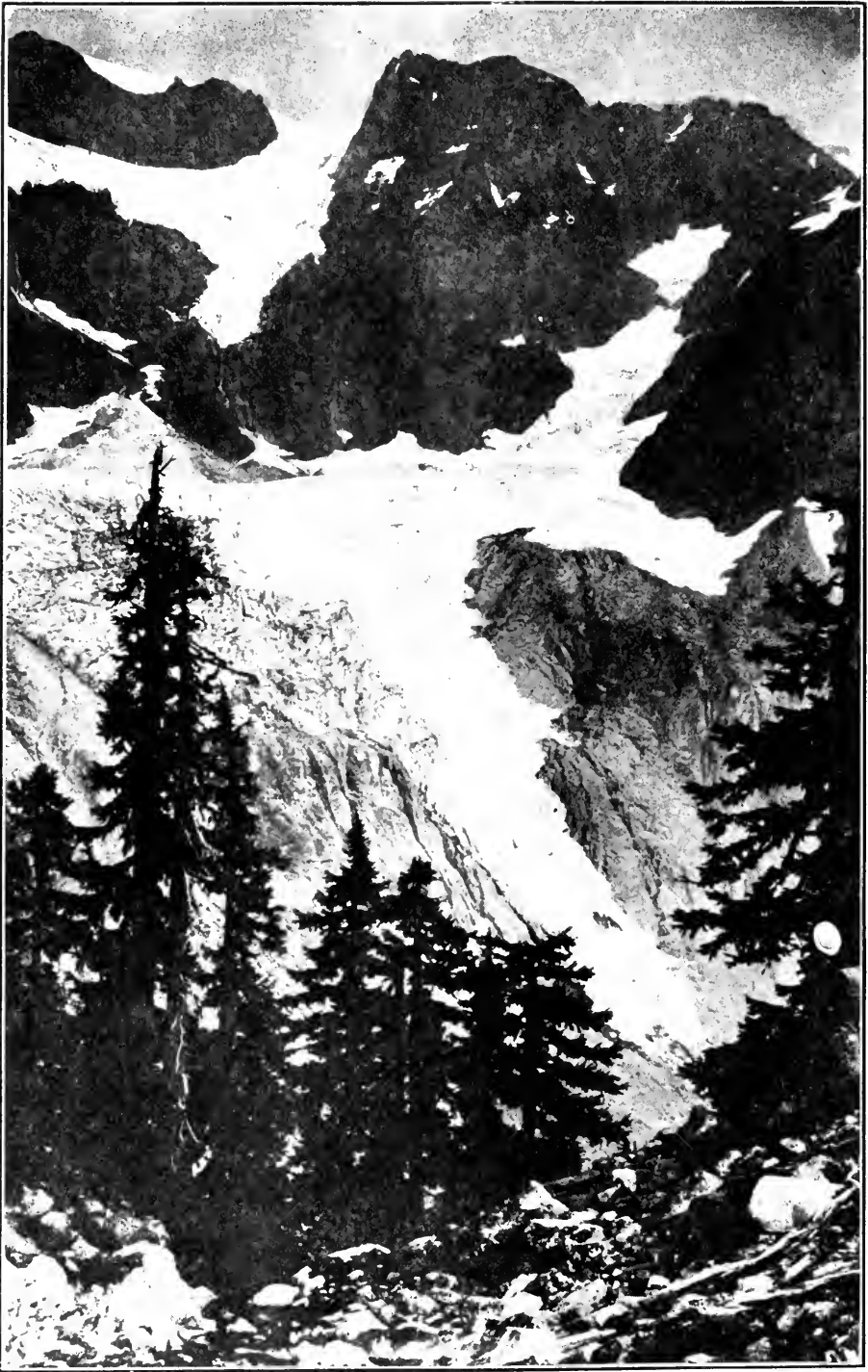


Science

By A. G. BIERCE

The winds of heaven trample down the pines,
 Or creep in lazy tides along the lea;
 Leap the wild waters from the smitten rock,
 Or crawl with childish babble to the sea;
 But why the tempests out of heaven blow,
 Or what the purpose of the seaward flow,
 No man hath known, and none shall ever know.

Why seek to know? To follow Nature up
 Against the current of her source, why care?
 Vain is the toil; he's wisest still who knows
 All science is but formulated prayer—
 Prayer for the warm winds and the quickening rain,
 Prayer for sharp sickle and for laboring wain,
 To gather from the planted past the grain.



*"Whose rugged rocks and savage slides
Show the snow-clad crust and wind-swept wounds."*

Mt. Shasta

By AUGUSTIN S. MACDONALD

Thou hoary-crested relic of the prehistoric past,
With untilled precipitous areas unharnessed by
man:

A mighty monumental mass of volcanic form,
Whose rugged rocks and savage slides
Show the snow-clad crust and wind-swept
wounds

That time's erosion scarred by violent storms
And gnarled trees with lightning rings
Defied the elements and challenged Nature's
wrath.

Dwarfed are all things else around
As this terrestrial cone rises in its vast splendor,
Until its snow-capped apex pierces the sky.
Like a sentinel it guards the mountain chain,
Sublime in its wild, pathless contour.

Despite the hissing hurricane hurled in furious
tempests,

It stands majestically on its eternal firm
foundation;

A remnant of the ages and a rampart of the
future.



Where Once the Herd

By WILL S. DENHAM

A caravan is moving on the prairie
Past changing scene of farmland and of wheat,
By checkered field and flowering yard and
garden,

Past din and pageantry of village street.
The tumbleweed is fast within the hedgerow,
A fence has moved across the wandering trail;
The plain that knew the glory of adventure
Is laced by chartered road and shining rail.

No peeping face nor hail from covered wagon
Where once the dust and thunder of the herd;
No new-blown hopes by campfire light at
evening.

The wind is by some strange new impulse
stirred.

It may be but the dream of noble fortune
Envisioned by the passing pioneers;

It may be but the motor van of progress—
To me it is the caravan of years.

THE LUCK OF THE MOLLIE HENDRICKS

(Continued from page 14)

rode low in the water and steadier, and her speed was retarded proportionately. Amidships her freeboard was to be measured by inches instead of feet. There were exactly ninety tons of wheat aboard, and she was loaded to capacity. To reach Oakland on time Ben Whiffle found that he would have to drive her.

And drive her he did. He kept calling for more speed till she was logging eight knots or better, and trembling in every timber. As speed goes in this day, when automobiles and aeroplanes think nothing of making a hundred miles an hour, it was not much, but for a small and semi-antique river boat, heavily laden, and on a fairly crooked stream at night, it was better than good.

"Hey, Lanky!" Ben shouted into the speaking tube.

"Hey!" replied Lanky.

"How do ten fish look to you?"

"Better than an ice cream soda in the Supreme Stoke-hole," replied the long engineer.

"You can have it if we tie up at Oakland before noon," said Ben.

"Might as well give it to me now," said Todd.

"And tell your second that there's as much for him if we get there," Ben added.

"All right, sir," and Lanky commenced whistling "Alcoholic Blues."

Through the weary hours of the morning, while the paddles slapped the water, the engines throbbed, and the steamer trembled and shook, Ben followed the spot of light that danced before him on the yellowish river.

"Can't I take the wheel for a spell, sir?" said Waller, coming into the wheelhouse at five-thirty. "You've been at it pretty steady, and I know the river fairly well."

"And run the risk of going aground?" Ben demanded. "No, sir, I can't take the chance."

"Just as you say, sir," and the mate went below.

"The next addition to my crew," Ben told himself, "will be a pilot. Then I can have every other four hours off. A pilot would come in mighty handy right now."

The sun found them still in the river, and with its aid Whiffle crowded on till the Mollie Hendricks carried a bone almost to her deck, and held it there. Just above Martinez an Italian fisherman made uncomplimentary references to Ben's ancestors and his ability as a pilot when the latter nearly ran afoul of his nets, and did run afoul of his tongue. Ben let down a win-

dow and replied that he was in a hurry now, but would reply by mail if the fisherman would give his address. But the sarcasm was lost upon the infuriated son of Rome, and Ben left him sending verbal hot-shot at the paddle-wheel.

Ben Whiffle found the tide racing in through the Strait of Carquinez, and it became necessary to ease up a trifle to keep the cargo deck anywhere near dry. He lowered the fore windows of the wheelhouse, and the sharp, bracing breeze that swept up the Strait drove some of the drowsiness from him. And when they were out in San Pablo Bay Waller again offered to take the wheel.

"No!" Whiffle snapped, irritably. He was beginning to show the strain. "I've come this far, and I'll take her in myself. When I want you, I'll send for you. D'you understand?"

"All right, Captain," said Waller, with a shrug, and left the wheelhouse.

Rounding Point San Pablo, Ben Whiffle ran an imaginary line along the northeast of Red Rock and the Southampton Shoal Light, between the northeastern point of Goat Island and the Key Route pier, into the entrance of the Oakland Estuary, and held the Mollie Hendricks to it. Ben idly noticed that the bluejackets were drilling on the parade ground as he passed the island. And as he turned into the estuary the ferry steamer Thoroughfare, answering a signal from the Mollie Hendricks, slowed on her way out and allowed the other to cross her bows and pass into the narrow strip of water.

Minutes later the Mollie Hendricks slipped in alongside the Great Western Milling Company's wharf and made fast. Her captain climbed down to the wharf and entered the office. He handed his contract to the man in charge.

"Here's my contract calling for wheat to be delivered by noon," he said, sleepily. "I want a receipt for ninety tons."

The man in charge glanced at the contract; and a receipt was quickly made out. "You can get your money as soon as the grain's weighed in," he said.

As Ben turned to the door the noon whistles commenced to blow. He smiled triumphantly to himself, and, returning aboard, entered the main cabin where his dinner was on the table, and sank into a chair. Charley came shuffling in with a dish of vegetables.

"By Golly!" Charley ejaculated, catching sight of his captain.

For Ben was slumped down in his chair and snoring right lustily.

The Man Who Came Back

By FRANK A. HUNT

SOMEWHERE in the Capitola Hotel a native string orchestra was playing dreamy music. The moon turned the bay to shimmering silver and gilded the tops of the palms. The warm land breeze that caressed our cheeks whispered of the jungle, which always seemed about to encroach upon the town.

John Ward, famous painter of the South Seas, tossed the glowing butt of his cigar over the verandah rail and gave some mysterious signal, whereupon a muchacha appeared presently with cooling drinks. We had spent an hour, following our reunion, in discussing college days, but he had not touched upon his life in the islands.

"I am going to tell you my story," he said abruptly. "I know you have heard the rumors that always revive when my pictures appear on exhibition in the States. It violates the rules of the short story for there is an anticlimax and I may shift the scenes without warning, but it has the virtue of truth."

I remembered vague accounts had reached the United States of how Ward had married a native girl and taken to the jungle. Perhaps, of all who knew him, I could best understand his act, for I remembered his romantic nature; his rebellion against the shams and restraints of civilization and his passionate love for the tropics. And yet, this did not excuse a white man from fleeing from all responsibility and casting aside his birthright. I wondered how he had fought back to the assured position he now held.

Though a young man his hair was grey and there were deep carved lines in his face, but he had the air of a patrician and an ease of movement which spoke of a splendid physical condition. I thought of the many reforms he had wrought in the islands. Then, too, I had caught a glimpse of his beautiful wife; a strange, exotic flower of a woman. I looked forward to meeting her with great interest and I knew that Ward's story would explain something of the lure of romance and adventure which critics found in his pictures.

"I was more native than the natives," said Ward, plunging into his story. "An eater of the lotus, I thought I had found my Nirvana and I was content.

"Then—well, I awoke one morning, after a debauch in the barrio near which we lived, to

find Felecia standing over me with the look of one who has made a discovery.

"'You are un maldito drunkard,' she said.

"The nipa thatch rustled on the roof of the hut and then all was still. Outside the tropical sun glared down upon the clearing. I sank back upon the bamboo bed. Dimly I wondered if I had heard aright.

"'Yes, you are truly un maldito drunkard.'

"'Here!' I cried, getting unsteadily to my feet, 'do not say that again. Who said I was a drunkard?'

"'Perhaps the Wak Wak told me,' she said with fine sarcasm. 'How else should I know?'

"'I know who has been putting ideas into your head,' I said fiercely, 'some half breed missionary has been preaching in the village again. If I see him he will never sing another hymn. Besides, you should not swear.'

"'But there was no pleasure in the outburst for Felecia did not reply. Instead she threw herself upon the floor and burst into passionate weeping. I was sober in an instant and comforted her as best I could.

"'Long that night I lay gazing at the Southern Cross through the open window while a lizard uttered his mournful cry in the palm over the hut. I was a drunkard! Even my child-wife, who had seen only natives and the whites who made up the scum of the beach, knew that. When a white man seeks intoxication in the native drinks he is going fast. I had long since ceased to paint, but the dribble of an income from the States had kept me in liquor.

"'The sun was just peering over the edge of the jungle when I stamped upon the floor. Felicia cried out in alarm.

"'Pack your clothes,' I said sternly, 'I am no longer drunk. We are going to Capitola.'

"'Her mother stirred in the compartment at the far end of the hut.

"'Why?' she whined, 'I do not like large towns.'

"'She was a weazened old native with sharp, peering eyes. To me, she always had the air of carrying about a precious secret. It was annoying that I could never fathom just what gave me that feeling. Then too, it held me a little in awe, though she was old and feeble. She chewed betal nut constantly.

"'Wherever natives go there they seem to find relatives. When we reached Capitola the

mother found lodgings with one of her numerous cousins. Almost by sheer force I carried Felecia to the mission.

"'She is but a child,' said the woman in charge. 'Nevertheless your marriage was quite regular and I will do as you say. She may enter to receive special instruction. The sum you have left is quite ample. She is very beautiful. I have never seen a native girl who possessed such a wonderful complexion. Her hair is wavy; her brown eyes fairly sparkle and she has the grace of a lady. I would not have believed her a native had you not told me of the mother. Come, child!'

"'Oh!' cried Felecia, 'Oh! Juan, do not leave me. I will be good and swear no more. You will get drunk and no one will take you home. No one will care for you when you are ill after. Oh—.'

"But I hurried into the street. I wanted work; hard work. Something to fight. Something that would strain every nerve and muscle to the utmost and try my will. Something that would make me forget for a time my desire for liquor and banish the languor which had held me.

"Of all places in the city I turned into the Gold Dollar bar hoping for the sight of a familiar face. I laughed when someone whom I did not know offered to buy me a drink of whiskey. I had never felt so strong.

"'Thanks,' I said, 'I don't indulge.'

"I saw that the man was studying me curiously. I only hoped that he was insulted and drunk enough to fight. He was big, broad-shouldered and clad in immaculate white ducks.

"'Been long in the tropics?' he asked glancing at my wretched clothing and tangled beard.

"'No,' I said, 'I am a millionaire tourist. Just dropped in on my yachting trip around the world. Don't you think the types one meets here very interesting?'

"'You are a queer one,' he said with a smile, 'I'll wager you know every dialect in the islands.'

"'What's that to you?'

"'Just this,' he said leaning earnestly across the table. 'I could use you. There is pestilence, and I don't know what all, in Pangara. I am a government contract physician. Things are in a bad state just now with rumors of an uprising. I have a liberal appropriation but no white man will volunteer to go with me to the village and you know what natives are in a crisis.'

"'I am your man,' I said and we shook hands.

"'My name is Dr. Mark Reginald Wayne,' he volunteered and waited.

"'Thanks,' I said, and he smiled again.

"Dr. Wayne was a young man, fresh from medical college, but he had been in the islands long enough to know tropical diseases. He knew the quantity of drugs, disinfectants and supplies to carry. The little inter-island steamer landed us on a sandy beach at the mouth of a muddy river. We had much trouble finding a boat large enough to take us up stream to Pangara and there was just light enough left to pitch camp by the time we had prepared for the voyage.

"Dr. Wayne had theories regarding the effect of sunlight on white men in the tropics which he proceeded to expound at length as we lay in our tent sheltered from the mosquitoes by heavy netting.

"He asserted that it was the short rays of the sun that did the damage. He said that they penetrated further than the others into the brain. He believed that the sunlight caused whites to degenerate when they stayed over long near the equator. I pretended to listen and he was content but I began to study him for the first time.

"I was burning with the desire for liquor. I saw a pocket flask as he placed it in his knapsack and then I quickly looked away for fear that he would intercept my glance and offer me a drink. That night I think I had fever. In my dreams I was back home on old Lake Michigan listening to the roar of the waves against miniature icebergs. Then the scene changed and I was gazing into the fiery crater of a volcano. The edge was crumbling and the faster I ran the faster it gave way. I awoke panting like a racer and covered with perspiration. I swallowed quinine and for the rest of the night lay awake.

"The next day was hot, hot even for the tropics. Doctor Wayne was pale beneath his huge helmet and progress up the river was slow.

"'Dip leaves in the water and put them in your hat,' I said, and then turned to curse the natives for their laziness at the paddles.

"'If you do any exploring while on this island and approach one of the inland native villages you will be greeted with a chorus of barking dogs, screaming children and shouting men. Our approach to Pangara was in dead silence.

Pigs and chickens moved about in the dust beneath the stilted houses but no natives or dogs were in sight. They were panic-stricken; hiding in their huts with every door, window and chink closed tight. We found three bodies lying in the streets and knew not how many more were in the houses.

"Have a drink?" suggested Dr. Wayne, 'A man certainly needs a bracer before starting in here.'

"My body cried out for the stimulant for I knew the task we were about to undertake.

"Not now," I said, 'perhaps later,' and we went to work.

"Our native boys were frightened at the presence of death and refused to touch the bodies or dig graves until I took the automatic I carried in my blouse and placed it in a scabbard on my hip. Then they complied muttering under their breath and shaking with fear. I resolved to watch them closely to prevent a stampede. Before we had completed our task, another native dropped dead as he sat in the door of his hut.

"In one end of the village we established our hospital. It was the largest house and as usual was owned by the head or 'mayor' but he was too ill to object. We poured disinfectants beneath every hut and fumigated thoroughly. The children seemed to understand that we were trying to help them but the adults were frightened, superstitious and sullen.

"On the second night it came my turn to snatch a brief nap. I was brought suddenly erect by a cry of sheer terror from the doctor. Rushing toward a house from which came the shuffling of feet I burst in upon a weird scene.

"The doctor stood with his back against the wall and the flickering light of the cook fire revealed the look of surprised horror on his face. About him danced five gruesome figures making strange gestures and stabbing futilely at their victim with knives and sticks. Wayne wielded a rice flail but the attack must have been so sudden and unexpected that he was almost overpowered.

"I sent a bullet through the thatch and his assailants threw themselves to the floor and covered in the corners. Two had gargoylike faces and made strange smothered noises like the mewling of a cat in a cellar. The other two were featureless and feeble.

"My God! what does it mean?" asked Doctor Wayne.

"Lepers," I said, 'You ought to recognize the disease by this time. The natives had them

hidden away. The law requires that they go to the isolation island. They knew that they would be discovered and decided to attack first. We will lock them up in this hut and I will bluff the natives into keeping guard until they can be taken away.'

"On the fourth day of our stay in Pangara our boys deserted. Dr. Wayne drank deep and replenished his flask from a small keg concealed among the supply boxes.

"Buck up!" I said, 'we are winning. There are enough convalescent patients now to aid us. They don't like it but they are working.'

"At night I dared not sleep now for fear of trouble. Superstition prompted the poor devils to resent our quarantine and treatment. During the day I would sometimes steal away into the jungle and seek an hour's slumber deep in the cogon grass. I would wake with a start fearing that I had overslept and that the doctor might be in trouble.

"Despite the fact that I knew their dialect and the ways of natives they proved treacherous and I knew that plots were afoot to take our lives. I kept them awed, however, and I don't mind telling you that two died in the jungle whose chart would not have shown a temperature."

I glanced at the white scar I had noted on Ward's left temple and made a shrewd guess as to what had happened.

"Apparently we had conquered," he continued, lighting a fresh cigar. "Let's celebrate," said the doctor and got speedily intoxicated. The next day two of the natives died suddenly and the battle was on again.

"What need to tell all the horror of those days and nights. I went alone into the jungle and stood in a little clearing at noonday and made a solemn vow that if we were allowed to win I would never again flee from the battle of life and a white man's responsibility.

"When I returned to the village a curious group of natives stood about a dusty figure lying in the middle of the street. They scattered at my approach and I carried the doctor into our improvised hospital.

At last victory was ours; there were no sick and we left the village with no regrets. The natives were not sorry to see us go and some followed along the river bank as if loath to



The Editor's Note Book

Masters of Literature

T IRED of the noisy complaints and surface observations of so many thousands of self-seeking modern writers, those who know real art expressed in words turn more and more to authors of another sort—to those who thought things out before they put pen to paper.

Flaubert's famous rule was "to look at what you want to express long and attentively enough to find an aspect of it which no one else has seen or written of." Then he wrote, sometimes at the rate of two whole lines in two days! Thus came his masterpieces. At its best all authorship worth the name requires endless toil, unceasing self-discipline and tireless study of the best literature of all the ages.

Sadly one observes the modern author of "best sellers" who has dictated at top speed some forty or fifty sensational stories, called by courtesy "novels," and has sent them to the publishers almost without revision. Really now, it is time to take account of stock and see whether anyone still believes in literature.

We lately found these words in the Evening Post of New York: "Today under one's eyes constantly pass combinations of stereotyped situations book phrases, hasty paragraphs and turgid language. Life comes before us as in all possible phases of travesty." That tells the tale. There used to be a "profession of letters," but now it is merely "the writing game" which is a very different matter. Literature still exists, and will in time produce more masterpieces, in quiet places, remote from the sound of cities, the noise of rapid transit, the flashes of talk across the skies. But these, the coming immortals, will not wish for money nor for immediate fame. Slowly, with careful

precision they will build their thought-loaded sentences, and again we shall have Brownings, Emersons, Arnolds, Flauberts.

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One of the Real Pioneers

A long time ago there was a red-headed youth who saddled his horse, left the old farmstead in Alameda Creek, and rode through a dozen such prosperous agricultural counties as Solano and Colusa, stopping wherever night overtook him, and writing out letters for a San Francisco newspaper.

There came a time when this youth who loved all the histories and traditions of the past, and who went miles out of his way to pick up stories about such men as Boggs, Bidwell, Sutter, Weber, left the broad valley lands, climbed into the region immortalized by Bret Harte, and wandered for many weeks among the wonderful memories which still survive, even at this hour, in the gulches of Yuba, Sierra and Nevada counties. He panned out a few particles of gold in Rocky Creek and at "Humbug" (not North Bloomfield). He was at home with the people of all that land north and east of Grass Valley, "Blue Tent," "Gopher Point," "Columbia Hill," "Orleans Bar," "God's Country," "Downieville," "Port Wine," "Nigger Hill."

Imagine, if you please, dear reader, the pleasure felt by this somewhat older youth of 1874, when he discovered in one of the chain of second-hand book stores of the Holmes Company in San Francisco, a volume called "The Diary of a Forty-Niner." After reading every word, we are sure that this account of the experiences of Alfred Jackson, a son of Connecticut, a pioneer miner in Rocky Creek, Nevada County, is a truthful unadorned

chronicle of California's early placer mining days, and therefore is a historical document. The editor, Mr. C. L. Canfield of San Francisco, ought to place in deposit of some university the original whose earliest entry is May 10, 1850.

This book was published in San Francisco before the earthquake and copies of that edition are now exceedingly scarce. It was re-published, with a brief "Epilogue" by the editor, by Houghton-Mifflin Company of Boston. The editor of this remarkable pioneer document is now dead and it may be a long time before we know anything more about it. But one should add that the Holmes, father and son, who came to California years ago and started a little book store, are better posted in old books relating to California than anyone else we know of in the trade or out of it.

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A Walt Whitman Sea Symphony

Walt Whitman is fast becoming a musician's poet, for the majestic rhythm and dramatic conception of his lines have been the inspiration of many modern song cycles and symphonies. The most recent of these is a choral sea symphony by the English composer R. Vaughan Williams. As text Mr. Williams has used excerpts from various poems—from the "Song of the Exposition," from the "Song for All Seas, All Ships," "After the Sea Ship," and—for its peroration—from the "Passage to India." The symphony was given for the first time in New York at a recent concert of the famous Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto associated with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra.

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Artist and Author

Lee Thayer the writer of mystery tales, whose new story, "Q. E. D.," has just been published, is even better known as an artist than as a novelist. She has the unusual distinction of being represented twice on the Spring list of Doubleday, Page & Company, as the author of "Q. E. D." and the designer of the six decorative pages which precede the text of "The Fire Bird." Mrs. Gene Stratton-Porter's Indian epic which is to be published this month. Mrs. Thayer has chosen as the motif for these decorations the picturesque totem poles, carved war canoes and pottery of the aboriginal Americans.

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Frank M. Chapman, the noted ornithologist, has found that bird migrations are heaviest

during the early weeks of May, reaching a peak about the tenth of the month. Hence now is the time when all bird lovers are keenly counting up the number of species they can see. Chapman's "What Bird is That?" (Appleton) is found to be an invaluable aid, convenient to slip in the pocket, and so arranged that a large number of pictures of birds, arranged according to season of appearance, and showing color, markings and relative size, are found on one page. As the bird army flies by the quickness and ease of identification afforded by "What Bird is That?" are essential.

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Elizabeth G. Young's novel, "Homestead Ranch," just published by the Appletons, is awakening comment upon the admirable truth of its picture of the experiences of two young people who went from the East to try their fortunes in the West. As a matter of fact the story is based upon the actual career of two people working as homesteaders. "A western story quite different from those you are used to. We have found it so delightful that we recommend it as one of the best western stories of the year. We feel that the story is true to life," says the Boston Herald.

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A strikingly realistic novel of five years of war, which is a sensational success in England, is "Way of Revelation" by Wilfrid Ewart, to be published this week by D. Appleton and Company. This is the novel which Sir Philip Gibbs declares, "No more truthful and vivid picture of life between 1914-19 has been written in English." The notable feature of the book, is its vivid portrayal of the effect of the war upon character. The essential fact that the fiery test of war developed the strength as well as the weakness of the men and women caught in its carnage is made manifest as in probably no other fiction of the period. "Way of Revelation" shows an interesting group of human beings in days when human virtue and frailty stood out as though under a powerful magnifying glass.

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Conrad Firsts

Twenty-three volumes of first editions of Joseph Conrad's works comprised part of the library of William Macpherson which was sold recently at the Anderson Galleries in New York. It is rarely that so complete a collection of Conrad's works is seen, for his first editions are costly and difficult to obtain.

Kathleen Norris Lectures in Oakland

Kathleen Norris, whose new novel "Lucretia Lombard" was published by Doubleday, Page & Company during her recent visit to New York, has returned to her ranch in the California redwoods. She lectured recently in Oakland under the auspices of the Baltink-Bail Library, giving a "Talk to Young Authors."

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Emerson Hough has gone to the pioneer West for the theme of his new novel to be published by D. Appleton and Company this month. "The Covered Wagon" is the title. The book is said to contain an extraordinary vital portrayal of the pioneer spirit, thrillingly presenting the dangers of the untrodden ways which lead to new horizons.

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John Burroughs' Boyhood Home a National Monument

"I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face."

These two lines from John Burroughs' poem, "Wandering," are the words inscribed on the bronze memorial tablet imbedded in the "Boyhood Rock" which is the great naturalist's tombstone on his Homestead Farm in the Catskills. This first and best loved home, which Burroughs describes so charmingly in his posthumous book, "My Boyhood," recollections set down for his son Julian, has been bought by Henry Ford who has made it a national memorial to the naturalist.

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A Friend of Rupert Brooke

Walter de la Mare was a close personal friend of Rupert Brooke, who directed in his will that any money he might leave, together with the proceeds from his books, be divided among his three friends, Walter de la Mare, Abercrombie Lascelles, and Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. He

wrote: "If I can set them free to any extent to write the poetry and plays and books they want to, my death will bring more gain than loss." When Yale University awarded the first Howland Memorial Prize to the works of Rupert Brooke in 1916, Mrs. Brooke added this prize to the bequest, and sent Mr. de la Mare to receive it on her behalf. He delivered the lecture at Yale that Brooke would have delivered had he lived. On his visit to this country Mr. de la Mare writes: "Never could a stranger have been received with more kindness and hospitality."

This and other biographical material appears in the illustrated circular about The Poetical Works of Walter de la Mare, which the Holts will send upon request.

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Gene Stratton-Porter Always a Poet

Although "The Fire Bird" which Doubleday, Page & Company will bring out this month, is Mrs. Gene Stratton-Porter's first published poem, she has always found poetry a more natural means of expression than prose. A sense of rhythm and the music of words was instilled in her as a child by her father, Mark Stratton, who made it a daily practice to read aloud to his family in resounding periods every poetic record of great achievement which he could find. Long before any one had conceived the idea of putting poetical parts of the Bible into the form of modern poetry he was reading those books aloud to the family in measured rhythm which emphasized the music of their phrases. Poetry was Mrs. Porter's natural and first attempted form of expression.

Before she could print or knew the alphabet she was tugging at her mother's skirts begging her to "set down" bits of verse. She learned to print and later to write so that she might set down her own poems.



THE MAN WHO CAME BACK

(Continued from page 35)

miss the sight of our departure. They knew no gratitude.

"Back in Capitola, once more, I went to visit Felecia.

"'You are crazy, but I love you,' said Felecia after her first wild greeting. 'See I have not even learned to wear shoes. Slippers are for such as I.'

"The report of the woman at the mission was not encouraging so I bought a house for two hundred pesos. It stood on the banks of a pleasant river and Felecia was happy once more bargaining in the market place for rice and fish. She found friends among the women and her mother returned to live with her.

"To please Felecia I gave our house a name, 'Casa Contentia,' which I painted on a piece of board and placed above the door. In the evenings we would watch the moonlight on the water and she would play the guitar and sing some old love songs such as were heard on the banks of the Nile in the Egyptian midnight.

"She made an entrancing picture in the queer trailing silk dress with the high, quaint yoke—a red flower in her hair—a subtle perfume.

"I worked in the government offices during the day and my hand commenced to itch for the feel of the brush once more."

Here Ward paused and I thought he had finished his story. I was wondering just how I would break the silence when he continued.

"Into this dream of bliss came the girl from the States. Perhaps it was just as well for I believe I would have relapsed into my old careless state had not something occurred to stir me to the depths. It doesn't really matter who she was although I think you knew her. I saw her with a party of Cook's tourists before she recognized me but I was too slow in making an escape.

"'Who would ever believe we would meet again away out here?' she said and then we talked of home.

"That night the sounds of the lizards drove me frantic. I hated every sound and sight of the tropics. I cursed every charm it had ever held for me. I wondered if the girl and her friends would learn that I had married a native; that I had led a mad, wild life about the South Seas.

"Felecia's mother knew that all was not well. I caught her glaring at me like a witch from her mat in the corner. Perhaps she had seen me talking to the girl from the States, or perhaps she had always feared that I would go

back, as so many white men had done, and leave all behind.

"I awoke after a short nap and there was a familiar odor in the air. Turning I found an open bottle of native liquor at my elbow. A drink and my restlessness of soul and body would soon be gone. The old lure of the tropics would come creeping stealthily back. Civilization was but a burden and a myth! One drink and I had the key to freedom; the key to the waking dream in which I had lived so long seeing more glorious pictures than ever appeared on canvas; losing all count of time and drifting, ever drifting down the pleasant river of forgetfulness.

"I reached for the bottle and raised it toward my lips and then I looked across the room into the eyes of the old woman. She well knew the power the drink had once held over me. There was an eager expression on her face.

"I hurled the bottle through the door and it fell with a faint splash into the river.

"I thought of the Yusen Kisha riding at anchor in the bay. I thought of snowy hills and of old friends. Felecia would soon forget me if I did not return. I would leave money at the mission for her and send more. What need to have a scene? Perhaps I would come back some day. Perhaps—I make no excuses. I returned to the States.

* * *

"Chicago. It was Christmas and snowing. Oh, but it was good to be back! We were returning from the theater, the girl of the Cook's tourist party and I. She was all pink and white and wrapped in furs. She leaned against my shoulder in the cab and I told her then of my life near the equator and of how I had fled from duty to revel in idleness and liquor. I told her of how I had tried to fight back to manhood in the sweating jungle. I told her all and my heart rejoiced for she seemed to understand.

"We found her home filled with merry guests. Wine was served at dinner that night for her father was a genial host. She was beautiful. 'After all' I pondered, 'a legal separation is not hard to secure in such cases as mine and I need never return to the tropics.'"

The house stood upon the lake. It was moonlight and later as I gazed through the big window of an alcove I saw the waters were like a mirror outside the narrow white zone of ice near the shore. Someone was playing an old Spanish waltz in the music room.

"Slowly the zone of ice became a white sandy beach and the Spanish waltz—

"Of what are you dreaming?"

"I had thought I was alone but I turned to find the girl.

"Of a moonlit river far away,' I said, 'and of soothing music.'

"A moment later a glass of wine was held before my eyes and a soft arm stole round my neck. It was a challenge. I drank each time she filled the glass—and for each glass a kiss. I was mad. I held her in a passionate embrace and her eager lips met mine.

"Then, although her head rested upon my breast, I saw her face reflected in a mirror across the room. Perhaps I was only drunk, but to me there was the same look I had surprised in the eyes of the old native woman on the night I had left the islands. I dashed my glass upon the stone of the fireplace and escaped into the night.

"The next morning I awoke with something clutching at my heart. Someone ceased pounding and thrust a long, worn envelope beneath the door of my room. My hands trembled as I tore it open. Perhaps Felecia was dead! I did not want it so. I wanted her.

"It was the mother who was dead. I grasped that fact but the last paragraph of the letter from the mission stood out now before all the others. It read, 'And so the parents of your wife were Spanish. The dead woman was her old nurse who stole her when the family was about to return to Madrid disappointed with their venture in the islands. The old nurse made a full confession of how she had hidden in the jungle with the child until the search was over. Felecia took the place of her own baby who had died.'

"And so that was the old woman's secret! Strange that I had never guessed!

"But after all it did not seem to matter until I turned the page purely by accident. On the other side written in the cramped hand of a school-girl I read this message:

"For your sake have I learned to write. Do not be jealous, Juan, but there is another man in your house now. He is very nice. I love him very much. He is your son. Your loving wife, Felecia.'

"Where are you going, sir?' politely inquired the hotel clerk noting my haste and he stared hard when I answered, 'To the other side of the world. I am going home.'"

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Overland Monthly



The Illustrated Magazine of the West

ALMIRA GUILD McKEON, *Editor.*

CONTENTS FOR JUNE, 1922

Frontispiece— <i>The Days of '49</i>	9
<i>The Lily of Poverty Flat</i> — <i>Illustration</i>	10
<i>Jack Hamlin</i> — <i>Illustration</i>	11
<i>Bret Harte</i> — <i>Illustration</i>	12
THE LUCK OF ROARING CAMP..... F. BRET HARTE	13
LEAVES FROM EARLY CALIFORNIA HISTORY	A. J. CLOUD 19
SUTTER'S MILL— <i>Illustration</i>	20
THE IDYL OF RED GULCH..... BRET HARTE	24
THE WAY OF THE WEST..... ELMO W. BRIM	28
MARK TWAIN (SAMUEL CLEMENS)— <i>Portrait</i>	32
PLAIN LANGUAGE OF TRUTHFUL JAMES— <i>Verses</i>	BRET HARTE 33
PIRATES	COLIN CAMPBELL CLEMENTS 35
DICKENS IN CAMP— <i>Verses</i>	BRET HARTE 41
THE WRONG TRAIL.....	RICHARD PERRY 42
EARLY RAILROAD HISTORY— <i>Taken from the Overland Files</i>	43
SAN FRANCISCO IN THE EARLY DAYS — <i>Illustration</i>	45
THE EDITOR'S NOTE BOOK.....	46
EARLY '49 DAYS— <i>Illustration</i>	50

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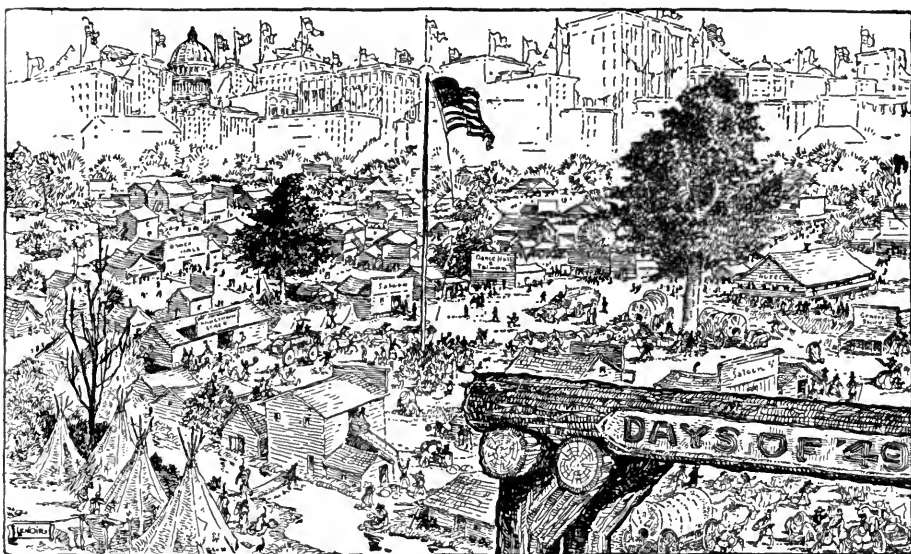


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The Days of '49

The glamour and romance of the days of '49 are to be brought back to this modern time in the celebration at Sacramento on May 23 to 28. Bearded miners and long-coated gamblers will mingle with the throng. The dress and costumes of that early day will be revived. A typical '49 mining town will be shown the visitor, together with the old SUTTER FORT, and INDIAN VILLAGE, GOLD RUSH PAGEANT, '49 STYLE SHOW, ROUND-UP, and all that went with the stirring life of those early times.

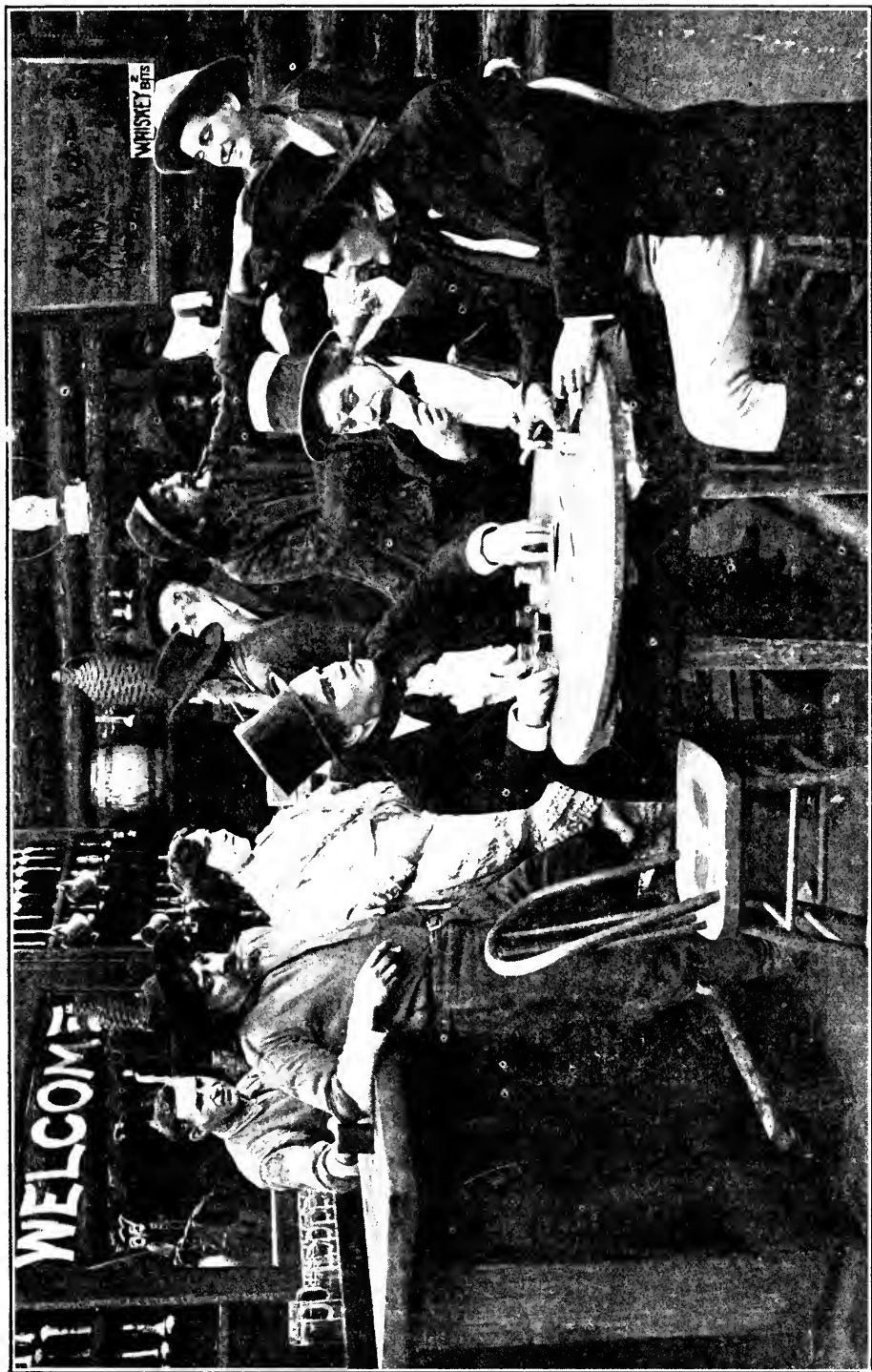


The Overland Monthly is assisting to bring back the sentiment and romance of '49. In this issue we republish some of the stories and poems that appeared in the first issues of this magazine. Bret Harte and Mark Twain and others of that group of writers, now world famous and who established the Overland Monthly, are again brought to the attention of our readers.

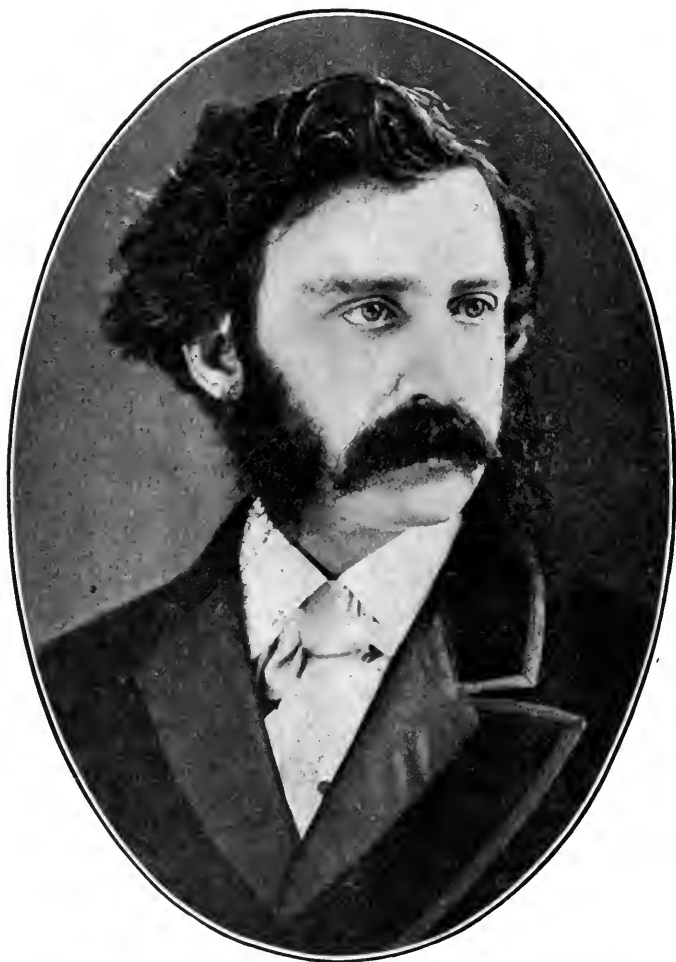
From every part of the nation visitors will gather to attend the celebration at Sacramento. It will be an event long to be remembered.



THE LILY OF POVERTY FLAT
One of the characters pictured by Bret Harte in his world famed literature



JACK HAMLIN
The gambling table was a familiar scene in the early days. Bret Hartle's pen pictures are masterpieces



*BRET HARTE at the time he became editor of the Overland Monthly.
From a photograph loaned by Ina D. Coolbrith.*

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Bret Harte

San Francisco

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No. 6

The Luck of Roaring Camp

By F. BRET HARTE

THERE was commotion in Roaring Camp. It could not have been a fight, for in 1850 that was not novel enough to have called together the entire settlement. The ditches and claims were not only deserted, but "Tuttle's" grocery had contributed its gamblers, who, it will be remembered, calmly continued their game the day that French Pete and Kanaka Joe shot each other to death over the bar in the front room. The whole camp was collected before a rude cabin on the outer edge of the clearing. Conversation was carried on in a low tone, but the name of a woman was frequently repeated. It was a name familiar enough in the camp: "Cherokee Sal."

Perhaps the less said of her the better. She was a coarse, and, it is to be feared, a very sinful woman. But at that time she was the only woman in Roaring Camp, and was just then lying in sore extremity when she most needed the ministrations of her own sex. Dissolute, abandoned and irreclaimable, she was yet suffering a martyrdom—hard enough to bear even in the seclusion and sexual sympathy with which custom veils it—but now terrible in her loneliness. The primal curse had come to her in that original isolation, which must have made the punishment of the first transgression so dreadful. It was, perhaps, part of the expiation of her sin, that at a moment when she most lacked her sex's intuitive sympathy and care, she met only the half-contemptuous faces of her masculine associates. Yet a few of the spectators were, I think, touched by her suffer-

ing. Sandy Tipton thought it was "rough on Sal," and in the contemplation of her condition, for a moment rose superior to the fact that he had an ace and two bowers in his sleeve.

It will be seen, also, that the situation was novel. Deaths were by no means uncommon in Roaring Camp, but a birth was a new thing. People had been dismissed from the camp effectively, finally, and with no possibility of return, but this was the first time that anybody had been introduced *ab initio*. Hence the excitement.

"You go in there, Stumpy," said a prominent citizen known as "Kentuck," addressing one of the loungers. "Go in there, and see what you kin do. You've had experience in them things."

Perhaps there was a fitness in the selection. Stumpy, in other climes, had been the putative head of two families; in fact, it was owing to some legal informality in these proceedings that Roaring Camp—a city of refuge—was indebted to his company. The crowd approved the choice, and Stumpy was wise enough to bow to the majority. The door closed on the extempore surgeon and midwife, and Roaring Camp sat down outside, smoked its pipe, and awaited the issue.

The assemblage numbered about a hundred men. One or two of these were actual fugitives from justice, some were criminal, and all were reckless. Physically, they exhibited no indication of their past lives or character. The greatest scamp had a Raphael face, with a profusion of blond hair; Oakhurst, a gambler, had the

melancholy air and intellectual abstraction of a Hamlet; the coolest and most courageous man was scarcely over five feet in height, with a soft voice and embarrassed timid manner. The term "roughs" applied to them was a distinction rather than a definition. Perhaps in the minor details of fingers, toes, ears, etc., the camp may have been deficient, but these slight omissions did not detract from their aggregate force. The strongest man had but three fingers on his right hand; the best shot had but one eye.

Such was the physical aspect of the men who were dispersed around the cabin. The camp lay in a triangular valley, between two hills and a river. The only outlet was a steep trail over the summit of a hill that faced the cabin, now illuminated by the rising moon. The suffering woman might have seen it from the rude bunk whereon she lay—seen it winding like a silver thread until it was lost in the stars above.

A fire of withered pine boughs added sociability to the gathering. By degrees the natural levity of Roaring Camp returned. Bets were freely offered and taken regarding the result. Three to five that "Sal would get through with it;" even that the child would survive; side bets as to the sex and complexion of the coming stranger. In the midst of an excited discussion an exclamation came from those nearest the door, and the camp stopped to listen. Above the swaying and moaning of the pines, the swift rush of the river and the crackling of the fire, rose a sharp querulous cry—a cry unlike anything heard before in the camp. The pines stopped moaning, the river ceased to rush, and the fire to crackle. It seemed as if Nature had stopped to listen.

The camp rose to its feet as one man! It was proposed to explode a barrel of gunpowder, but, in consideration of the situation of the mother, better counsels prevailed, and only a few revolvers were discharged; for, whether owing to the rude surgery of the camp, or some other reason, Cherokee Sal was sinking fast. Within an hour she had climbed, as it were, that rugged road that led to the stars, and so passed out of Roaring Camp, its sin and shame forever. I do not think that the announcement disturbed them much, except in speculation as to the fate of the child. "Can he live now?" was asked of Stumpy. The answer was doubtful. The only other being of Cherokee Sal's sex and maternal condition in the settlement was an ass. There was some conjecture as to the fitness, but the experiment was tried. It was less problematical than the ancient treat-

ment of Romulus and Remus, and apparently as successful.

When these details were completed, which exhausted another hour, the door was opened, and the anxious crowd, which had already formed themselves into a queue, entered in single file. Beside the low bunk or shelf, on which the figure of the mother was starkly outlined below the blankets, stood a pine table. On this a cradle-box was placed, and within it, swathed in staring red flannel, lay the last arrival at Roaring Camp. Beside the candle box was placed a hat. Its use was soon indicated. "Gentlemen," said Stumpy, with a singular mixture of authority and ex officio complacency—"Gentlemen will please pass in at the front door, round the table, and out at the back door. Them as wishes to contribute anything toward the orphan will find a hat handy." The first man entered with his hat on; he uncovered, however, as he looked about him, and so, unconsciously, set an example to the next. In such communities good and bad actions are catching. As the procession filed in, comments were audible—criticisms addressed, perhaps, rather to Stumpy, in the character of showman: "Is that him?" "mighty small specimen;" "Hasn't mor'n got the color;" "ain't bigger nor a derringer." The contributions were as characteristic: A silver tobacco-box; a doubloon; a navy revolver, silver mounted; a gold specimen; a very beautifully embroidered lady's handkerchief (from Oakhurst, the gambler); a diamond breastpin; a diamond ring (suggested by the pin, with the remark from the giver that he "saw that pin and went two diamonds better"); a sling shot; a Bible (contributor not detected); a golden spur, a silver teaspoon (the initials, I regret to say, were not the giver's); a pair of surgeon's shears; a lancet; a Bank of England note for £5; and about \$200 in loose gold and silver coin. During these proceedings Stumpy maintained a silence as impassive as the dead on his left—a gravity as inscrutable as that of the newly-born on his right. Only one incident occurred to break the monotony of the curious procession. As Kentuck bent over the candle-box half curiously, the child turned, and, in a spasm of pain, caught at his groping finger, and held it fast for a moment. Kentuck looked foolish and embarrassed. Something like a blush tried to assert itself in his weather-beaten cheek. "The d—d little cuss!" he said, as he extricated his finger, with, perhaps, more tenderness and care than he might have been deemed capable of

showing. He held that finger a little apart from its fellows as he went out, and examined it curiously. The examination provoked the same original remark in regard to the child. In fact, he seemed to enjoy repeating it. "He rastled with my finger," he remarked to Tipton, holding up the member, "The d——d little cuss!"

It was four o'clock before the camp sought repose. A light burnt in the cabin where the watchers sat, for Stumpy did not go to bed that night. Nor did Kentuck. He drank quite freely and related with great gusto his experience, invariably ending with his characteristic condemnation of the new comer. It seemed to relieve him of any unjust implication of sentiment, and Kentuck had the weakness of the nobler sex. When everybody else had gone to bed he walked down to the river and whistled, reflectingly. Then he walked up the gulch, past the cabin, still whistling with demonstrative unconcern. At a large redwood tree he paused and retraced his steps, and again passed the cabin. Half way down to the river's bank he again paused, and then returned and knocked at the door. It was opened by Stumpy. "How goes it?" said Kentuck, looking past Stumpy toward the candle-box. "All serene," replied Stumpy; "Anything up?" "Nothing." There was a pause—an embarrassing one—Stumpy still holding the door. Then Kentuck had recourse to his finger, which he held up to Stumpy. "Rastled with it—the d——d little cuss," he said and retired.

The next day Cherokee Sal had such rude sepulture as Roaring Camp afforded. After her body had been committed to the hillside, there was a formal meeting of the camp to discuss what should be done with her infant. A resolution to adopt it was unanimous and enthusiastic. But an animated discussion in regard to the manner and feasibility of providing for its wants at once sprung up. It was remarkable that the argument partook of none of those fierce personalities with which discussions were usually conducted at Roaring Camp. Tipton proposed that they should send the child to Red Dog—a distance of forty miles—where female attention could be procured. But the unlucky suggestion met with fierce and unanimous opposition. It was evident that no plan which entailed parting from their new acquisition would for a moment be entertained. "Besides," said Tom Ryder, "them fellows at Red Dog would swap it and ring in somebody else on us." A disbelief in the honesty of other camps prevailed at Roaring Camp as in other places.

The introduction of a female nurse in the camp also met with objection. It was argued that no decent woman could be prevailed to accept Roaring Camp as her home, and the speaker urged that "they didn't want any more of the other kind." This unkind allusion to the defunct mother, harsh as it may seem, was the first spasm of propriety—the first symptom of the camp's regeneration. Stumpy advanced nothing. Perhaps he felt a certain delicacy in interfering with the selection of a possible successor in office. But when questioned he averred stoutly that he and "Jinny"—the mammal before alluded to—could manage to rear the child. There was something original, independent and heroic about the plan, that pleased the camp. Stumpy was retained. Certain articles were sent for to Sacramento. "Mind," said the treasurer, as he pressed a bag of gold dust into the expressman's hand, "the best that can be got—lace, you know, and filigree work and frills—d——m the cost!"

Strange to say the child thrived. Perhaps the invigorating climate of the mountain camp was compensation for material deficiencies. Nature took the foundling to her broader breast. In the rare atmosphere of the Sierra foothills—that air pungent with balsamic odor; that ethereal cordial, at once bracing and exhilarating, he may have found food and nourishment, or a subtle chemistry that transmuted asses' milk to lime and phosphorus. Stumpy inclined to the belief that it was the latter and good nursing. "Me and that ass," he would say, "has been father and mother to him! Don't you," he would add, apostrophizing the helpless bundle before him, "never go back on us."

By the time he was a month old, the necessity of giving him a name became apparent. He had generally been known as "the Kid," "Stumpy's boy," "the Coyote"—(an allusion to his vocal powers)—and even by Kentuck's endearing diminutive of "the d——d little cuss." But these were felt to be vague and unsatisfactory, and were at last dismissed under another influence. Gamblers and adventurers are generally superstitious, and Oakhurst one day declared that the baby had brought "the luck" to Roaring Camp. It was certain that of late they had been successful. "Luck" was the name agreed upon, with the prefix of Tommy for greater convenience. No allusion was made to the mother, and the father was unknown. "It's better," said the philosophical Oakhurst, "to take a fresh deal all around. Call him Luck and start him fair." A day was accordingly set apart for the christening. What

was meant by this ceremony the reader may imagine, who has already gathered some idea of the reckless irreverence of Roaring Camp. The master of ceremonies was one "Boston," a noted wag, and the occasion seemed to promise the greatest facetiousness. This ingenious satirist had spent two days in preparing a burlesque of the church service, with pointed local allusions. The choir was properly trained, Sandy Tipton was to stand godfather. But after the procession had marched to the grove with music and banners, and the child had been deposited before a mock altar, Stumpy stepped before the expectant crowd. "It ain't my style to spoil fun, boys," said the little man, stoutly, eyeing the faces around him, "but it strikes me that this thing ain't exactly on the square. It's playing it pretty low down on this yer baby to ring in fun on him that he ain't going to understand. And ef there's going to be any godfathers round, I'd like to see who's got any better rights than me." A silence followed Stumpy's speech. To the credit of all humorists be it said that the first man to acknowledge its justice was the satirist, thus estopped of his fun. "But," said Stumpy quickly, following up his advantage, "we're here for a christening, and we'll have it. I proclaim you Thomas Luck, according to the laws of the United States and the State of California—so help me God." It was the first time that the name of the Deity had been uttered aught but profanely in the camp. The form of christening was perhaps even more ludicrous than the satirist had conceived, but strangely enough, nobody saw it and nobody laughed. "Tommy" was christened as seriously as he would have been under a Christian roof, and cried and was comforted in as orthodox fashion.

And so the work of regeneration began in Roaring Camp. Almost imperceptibly a change came over the settlement. The cabin assigned to "Tommy Luck"—or "The Luck" as he was more frequently called—first showed signs of improvement. It was kept scrupulously clean and whitewashed. Then it was boarded, clothed and papered. The rosewood cradle—packed eighty miles by mule—had, in Stump's way of putting it, "sorter killed the rest of the furniture." So the rehabilitation of the cabin became a necessity. The men who were in the habit of lounging in at Stumpy's to see "how The Luck got on," seemed to appreciate the change, and, in self defense, the rival establishment of "Tuttle's grocery" bestirred itself, and imported a carpet and mirrors. The reflections of the latter on the appearance of

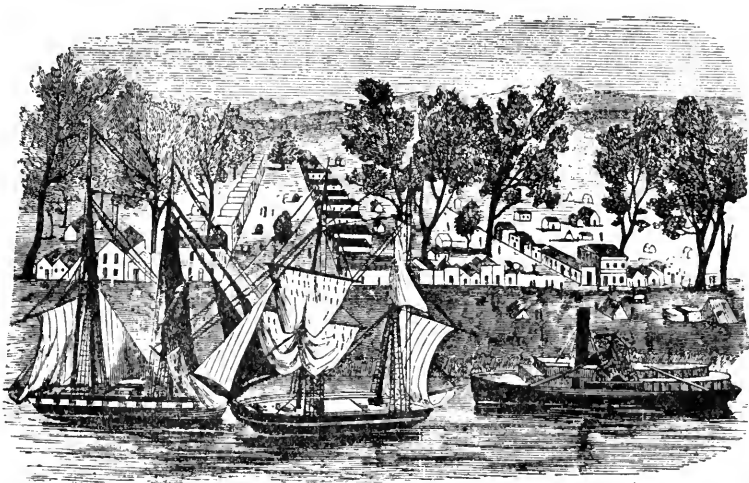
Roaring Camp tended to produce stricter habits of personal cleanliness. Again Stumpy imposed a kind of quarantine upon those who aspired to the honor and privilege of holding "The Luck." It was a cruel mortification to Kentuck—who, in the carelessness of a large nature and the habits of frontier life, had begun to regard all garments as a second cuticle, which, like a snake's, only sloughed off through decay—to be debarred this privilege from certain prudential reasons. Yet such was the subtle influence of innovation that he hereafter appeared regularly every afternoon in a clean shirt, and face still shining from his ablutions. Nor were moral and social sanitary laws neglected. "Tommy" who was supposed to spend his whole existence in a persistent attempt to repose, must not be disturbed by noise. The shouting and yelling which had gained the camp its infelicitous title were not permitted within hearing distance of Stumpy's. The men conversed in whispers, or smoked in Indian gravity. Profanity was tacitly given up in these sacred precincts, and throughout the camp a popular form of expletive, known as "D—n the luck!" and "Curse the luck!" was abandoned as having a new personal bearing. Vocal music was not interdicted, being supposed to have a soothing, tranquillizing quality, and one song, sung by "Man O'War Jack," an English sailor, from Her Majesty's Australian Colonies, was quite popular as a lullaby. It was a lugubrious recital of the exploits of "the Arethusa, Seventy-four," in a muffled minor ending with a prolonged dying fall at the burden of each verse, "On b-o-o-o-ard of the Arethusa." It was a fine sight to see Jack holding The Luck, rocking from side to side as if with the motion of a ship, and crooning forth his naval ditty. Either through the peculiar rocking of Jack or the length of his song—it contained ninety stanzas, and was continued with conscientious deliberation to the bitter end—the lullaby generally had the desired effect.

At such times the men would lie at full length under the trees, in the soft summer twilight, smoking their pipes and drinking in the melodious utterances. An indistinct idea that this was pastoral happiness precluded the camp. "This ere kind o'think," said the Cockney Simmons, meditatively reclining on his elbow, "is evingly." It reminded him of Greenwich. On the longer summer days, The Luck was usually carried to the gulch, from whence the golden store of Roaring Camp was taken. There, on a blanket spread over pine boughs, he would lie while

the men were working in the ditches below. Latterly, there was a rude attempt to decorate this bower with flowers and sweet-smelling shrubs, and generally someone would bring him a cluster of wild honeysuckle, azaleas, or the painted blossoms of *Las Mariposas*. The men had suddenly awakened to the fact that there were beauty and significance in these trifles, which they had so long trodden carelessly under their feet. A flake of glittering mica, a fragment of variegated quartz, a bright pebble from the bed of the creek, became beautiful to eyes thus cleared and strengthened, and were invariably put aside for "The Luck." It was wonderful how many treasures the woods and hillsides yielded that "would do for Tommy." Surrounded by playthings such as never child out of fairyland had before, it is to be hoped that Tommy was content. He appeared to be securely happy—albeit there was an infantine gravity about him—a contemplative light in his round grey eyes that sometimes worried Stumpy. He was always tractable and quiet, and it is recorded that once, having crept beyond his "corral"—a hedge of tessallated pine boughs, which surrounded his bed—he dropped over the bank on his head in the soft earth, and remained with his mottled legs in the air in that position for at least five minutes with unflinching gravity. He was extricated without a murmur. I hesitate to record the many other instances of his sagacity, which rest, unfortunately, upon the statements of prejudiced friends. Some of them were not without tinge of superstition. "I crept up the

bank just now," said Kentuck one day, in a breathless state of excitement, "and dern my skin if he wasn't a-talking to a jay bird as was a-sittin' on his lap. There they was. just as free and sociable as anything you please, a-iawin' at each other just like two cherry-bums." Howbeit, whether creeping over the pine boughs or lying lazily on his back, blinking at the leaves above him, to him the birds sang, the squirrels chattered and the flowers bloomed. For him she would let slip between the leaves golden shafts of sunlight that fell just within his grasp; she would send wandering breezes to visit him with the balm of day and resinous gums; to him the tall redwoods nodded familiarly and sleepily, the humble bees buzzed, and the rocks cawed a slumbrous accompaniment.

Such was the golden summer of Roaring Camp. They were "flush times" and the Luck was with them. The claims had yielded enormously. The camp was jealous of its privileges and looked suspiciously on strangers. No encouragement was given to immigration, and to make their seclusion more perfect, the land on either side of the mountain wall that surrounded the camp, they duly preempted. This, and a reputation for singular proficiency with the revolver, kept the reserve of Roaring Camp inviolate. The expressman—their only connecting link with the surrounding world—sometimes told wonderful stories of the camp. He would say, "They've a street up there in 'Roaring,' that would lay over any street in Red Dog. They've got vines and flowers around their houses, and they wash themselves twice a day.



But they're mighty rough on strangers and they worship an Ingin baby."

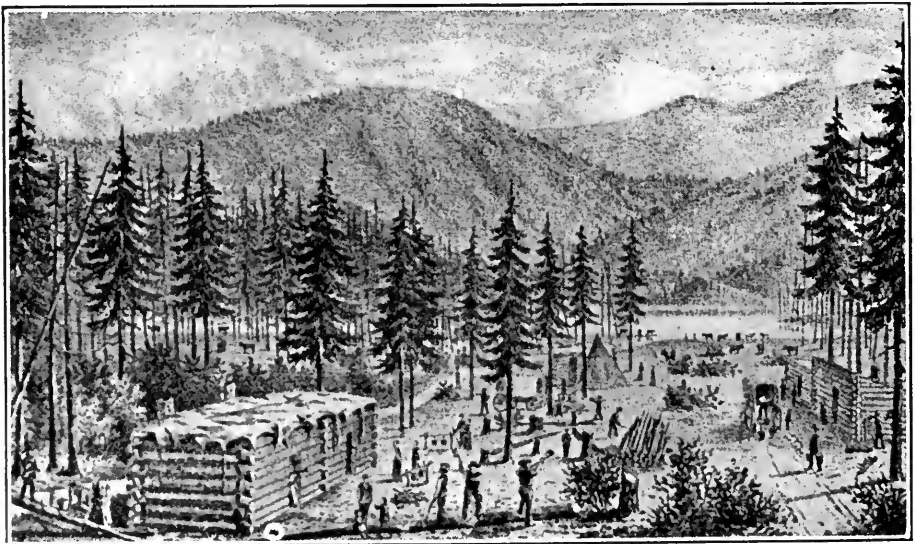
With the prosperity of the camp came a desire for further improvement. It was proposed to build a hotel in the following spring, and to invite one or two decent families to reside there for the sake of "The Luck," who might perhaps profit by female companionship. The sacrifice that this concession to the sex cost these men, who were fiercely skeptical in regard to its general virtue and usefulness, can only be accounted for by their affection for Tommy. A few still held out. But the resolve could not be carried into effect for three months, and the minority meekly yielded in the hope that something might turn up to prevent it. And it did.

The winter of '51 will long be remembered in the foothills. The snow lay deep on the Sierras, and every mountain creek became a river, and every river a lake. Each gorge and gulch was transformed into a tumultuous water-course that decended the hillsides, tearing down giant trees and scattering its drift and debris along the plain. Red Dog had been twice under water, and Roaring Camp had been forewarned. "Water put the gold into them gulches," said Stumpy. "It's been here once and will be here again!" And that night the North Fork suddenly leaped over its banks, and swept up the triangular valley of Roaring Camp.

In the confusion of rushing water, crushing trees and crackling timber, and the darkness which seemed to flow with the water and blot out the fair valley, but little could be done to collect the scattered camp. When the morning broke, the cabin of Stumpy nearest the river bank was gone. Higher up the gulch they found the body of its unlucky owner, but the pride—the hope—the joy—"The Luck"—of Roaring Camp had disappeared. They were returning with sad hearts when a shout from the bank recalled them.

It was a relief boat from down the river. They had picked up, they said, a man and an infant, nearly exhausted, about two miles below. Did anybody know them, and did they belong there?

It needed but a glance to show them Kentuck lying there, cruelly crushed and bruised, still holding "The Luck of Roaring Camp" in his arms. As they bent over the strangely assorted pair, they saw that the child was cold and pulseless. "He is dead," said one. Kentuck opened his eyes. "Dead?" he repeated feebly. "Yes, my man, and you are dying too." "Dying," he repeated, "he's a-taking me with him—tell the boys I've got 'The Luck' with me, now;" and the strong man clinging to the frail babe as a drowning man is said to cling to a straw, drifted away into the shadowy river that flows forever to the unknown sea.



The Donner Party organized to leave Illinois for California in 1846. The illustration is one of their shelters at Truckee Lake, near Donner Lake. Many of the party perished

Leaves from Early California History

John A. Sutter and Sutter's Fort

By A. J. CLOUD

AMONG the immigrants who arrived in California in the summer of 1839 was one who was to play a leading role in her history—the famous Captain John A. Sutter. He was a native of the Grand Duchy of Baden, Germany, had been educated in Switzerland and had seen service in the Swiss army. He reached New York in 1834 and within the succeeding five years had wandered in New Mexico, the Hawaiian Islands and Alaska. His entrance to California was by way of Alaska to Fort Ross, the old Russian fur trading settlement on the coast some sixty or seventy miles northwest of the San Francisco of today.

He visited the Mexican capital, Monterey, where he secured from Governor Alvarado a concession and a huge land grant to found a settlement in the great valley of the Sacramento river, then an unknown land. Two miles back from the river, and within the present limits of the capital city of the state, he established a colony and built a fort which he called "New Helvetia" in honor of the Switzerland which he loved, but which became widely known under the name of "Sutter's Fort." The fort was one hundred yards long and sixty yards wide, surrounded by thick and high adobe walls and large gates as a means of security against hostile Indian attacks. Cannon which Sutter had bought at Fort Ross were mounted on bastions at the corners of the walls.

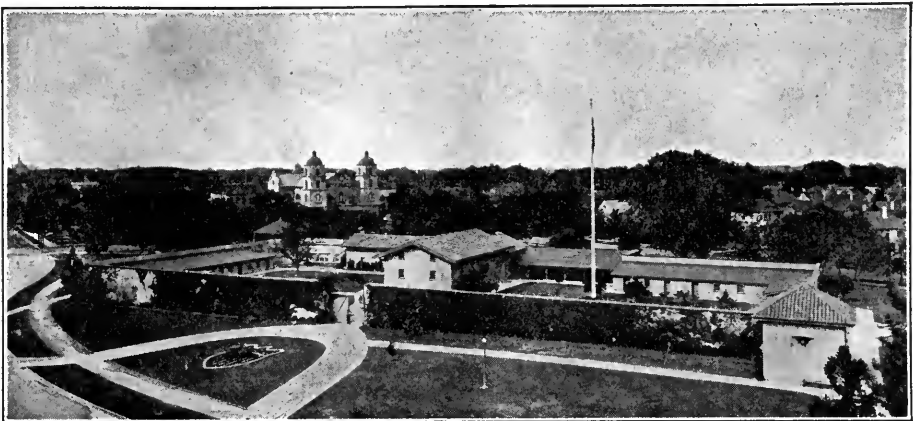
Sutter engaged in agriculture and cattle raising. Soon were drawn to the fort men of many occupations, among them farmers, black-

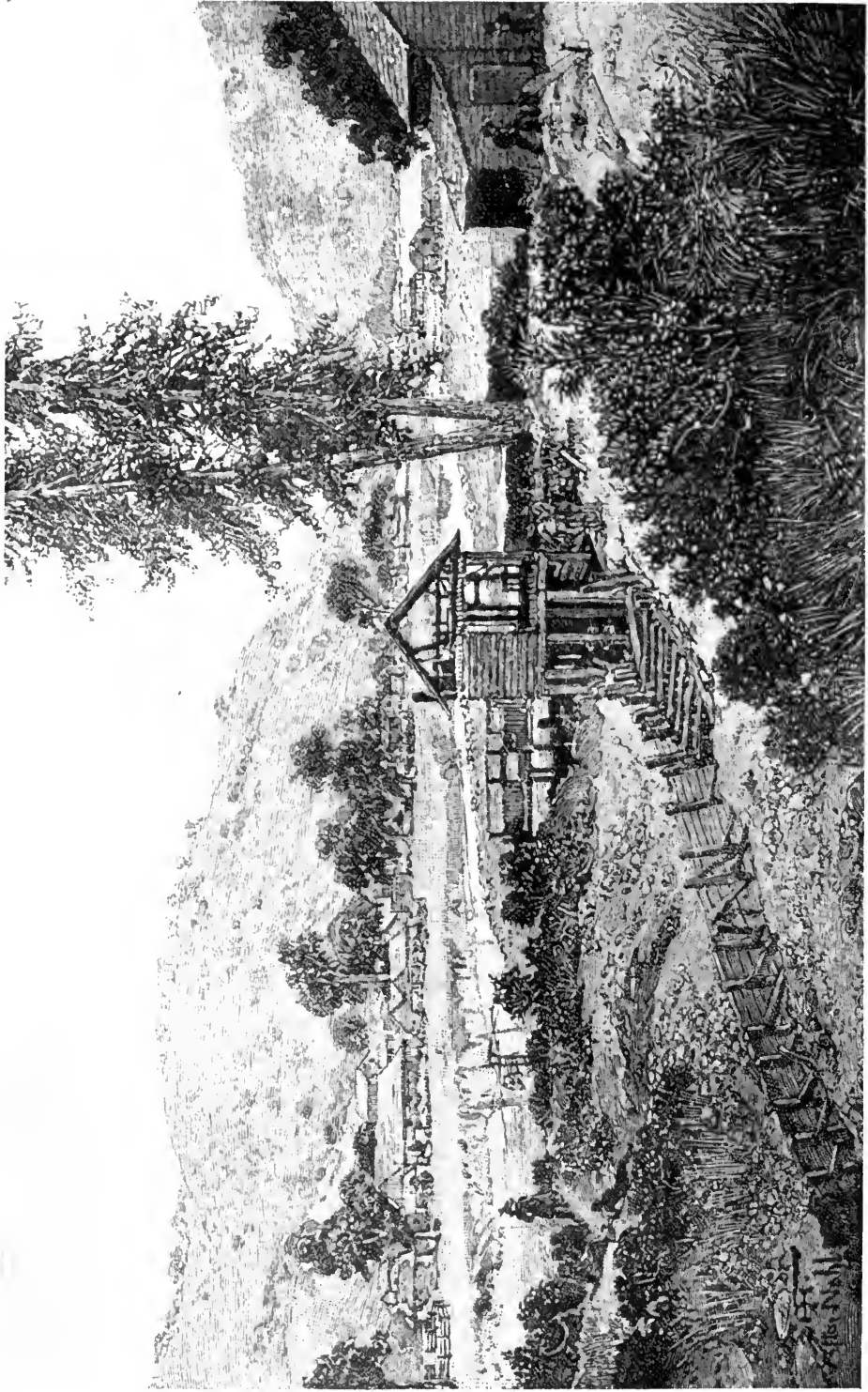
smiths, carpenters, shoemakers, saddlers, hatters, tanners, coopers, weavers and gunsmiths. Inside the fort were erected workshops and houses. Sutter was lord of such a vast estate as even his broad vision had scarce brought within the range of contemplation.

In the early '40s began that "epic of the overland trail" celebrated in song and story. Sutter's fort was so situated in the paths of travel from east and north that it was the nearest stopping place for the immigrants in their "prairie schooners" descending the Sierras on the last lap of their long, wearisome and dangerous journey from the far-away American states. Captain Sutter extended to them hearty welcome and profuse hospitality. Many of these hardy Americans made their new homes upon the Sutter domain. The fort had now become the liveliest trading post in the West. By 1847 Sutter had reached the peak of wealth and fame. On his wide acres grazed 13,000 head of stock, a vast acreage was sown to wheat, and a mercantile business was being conducted by him that had prospered beyond all anticipation. At this juncture came the stupendous news of the discovery of gold; and from that moment, striking instance of the irony of fate, Sutter's fortunes took a rapid decline.

The Discovery of Gold and the Gold Rush

Sutter, being an enterprising man, saw that profit could be made from a flour mill. Sawed lumber was scarce; so, to secure it, he sent his partner, James W. Marshall, a wheelwright by occupation, into the pine forested Sierra





Sutter's Mill on the South Fork of the American River at Coloma, where gold was first discovered by James W. Marshall, in the Sluice Race, January 24, 1848



foothills to secure a suitable location for a saw mill near some stream down which the lumber could be floated to the point of use. Marshall proceeded to build the mill at Colomó in the present El Dorado county, in a small valley on the south fork of the American river, forty-five miles northeast of Sutter's fort. After a dam had been constructed, it was found that the channel or tail-race leading the water from the mill wheel filled with loose gravel and sand. So Marshall opened the flood gates wide each night to wash out the race, letting a swift stream of water flow through. Early each day he closed the gates, and walked along the mill race.

One January morning in 1848, Marshall went down to shut off the current of water. As it slowed down, he saw a bright yellow speck shining on a dark stone. The particle was about half as big as a small marble. Was it gold? He picked it up and bit it. It was hard. He hammered it; it did not break. Yet he could scarcely believe that it was gold, for, to his unpracticed eye, it looked too yellow to be the precious metal which was then so rare.

Returning to the house, Marshall found the wife of the foreman making soap. A kettle of lye stood by her side. At Marshall's request, she dipped the shiny substance in the lye to see if it would keep its color. It came out as bright and as yellow as before. Fully aroused, Marshall now rode at top speed to Sutter's Fort and showed the specimen to Captain Sutter. They weighed it and tested it with acids. It was gold.

A record of the memorable event was kept by Henry Bigler, one of the workmen at the mill, who wrote this entry in his journal: "Monday 24th. This day some kind of mettle

was found in the tailrace that looks like gold. First discovered by James Martial the boss of the mill." The date is fixed at January 24, 1848.

Sutter and Marshall endeavored to keep the news secret, but to no avail. By March, the California papers were spreading the amazing report far and near. "Eureka" was the cry. The excitement in California, in the States, in Europe and Australia almost surpasses belief. The gold rush began. California became overnight the new American frontier.

The Gold Rush

From town and rancho in California motley crowds of men scrambled to the gold diggings. Soldiers quit the ranks. Churches closed their doors. Newspapers were left on the press. Vessels were deserted in harbor by officers and crews. A ceaseless procession of caravans on hand and ships by sea made for the new El Dorado.

California's population which had been estimated at the beginning of 1848 at 14,000 jumped in a year to 26,000 and in another year to 115,000. The middle of May 1848 saw 2000 men mining in the gulches of the Sierras, while by autumn of that year the figure had leaped to 6000.

Before the end of 1848 the gold yield of California reached \$10,000,000. In the famous year of '49, the amount was four times as great, and, in 1853, the record total of \$65,000,000 was attained.

Surface Mining and the Mining Camps

Capital was not needed. The only requirements were pick and shovel, "cradle, grub and pluck."

In the first weeks of the gold-rush the hardy Argonauts, bearing pack, pick and pan, plunged into the foothills. Halting at some gulch and kneeling by the stream, the miner's first act was to shake in the water a pan of loose gravel, pouring off the water to see if gold were left at the bottom. The pan was used in making sure of the presence of gold. If gold were located by this process of prospecting, a long box, the "rocker," then came into play. Its shape like a baby's cradle, gave it the name. It was first filled with the "pay dirt," and then was constantly rocked, while water was poured upon the contents. By this means the gold-bearing earth was dissolved. The gold sunk to the bottom, while the gravel was washed out.

On the hillsides and in the gulches miners pitched their tents or built their cabins. Clusters of these arose where the gold-seekers huddled together for labor or social pleasure. These were the famous "camps" which dotted in thousands the foothills of the Sierras. The scenes and incidents of that time live again in the pages of Bret Harte.

Labor at the mines was terribly hard. Heat and cold were alike to be encountered. The food was poor. Flapjacks, bacon, and boiled beans constituted the steady diet.

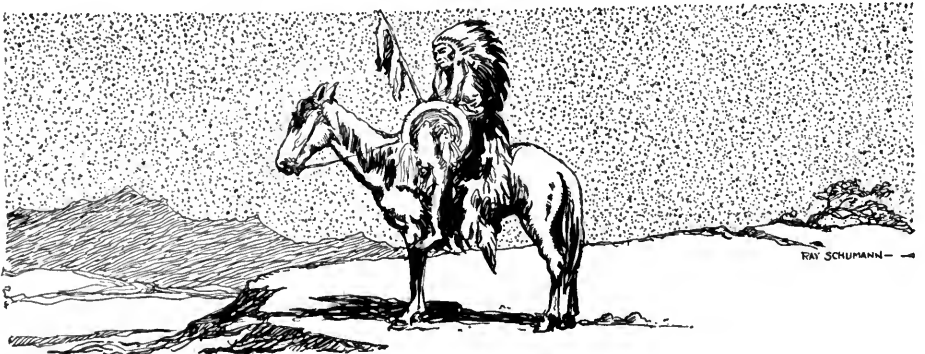
Many made their fortunes; many toiled without reward. It was a grand game of chance. One nugget found in Calaveras County in 1854 weighed nearly two hundred pounds and had a value of \$40,000. Another from Sierra County came to one hundred and thirty-three pounds. Numerous finds were made of nuggets close to the hundred pound weight. Cases are known where a man with a rocker took out five thousand dollars a day for a week or more at a time. When Governor Mason visited the mines in 1849, he estimated that the gold production was from \$20,000 to \$30,000 a day.

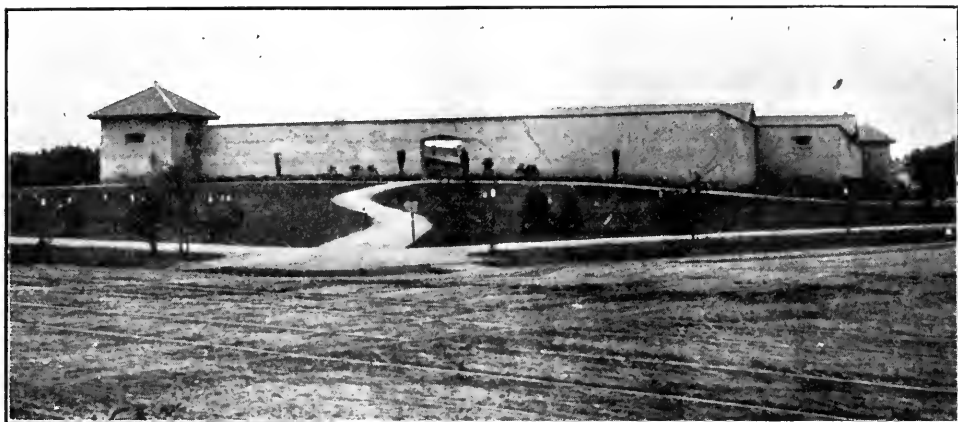
Final Years of Marshall and Sutter

While the discovery of gold enriched America and the world, neither Marshall nor Sutter profited by it. Marshall spent his remaining years in the hills near the spot where he discovered gold, living in a cabin alone, and dying in poverty thirty years after the world-famous event.

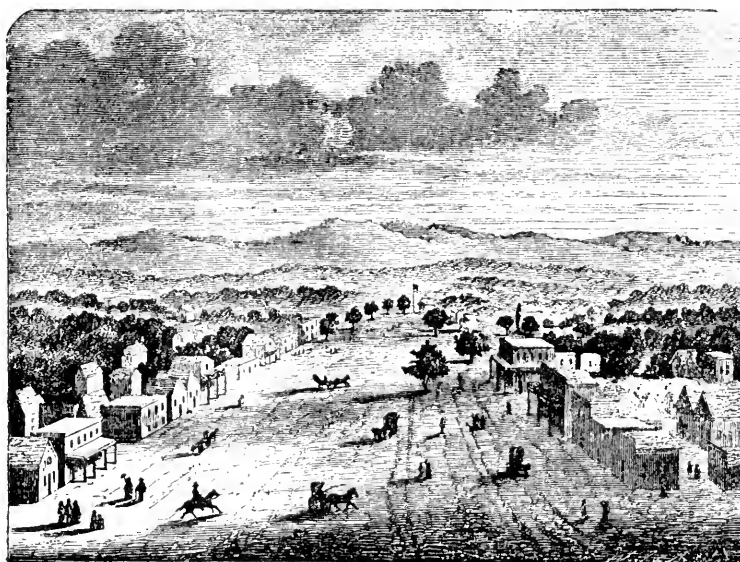
Captain Sutter was bewildered by the rush of the gold-seekers. His once grand estate fell into ruin. Of the situation confronting him it has been said: "Operations ceased at the mills; fields of ripened wheat stood unharvested; half-finished leather spoiled in the vats of the tannery; thousands of cattle were slaughtered or driven away by thieves." He laid out the site of modern Sacramento in town-lots, but lawless "Squatters" dispossessed him of the property. He finally moved to Sutter County where he lived upon his ranch on the banks of the Feather River where his open entertainment was the wonder of all who visited him. At last, impoverished, Sutter drifted to Pennsylvania where he died in June, 1880.

With the passing of this historic and romantic figure, there passed one of the final group of those whose lives and achievements preserved to the country that glamour and sentiment that came with the early Argonauts who laid the foundations of the Golden State. Generous, loyal, patriotic, these men braved the deserts and mountains and the dangers from hostile tribes. They were forerunners of that sturdy and determined stock that has made California a household word around the world. It is well to commemorate the lives and deeds and the spirit of '49, that the men and women of today and those who shall follow may not lose sight of the hardships and privations as well as the glories and achievements of the past, out of which is to come a more glorious future.





Fort Sutter as it looks today



Oakland in 1854

The Idyl of Red Gulch

By BRET HARTE

SANDY was very drunk. He was lying under an azalea bush, in pretty much the same attitude in which he had fallen some hours before. How long he had been lying there he could not tell, and didn't care; how long he should lie there was a matter equally indefinite and unconsidered. A tranquil philosophy, born of his physical condition, suffused and saturated his moral being.

The spectacle of a drunken man—and of this drunken man in particular—was not, I grieve to say, of sufficient novelty in Red Gulch to attract attention. Earlier in the day, some local satirist had erected a temporary tombstone at Sandy's head, bearing the inscription "Effects of McCorkle's whiskey—kills at 40 rods," with a hand pointing to McCorkle's saloon. But this, I imagine, was, like most local satire, personal; and was a reflection upon the unfairness of the process, rather than a commentary upon the impropriety of the result. With this facetious exception, Sandy had been undisturbed. A wandering mule, released from his pack, had cropped the scant herbage beside him, and sniffed curiously at the prostrate man; a vagabond dog, with that deep sympathy which the species have for drunken men, had licked his dusty boots, and curled himself up at his feet; and lay there, blinking one eye in the sunlight, with a simulation of dissipation that was ingenious and dog-like in its implied flattery of the unconscious man beside him.

Meanwhile, the shadows of the pine trees had slowly swung around until they crossed the road, and their trunks barred the open meadow with gigantic parallels of black and yellow. Little puffs of red dust, lifted by the plunging hoofs of passing teams, dispersed in a grimy shower upon the recumbent man. The sun sank lower and lower; and still Sandy stirred not. And then the repose of this philosopher was disturbed—as other philosophers have been—by the intrusion of an unphilosophical sex.

"Miss Mary," as she was known to the little flock that she had just dismissed from the log schoolhouse beyond the pines, was taking her afternoon walk. Observing an unusually fine cluster of blossoms on the azalea bush opposite, she crossed the road to pluck it—picking her way through the red dust, not without certain fierce little shivers of disgust, and some feline circumlocution. And then she came suddenly upon Sandy!

Of course, she uttered the little staccato cry of her sex. But when she had paid that tribute to her physical weakness, she became overbold, and halted for a moment—at least six feet from this prostrate monster—with her white skirts gathered in her hand, ready for flight. But neither sound nor motion came from the bush. With one little foot she then overturned the satirical headboard, and muttered "Beasts!"—an epithet which probably, at that moment, conveniently classified in her mind the entire male population of Red Gulch. For Miss Mary, being possessed of certain rigid notions of her own, had not, perhaps properly appreciated the demonstrative gallantry for which the Californian has been so justly celebrated by his brother Californians, and had, as a newcomer, perhaps fairly earned the reputation of being "stuck up."

As she stood there, she noticed, also, that the slant sunbeams were heating Sandy's head to what she judged to be an unhealthy temperature, and that his hat was lying uselessly at his side. To pick it up and place it over his face was a work requiring some courage, particularly as his eyes were open. Yet she did it, and made good her retreat. But she was somewhat concerned, on looking back, to see that the hat was removed, and that Sandy was sitting up and saying something.

The truth was that in the calm depths of Sandy's mind, he was satisfied that the rays of the sun were beneficial and healthful; that, from childhood, he had objected to lying down in a hat; that no people but condemned fools, past redemption, ever wore hats; and that his right to dispense with them when he pleased was inalienable. This was the statement of his inner consciousness. Unfortunately, its outward expression was vague, being limited to a repetition of the following formula: "Su'shine all ri! Wasser maar, eh? Wass up, su'shine?"

Miss Mary stopped, and, taking fresh courage from her vantage of distance, asked him if there was anything that he wanted?

"Wass up? Wasser maar?" continued Sandy, in a very high key.

"Get up, you horrid man!" said Miss Mary, now thoroughly incensed; "get up, and go home."

Sandy staggered to his feet. He was six feet high, and Miss Mary trembled. He started forward a few paces, and then stopped.

"Wass I go hum for?" he suddenly asked, with great gravity.

"Go and take a bath," replied Miss Mary, eyeing his grimy person with great disfavor.

To her infinite dismay, Sandy suddenly pulled off his coat and vest, threw them on the ground, kicked off his boots, and, plunging wildly forward, darted headlong over the hill, in the direction of the river.

"Good heavens!—the man will be drowned!" said Miss Mary; and then, with feminine inconsistency, she ran back to the schoolhouse and locked herself in.

That night while seated at supper, with her hostess—the blacksmith's wife—it came to Miss Mary to ask, demurely, if her husband ever got drunk. "Abner?" responded Mrs. Stidger, reflectively—"let's see—Abner hasn't been tight since last 'lection." Miss Mary would have liked to ask if he preferred lying in the sun on these occasions, and if a cold bath would have hurt him; but this would have involved an explanation, which she did not then care to give. So she contented herself with opening her gray eyes widely at the red-cheeked Mrs. Stidger—a fine specimen of southwestern efflorescence—and then dismissed the subject altogether. The next day she wrote to her dearest friend, in Boston: "I think I find the intoxicated portion of this community the least objectionable. I refer, my dear, to the men, of course. I do not know of anything that could make the women tolerable."

In less than a week Miss Mary had forgotten this episode—except that her afternoon walks took, thereafter, almost unconsciously, another direction. She noticed, however, that every morning a fresh cluster of azalea blossoms appeared among the flowers on her desk. This was not strange, as her little flock were aware of her fondness for flowers, and invariably kept her desk bright with anemones, syringas, and lupines; but, on questioning them, they, one and all, professed ignorance of the azaleas. A few days later, Master Johnny Stidger—whose desk was nearest to the window—was taken with spasms of apparently gratuitous laughter that threatened the discipline of the school. All that Miss Mary could get from him was, that some one had been "looking in the winder." Irate and indignant, she sallied from her hive to do battle with the intruder. As she turned the corner of the schoolhouse, she came plump upon the quondam drunkard—now perfectly sober, and inexpressibly sheepish and guilty-looking.

These facts Miss Mary was not slow to take a feminine advantage of, in her present humor. But it was somewhat confusing to observe, also, that the beast,—despite some faint signs of past dissipation—was amiable looking—in fact, a kind of blonde Samson, whose corn-colored, silken beard apparently had never yet known the touch of barber's razor or Delilah's shears. So that the cutting speech which quivered on her ready tongue died upon her lips, and she contented herself with receiving his stammering apology with supercilious eyelids and the gathered skirts of uncontamination. When she re-entered the schoolroom her eyes fell upon the azaleas with a new sense of revelation. And then she laughed, and the little people all laughed, and they were all unconsciously very happy.

It was on a hot day—and not long after this—that two short-legged boys came to grief on the threshold of the school with a pail of water, which they had laboriously brought from the spring, and that Miss Mary compassionately seized the pail and started for the spring herself. At the foot of the hill a shadow crossed her path, and a blue-shirted arm dexterously, but gently relieved her of her burden. Miss Mary was both embarrassed and angry. "If you carried more of that for yourself," she said, spitefully, to the blue arm, without deigning to raise her lashes to its owner, "you'd do better." In the submissive silence that followed, she regretted the speech, and thanked him so sweetly at the door that he stumbled. Which caused the children to laugh again—a laugh in which Miss Mary joined, until the color came faintly into her pale cheeks. The next morning a barrel was mysteriously placed beside the door, and as mysteriously filled with fresh spring water every morning.

Nor was this superior young person without other quiet attentions. "Profane Bill," driver of the Slumgullion Stage—widely known in the newspapers for his "gallantry" in invariably offering the box seat to the fair sex—had excepted Miss Mary from this attention, on the ground that he had a habit of "cussin' on up grades," and gave her half the coach to herself. Jack Hamlin, a gambler, having once silently ridden with her in the same coach, afterward threw a decanter at the head of a confederate for mentioning her name in a barroom. The over-dressed mother of a pupil whose paternity was doubtful, had often lingered near this astute Vestal's temple, never daring to enter its sacred precincts, but content to worship the priestess from afar.

With such unconscious intervals, the monotonous procession of blue skies, glittering sunshine, brief twilights, and starlit nights passed over Red Gulch. Miss Mary grew fond of walking in the sedate and proper woods. Perhaps she believed, with Mrs. Stidger, that the balsamic odors of the firs "did her chest good," for certainly her slight cough was less frequent and her step was firmer; perhaps she had learned the unending lesson which the patient pines are never weary of repeating to heedful or listless ears. And so, one day, she planned a picnic on Buckeye Hill, and took the children with her. Away from the dusty road, the straggling shanties, the yellow ditches, the clamor of restless engines, the cheap finery of shop windows, the deeper glitter of paint and colored glass, and the thin veneering which barbarism takes upon itself in such localities—what infinite relief was theirs! The last heap of ragged rock and clay passed—how the waiting woods opened their long files to receive them. How the children—perhaps because they had not yet grown quite away from the breast of bounteous Mother—threw themselves face downward on her brown bosom with uncouth caresses, filling the air with their laughter; and how Miss Mary herself—felinely fastidious and entrenched as she was in the purity of spotless skirts, collar, and cuffs—forgot all, and ran like a crested quail at the head of her brood, until, romping, laughing, and panting, with a loosened braid of brown hair, a hat hanging by a knotted ribbon from her throat, she came suddenly and violently, in the heart of the forest, upon—the luckless Sandy.

The explanations, apologies, and not otherwise conversation that ensued, need not be indicated here. It would seem, however, that Miss Mary had already established some acquaintance with this ex-drunkard. Enough that he was soon accepted as one of the party; that the children, with that quick intelligence which Providence gives the helpless, recognized a friend, and played with his blonde beard, and long silken mustache, and took other liberties—as the helpless are apt to do. And when he had built a fire against a tree, and had shown them other mysteries of the woodcraft, their admiration knew no bounds. At the close of two such foolish, idle, happy hours, he found himself lying at the feet of the school mistress, gazing dreamily into her face—as she sat upon the sloping hill side, weaving wreaths of laurel and syringa—in very much the same attitude as he had lain when first they met. Nor was the similitude greatly forced. The weakness of an

easy, sensuous nature, that had found a dreamy exaltation in liquor, it is to be feared, was now finding an equal intoxication in love.

I think that Sandy was dimly conscious of this himself. I know that he longed to be doing something—slaying a grizzly, scalping a savage, or sacrificing himself in some way for the sake of this sallow faced, gray-eyed school mistress. As I should like to present him in a heroic attitude, I stay my hand with great difficulty at this moment, being only withheld from introducing such an episode by a strong conviction that it does not usually occur at such times. And I trust that my fairest reader, who remembers that, in a real crisis, it is always some uninteresting stranger or unromantic policeman—and not Adolphus—who rescues, will forgive the omission.

So they sat there, undisturbed—the woodpeckers chattering overhead, and the voices of the children coming pleasantly from the hollow below. What they said matters little. What they thought—which might have been interesting—did not transpire. The woodpeckers only learned how Miss Mary was an orphan; how she left her uncle's house, to come to California, for the sake of health and independence; how Sandy was an orphan, too; how he came to California for excitement; how he had lived a wild life, and how he was trying to reform; and other details, which, from a woodpecker's viewpoint, undoubtedly must have seemed stupid, and a waste of time. But even in such trifles was the afternoon spent; and when the children were again gathered, and Sandy, with a delicacy which the school mistress well understood, took leave of them quietly at the outskirts of the settlement, it had seemed the shortest day of her weary life.

As the long dry summer withered to its roots, the school term of Red Gulch—to use a local euphuism—"dried up" also. In another day Miss Mary would be free; and for a season, at least, Red Gulch would know her no more. She was seated alone in the school house, her cheek resting on her hand, her eyes half closed in one of those day dreams in which Miss Mary—I fear, to the danger of school discipline—was lately in the habit of indulging. Her lap was full of mosses, ferns and other woodland memories. She was so preoccupied with these and her own thoughts that a gentle tapping at the door passed unheard, or translated itself into the remembrance of far-off woodpeckers. When at last it asserted itself more distinctly, she started up with a flushed cheek and opened the door. On the threshold stood a woman, the

self-assertion and audacity of whose dress were in singular contrast to her timid, irresolute bearing.

Miss Mary recognized at a glance the dubious mother of her anonymous pupil. Perhaps she was disappointed—perhaps she was only fastidious—but as she coldly invited her to enter, she half consciously settled her white cuffs and collar, and gathered closer her own chaste skirts. It was, perhaps, for this reason that the embarrassed stranger, after a moment's hesitation, left her gorgeous parasol open and sticking in the dust beside the door, and then sat down at the farthest end of a long bench. Her voice was husky as she began:

"I heerd tell that you were goin' down to the Bay tomorrow, and I couldn't let you go until I came to thank you for your kindness to my Tommy."

Tommy, Miss Mary said, was a good boy, and deserved more than the poor attention she could give him.

"Thank you, Miss! Thank ye!" cried the stranger, brightening even through the color which Red Gulch knew facetiously was her "war paint," and striving, in her embarrassment, to drag the long bench nearer the school mistress. "I thank you, Miss, for that! And if I am his mother, there ain't a sweeter, dearer, better boy lives than him. And if I ain't much as says it, that ain't a sweeter, dearer, angeler teacher lives than he's got."

Miss Mary, sitting primly behind her desk, with a ruler over her shoulder, opened her gray eyes widely at this, but said nothing.

"It ain't for you to be complimented by the like of me"—she went on, hurriedly—"I know. It ain't for me to be comin' here, in broad day, to do it, either; but I come to ask a favor—not for me, Miss—not for me—but for the darling boy."

Encouraged by a look in the young school mistress' eye, and putting her lilac-gloved hands together, the fingers downward, between her knees, she went on in a low voice:

"You see, Miss, there's no one the boy has any claim on but me, and I ain't the proper person to bring him up. I thought some, last year, of sending him away to 'Frisco to school, but when they talked of bringing a school ma'am here, I waited till I saw you, and then I knew it was all right, and I could keep my boy a little longer. And oh, Miss, he loves you so much; and if you could hear him talk about you, in his pretty way, and if he could ask you what I ask you now, you couldn't refuse him.

"It is natural," she went on, rapidly, in a voice that trembled strangely between pride and humility, "it's natural that he should take to you, Miss, for his father, when I first knew him, was a gentleman—and the boy must forget me, sooner or later—and so I ain't a goin' to cry about that. For I come to ask you to take my Tommy—God bless him for the bestest, sweetest boy that lives—to—to—take him with you."

She had risen and caught the young girl's hand in her own, and had fallen on her knees beside her.

"I've money plenty, and it's all yours and his. Put him in some good school, where you can go and see him, and help him to—to—to forget his mother. Do with him what you like. The worst you can do will be kindness to what he will learn with me. Only take him out of this wicked life—this cruel place—this home of shame and sorrow. You will; I know you will—won't you? You will—you must not—you can not say no! You will make him as pure, as gentle as yourself; and when he has grown up, you will tell him his father's name—the name that hasn't passed my lips for years—the name of Alexander Morton, whom they call here Sandy! Miss Mary! Do not take your hand away! Miss Mary, speak to me! You will take the boy? Do not put your face from me. I know it ought not look on such as me. Miss Mary! My God, be merciful—she is leaving me!"

Miss Mary had risen, and, in the gathering twilight, had felt her way to the open window. She stood there, leaning against the casement, her eyes fixed on the last rosy tints that were fading from the western sky. There was still some of its light on her pure young forehead, on her white collar, on her clasped white hands, but all fading slowly away. The supplicant had dragged herself, still on her knees, beside her.

"I know it takes time to consider. I will wait here all night; but I cannot go until you speak. Do not deny me, now. You will! I see it in your sweet face—such a face as I have seen in my dreams. I see it in your eyes, Miss Mary—you will take my boy!"

The last red beam crept higher, suffused Miss Mary's eyes with something of its glory, flickered, and faded, and went out. The sun had set in Red Gulch. In the twilight and silence, Miss Mary's voice sounded pleasantly.

"I will take the boy. Send him to me, to-night."

(Continued on page 44)

The Way of the West

By ELMO W. BRIM

CHAPTER XXIII, Continued

IOFFETT was so surprised by this offer that he swallowed part of his tobacco, and for a few moments violent coughing shook his frame, then he said:

"I've got er buckskin pony that can't be beat on wind and endurance. Yuh can have him and a saddle fer seventy-five dollars."

"Bring him out," replied Nina. "And light a lantern so I can look at him."

In a short time Moffett returned with a lantern in one hand and leading a trim looking buckskin with the other. Nina, whose knowledge of horses was equal to many first class men riders, quickly satisfied herself that the pony was sound, of a good age and shod all around—the latter being important on a trip of this kind.

"The horse is all right," she said as she finished her inspection, "now let's see the saddle."

When Moffett laid down a stock saddle and blanket Nina looked it over and saw that while it was old it was in a good serviceable condition. All told he was asking twenty-five dollars too much for the horse and saddle but she knew that time was too precious to haggle with him, so she said:

"All right, Mr. Moffett, saddle him up. I will give you ten dollars to bind the trade. You can go with me around to the hotel and wait with him until I change my clothes, then I will try him, and if he is clean on his feet and bridle-wise I will pay you your price."

Moffett eagerly accepted the ten dollars and a glint of pleasure came into his watery eyes as he thought of the easy money that he was making. He hurriedly saddled the pony and together they walked up the street to the only hotel of which Clarion boasted.

In a short time Nina re-appeared in the lobby of the hotel dressed in a full riding costume. Luckily, in her haste to leave Mrs. Norton's, she had not removed it from her traveling bag. Now, with a sense of thankfulness, she realized how fortunate she was. As she was leaving her traveling bag with the clerk she realized that she would need some protection against the early, wintry wind.

"Can you buy an overcoat from anyone for me?" she inquired of the obliging clerk. "Any old one will do. I have a long journey to make

tonight and it will be frightfully cold without one."

"I sure can," replied the clerk, going to a rack and taking down a worn but heavy overcoat.

"What is it worth?" inquired Nina, opening her purse.

"That coat is not worth selling," replied the clerk. "You will be returning for your traveling bag, so you can bring it then, or send it back. It really does not matter for it is of no value."

"I certainly appreciate your kindness. It is worth a great deal to me. I will return it tomorrow. Thank you ever so much," and then she was gone.

Sim Moffett, who was biting off a fresh chew of tobacco when she came out, mentally decided that she was a business woman for she was back in half the time that it took an average woman to change her clothes.

"I'll try him, Mr. Moffett," she said, as she came up and took the reins from his hand. When she mounted the horse she was surprised to find that the stirrups were the proper length for her. She walked the horse for a short distance then touched him with her spur and held him a short distance to a trot, after which she wheeled him, and, as she gave him the rein, he broke into a clean-footed lope. When she reined him in front of Moffett she knew that she had a horse that was sure of making the trip.

"He is a good horse, Mr. Moffett," she said, "so here is your money. Now run into the hotel and write me a bill of sale and I will be on my way."

Moffett counted the money by the light of his lantern and then went into the hotel, where he laboriously wrote out a brief bill of sale.

"Here you are, Missy," he said, as he appeared by Nina's side, "an' yuh have a hoss that can step with any of them."

"Thank you, Mr. Moffett. Now, please, give me some idea as to how the trail runs from here to Langford, and I will be leaving."

"Yuh can't git lost," said Moffett, "ther trail follows ther left hand side of ther railroad ter three miles of Langford, then it swings off ter ther left and crosses Medicine Hill—you can see ther town from there. You can't git lost

fer it's ther only trail from here ter Langford—yuh cross Turkey Creek 'bout half way betwixt ther two places."

"Thank you," said Nina, as she wheeled her pony and started for the railroad.

Sim Moffett stood for a moment, after Nina had disappeared, thinking of what a wonderful business woman she was. The night's journey that she was making puzzled him greatly, but as he could form no idea as to the solution, he shook his head and, after spitting viciously at the ground, walked down the darkened street to his stable.

As Nina held her pony to a steady lope she knew that she had made a good purchase notwithstanding the exorbitant price that she had paid. She smiled whimsically as she thought of the disagreeable old robber, who had made her so mad, but she felt pleased with herself for not giving vent to her feeling—thereby destroying her chances for saving Dick's life.

"Poor Dick," she mused, "tonight must be awful to him—more so by having received my letter. He must think that I have failed to do anything for him, and the thoughts of tomorrow—it is awful. But, thank God, there will be no tomorrow of the type of which he is thinking. Everything—trains, governor's telegram, has gone wrong, but, thanks for restraining my temper, I have a way to reach him, unless—but a determined look came over her face, and she continued, "I am going to beat the sun, so that is all there is to it."

So the night wore on and the buckskin pony and its rider continued on across the star-lit prairie. Turkey Creek had been crossed many hours before and the end of the journey was drawing near. While the night was cool it was not severely cold. Oklahoma, with the exception of an occasional "norther," does not have severe winters. The suspense and long ride were the disagreeable features of the journey. Nina, from time to time, had consulted her watch and now as it was nearly daytime, she began to urge her pony forward. He was tired but the vitality characteristic of "buckskins" strongly predominated in him.

At last the trail turned sharply to the left from the railroad and she saw ahead of her the outline of a large hill and knew that Medicine Hill had at last been reached. As her pony followed the winding trail to the top of the hill daylight was just beginning to break. Outlined below her in the valley lay the town of Langford, scattered on the prairie, while blue mountains in the far distance formed an artistic background.

Unknown to Nina she was on the spot which had been the object of many of Dick's and Pauline's horseback rides during the past—before misfortune had guided him to the real love and to the real woman—but when Nina reached this spot she gave her pony the rein and started down the hill in a sweeping gallop. The scene was beautiful, but she had no eye for it this morning. Her knowledge of the "open country" told her only too well that sunrise was but a matter of minutes—possibly half an hour, but little over.

As the horse struck out across the valley as fast as his tired legs could carry him, Nina was worrying about the location of the jail. Inquiring for its location might mean that she would arrive a few moments too late—and every moment counted now.

"Oh, God!!" she prayed. "Help me to arrive in time!"

CHAPTER XXIV

Sunrise

Dick had just eaten breakfast by the light of a weak and spluttering candle. It was the last breakfast that he was to eat but his nerves were unaffected, and he had eaten a hearty meal. He was ready to meet his fate without a tremor no matter what it cost him. He had made his will the afternoon before, leaving all his Langford property to Nina and that night he had written her a farewell letter so there remained nothing else for him to do but meet his fate.

While waiting for the marshal he sat down on his bunk, and, reaching into his pocket, produced a letter written in a feminine hand, and began to read:

"My Darling Dick:

"Words cannot express the uneasiness that I have suffered since you so suddenly disappeared and now, since I have just this moment received your letter, I am broken hearted at its contents but I admire the course you have pursued—there was no other choice. But, oh, my darling, the danger you are now in nearly drives me crazy. Had I but known sooner—but it is not the time for regrets—time is too precious; it is the time for action. Governor Lane of Oklahoma is an old friend of father's. I am going to see him. And, dear heart, I will come away from him with your pardon—do not lose faith in me for I am going to be on hand before the fatal hour with your pardon.

"Now I will close, as I must rush to catch my train. Do not lose heart and remember that I

have faith in you. My love for you is the only love that I have ever known.

"Your own,

"NINA."

Dick had read this letter many times since he had received it 'till he knew its every word, but he continued reading it because it was the only thing that he had to remind him of Nina. When he received it he somehow felt that her presence was with him. Now he had read it for the last time; in a short while steps would be heard climbing the stairway. He kissed the letter, then placed it in his breast pocket beside the one he had written Nina.

As Dick sat on his bunk looking into space a rat climbed up on the box which held the spluttering candle, but if his eyes saw it his mind took no note of it, for his thoughts were far away in the beautiful valley down in Che-hauhau, near the Sierra Madre Mountains, and a beautiful, golden-haired girl was riding beside him. Then his mental vision covered the many happy events of their early acquaintance until the "hour of understanding" on the boulder-strewn hill where Juan Guerros' bullet had felled him. Another rat climbed up beside the one that was nibbling crumbs by the side of the spluttering candle but he did not realize their presence, for he was again living over the happy days of their courtship in the hospital at El Paso. . . . Then the picture went blank as his mind came back to the present. He shrugged his shoulders and sat up erect on his bunk, causing the two rats to leave the bread crumbs and scurry for safety.

Then for the first time he noticed a grey light, tinged with red, which reflected through the window and entered into his cell. As he recalled the possible pardon, he knew that it had been nothing more than a drowning man catching at straws; he had known that from the beginning, so it was no disappointment. What hurt more than anything else was the disappointment which Nina must suffer at the failure of her hopes.

"Poor child," he thought, "it is terrible that she should suffer for me like this. I am sorry I ever wrote her. If I had only known that she would built false hopes like this I would not have written. She is a wonderful woman, real and unspoiled. I shall die loving her."

Then a red light reflected through the window, and, as he heard steps coming up the creaking stairway, he deliberately rolled and lighted a cigarette.

"Good morning, Morgan," said Dick as the

marshal and Bud Martin entered through the door and they paused in front of the cell.

"Good morning, Dick," said the marshal in a broken voice. "I am sorry that I am in this position. If there is any favor that I can do for you do not hesitate to state it—if it is in my power I will certainly do it."

"Morgan, I do not blame you," replied Dick. "It is merely your duty. Yes, you can mail this letter—after the end."

As the marshal placed the letter in his pocket, Dick said:

"All right, Morgan, I am ready."

Then, with Dick in between the marshal and Bud, who was in the lead, they started down the creaking steps. Dick was the only cool man of the trio; the marshal's nerves were on edge at the thought of his unpleasant task and Bud Martin, who hated to see a dog mistreated, was utterly miserable. He had tried by innumerable excuses to be absent this day, but the marshal had held him to the unpleasant task.

While the marshal and Dick waited on the high jail steps for Bud to lock the door Dick's eyes rapidly took in his surroundings. At the foot of the steps were two silent, solemn-looking men, presumably deputy marshals. To the right of the steps and attached to the end of the jail, was a high, planked-up enclosure, containing a door but no windows. The one glance was sufficient to tell him that this enclosure contained the scaffold. The jail, which was in the outskirts of the town, faced the street, or rather, the trail which led from Langford to Medicine Hill. In the east the sun was just peeping over the distant mountains throwing a golden glow over the awakening town.

Suddenly, as the three men were descending the steps, a clatter of hoofs broke the morning stillness and a fast galloping horse was heard approaching from the direction of Medicine Hill. Marshal and deputies instantly reached for their pistols thinking of another possible jail delivery. Then a panting "buckskin" pony dashed up even with the jail, where its rider, a golden-haired girl, wearing a man's overcoat many sizes too large, reined in the racing horse. So suddenly did he stop that he raised a cloud of dust as he sat back on his haunches and slid several steps to a standstill.

"I have a pardon from the President of the United States," the rider cried in a clear ringing voice. Then, flinging the pardon to the officers, she sprang from her horse and ran into Dick's outstretched arms.

"Dick," she cried as she clung to him con-

vulsively, great sobs shaking her body. "Oh, I came so near being too late!"

"It is too wonderful to be true, dear," said Dick softly, kissing her tear-wet face. "You and freedom! You are a wonderful woman, Nina! I had faith in you, but I never believed it possible for you to secure a pardon."

Nina briefly told the story to Dick while the marshal and his deputies were reading the pardon and the dying statements of Jack and Shorty Hicks. When the last detail had been told Dick stared for a moment into the distance, then he kissed her.

"What a wonderful woman you are," he said with deep emotion. "And what a wonderful world it is since there is no cloud to mar our happiness."

"It is wonderful, Dick," she said, softly, "I am so happy. I knew you would not care if I brought Jack's name into it, now that he is dead. It was his dying wish that it should be like this."

"Poor old Jack," said Dick, huskily, "I am sorry to hear that he is dead. I never had a better "pardner"—he just got started bad, he was a good fellow. You did right, dear, it was his wish. I not only love you but I owe you a deep debt of gratitude for what you have done for me—this is twice that you have saved my life."

"Well," said Nina, dimpling prettily, "you belong to me so I have to look after you."

"That's right," said Dick, smiling, "and I am never going to take a chance of your losing me again. Now listen—the train does not leave until nine-thirty. That will give us plenty of time for you to have your breakfast—and for us to get married."

"But, Dick," said Nina, blushing prettily, "I haven't any clothes."

"We have time to get the clothes; but let's get married just as we are as a last feature of the great trial we have gone through. Bud Martin, the jailer, has been a true friend to me since I have been his prisoner, so what do you say to his being my best man?"

"Dick, we will do as you say," cried Nina,

laughing. "It will be a proper ending and it will be more sincere than any formal wedding we could ever have. And, since this Mr. Bud has been so good to you, I will give him my horse to remember us by."

The marshal and his deputies, like all true Westerners, were deeply moved when they realized the sacrifice Dick had been making of himself, and for "silent" men they were very demonstrative in their congratulations and avowals of friendship. Their admiration for Nina couldn't be expressed.

As for Bud Martin his pleasure knew no bounds at Dick's release, and to know that his friendship had not been misplaced. But when Nina gave him the buckskin pony and Dick informed him of their desire to have him for his best man at their coming wedding he gave way to his emotions and cried like a child.

"Dick," he exclaimed as the tears streamed down his bearded face, "we have treated yuh purty rough, but it shore are worth being hanged to git a woman like yuh are gittin'."

They were quietly married before the town was fully aware of the exciting events which had occurred during the early hours of the morning. But before they reached the station the news of Dick's pardon and the manly sacrifice that he had made for his friend was swept broadcast and the town as a whole turned out to express its friendship and admiration for him. It was only as the train was in the act of leaving that Dick and Nina got away from their enthusiastic friends and boarded the train.

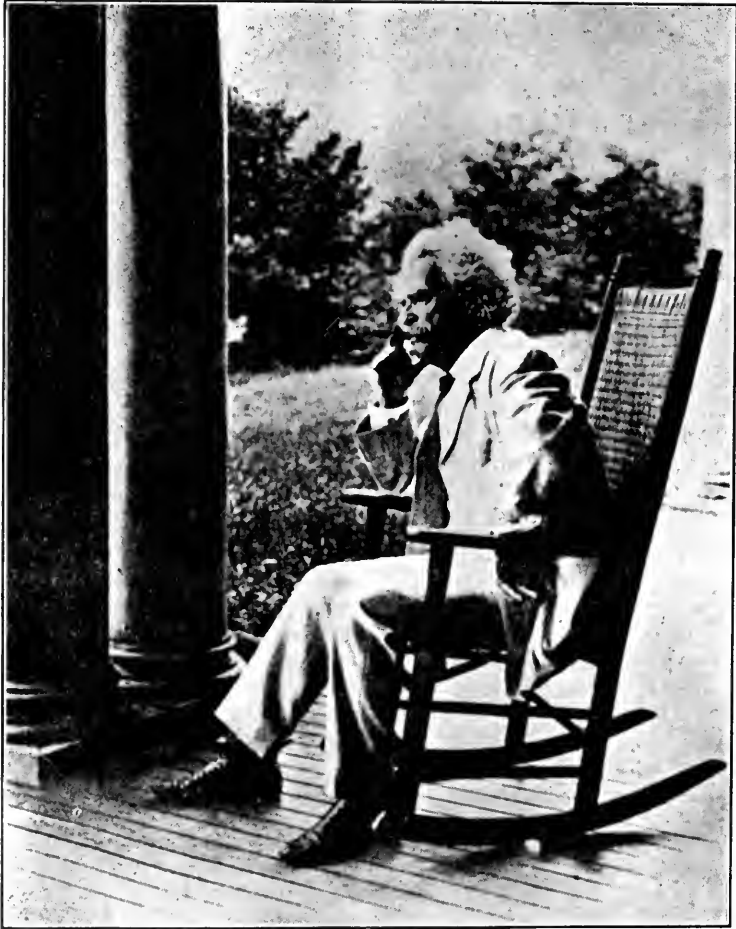
When they stood on the platform waving a last farewell Nina said:

"Dick, this is a happy ending but it has been a terrible experience for you."

"Yes, dear," he replied as his hand stole over and clasped hers, "it has been a terrible experience to both of us. But the part I played in the unfortunate affair has brought a wonderful happiness to me and, had I not done as I did I would never have known you."

The End





Mark Twain (Samuel Clemens) one of the early writers on the Overland Monthly and a pioneer of the early days

Plain Language of Truthful James

BRET HARTE

(Table Mountain, 1870)

Which I wish to remark—
And my language is plain—
That for ways that are dark
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar.
Which the same I would rise to explain.

Ah Sin was his name;
And I shall not deny
In regard to the same
What that name might imply,
But his smile it was pensive and child-like,
As I frequently remarked to Bill Nye.

It was August the third;
And quite soft was the skies;
Which it might be inferred
That Ah Sin was likewise;
Yet he played it that day upon William
And me in a way I despise.

Which we had a small game,
And Ah Sin took a hand:
It was Euchre. The same
He did not understand;
But he smiled as he sat by the table,
With the smile that was child-like and bland.

Yet the cards they were stocked
In a way that I grieve,
And my feelings were shocked
At the state of Nye's sleeve:
Which was stuffed full of aces and bowers,
And the same with intent to deceive.

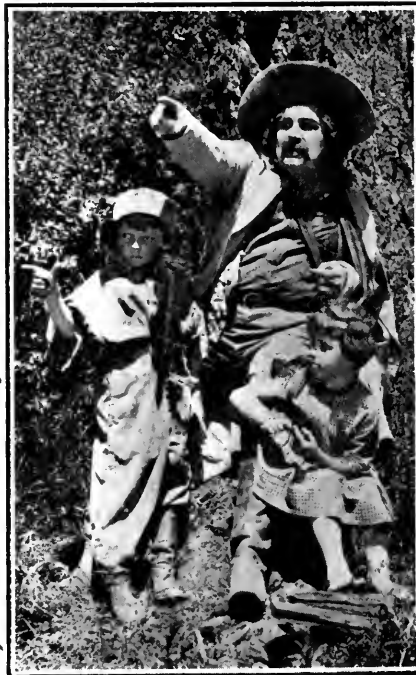
But the hands that were played
By that heathen Chinee,
And the points that he made,
Were quite frightful to see—
Till at last he put down a right bower,
Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

Then I looked up at Nye,
And he gazed upon me;
And he rose with a sigh,
And said, "Can this be?
We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor"—
And he went for that heathen Chinee.

In the scene that ensued
I did not take a hand,
But the floor it was strewed
Like the leaves on the strand
With the cards that Ah Sin had been hiding,
In the game "he did not understand."

In his sleeves, which were long,
He had twenty-four packs—
Which was coming it strong,
Yet I state but the facts;
And we found on his nails, which were taper,
What is frequent in tapers—that's wax.

Which is why I remark,
And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar—
Which the same I am free to maintain.



Pirates

By COLIN CAMPBELL CLEMENTS

FOR forty long years Mrs. Warren had lived in Northampton and during all that time her name had never, never, even remotely, been connected in any way with scandal. "Gossip," she always said, "gossip is malicious, positively malicious. Doesn't the Bible say—" and with this preface, of which not a single word had been altered for the last thirty years, she would quote chapter after chapter from the Holy Book. Of late, however, her mind would do the most absurd things; for instance she would start out by quoting some passage from the Bible and in the very middle of it find herself quoting from the "dear Queen's" Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands or a bit of verse from "dear Tennyson." But after all, didn't Tennyson come next after the Bible, and wasn't the "dear Queen," in spite of her unfortunate attachment to "that young foreigner, Prince Albert," the, well, as Lord Beaconsfield called her—"The Faery?"

"Gossip is malicious, positively malicious," Mrs. Warren was saying one afternoon, "Doesn't the Bible say—" Just here a tinnabulation of the brass knocker echoed and re-echoed through the house.

Clara, who had grown old in the service and devotion of her mistress started for the hall door.

"Oh, Clara, Clara, before you open the door be sure and run your apron over the table in the hall and—"

But Clara, who always anticipated her mistress' orders even before they were given, had hurried from the room. Mrs. Warren quickly arranged the folds of her skirt, made sure that her little lace cap was "just so" folded her hands, one over the other, and leaned back in her Chippendale chair expectantly.

"It's Mrs. Lawty, ma'am." Clara announced from the hall door.

"Oh, the dear soul, have her come right in," she leaned forward, "right in, Clara."

"I have just dropped in for a moment," Mrs. Lawty began. She always began that way. "I've just a moment, my dear Mrs. Warren. I'm on my way to the 'Helping Hand' meeting and as I had to pass this way I just dropped in to see how you were." She let the black woolen shawl which she was wearing slip from her shoulders. "I hope I'm not interrupting any work you may be doing."

"Oh, dear, no," Mrs. Warren sighed. "No, when you came in I was just giving my maid a little lecture on," she paused, "on gossip."

"Gossip?" Mrs. Lawty sat bolt upright.

"It is so malicious."

"Positively unladylike." Her little corkscrew curls shook violently. "One could almost compare a lady who gossips to a—to a pirate."

"A what, Mrs. Lawty?" Mrs. Warren lifted her ear-trumpet, "a what?"

"A pirate," shrieked Mrs. Lawty.

"A pirate!"

"They are wild thieves, so to speak. And they steal things from perfectly innocent people," she ran on. "The South Sea Islands are full of them—pirates I mean. Why, I read in our missionary paper, just last week, that one poor man was taken over, overtaken, I mean, by pirates who took away his watch and—I hesitate to say it, his trousers!"

"His trousers! Dreadful!"

"The rest of the story is too indelicate to repeat."

"Yes—yes, some things are often better left unsaid." Mrs. Warren turned around to make sure that Clara was not in the room and then leaned toward Mrs. Lawty. "But one need never be ashamed to speak the truth. What is the rest of the story, Mrs. Lawty?"

"The poor man," she took a deep breath, "the poor man was forced to come into port with a bad cold in his head—and in his pajamas!"

"Oh!" Mrs. Warren wondered if she should have asked for the rest of the story.

"And that is why I call a lady who gossips a pirate."

"Yes—yes. Though one can hardly think of any lady unlawfully taking a poor unprotected gentleman's," she coughed, "a poor gentleman's trousers. Can one?"

"Hardly," Mrs. Lawty had a way of turning everything into philosophy. "Hardly. But to steal one's good name is to take one's cloak of righteousness. And, oh, my dear, few people can face the world without it. The soul is so much more important than the body."

The corners of Mrs. Warren's mouth went down suddenly. "One should keep both properly clothed," she said, "one should keep both properly clothed."

"Yes,—" Mrs. Lawty leaned back in her

chair, "Yes— though in the South Sea Islands the natives, I'm told, wear nothing but grass skirts."

"One could hardly do that in England."

"Oh, but the people there in the South Seas are like little children—pure of mind. And it was to help these worthy people that our 'Helping Hand Society' was organized."

"Such a worthy organization. I am sure the ladies of Northampton are doing a noble work."

"Oh, yes, indeed, Mrs. Warren. Why, only last week we sent off a large box of soap to the natives of East Africa and now we are getting ready—" she beamed, "we are getting ready a box of napkins and tablecloths. We are, indeed, doing a splendid work for our less fortunate brothers and sisters in a far land."

"Brothers and sisters!" Mrs. Warren nervously fingered her ear trumpet. "Brothers and sisters! One can hardly feel that way towards them, Mrs. Lawty. I am told they are quite black!"

"Nevertheless, they are God's creatures."

"My dear, I will have Clara make you a hot cup of tea." Mrs. Warren was tactfully and successfully changing the subject of conversation. "It will rest you." She reached over and pulled the cord. "It will rest you."

"Oh, no, no, thank you—really. I mustn't stop. I always like to get to the society meetings early—otherwise one misses so much that is interesting," she added, and immediately wished she hadn't. Fortunately Clara appeared.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Clara, will you put the water on to boil? And make the tea rather strong, but not too strong, just so."

"Yes, thank you, ma'am," and Clara disappeared as quickly as she had appeared.

"By the way," Mrs. Lawty had collected her fluttering wits, "have you met the new doctor and his wife?"

"Who?" Mrs. Warren lifted her ear trumpet.

"The new doctor and his wife," shouted Mrs. Lawty.

"Yes, I have called on Mrs. Hunter. But, of course, Betty knows both of them. They are both charming people—the Hunters, I mean."

"Quite." Mrs. Lawty raised her eyebrows. "Though Mrs. Romney told Mrs. Pickering who told me that the Hunters do not get along well together. It seems that she is a Church of

England woman while he is the son of a Scotch Presbyterian and so of course—" she did not feel it necessary to say more.

"Though I believe they have been married all of three or four years."

"Oh, really? I didn't know that. How interesting! I must tell Mrs. Romney." She paused a moment. "But Mrs. Lawer told me that the doctor calls Mrs. Hunter 'dearest'—in public."

"Such poor taste."

"I always suspect a man who is overly demonstrative in public."

"But of course one—"

"Mother!" came a voice from the hall. "Mother!" And Betty, a slip of a girl in a wide hoop skirt, a high bonnet and with her arms full of flowers, came tumbling into the room.

"Mother, dear—" It was then that she saw Mrs. Lawty, who had at the first sound of Betty's voice drawn herself in like a tortoise. "Good afternoon, Mrs. Lawty. Mother, see the wonderful flowers Doctor Hunter has just given me."

"Doctor Hunter gave you those?" a worried look came into Mrs. Warren's eyes, she glanced at Mrs. Lawty quickly. "Doctor Hunter?"

"Yes, his garden is full of them. Aren't they beauties?"

"But you hardly know him well enough to—" Mrs. Warren began.

"You see we are getting acquainted! He was on his way to see Mrs. Hallway and —"

"Mrs. Lawty leaned forward. "Is she ill again?"

Betty shook her head. "Rheumatism, though not serious."

"Oh, really?" Mrs. Lawty was slowly bringing her head out of the shell again. "Oh, really."

"And as the doctor was coming this way," Betty chatted on, "he walked to the gate with me. Mother, Doctor Hunter is a wonderful conversationalist."

"Hasn't the Doctor a carriage?"

Betty turned toward Mrs. Lawty. "Oh, yes, but it is such a splendid day for walking."

Something hard came into Mrs. Lawty's analytical eyes, "I daresay," she said, "I daresay that depends upon—upon with whom one is walking."

"Betty," Mrs. Warren's voice was trembling, "Betty, you don't really mean to tell me that you walked—that you walked down the highway with a strange man?"

Betty was on the defensive in an instant. "Why mother, he isn't a strange man! And I know both Doctor and Mrs. Hunter."

"But such a short acquaintance—and to be walking with him—walking with him in broad daylight!"

"What would you have me do—walk with him after dark?"

"Oh!" Mrs. Warren was too dumfounded to utter the words that were on her lips.*

"Oh!" echoed Mrs. Lawty. "Oh!" After a moment she regained her breath and somehow, by sheer force of will she afterward explained it, was able to stammer, "I really must be going, Mrs. Warren. I must not be late for the meeting, you know." She lowered her voice, "and perhaps you would rather be alone with your daughter at this time. Good afternoon, Mrs. Warren." She shivered, drew her shawl closely around her shoulders and swept from the room.

Mrs. Warren waited until she heard the front door close. "Betty, how could you?"

"But, mother—"

"Walking with a man, a man who is married and not on the best terms with his wife, accepting flowers from him, a Presbyterian, unchaperoned. Oh! It is so unbecoming, so, so unladylike, not to say indiscreet." She paused for breath; "Why, when I was a girl—"

Betty threw both her arms around her mother's neck; "But things have changed since then, dear."

"Not in Northampton, thank heaven, not in Northampton." Mrs. Warren reached up to rearrange her little lace cap. "Here, at least, we still keep some of the old propriety. Oh, Betty, this indiscretion of yours would have killed your poor dear father."

Betty turned away. "Perhaps that's what did," she said under her breath; "too much propriety. I am sorry, dear, truly sorry if I have caused you any anxiety."

But Mrs. Warren's injured feelings and the fear of what her neighbors might say about her daughter were not to be soothed by a hug and a few honeyed words. She had not lived in Northampton forty years without learning its likes and dislikes, indeed, had she not herself, helped form and crystalize Northampton's code of manners?

"There must be no room for gossip among the ladies of Northampton. We shall cultivate the Doctor's wife at once."

"Cultivate Mrs. Hunter?" Betty jumped at the chance. "Oh, I would love to. She is a delightful person."

"Though one must," Mrs. Warren reflected, "one must be very careful about strangers."

"I'm sure you'll be devoted to her. She's fond of outdoor life, and all that sort of thing. Oh, she's ripping!"

"Betty! Let me never hear such a vulgar word from you again! Ripping! Am I to understand then, am I to understand that Mrs. Hunter is one of those dreadful mannish sort of persons who—"

Fortunately the knocker sounded just then. If it hadn't, heaven only knows what Mrs. Warren might have let herself say.

"If you don't mind, Mother, I shall go up to my room." Betty was anxious for an excuse to get away. "I want to do a water-color sketch of these flowers before they fade."

"Stop here a bit, Betty," Mrs. Warren said in a hard metallic voice.

"It is Mrs. Romney, ma'am," Clara announced.

"Have Mrs. Romney come right in, Clara, and Clara, fetch in the tea." Mrs. Warren leaned back and sighed. "Oh, dear, she is such a bombastic sort of person, so to speak."

"She was born in London, you know."

"Yes, poor dear, poor dear," she shook her head sadly, "she has so much to live down. It must be dreadful to have lived in such a naughty place as London. Think of the dreadful environment, my dear. London!"

Mrs. Romney, for all the world like an overly-decorated Christmas tree, fluttered in. The gay-colored ostrich feather which she wore on her bonnet accentuated her movements.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Warren, good afternoon. How-do-you-do, Betty, dear. Did I hear you speaking of London as I came in, Mrs. Warren?"

"Speaking of London?" With all her tact, all her discretion, Mrs. Warren had not yet reached that place where she could successfully hide embarrassment. "Speaking of London? Were we speaking of London, Betty?"

Mrs. Romney did not wait for an answer. In fact, she very seldom did. She was the sort of a person who shot questions at one and then, before one could open one's mouth answered the questions. Yes, "that sort of a person" as Mrs. Lawty called her.

"Dear old London," she said, "dear old London—how I long for it!"

"But my dear," Mrs. Warren had regained her poise, "surely London hasn't the—the refinement of Northampton."

"Northampton! Ah! Why, this little place

is as far from the world as—as the South Sea Islands!”

“Mrs. Romney! How—how can you even think of such a thing?” Mrs. Warren was shaking like an autumn leaf, “how can you think of such a thing? Why in the South Sea Islands, I am told, in the South Sea Islands, the people wear nothing but straw skirts—and pirates,” she went on breathlessly, “pirates take things, unmentionable things from innocent missionaries. One could not accuse the people of Northampton of such a thing. Even our shop-keepers are gentlemen compared to those dreadful people who live in the South Seas.”

Mrs. Romney looked up from under her eyelids, smiled and said sweetly, ever so sweetly: “My dear, the people of the South Sea Islands are at least interesting.”

“Perfect savages!” Mrs. Warren exploded.

“But, my dear,” Mrs. Romney calmly and slowly smoothed the wrinkles out of her lace mitts, “all our forefathers were savages, you know—savages, hitting each other over the head with clubs, hanging from palm trees by their tails, and all that sort of thing.”

“Oh, dear!”

“And,” Mrs. Romney added triumphantly, “and the longer I live in Northampton, the more I’m convinced that it wasn’t so many generations ago, either.”

“Oh! oh—oh.” Mrs. Warren’s face had become as white as the lace collar over her shoulders. “Oh! Betty, you may go. You will excuse the dear child. She has duties to perform which—duties to perform.”

Betty turned at the door, “Mrs. Romney, shall I see you at Mrs. Hunter’s tea Thursday next?”

“Yes, my dear,” Mrs. Romney smiled sweetly.

“Goodbye,” Betty curtsied, turned and tripped from the room.

Clara, who moved as silently and as invisibly as Queen Victoria’s own “dear John Brown” had placed the tea things on a little mahogany table at Mrs. Warren’s side.

“You will have a cup of tea, Mrs. Romney?” Mrs. Warren held up a cup and saucer. She was using her very best choice Chelsea china and she wanted Mrs. Romney to note the fact. But Mrs. Romney’s thoughts were elsewhere.

“You will have a cup of tea?” Mrs. Warren repeated.

“Yes, thank you.” The feather on her bonnet shook nervously. “Yes, thank you. So refreshing, nothing like tea for nerves, is there, really? Half a cup. I’ve just come from Mrs.

Hunter’s. Both cream and sugar, yes, thank you. Such a charming lady, Mrs. Hunter—perfectly charming, my dear. So witty, so clever, so vivacious. But dreadfully jealous.”

“Eh?” Mrs. Warren lifted her ear trumpet. “Jealous?”

“Jealous? Jealous of whom?”

“She is very fond of her husband.”

“Of whom—of whom is she jealous?”

“No one in particular, at present, I think.”

“Oh—” Mrs. Warren’s face relaxed.

“That is—oh. Is there any cause for her being jealous of any particular person, Mrs. Warren?”

It was then that Mrs. Warren almost choked on her tea. “No—no.” She sputtered; “No—not that I know of.”

“How uninteresting,” was Mrs. Romney’s caustic remark, “how uninteresting. And the Doctor is such a charming gentleman. Dear me, I do hope I will have another attack of indigestion or something of that sort soon. I am sure Doctor Hunter would be such a splendid physician. He is so good looking.” She leaned over and set her teacup down on the table. “Dear me, I must be going. I am on my way to the meeting of the ‘Helping Hand Society’ and—”

“Yes, Mrs. Lawty has just gone.”

“Mrs. Lawty—that one,” the feather on Mrs. Romney’s bonnet was now bobbing up and down like a cork on a choppy sea. “I’m not speaking to her!”

“You, you don’t really mean you have quarreled? So unladylike!”

“Ladylike—ladylike,” Mrs. Romney’s voice went to a high crescendo. “Ladylike be blowed!”

Mrs. Warren gripped the arms of her chair to keep from tumbling out of it. She was too surprised, too chagrined, too mortified to speak.

“Mrs. Warren, I beg your pardon. I forgot, quite forgot for the moment, to whom I was speaking.”

“That was quite evident.” Mrs. Warren’s mouth had drawn itself into a tight knot. “That was quite evident,” she said.

“Quite. But you see Mrs. Lawty told Mrs. Pickering who told Mrs. Lawer who told Lady Bloshire, whose maid told my maid that Mrs. Lawty said I dyed my hair! I’ve never dyed my hair. The impertinent gossip. The—”

Here she stopped for breath—and Mrs. Warren took advantage of the pause.

“Do have another cup of tea, Mrs. Romney,” she said, “do have another cup of tea. It is so soothing.”

"Oh, thank you." Mrs. Romney was again the soft-voiced, pretty mannered lady of the Victorian period. "Thank you. Lovely color, isn't it?" she said looking down at her cup of tea; "lovely color."

"Yes, isn't it? Mr. Warren, dear man, once told me that the natives of India use tea for dyeing."

"Hair?"

Mrs. Warren realized that she was skating on thin ice. "No—no—cloth, yes, cloth, I believe."

"Oh, how interesting."

"I believe they also use the henna berry for dyeing—in the East. I'm told it gives a beautiful auburn shade."

"How interesting." Mrs. Romney leaned forward; her tone became confidential. "Does one procure it from one's pharmacist?" she said.

"I believe so."

"I must try it on my hair—" Mrs. Romney could have bitten off her tongue. The feather on her bonnet shook vigorously.

"What did you say, Mrs. Romney?"

Mrs. Romney breathed a sigh of relief. "I said," she lied into Mrs. Warren's ear trumpet, "I said, I really must be going, must be going, my dear Mrs. Warren." She smiled graciously. "One never seems to realize how fast the time goes when one talks with you. Our little visit has been most interesting—and most instructive." She rises. "I do want to stop in and see Mrs. Hallway for a moment before I go to the meeting of the 'Helping Hand.' Her rheumatism is worse again, poor dear."

"Yes, so I've heard. I'm so sorry," Mrs. Warren said sympathetically, "I'm so sorry."

"Oh, it is not at all serious, just a touch, I believe—just a touch. But, of course, she did call in Doctor Hunter. But I really believe it was simply to get acquainted with him more than anything else. Do drop in and see me when you can, Mrs. Warren. Good afternoon, good afternoon." With her hoop-skirt twisting back and forth and the ostrich feather waving proudly above her Mrs. Romney swept from the room majestically.

Mrs. Warren was roused from her reverie by Clara's voice.

"Shall I take away the tea-things, ma'am?"

"No—no, not just yet, Clara. Someone else may drop in, you know, and perhaps Betty would like a cup of tea."

"Shall I call her, ma'am?"

"Yes, I believe you had bet—" The knock-er was sounding again.

"It's Mrs. Pickering, ma'am," Clara announced two minutes later. "The minister's wife, ma'am."

"Have her come right in, Clara."

"Shall I call Miss Betty, ma'am?"

"Yes, do have her come down and drink a cup of tea."

Mrs. Pickering was a tiny woman with a voice that went with her body. For forty years she had helped her husband guide his small flock into the paths of righteousness. She was, both by instinct and choice, a good Samaritan; a human panacea for bruised bodies and souls. Mrs. Romney, in moments of great indiscretion, sometimes referred to her as "that old mustard plaster."

"Oh—my dear Mrs. Warren," Mrs. Pickering was saying in her mouse-like voice, "My dear Mrs. Warren, I'm so glad to see you so well. I thought perhaps—of course there is so much sickness in Northampton now."

At the word "sickness" Mrs. Warren immediately felt a draft. She coughed, and drew her shawl around her shoulders.

"So much sickness," Mrs. Pickering went on. "I just met Mrs. Lawty who told me that Mrs. Hallway is almost dead with rheumatism—almost dead. In fact, I think they hardly expect her to live much longer. Of course, Mrs. Lawtry didn't say so but I inferred as much from the tone of her voice."

"I heard it was nothing really serious," said Mrs. Warren pouring out a cup of tea for her guest, "nothing really serious."

"Oh, dear, yes—very serious. I just had it from Mrs. Lawty who had it from—from—from a most reliable source. Rheumatism is such a painful death." She stirred her tea nervously, "such a painful death. Poor soul, poor soul."

"I believe the new Doctor Hunter is attending her."

This was the opening Mrs. Pickering had been waiting for.

"Yes," she said; "Yes, isn't it too bad? Mrs. Lawty tells me he is a sensationalist, or something dreadful of that sort. But of course he was educated in London—and, my dear, London's standard of morals is not the same as Northampton's. I was also told that he treats his wife very badly in public, my dear, in public!"

"You mean—"

"My dear Mrs. Warren, I am very sorry to tell you—but I feel that it is my duty, as wife of your pastor—to tell you that your daughter Betty has been seen very often with this Doc-

tor Hunter. Also, my dear Mrs. Warren, she accepts presents from him, and such-like."

"Why, Betty hardly knows him."

Mrs. Pickering was on her guard. "That is just it," she said. "She hardly knows him! Nor do any of us! And he is a married man, my dear Mrs. Warren. A very good-looking one. I really believe all good-looking people are bad, thoroughly bad."

"I can't believe that Betty—" Mrs. Warren began.

"Naturally, my dear, naturally; you are her mother and wish to shield her. But I felt that it was, as I said before, my bounden duty to tell you the facts of the matter."

"You quite alarm me, Mrs. Pickering!"

Mrs. Pickering, leaned back in her chair drew her receding chin down out of sight and began:

"Young girls are sometimes—I might say indiscreet."

"Oh!"

"My dear, men are strange beings." She rolled her eyes sanctimoniously. "Oh, the poor souls that have been lured to their destruction by men. I pray for them—the poor defenseless women," she added hastily. "I am always reminded of that beautiful passage in Genesis which says that woman was made after man. And isn't it our dear Mr. Browning who reminds us that 'second thoughts are often best?'"

Mrs. Warren was not sure that Browning had ever reminded her of that fact and so she did not answer. Besides she was too troubled in her mind to know or care what Mr. Browning said. Mrs. Pickering leaned over, put down her teacup and laid a soothing (so she thought) hand upon Mrs. Warren's wrist.

"There now, I really must be going, Mrs. Warren; I am on my way to the meeting of the 'Helping Hand Society' and I really mustn't be too late. I hope I have not overly alarmed you, Mrs. Warren, but as one of your oldest friends and as the wife of your pastor I feel that I must always do my duty, no matter how painful—always do my duty when the way lies open before me. I sincerely hope you will not feel that I have been—been peremptory, so to speak."

Mrs. Warren didn't feel that she had, but away back in some hidden recess of her mind lurked the thought that Mrs. Pickering was remarkably like Tennyson's brook—running on forever.

"No—no," she said politely. "No, it is very kind of you to come to me in this sad moment of trouble."

Mrs. Pickering rose and stood shaking herself together. "I do hope you will be able to attend the services tomorrow morning. Mr. Pickering, dear noble man, has written a beautiful sermon on the evils of gossip—a beautiful sermon. I feel that it is the best thing he has written in the forty years of his work. I am sure that it will go down the ages as his masterpiece. The sentiment and beautiful language are really marvelous." She paused a moment. "Of course, Mr. Pickering and I both realize that there is very little gossip in Northampton—but it is best to know sin when one encounters it. Good afternoon, Mrs. Warren."

"Good afternoon," Mrs. Warren responded weakly. The moment the front door slammed she called in a broken voice, "Clara, Clara."

"I've brought the hot water, ma'am."

"But did you call Betty?"

"I knocked at her door, ma'am. I knocked very loudly, ma'am, but got no answer."

"I'm so distressed, Clara." Mrs. Warren fanned herself vigorously. "I'm so distressed. See if she is in the garden—Betty, I mean. Yes, she must be in the garden. And Clara, do tell her to come to me at once; I want to talk to her. It is most important—oh, most important that I see her at once." Mrs. Warren was about to call for her smelling salts but the knocker took the words from her mouth. "See who that can be, Clara, see who that can be. Oh, more dreadful news, I fear." As Clara left the room Mrs. Warren kept mumbling to herself, "Most disconcerting, most dreadfully disconcerting."

Then Mrs. Lower came gliding into the room. Mrs. Lower had acquired the habit of laying her friends' souls bare and then, purring sympathetically over their misfortunes. It was Mrs. Romney who had once called her an "Old Cat"—and was almost dropped from the "Helping Hand Society" for making the remark.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Warren, good afternoon." She leaned over and looked down into Mrs. Warren's drawn face. "How ill, how worried you're looking, Mrs. Warren. Oh, I'm so sorry for you, so sorry." She drew her chair close up to Mrs. Warren's side, glanced about the room to make sure no one would hear her and then, with tears in her voice went on, "I've just seen Mrs. Romney who had just seen Mrs. Lawty and had the dreadful news from her. I'm so sorry, Mrs. Warren."

"But—" began Mrs. Warren.

"Of course, we who have known you all these years will be as silent as the tomb. You can depend upon us, lean upon us, call upon

Dickens in Camp

By F. BRET HARTE

July 1870.

Above the pines the moon was slowly drifting,
The river sang below;
The dim Sierras, far beyond, uplifting
Their minarets of snow.

The roaring camp-fire, with rude humor, painted
The ruddy tints of health
On haggard face and form that drooped and fainted
In the fierce race for wealth.

Till one arose, and from his pack's scant treasure
A hoarded volume drew,
And cards were dropped from hands of listless leisure
To hear the tale anew.

And then, while round them shadows gathered faster,
And as the fire-light fell,
He read aloud the book wherein the Master
Had writ of "Little Nell."

Perhaps 'twas boyish fancy—for the reader
Was youngest of them all—
But, as he read, from clustering pine and cedar
A silence seemed to fall.

The fir trees, gathering closer in the shadows,
Listened in every spray,
While the whole camp, with "Nell" on English meadows
Wandered and lost their way.

And so in mountain solitudes—o'ertaken
As by some spell divine—
Their cares dropped from them like the needles shaken
From out the gusty pine.

Lost is that camp, and wasted all its fire;
And he who wrought that spell?—
Ah, towering pine and stately Kentish spire,
Ye have one tale to tell!

Lost is that camp! but let its fragrant story
Blend with the breath that thrills
With hop-vines' incense all the pensive glory
That fills the Kentish hills.

And on that grave where English oak, and holly,
And laurel wreaths entwine,
Deem it not all a too presumptuous folly—
This spray of Western pine!

The Wrong Trail

By RICHARD PERRY

IT was late in the afternoon when Luke Hawkins arrived at the little border town of Blackburn. He had just received his diploma from a correspondence school for detectives, and immediately upon his arrival announced to the public that he was prepared to make private investigations and run down dangerous criminals. His two trunks were crammed with all sorts of wigs, false beards and mustaches, and other articles of disguise. Here, he mused as he sat in the stuffy little hotel, is the land of great opportunities for a good detective. He was confident of his ability to cope with any situation.

He came at a time when the little town was up in arms. For days Mexican Pete and his band had held the town under a reign of terror. Night after night they rode in and robbed, shot out the lights and subdued the inhabitants with their blood-curdling whoops. Always they left behind them a trail of broken cash drawers, cracked ribs and bent lamp posts. Every man in town at some time or other had been stopped at the point of a gun and relieved of his valuables.

A reward of \$500 was posted for the capture of Mexican Pete, dead or alive. Handbills were distributed broadcast. Long and earnestly Luke studied the picture of Pete's sinister countenance. He wore a slouch hat and had a long, drooping mustache, resembling the villain in a home talent play. A tempting bait, thought Luke. So he called on the leading citizens and told them of his determination to bring Mexican Pete in alive. Some shook their heads doubtfully, while others were thrilled as they beheld a real detective with a diploma and false whiskers.

That night a meeting was held in the drug store. Luke made a short address, and called for short talks by business men. One by one they related their experience with the bandit, and as the evening wore on indignation gave way to wrath, and wrath gave way to fury. Many offered additional rewards, as an incentive for quick work. It was agreed that Luke should have complete charge of affairs. The meeting ended with another address by Luke, who promised to have Mexican Pete safely in jail before sunset the next day.

On his way to the hotel after the meeting he

interviewed Mike the barber, one of Pete's victims.

"Tell me," he droned, "everything that was said and done when he robbed you."

"Well," replied Mike, "I had just lit a fresh cigar and was locking the shop when Pete stepped up and snatched the cigar from my mouth. After dashing the ashes in my eyes he smoked the cigar himself. He made me put up my hands and then took the receipts of an unusually busy day, amounting to something like eighty cents!"

Luke made exhaustive notes. He went to his room and selected from his trunks the articles of disguise most likely to throw the outlaw off his guard. There was no sleep for him that night. As the first streaks of dawn appeared in the east the next morning, and while the town was still wrapped in slumber, he cautiously took up the trail of Mexican Pete.

About noon there was great excitement. The fire bell rang, and men, women and children gathered at the mayor's office. Luke had returned, announcing the capture of the bandit, and demanded the reward. They loudly applauded the hero. "How did you do it?" they cried.

"It was all very simple," smiled Luke. "I first disguised myself as a Mexican laborer, then went to the place where he was last seen. While concealed in a clump of bushes I heard footsteps approaching the railroad track. Ah, friends, I was just in time! He began to pull the spikes from the rails. The wretch intended to wreck the next train and rob the victims. In all my career as a detective I have never seen a more dastardly piece of work. I came up behind him, and before he knew it the handcuffs were on. There never was a more surprised man. He is now safe in your jail."

"Let's hang him," shouted the men. A long rope was provided and they surrounded the jail. As the door was cautiously unlocked guns were drawn, ready to shoot if escape was attempted. They made a rush when the door yielded, and soon had the rope around the prisoner's neck. When they dragged him through the door the marshal threw up his hands and shouted: "For God's sake, boys, don't hang him. There's a terrible mistake. This isn't Mexican Pete—that fool detective has jailed the section boss."

Early Railroad History Taken from the Overland Files

"Old Timers" of the railroad work, whose experiences have been closely interwoven with the history and development of the Great West, were represented on May 10th at the annual reunion and banquet of the Southern Pacific veterans at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco. They are the men and women who have been retired on pensions by the Company after long years of service. The date, May 10, is the anniversary of the driving of the "last spike" at Promontory Point, Utah, in 1869, which marked the completion of the first transcontinental railroad line, a red-letter day in the history of the Southern Pacific Company.

The veterans were the guests of the Southern Pacific Company. They came from all parts of the Pacific system and also from the lines in Texas and Louisiana, over fifty pensioners coming from points in the south in two special cars. Besides a program of entertainment, the old railroad men were addressed by Dr. David P. Barrows, President of the University of California; Col. J. P. Irish, Dr. J. L. Gordon, William H. Crocker, William Sproule, President of the Southern Pacific Company, and other officers of the Company.

A number of veterans present were in the service when the line from Sacramento to Promontory Point was being constructed by the Central Pacific, the parent company of the

Southern Pacific. One of these is John Barrett, who holds the record for longest service with the Company, 56 years and nine months. He started his service with the Company as a "mule skinner" in a construction camp in 1865, and retired as a passenger conductor. Another was Joel O. Wilder, who started his service with the Company in 1866 in the engineering department. His stories of how he was "snowed in" with only tea and corn meal left for "rations," and of the strikes of the Chinese laborers clearly indicate the difficulties encountered in the early days of railroading.

Other veterans with long years of service who were present were: William Hood, formerly chief engineer of the Company, and internationally known for his construction achievements, 54 years and 1 month of service; Joseph B. Lauck, at one time Adjutant General of the State of California, who started his service with the railroad in 1867 as a depot watchman, and who served 53 years and 11 months; Charles H. Ball, who served many years as an engineer, starting with the Company in 1869, and retiring September 1, 1919; Louis S. Kerr, engineer on the famous old engine, "The Statesman," who worked 48 years and 8 months for the Company; and Judge W. Dayan, for many years stationer for the Company, and over 48 years in its service.



Historic engine now in yard of Southern Pacific Company at Sacramento

THE IDYL OF RED GULCH

(Continued from page 27)

The happy mother raised the hem of Miss Mary's skirts to her lips. She would have buried her hot face in its virgin folds—but she dared not. She rose to her feet.

"Does—this man—know of your intention?" asked Miss Mary, suddenly.

"No—nor cares. He has never even seen the child to know it."

"Go to him at once—tonight—now! Tell him what you have done. Tell him I have taken his child, and tell him—he must never see—see—the child again. Wherever it may be, he must not come; wherever I may take it, he must not follow! There, go now, please—I'm weary, and have much yet to do!"

They walked together to the door. On the threshold, the woman turned—

"Good night."

She would have fallen at Miss Mary's feet. But at the same moment the young girl reached

out her arms, caught the sinful woman to her own pure breast for one brief moment, and then closed and locked the door.

It was with a sudden sense of great responsibility that Profane Bill took the reins of the Slumgullion Stage the next morning, for the school mistress was one of his passengers. As he entered the high road, in obedience to a pleasant voice from the "inside" he suddenly reined up his horses and respectfully waited, as "Tommy" hopped out, at the command of Miss Mary.

"Not that bush, Tommy—the next."

Tommy whipped out his new pocket knife, and, cutting a branch from a tall azalea bush, returned with it to Miss Mary.

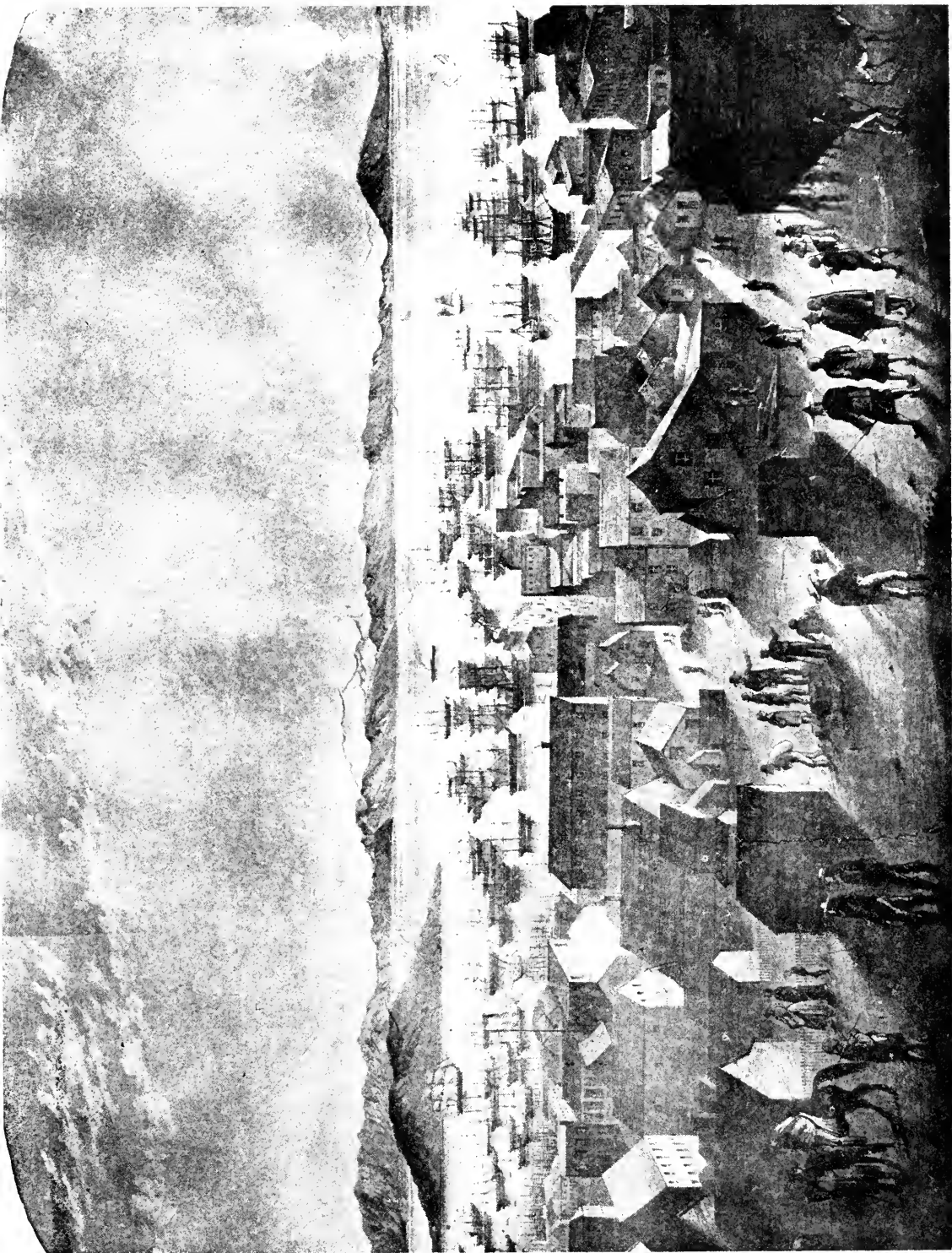
"All right now?"

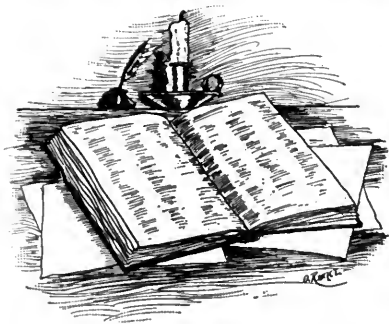
"All right."

And the stage door closed on the Idyl of Red Gulch.



The old Concord Coach furnished luxurious travel for our fathers and grandfathers in the Days of '49





The Editor's Note Book

One of the most loved of all California writers was born in San Francisco in 1880 as Kathleen Thompson. Her father, James Adler Thompson, the banker, was the very "salt of the earth," and so was her mother, Josephine. Kathleen married Charles Gilman Norris, also of San Francisco, in 1909, and the very next year began to get her short stories into print. In 1911 she struck a lead with "Mother," followed it up with "Saturday's Child," "Heart of Rachel," and "Martie the Unconquered." Now in "Lucretia Lombard," just issued by Doubleday, Page & Co., she has reached the pinnacle of her literary career. The book has al-

ready been introduced to Australia, an advance order of 500 copies being shipped across the Pacific, before the book appeared in this country. Kathleen Norris' books are well known in England, "The Beloved Woman" being a best seller there, all of which indicates a large demand for her "Lucretia Lombard."

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By Mr. Neill Compton Wilson, Author, there has been issued through the Metropolitan Press, San Francisco, a most artistic brochure of 30 or more poems, many of which are gems, and none mediocre. Among others is Professor Albert Cook's "The Legend of Tamalpais," which every resident of the bay region should know. But there are picturesque stories of San Francisco streets and vendors, the fog, the Mission, the wharf and its shipping, the theaters, the outlying islands, the quaint-costumed Orientals. Scarcely outside of New Orleans may such pictures be found; always inviting, often garish, sometimes strangely foreign, quaint corners and occupations and behavior, a touch here and there of other days and other standards:

A "City of Caprice."

"At times I wonder whether you
Are really of today,
Or of another substance, dim,
Transmuted from decay;
A substance that has outstripped leagues
And leaped antiquity,
To dwell anew, in lesser state,
Beside a younger sea."



"Dr. Robertson's Study of Poe"

A new book on a famous topic and by a Californian, Dr. John W. Robertson of San Francisco, cannot fail to interest a wide circle. The book is called "Poe: A Study." Bruce Brough is the publisher, and John Newbegin has it on sale.

First of all, we tell our readers that this big and superbly illustrated book is vastly different from any and all previously written volumes about Poe. First, it is an able, scientific psychopathic study of its subject—a very human, sympathetic and comprehensive study of the life, acts, and character of this strange, sorrowful and yet love-worthy genius. This first part fills 152 pages. Then come 14 pages called "explanatory" about this ardent collector's methods. The remainder of the volume—more than 250 pages—is entitled "Edgar A. Poe: A bibliographical study." The book is, therefore, one which appeals not only to medical specialists and to students of inherited traits, but must also attract all book lovers.

Says Dr. Robertson with intense but well justified feeling, that "death should bring a compensating oblivion, or it should throw the mantle of charity over our frailties." Then he continues as follows: "Bitterly as Poe suffered while he lived, and disastrous as was the fate that overwhelmed him, it was his ill fortune to be even more harshly judged in death than while he lived and fought. Alive, he was feared; dead, a dastardly advantage was taken and his works were sent forth containing a memoir that has been well called an immortal infamy."

This, of course, means, above all others, the dull, the unendurable Griswold, who is roasted to a turn elsewhere in Dr. Robertson's book. Continuing with his general prelude, our author says: "Poe was human, with gentle and lovable qualities, and possessed the graces and refinements that, the world over, mark the gentleman. He was not the unfriended being who regarded society as 'composed altogether of villains;' nor was it his habit to 'walk the streets in madness or melancholy, with his lips moving in indistinct curses, or his eyes upturned in passionate prayer;' neither can it be justly said that he had 'no wish for the esteem or for the love of his species;' nor that he only wished to 'succeed that he might have the right to despise a world that galled his self conceit;'—all of which his first editor asserted."

This "first editor" was Griswold, and after some pages upon various manifestations of functional neurosis, Dr. Robertson tells us that

"a study of Poe's heredity and life work makes it plain that many of Griswold's allegations, even when true, cannot justly be charged against Poe, but rather against his morbid heredity. If this seems too fine a distinction, at least we must recognize the fact that, by reason of this heredity, Poe was not always to be held responsible either for his words or his acts, for his great accomplishment or his lapses. Heredity was as much responsible for the one as for the other; his heritage was pregnant with both good and evil."

We think that whoever goes on from this and studies Poe with Dr. Robertson's help will feel the case is proven. It is a modest, careful, long needed piece of work. We venture to quote right here from a letter received by us several months ago, for Dr. Robertson's own point of view helps: "If my hope is realized, and it does become the authority on Poe, I shall be more than repaid. It is certain that the psychopathic study will never be questioned, and it is equally certain that I have 'done' Lauvriere who, some years ago, although not a literary man, attempted psychological study for which he was in no way fitted. This has worked Poe a great injustice, for his marvelous literary achievements were not the result of 'alcohol and opium.' The Lauvriere matter is by all odds the best thing in the book, but its truth will only gradually sift in. So far, no reviewer has caught on to its peculiar value, nor will the public at once be able to put aside the alcohol idea. Future biographers will, I hope. And maybe they will stop saying 'Edgar Allan Poe.' for Poe was not proud of the Allan appendage, and never used it as a signature."

Dr. Robertson's trenchant and annihilating criticism of Dr. Emile Lauvriere's seven hundred page book, which was issued in Paris in 1904, occupies about 20 pages in the "bibliographical" division of this volume. There is yet no English translation of Lauvriere, and, indeed the book, through the standard continental life of Poe, would not justify that. But parts of it would, and these 20 pages of Dr. Robertson's belong in such a volume.

We cannot, in this brief review, describe with completeness the knowledge, the beauty, the enthusiasm, of Dr. Robertson, the bibliophile, the collector of rare items. Every page is a delight to book loving readers. The quotations he makes from manuscripts and first editions will make this book one of the most sought for volumes that have appeared for years in California. When Dr. Robertson gets out a new edition we suggest that the two main parts be

separated and put in two books. There also should be very full indices. Such a study of Poe deserves to be known by the general public, and ought to be translated into other languages.

The value that California collectors, librarians and students will place on the book (if they can find a copy in the market) will be about four times the present selling price.

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Professor Edward Rowland Sill

"I must, I must become famous," that hungry outcry of thousands of young people, finds its best cure in a loving study of the few writers, such as Edward Rowland Sill of Berkeley, who lived quiet busy lives, giving of their best to help others and still found time to put some of their thoughts into imperishable prose and verse.

The life of Edward Rowland Sill, who was born at Windsor, Connecticut, in 1841, graduated from Yale, came to California, taught the Oakland High School, became Professor of English Literature in the State University (1874) and passed from this life in 1887, seems to this writer, the very best obtainable illustration of what we mean by an exquisitely well-rounded, inspiring and beautiful career of usefulness which left its impress upon more than one generation of Californians, and is an abiding spiritual force among us.

Professor William Cary Jones, in his admirable "History of the University of California," says: "Professor Sill's life was as pure as the sunshine of heaven. He left a glow behind him that illuminates every spot he inhabited and every soul with whom he had communion. He was, above all, a poet with all the sensitiveness, with all the earnestness, with all the desire to deliver to the world a message that characterize the essential poet."

Houghton, Mifflin & Company published Professor Sill's "Hermitage and Later Poems," his "Hermione and Other Poems," his "Collected Poems," and "Prose of Edward Rowland Sill." These belong in every library worth that name. Then there are a memorial volume and some privately printed books and some very scarce "items," such as "The Clocks of Gnooster Town," read in 1869 at Yale and reprinted in the University of California Magazine for September, 1897. Collectors are simply crazy to get hold of everything which Professor Sill has written. We do not dare to say what a perfect copy of "The Venus of Milo" as published in 1883 at Berkeley would bring at an auction nor what is the present value of the little leaflet

of Sill poems once published by William Armes Fisher.

This brief appreciation of one of the best of all California's poets, teachers, and citizens would entirely fail of its purpose unless it brought into clear relief his faith, courage, and power to help others best shown, perhaps, in his letters. We must quote a few sentences from some of them. One to Henry Holt, classmate at Yale, and now the head of a great publishing house, was written from California in 1862 or 1863. He says: "We are (some people don't seem to be—but you and I and a few of us certainly are) planted down in the midst of a great snarl and tangle of interrogation points. We want to find—we must find—some fixed truth.

. . . As Kingsley puts it, we are set down before that greatest world-problem—"Given Self, to find God." In a letter to an old pupil of his, written in 1881, Professor Sill said: "The very essence of culture is shaking off the nightmare of self-consciousness and self-absorption and attaining a sort of Christian Nirvana—lost in the great whole of humanity thinking of others, caring for others, admiring and loving others." The year before, in a letter to Henry Holt, we get his views about the desire to be famous. He says: "I have been working to educate, in some high sense, successive classes of young people; and, meanwhile, to know more about education, and especially literature as a means of it, and about education in its relation to society and life. I am contented to die unknown, if I can arrive at the truth about certain great matters, and can put others in the way thereof. . . . That a man like Spencer should be well known is a matter of course and all right; but he has not cared for that. Let a man work his work in peace, and the devil take his name—the less likely to get anything more of him than that."

Dr. Sill's Classmate, Henry Holt

A boy was born in Baltimore, January 3rd, 1840, who was abundantly endowed with talent and character. He went to Yale with Edward Rowland Sill, and they became lifelong friends. He began the publishing business in 1863, with G. P. Putnam's Sons; ten years later he established the Henry Holt Company, of which he is president. His daughter, Winifred Holt, is the famous sculptor, the helper of the blind, and the author of a wonderful Life of Henry Fawcett, the blind postmaster-general of England. His daughter Edith married Dr. Joseph Colt Bloodgood of Baltimore, one of the greatest surgeons of America.

If we should attempt to tell a hundredth part of the cheerful and unselfish activities of this publisher, who is still in harness and whose life is an inspiration to all who know him, there would be room for nothing else on this page. Civic duties and honors have been heaped upon him. His "Unpartisan," formerly the "Unpopular Review," has no rival worth mentioning. Among his books which have a permanent appeal to the best readers are "Calmire," "On the Civic Relations," "On the Cosmic Relations." The latest edition of the last is entitled "Cosmic Relations and Immortality."

The Bookseller and Stationer for March 1st contains a page about Henry Holt, from which we quote the following: "It is always interesting to know how a man happened to go into a certain business. In the case of Mr. Holt it may be traced to a remark of Daniel C. Gilman, then Yale librarian and later President of Johns Hopkins University, who said that if one ever picked up a book with the Tichnor & Field imprint it was sure to be a worth-while book, and so Mr. Holt thought that 'publishing might be a decent way of making a living.'"

Of course we of California best remember Dr. Gilman as the much-loved leader who came here from Yale and set his mark for all time upon our State University. It was of Gilman that *The Overland Monthly* when he left us for Johns Hopkins, published an article headed "The Loss of a Man," which even now touches the heart of every reader of that magazine's old volumes.

Henry Holt is now the only one of these three lovers and helpers of men who is now left with us. They belong together in the affections of Californians, as those who have read the writings of E. R. Sill are fully aware. ✓

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"Heritage of the Hills"

Arthur Preston Hankins of California, who wrote "The Jubilee Girl," makes herewith his second bow to the reading public. It is called (not by the author) a story of "high up in the Sierras," but that is exactly what it has not aimed at being. It is a thrilling tale of life in the "Poison Oak Country," in the foothills of the Sierra range, and, like G. P. R. James' novels, and other English classics, it begins with "a lone horseman" crossing "a riotous stream." One sees on the first page the "wooded hills beyond green pasture lands, and other hills covered with dense growths of buckthorn and manzanita"—and "poison oak grew everywhere."

This glimpse gives the underlying problem of the novel. When Oliver Drew rides into Half-Moon Flat above the American River, sees Digger Foss kill Henry Dodd, sees Miss Jersamy Selden, talks with Damon Tamroy, hears about the Sedden gang, and hears wonderful things about the "Old Tabor Ivirson Place," the reader seizes upon the central fact; here, as in life all around us, are oak-like people, pine-like people, Sierra-lily people, poison-weed people—and there is a great gulf between good and evil.

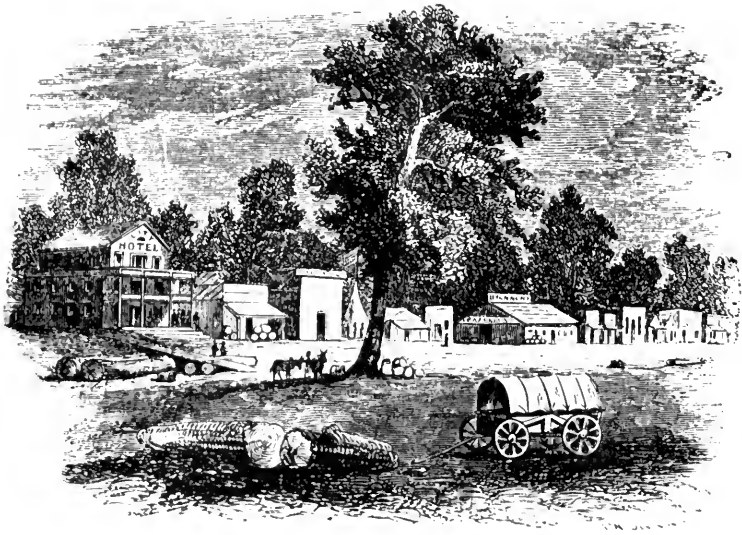
From this beginning, which our author packs into thirty pages, the story goes on in two currents. For surface readers it is full of incidents, adventures, gun-play, threats, a lost mine, the fire dance, watchers of the dead, and ancient Indian secrets. The other current runs deep and strong, and in a spiritual sense goes against all these minor things. Call it, if you like, the "undertow," the "back to the ocean." It stands for honor, for right, for complete loyalty to an ideal. Oliver Drew justifies his dead father's mysterious "put-it-up-to-you" letter, and proves himself very much worth while. Incidentally, he marries the heroine.

The reader of "The Heritage of the Hills" will find that it contains much of the spirit of Southern California and Arizona, as well as of the Central Californian Sierra foothills, and is "local atmosphere." The publishers, Dodd, Mead & Company, are to be congratulated upon the book. But the author deserves another sort of word—just this: "Keep right on, for you have given us a better book than was 'The Mystery Girl,' and we now expect even more."

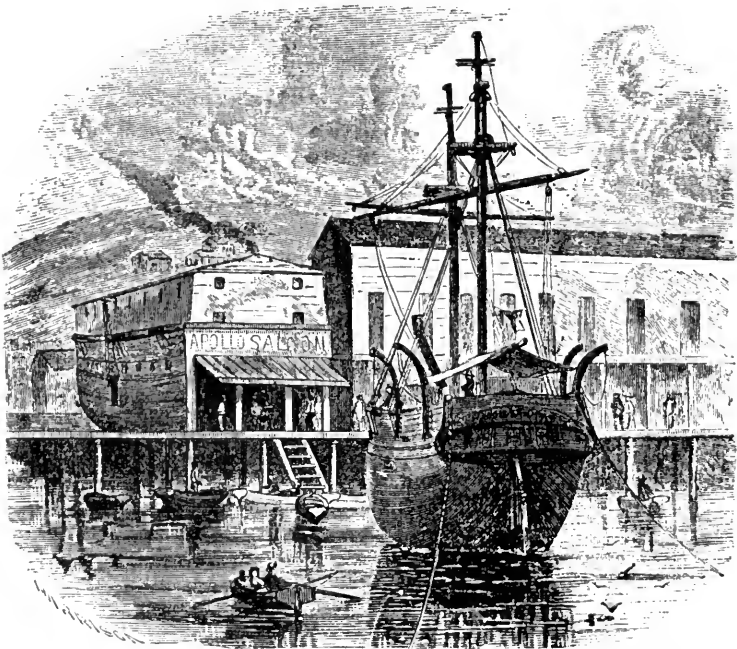
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"The Hidden Road"

Wadsworth Camp, the author of this novel, wrote "The Guarded Heights," and five other books. His publishers are Doubleday, Page & Company. He is one of the most successful concoctors of mystery tales. His heroine in the present instance is Eleanor Grantley. She is a pale-faced, vivid-haired, lovely, elusive little nobody—a stenographer in the huge Ashmead business establishment, who blazed an incendiary trail across the Ashmead's lives. Young Harold discovered her and wanted to marry her. His father made her his private secretary and introduced her to his world of ease and luxury. There she met Nicholas Aldrich, the hero of the novel, and through her he finally found himself. Then both of them make a new start. Frankly, a well-told love story, which will attract many readers.



Front Street, Sacramento in 1850. The main source of supplies for the mines grew up around Sutter's Fort



At the time of the Vigilantes, this vessel was bought by citizens and used as a store house and a prison for criminals. It was the first jail in San Francisco

PIRATES

(Continued from page 40)

us in your need. We shall comfort you in this hour of greatest trouble."

Mrs. Lower lifted her lace mitts. "You, you really mean to say you don't know about—about Betty and Doctor Hunter? I feared the worst."

"But Betty did nothing so very, very improper."

"Improper! Well, of course, we shall not blame poor Betty, but we do blame that wicked Doctor Hunter! Why, he is a married man, my dear—and oldish. He should have known better."

"But Betty only walked with him."

"Only walked with him! I was told that he sends flowers to her! Flowers! And flowers are, to say the least, sentimental. And Mrs. Lawty told Mrs. Romney that she heard Betty say, with her own lips, that Doctor Hunter was a conversationalist. I believe that means a person with very free ideas about personal matters—love and that sort of thing."

"No, indeed! It simply means that he is a very interesting talker."

"That's just it, Mrs. Warren. Where does he find so much to talk about? I have never met him but from the things I have heard I believe he must be a dreadful person. Most unwholesome, so to speak, to the society—the very refined society of Northampton where for the last forty years we have all lived in such perfect peace and understanding."

"Oh, that this should have come upon me," Mrs. Warren uttered in a Job-like voice, "that this should have come upon me."

"Your misfortune is our misfortune," Mrs. Lower said in a quivering voice, "we shall do everything we can to keep this dreadful scandal—"

"Scandal!" Mrs. Warren clutched at the air. "Has it—has it gone as far as that?"

"Let us say, indiscretion. As I was saying, we shall keep it locked in our own hearts, no word of it shall ever reach foreign ears. Of course, I know really very little of the whole affair, but I felt that my first duty was to come to you."

Clara bustled into the room.

"I can't find her, ma'am!" she said.

"Oh, do find her, Clara! I must, I must see her at once—at once."

Mrs. Warren was on the verge of hysterics when the knocker sounded. Somehow the knocker always had a quieting effect on Mrs. Warren's distraught nerves.

"Who can that be? Clara, Clara, see who is at the door!"

Mrs. Lower leaned forward, "Oh, Mrs. Warren, trust me in everything. Are you sure Betty has always been what she seems? I mean—"

"Mrs. Lower, do you mean to say that Betty—my daughter—"

"My dear," purred Mrs. Lower, "my dear, we must face the truth. We must prepare ourselves for the worst. We must—"

"It's them 'elpin' and ladies, if you please, ma'am. All of 'em." Clara announced from the hall door.

"Bring them in, Clara. Have them come right in."

"You must be calm, my dear—perfectly calm," Mrs. Lower was saying as Mrs. Lawty, Mrs. Pickering and Mrs. Romney filed into Mrs. Warren's little drawing-room.

"Oh, my dear ladies. Do—do be seated."

Without saying a word the three callers seated themselves. Mrs. Pickering was the first to speak.

"Mrs. Warren," she began, "we have adjourned our meeting of the 'Helping Hand Society' until next week in order to come to you." She sighed. "The poor dear natives of the South Sea Islands will have to wait another week for their napkins and tablecloths."

"A very short time," Mrs. Romney shook her head knowingly, "a very short time, considering they have not had such necessary little luxuries for several thousand years."

Mrs. Lawty paid not the slightest notice to Mrs. Romney's interruption. "Still it was with some feeling of—some feeling of regret that we left our work of altruism unfinished—until next week."

"But we feel that our first duty is at home," Mrs. Pickering said emphatically. "Yes, we all felt that our first duty was toward you at present, Mrs. Warren."

"Ladies," whispered Mrs. Warren. "Ladies, I am quite overcome with your kindness."

Mrs. Pickering, with a glance, called the meeting to order. "We shall now consider . . . consider ways and means of—of helping you, Mrs. Warren, out of this unspeakable or, let us say, embarrassing situation."

"Let us call it—misfortune," said Mrs. Lawty.

"No matter what we call it, let us get on with the business," Mrs. Romney shot a withering glance at Mrs. Lawty.

Mrs. Pickering waved a lace mitt. "Ladies! The facts are these: Mrs. Lawty tells us she heard Betty with her own ears, openly say that the man under consideration—"

"The man under consideration was—a revolutionist—"

"I said 'conversationalist.' Though he is probably both!"

Mrs. Romney leaned back and half closed her eyes. "I think she must have meant a 'conventionalist'."

"Nevertheless, one is as bad as the other. They all go hand-in-hand," Mrs. Pickering said calmly.

Mrs. Warren shook her head, "But I believe Betty really only said he was a good conversationalist, and—"

"Anyway she said he talked a great deal about it!"

"I fear it must be one of those dreadful, sinful new religions one hears so much of nowadays."

"Oh."

"Also," Mrs. Lawty's voice rang out, "also we understand, from very reliable sources, that Mrs. Hunter is never seen with her husband in public. Never!"

"And that he calls her dreadful names."

"Most suspicious."

Mrs. Romney gave a vicious little kick. "Oh, I don't believe a word of it!"

"Believe it or not, Mrs. Romney . . . my information is most reliable."

Mrs. Warren was trembling. "Is there," she began, "is there any way, ladies, of overcoming this situation?"

"You might call on Mrs. Hunter tomorrow," suggested Mrs. Romney.

"Never," cried Mrs. Lawty.

"Or you might write her a formal letter, very formal, my dear, asking her to call," volunteered Mrs. Lawty.

"Ask Mrs. Hunter to come here?" asked Mrs. Pickering, arching her eyebrows. "I think she would never set her foot in the house."

"At any rate we must do something at once before—"

"Before they elope!" gasped Mrs. Lawty.

She had thrown a bomb.

"Oh," cried Mrs. Lower.

"Ah," echoed Mrs. Pickering, "Ah."

"But do you really think—"

"We don't know what to think—"

"But surely it hasn't gone as far—"

"One never knows!"

"Oh."

"Ladies! Ladies!" Mrs. Warren tried to rise, but sank back into her chair. "Do you really think that Betty would—"

"Who knows?"

"Clara!! Clara!" called Mrs. Warren from

under her lace cap, which had slipped down over one eye. "Clara."

"Yes, ma'am."

"Did you call Betty?"

"I went to her room, ma'am, but she did not seem to be in, and she is nowhere in the garden."

"Not in her room!" cried Mrs. Lawty.

"Nor in the garden!" said Mrs. Pickering.

"You mean, Clara, you mean she is nowhere to be found?" Mrs. Warren's face was ashen gray. "Clara, was her room disturbed . . . I mean, did it look as if—as if—as if she had left hurriedly?"

"Why, I didn't go in, ma'am. The door was locked."

"Locked!"

"Locked?"

"Yes, ma'am. Oh, as I was coming in, ma'am, Doctor Hunter's boy gave me this note."

"A letter?"

"From Doctor Hunter."

"Eloped!"

"And her room locked."

"She must have gone through the window!"

The ladies of Northampton were on their feet fluttering about like frightened canary birds. Mrs. Warren, occupied with the finding and arranging of her spectacles, was unaware of the commotion.

"Why, it is a letter for—" Mrs. Warren looked up over her glasses. "Ladies, what is it? What has happened? Why are you all so excited?"

Mrs. Lawty was the first to speak. "Don't you understand? It is a letter from Doctor Hunter saying they have eloped."

"Oh!" Mrs. Warren disappeared into the depths of her wing-chair. "Oh!"

"Ladies?" It was Betty who spoke. She stood, with half-frightened eyes, looking at the fluttering bits of mid-Victorianism before her. "Ladies."

At the sight of her daughter the color again came back into Mrs. Warren's drawn white face. "Betty," she cried, waving the letter weakly. "Betty! Betty! Betty!"

Betty ran to her mother's side. "Mother! You're all excited. Mother, what is it?"

"Oh!" The ladies of Northampton sank and settled back in their chairs.

"Then you—then you—" began Mrs. Warren. "Oh, where have you been?"

"Why," Betty smiled sweetly, "Why, I've just been taking a little nap, mother. Really, I

didn't know the ladies were here or I should have come right down."

"Then you haven't . . . haven't eloped?"

"Why, mother dear, what do you mean?"

Mrs. Warren raised a pointing finger. "These ladies said—said—"

Betty turned and faced the ladies.

"Said what?"

Mrs. Lawty smiled sweetly and bowed.

"You see, my dear," she began, "Mrs. Pickering told Mrs. Romney, who told me that—"

"I didn't! Nothing of the sort! It was yourself, Mrs. Lawty, who told Mrs. Pickering—"

"Me?" I had nothing to do with it . . . nothing at all! I only know that Mrs. Lower said—"

"I said? I said nothing. It was Mrs. Lawty who told Mrs. Pickering, who told, oh, dear, told Mrs. Romney—"

"It's a damn lie!" Mrs. Romney had thrown another of her bomb shells.

Everyone gasped. Everyone shook. Everyone talked!

"I heard that Doctor Hunter—"

"You told me that he treated his wife shamefully—"

"No, I said—"

"Flowers! He sent her flowers every morning!"

"Not exactly that!"

"You told Mrs. Pickering he was a conversionist."

"She said a revolutionist."

"You told me he was not a safe person to have—"

"But very good looking."

Betty turned to Mrs. Romney. "Oh, dear, what is it all about?"

"You, my dear, you."

"Me?"

Mrs. Romney leaned forward. "These ladies said that you—"

The fusillade began again:

"These ladies!"

"Why, it was she herself who said—"

"And you told me that—"

"Me? I had nothing to do with it at all."

"All I know about the whole affair is that—"

"It was you who told me—"

"The impertinence! Why, I didn't say a word about—"

Mrs. Warren had regained her equilibrium and consequently her strength. "It was all of them . . . everyone of them! They said you

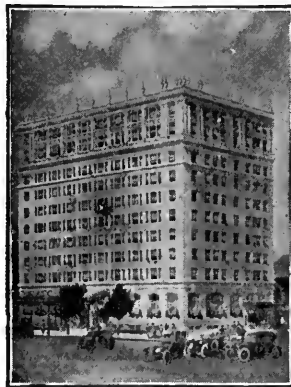
had, oh dear, I can't say it . . . they came here to tell me that you had eloped with a married man . . . with Doctor Hunter!"

"Mother! Ladies! How dare you . . . how dare you say such things!"

"And it was so untrue." Mrs. Warren sniffled and searched vaguely for her handkerchief. "Clara . . . Clara. My smelling salts, my smelling salts. I'm going to faint . . . I'm going to faint . . . I'm going to faint!"

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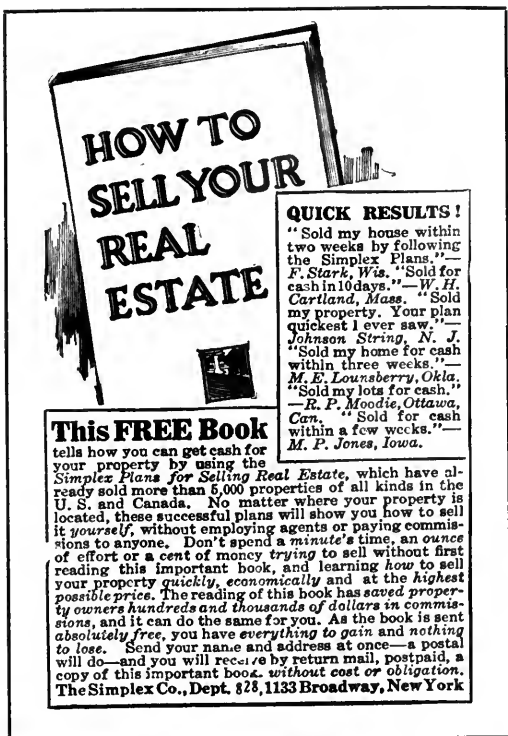
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Mrs. Romney was on her feet in an instant. "Here, use mine, my dear, use mine," she said, thrusting a bottle of salts under Mrs. Warren's startled nose. She gave one sniff and then, with tears running down her cheeks, began to sneeze violently.

Mrs. Lawty broke the suspense. "But the letter, Mrs. Warren?"

Mrs. Warren, who had been fanning herself with the unopened letter, sat up rigidly and held it high in the air as if it were a bomb ready to go off in her hand. "The letter! Oh! Take it . . . take it . . . take it away!"

Betty took the letter. "Why, why it's a note from—"

"Yes," said a chorus of middle aged, mid-Victorian, and ultra-proper ladies from the very edges of their chairs.

"It's a note from Mrs. Hunter."

"Oh!"

Betty read the note hastily. "Mother, Mrs. Hunter asks if I may go for a carriage ride with her this afternoon, to gather flowers. She says the doctor told her how fond I was of flowers."

Mrs. Warren leaned back with a sigh of relief. "Oh," was all she could say, "Oh!"

Mrs. Romney moved around the chair, paused for a moment, then stepped forward and took Betty's hands in hers. "My dear," she said, "I fear the ladies here were quite mistaken about—"

Mrs. Lawty was on the defensive. "Do you not include yourself, Mrs. Romney, that is to say, are you not one of us?"

Mrs. Romney stood looking down at Mrs. Lawty a moment, then turned away. "God forbid!" she said.

Fortunately—the knocker sounded.

"It's Mrs. Hunter, ma'am," Clara announced from the door.

"Do you have her come right in, Clara."

"She is so interesting," said Mrs. Romney.

"So interesting," echoed Mrs. Lawty, "I'm so glad she and her husband have come to live with us here in Northampton."

"Yes," agreed Mrs. Pickering, "we must ask her to join the 'Helping Hand Society'."

"I'm sure," said Mrs. Lower. "I'm sure she will have so many wonderful ideas."

Mrs. Warren leaned back and looked at her callers. "Ladies, I am so glad you are all here . . . so pleased."



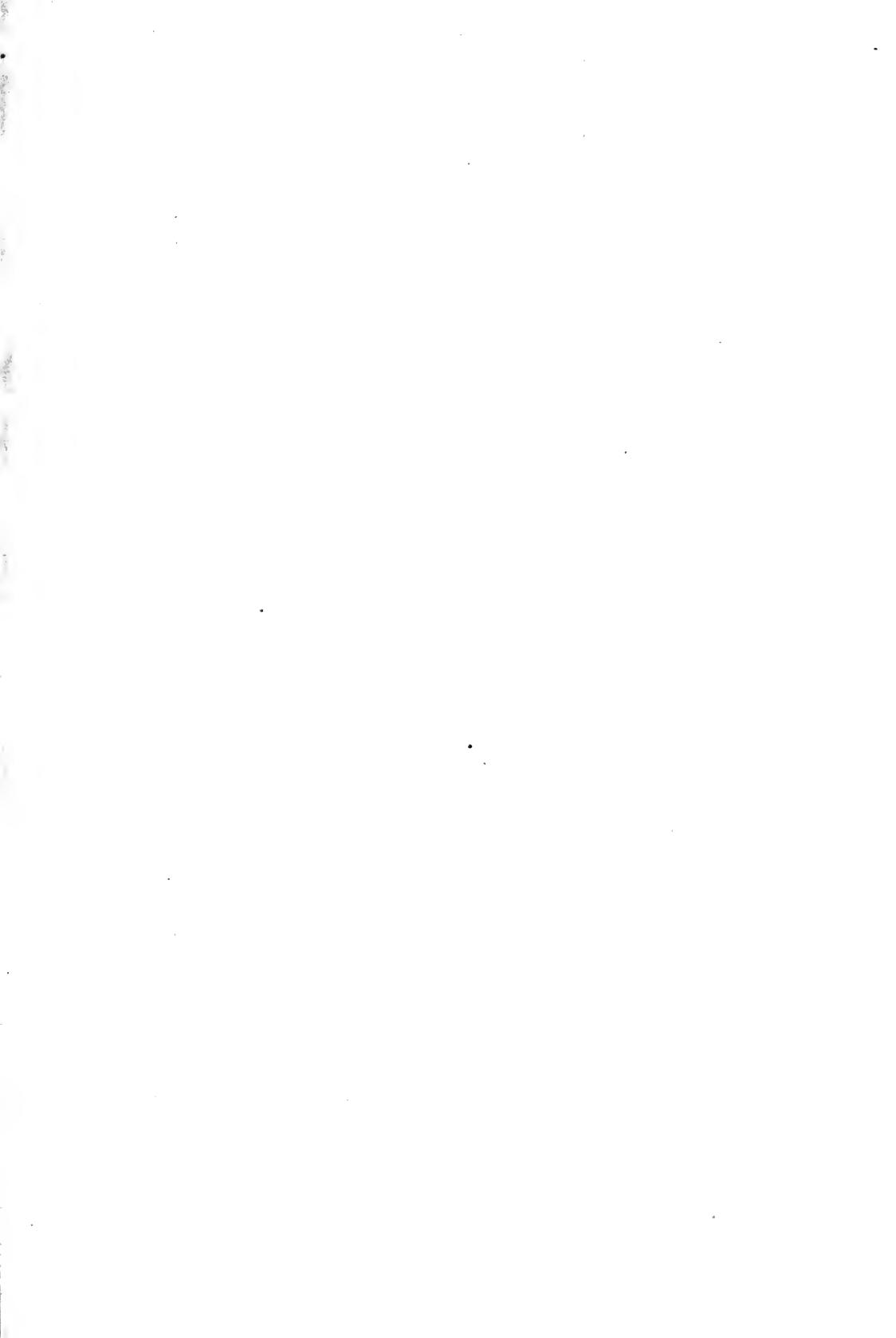
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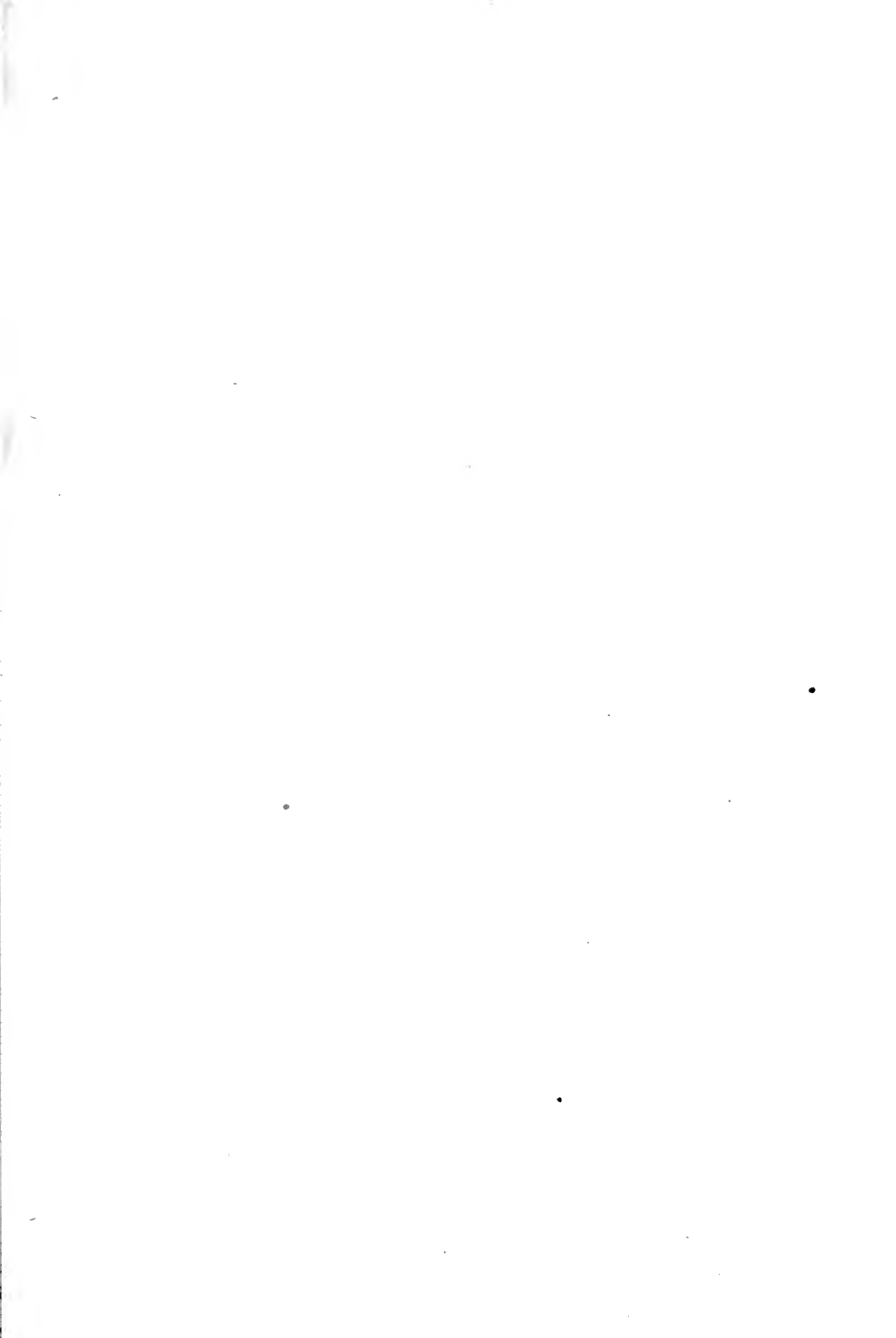
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