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(Continued from Page 193)

purchased it," his broker writes him in a second mis-sive. "I was wrong," a third reads. "I cannot live without you. Name the day, dearest. How about tomorrow?"

"Every day in every way, I am getting better and better," the recipient mutters, tossing the letters aside. His heart does not quicken. He does not smile. All things are certain. Life has become for him one dreary waste of unavoidable good fortune. There is no joy in playing the market. He is bound to win. There is no thrill in going fishing. He is certain to catch a string. Life becomes one long, monotonous, unbroken, hateful Success.

Before we become a disciple of the professor, we want to be assured by him that we can get back to normalcy whenever we please by repeating something like:

"Every day in every way, I am getting worse and worse."

—F. F. V.

Birds

THE Bluebird stands for Happiness,
The Bantam stands for Scrappiness,
The Peacock stands for Vanity and Pride;
The Owl implies

Sagacity,
The Parrot means
Loquacity,
The Stately Swan
is Grace personi-fied.

The Wren is Domes-ticity

And Marital Felicity,
(A pretty phrase,
devised to tax
the breath).

The Dove, of course,
is Peacefulness;
The Crow portends
Deceasefulness,
(A manufactured
synonym for
"Death").

The Eagle means
Nobility,

The lowly Hen,
Humility;—

In fact, whenever
connoisseurs of
words

Are feeling allegor-ical,

Or simply metaphor-ical,

They only need to
talk about the
Birds.

—ARTHUR
GUITERMAN.

Reversible Windows

"**W**HY, Chloe,
you surely
don't consider these
windows washed?"
asked the mistress.

"Deed, ma'am, I
has washed 'em nice
on the inside, so yo'
kin look out," replied
Chloe; "but I has
left 'em a little dirty
on the outside on
purpose, so dat dem
ignorant Smith chil-
lun next do' can't
look in."

Along the Way

ACTOR: I hope
you people will
like our show.

HOTEL CLERK: I
don't know as we will
and mebbe we will—I
can't tell you—but
if we don't we'll say
so.

ACTOR: Don't say
it with vegetables!

The Office Dog

Scraps That He Picks Up Here,
There and Everywhere



Her Maiden Name

A NEGRO mammy came into the office
of the estate for which she worked, to
receive her regular monthly wages. As she
could not write, she always made her mark
on the receipt—the usual X. But on this
occasion she made a circle.

"What's the matter, Linda?" the man in
charge asked. "Why don't you make a cross
as usual?"

"Why," Linda explained earnestly, "Ah
done got married yesterday an' changed mah
name."

Not So Remote

"**I** SHALL never marry," Reginald de-
clared, "until I meet a woman who is
my direct opposite."

"Oh, Reggie," Mabel cried delightedly,
"there are a number of intelligent girls in
this neighborhood."

The Efficiency of Waste Motion—A Fable

ONCE upon a Time
there was a Wife who
became very Tired of
Housework. She com-
plained to her Husband of
her Weariness, and Begged
for Sympathy.

Now the Husband was an Efficiency Ex-
pert, than which there is nothing More so.

He said to his Wife, with a Patient and Pat-
ronizing air, "My dear, you are Weary be-
cause you have no idea of Efficiency. You
waste Motion unpardonably. Let me Show
you."

So the Kind Husband explained to his
Ignorant Wife, how to Conserve Motion.
Said he: "You Cook Something. You Trot
across the Kitchen for the Salt; again, for a
Large Spoon; you Trot to the Ice Box for a
Bit of Butter. You Rummage in the Cup-
board for the Paprika. You run out to the
Garden for a Sprig of Parsley—thereby walk-
ing in all Several Hundred feet, when you
could have had Everything to hand before
you began. "Or," he went on, Relentlessly,
"you Set the Table. You Lay the Cloth, and
then you Trot back and Forth from Sideboard
to Pantry, to Cupboard, Table, until you
have walked Nearly a Mile. You run up and

down Stairs a Hun-
dred times a Day—
most of the Times be-
ing Entirely Unneces-
sary. Now, my Love,
cut out all Waste
Motion and You will
not Get so Weary."

The little Wife
did Intelligently All
her Wise Husband
told her. After Six
Months had Gone
By, the Wife secretly
Consulted a Great
Specialist.

"Doctor," she said,
"I am getting Stout.
I am ailing and Un-
comfortable because
of my Overweight.
What can I do?"

"Exercise," said
the Great Specialist.
"Move about more.
Trot about your
House. Run up and
down Stairs fre-
quently. Be on your
Feet all you Can."

Moral: It's a Poor
Rule that won't
Work both Ways.

—CAROLYN
WELLS.

Washington, it is
said, once threw a
dollar across the
Potomac. It would
be interesting to
learn how far he
could have made an
Austrian kronen go.

With the results of
the coal shortage still
upon the country,
many a man this
winter is following
Abraham Lincoln's
lead; to the extent,
that is, of becoming
a railsplitter.

The ground hog
was clearly signed
by nature to be a
politician. If he sees
his own shadow it
scares him back into
his hole.

Cupid has a legit-
imate grievance
against the United
States Government.
His business is seri-
ously inconvenienced
by the nearness of
income tax payments
to St. Valentine's Day.

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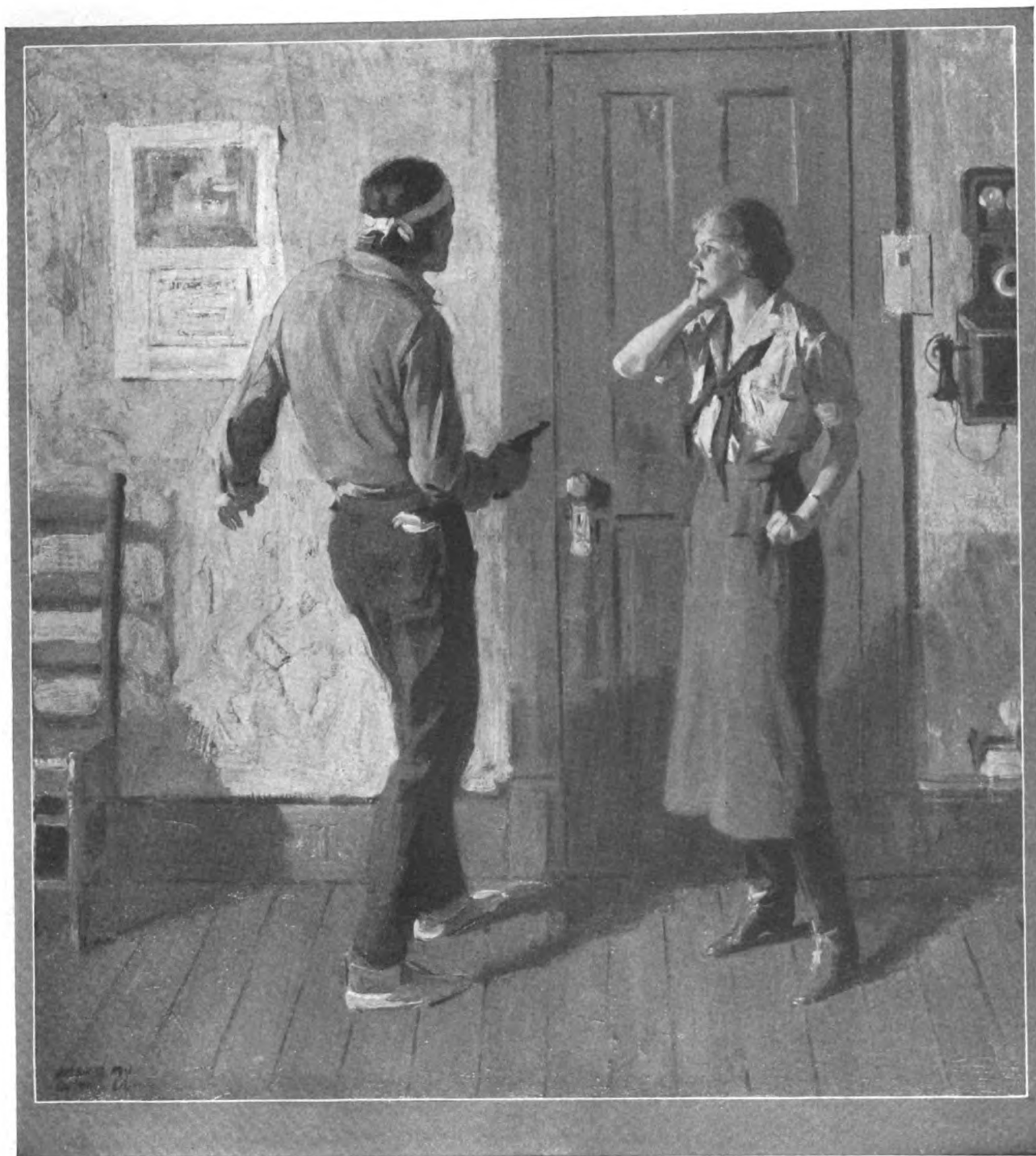
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NOPHAIE PULLED A GUN FROM SOMEWHERE, AND LUNGING AT THE LOCKED DOOR HE SHOVED HIS FOOT AGAINST IT WITH TREMENDOUS FORCE

The Vanishing American

By ZANE GREY

Illustrations by Pruett Carter

This is the story of the great American desert; of the love of a cultured girl from the East and a college-bred Indian who has gone back to his people. After he returns to his native element, Nophaie, the Indian, writes Marian Warner, whom he had met and loved, to come and help his people. She goes but finds Nophaie somewhat changed. He tells her he has no faith; that the religion of the white man fails and the faith of the Indian has somehow been lost to him. Marian is shocked. She tells him she will bring him back to the white man's religion. Nophaie tells her of her difficulties to come from intrigues by the government agents. They agree to meet clandestinely, to escape trouble with the suspicious agents. At one of these meetings Marian tells Nophaie of the temptations and dangers that beset Gekin Yashi, a very pretty Indian girl at the government school. She tells him that Gekin Yashi loves him. Nophaie plans to take her away from the school, to save her from the scheming and unscrupulous agents and to hide her with an honorable Indian family in a distant cañon fastness. On a visit to the trading post he has an unpleasant encounter with Morgan, about whom Marian has warned Nophaie. A little later Nophaie gets Gekin Yashi, the Indian girl, away from the school and takes her to her new home.

X



FROM the hour Nophaie gave up his sheep to the Pahutes in payment for their care of Gekin Yashi he became a nomad, a wanderer of the sage. With responsibility removed from his life he was no longer tied to his lonely upland home—a fact that at first seemed grievous. But he was soon to discover how his loneliness had been a kind of selfishness which had kept him aloof from his people. In the past he had spent only a small part of his time among the Indians, and that upon his rides to Kaidab or to Mesa and return. How little had he really helped them compared with what he might have done! Looked at now, he found this owing to his

love of being alone, of wandering with his sheep in the sage, of brooding over his strange life; and also to the sensitiveness with which he realized that though he could go among his people, he could not become a part of them.

A few rides from hogan to hogan showed Nophaie that his status among the Nopahs had undergone a remarkable change. Not at once did he grasp what it was to which he must attribute this welcome change. At Etenia's home, however, the subtle fact came out in the jealousy of Etenia's daughter; she and all the Nopahs had learned of his abduction of Gekin Yashi.

Nophaie was much concerned over this discovery, for it augured ill for the seclusion of the Little Beauty of the tribe. Upon consulting the old Indian he learned that the news had traveled far and wide across the ranges, from rider to rider, from hogan to hogan, from lip to lip. Soon every Nopah on the reservation would become acquainted with the great feat of Nophaie, who had stolen Gekin Yashi from the reservation. Nophaie had been born of chieftains; he was now a chief of wisdom and valor. The spirit of the Nopahs still lived. The glory and the dream were gone, but there still lived a man of the olden time, a master.

Etenia swore there was not one Indian in all the tribe who would betray Gekin Yashi. Perhaps some of the sneaking, crawling Nokis, in fear of Morgan and Blucher, would trail Gekin Yashi to her hiding place. But every Nopah gloried

in the deed of Nophaie. He was a hero. All the greater Indian now because he had used his white man's brain to save the maiden of proud Do Eten!

"Nophaie will marry Gekin Yashi now," concluded Etenia, and all his enmity seemed gone. He honored Nophaie and feasted him, and had his braves sit round the hogan fire and sing the beautiful Nopah legends of love and courage.

Nophaie was powerless to correct this impression that had gone abroad. All Nopahs, and Pahutes, too, took it for granted that the Little Beauty was destined to be Nophaie's wife. All in a day, it seemed, his fame had been transformed. Every Indian knew Nophaie's story, and all the aloofness and scorn and distrust engendered by his white education would be now as if they had never been.

IN A WEEK of riding over the country Nophaie had impellingly forced upon him the truth of Etenia's judgment. Indian boy, maiden, brave, chief, medicine man—all revered him. The Nopahs had been warriors. There still survived in them worship of the strong, the courageous, the fighter. The youths of the tribe looked up to him as one whom their elders held to be a master, one whose greatness would one day be told to them.

Nophaie rode far to keep his next appointment with Marian at Mesa, and for the whole hour of their meeting he talked of the change that had come through his taking Gekin Yashi away from the power of Morgan. Telling her seemed to clarify the vague and strange conceptions of what had happened to him. Then her instant joy was uplifting.

"Nophaie, your great opportunity has come," she said, with earnest eyes on his. "You can be a power among your people. But keep secret that their faith is not yours."

"I will," he replied. In just those few words she illumined the wondering, brooding subjectiveness of his mind. Whatever he was, opportunity now smiled upon him. He would be listened to and followed.

"Now let me talk, for soon I must go," said Marian. "No one suspects you. All they know at the agency is that Gekin Yashi has disappeared. Blucher did not care. But Morgan was furious. I heard him raving. This will make bad blood between them. And Do Etin will suffer. I fear for him. He was summoned to the office, and I was there when they questioned him. What a grand old Indian! He thrilled me—so calm, so somber and aloof before those men. He answered every question put to him, yet he seemed not to lie.

"Do you think she ran off?" demanded Morgan.

"Yes," answered Do Etin.

"Where?"

"Gekin Yashi's tracks led north off the road to Mesa, and disappeared in the sands."

"You'll help us find her, get her back?"

"No."

"Yes, you will."

"Do Etin will die before he sends Gekin Yashi to you." "Why, you impudent heathen!" shouted Morgan. He drew back to strike Do Etin, but Blucher prevented that. And Do Etin stalked out. I have never seen a man look as Morgan did then."

"OH, I FEAR for Do Etin," Marian went on. "They will do him harm. I know it. After Do Etin left, Morgan ordered me out of the office. 'Get out, you white-faced cat,' he shouted. And he pushed me out and slammed the door. I heard him say: 'Blucher, when we find this Indian hussy you've got to enforce that rule. And if Do Etin doesn't put his thumb mark on my paper it'll go bad for him. And you'll get the steam roller! I've put that steam roller over eleven former agents of this reservation and I'm good for a full dozen.' Then they quieted down, and I could not distinguish what they said, but they were talking for a long time. I think you ought to advise Do Etin to move to the very farthest point on the reservation."

"He would not go a step," replied Nophaie.

"Then indeed I fear for him," said Marian. "It was the look of Morgan, the tone of his voice. The terrible nature of the man seemed to be unmasked. Blucher, too, is growing harder. He is under a strain. I think the war in Europe is on his mind."

Nophaie returned by way of Red Sandy, where at the trading post he was surrounded by Nopahs he had never seen before, and made to realize his importance. The trader there was buying wool at fifty cents a pound and complaining about the scarcity of it. The Indians did not need money. They were not making any blankets. Nophaie was struck with the evidence of prosperity and independence exhibited by these lowland Nopahs. None of their silver trappings was in pawn to the trader, which was an unparalleled sign of good times.

Riding off across the sand to the northward with some of these Indians, Nophaie covered twenty miles and more before he dropped the last horseman at his hogan door. Everywhere the gray-green benches were spotted with flocks of sheep and little bands of mustangs and cattle. At every hogan the women crowded to the door to peep out at him, smiling and whispering.

One old squaw elbowed her way out. "Nophaie, look at Nadglean Nas Pah," she said with great dignity, "who tended your mother at your birth. Nadglean Nas Pah washed your eyes. She lives to see you Nophaie, the Warrior. Come, feast with us."

Nophaie stayed there, keen to learn of his mother, grateful to feel stealing over him a closer touch with his people. By nightfall, when the feast was served, the hogan had no room for more Indians. They ate for hours and sang until late in the night. The occasion seemed one of honor and joy to these Indians, who delighted in Nophaie's company. Many a dusky eye shone the brighter for his words. Next morning he rode on his way more impressed than ever before with the prosperity and happiness of the Nopahs. It seemed he now could reasonably calculate that all the twenty thousand Nopahs of the reservation were on the high tide of well-being. Almost his hopes rose to a point of believing what Nadglean Nas Pah had said: "Now all is well." Only the wise old men like Etenia and Do Etin saw the future. Most of the simple-minded Indians lived on in the present, taking their wealth as a matter of their worthiness, eating, sleeping, riding, shepherding the days away, unmindful of the handwriting of the white man like a shadow on the sage.

Night overtook Nophaie on the crest of the great heaving slope that led to the upland country. He had made a short cut from Shibbet Taa, westward toward Etenia's range. His horse was weary. Nophaie turned it loose in the sage and made his bed under a thick-branched cedar. For his meal he ate meat and corn given him at the last hogan.

All that was truly Indian in him beat in his blood and stirred in his soul here in the solitude and the loneliness. He was miles from any trail he had ever ridden. Only sight of Nothisis Ahn could give him his bearings.

Upon reaching the upland pasture under Nothisis Ahn the next day, Nophaie herded his horses into a band and drove them out on the Pahute trail. That night he camped down in the deep cañon with the family who lived there, finding in this remote place that his fame had arrived before him. Welcome was his in every Indian habitation. At sunrise he headed his horses up the overhanging colored slope of earth and rock, out on the cedared flats, down into the monument country where Oljato and the range of his boyhood called with poignant sorrow and regret, and across the red and yellow desert to Kaidab.

"Sure I'll buy your horses," said Withers in reply to Nophaie's query. "What will you take for them?"

Nophaie hesitated a moment, then named a figure.

"That's not enough," replied Withers. "I'll give you five more on each horse. What'll you take, cash or trade?"

NOPHAIE took part of the deal in new outfit for himself, which included a gun.

"Reckon you're going to do what Blucher told Woltersen, 'Ride around,'" said Withers with a laugh. "You can do some riding here for us. I'm glad you came. Mrs. Withers was about to send for you."

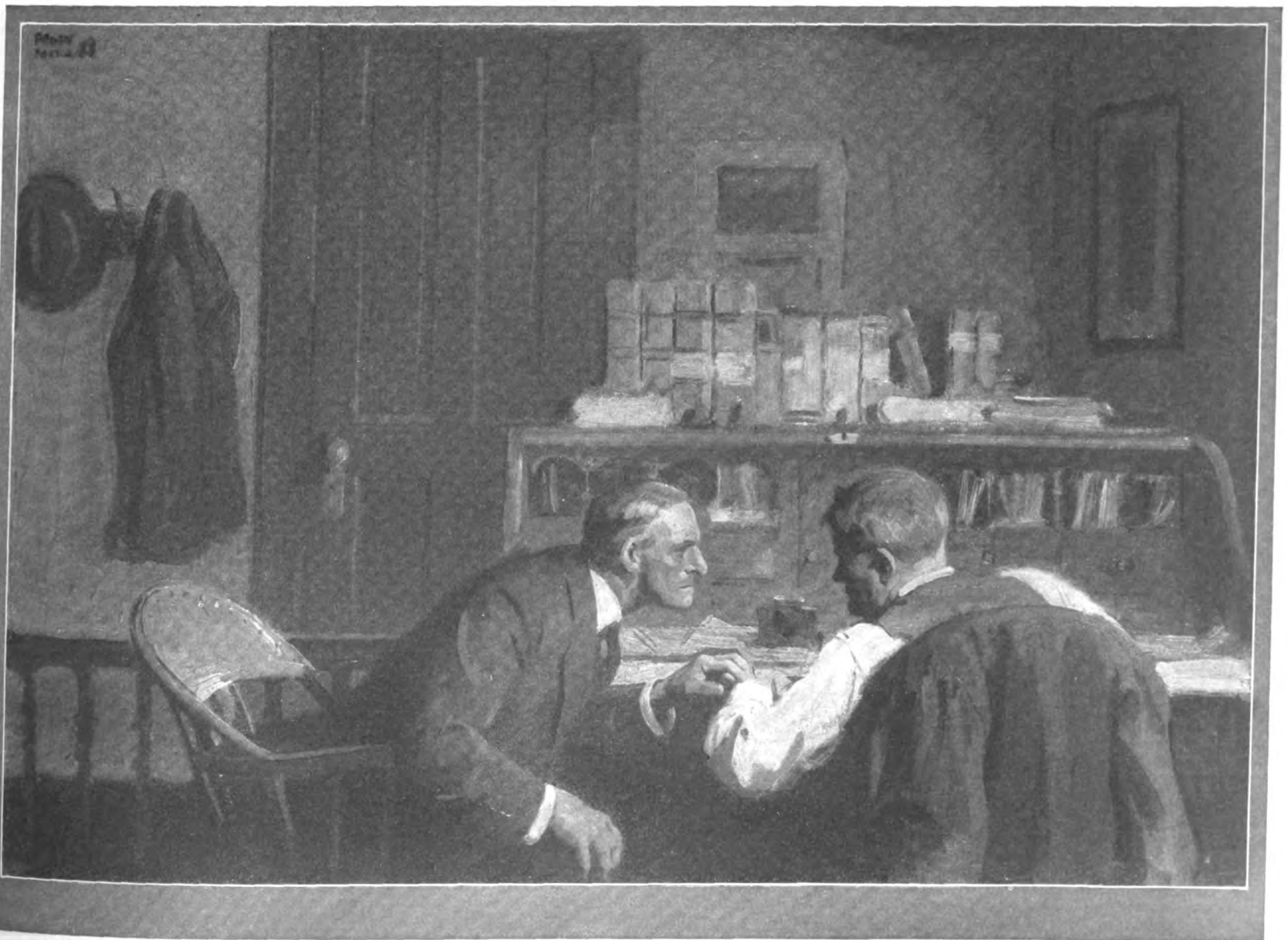
Nophaie wondered what the trader's wife could want with him, unless for something in connection with Marian. Also, he was curious to see if she had any knowledge of his rise to fame among the Indians through his taking Gekin Yashi from the school. Mrs. Withers was glad to see him and was eager to hear news of Marian, but she had heard nothing of his abducting Do Etin's daughter.

"Nophaie, I would like you to help us here in a little job," she said presently. "Do you know this half-crazy Indian we call Shoie?"

"No," replied Nophaie.

"Well, he claimed to have bewitched a squaw who died. And he has told two other squaws that he means to work his spell upon them. The first one, Nolgoshie, the loping woman, got to thinking about this, and she fell sick. I'm afraid it will kill her. I want you to help me get Shoie to say he will remove his spell. Then ride over to Nolgoshie's

(Continued on Page 163)



"IF YOU DON'T MAKE EXAMPLES OF DO ETIN AND NOPHAIE YOUR AUTHORITY ON THIS RESERVATION WILL ABSOLUTELY CEASE," DECLARED MORGAN

The Vanishing American

(Continued from Page 25)

hogan and tell her. The other squaw is the wife of Beleanth do de Jodie. He is a rich Nopah and a good man. I'm afraid his wife will also get to brooding about this spell."

"I can influence this Shoie," he replied, and then briefly related what had happened in Woltersen's yard at Mesa, his interview with Do Etin, his taking Gekin Yashi away into hiding, and the strange reaction of his tribe.

Mrs. Withers grew intensely animated, almost excited, and she seemed at the half-way point between elation and anxiety.

"So that was it!" she exclaimed. "I've been wondering about this sudden interest in you. Well, Nophaie, there is no other single thing you could have done to establish a great name for yourself among the Indians. That will put you high up. So in one way it is good. But it is bad in other ways. They will get Gekin Yashi. Some of the Nokis will trail her. If Blucher finds out your part in it he will arrest you. And when they do find Gekin Yashi, I wonder how Do Etin will act."

Thereupon Nophaie told of Do Etin's anger and his stern ultimatum.

"That is very bad," she said gravely. "Do Etin can't keep Gekin Yashi from going to Morgan's chapel, once that rule is put into effect. You see the Indians are really prisoners on this reservation. They have to obey. If they don't, they will be forced to. That is bad. Do Etin will never break his word or give in. It means jail for him—or worse."

NOPHAIE took some time over the selection of his outfit, especially the gun. He felt himself a novice in the use of firearms, and after considerable deliberation he decided a small weapon he could conceal if desirable, or carry on his belt, would be best for him.

"Here's your man Shoie," said Withers, coming into the post.

Shoie denied that he had cast a spell upon any squaw. But after some persuasion he confessed it, saying these women were possessed of evil spirits which he wanted to exorcise. Nophaie at length induced him to say that he would remove the spell.

Next day a messenger arrived in Kaidab with news that Beleanth do de Jodie's wife had died. This gave Nophaie a profound shock. He exerted himself in every possible way to keep Nolgoshie from finding out. In vain! Her own attendants, in spite of advice and importunity and threats, told her of the death of the other woman who had been under Shoie's evil spell.

Nolgoshie fell back into the panic of superstitious fears. Nophaie besought her with all the eloquence and persuasion he could command. She only grew worse. Then he galloped off in search of Shoie. At last he found him, on the very moment bragging he had put back the spell upon Beleanth do de Jodie's wife, and intended to do the same for Nolgoshie.

"Come back with me," demanded Nophaie, "so that Nolgoshie may hear from your own lips the spell is broken." He forced the frightened Indian to ride with him to the hogan of Nolgoshie. But they arrived too late to lend any light to that darkened brain. Nolgoshie was raving.

Nophaie drove Shoie off with a threat to kill him if ever again he claimed to cast a spell of witchcraft on an Indian. Upon Nophaie's return to Kaidab with the news Mrs. Withers expressed sorrow, but not surprise.

"I knew just that would happen," she added. "Nolgoshie will die."

And next day came the messenger with news of her death and that none of the Indians would bury her. Nophaie took this duty upon himself.

XI

MORGAN put some letters in a drawer of his desk and locked it. His office was not an austere room by any means. Color and comfort were exceedingly in evidence.

There was a significant absence of anything of Indian design. This study had two other doors, one opening into his living room, the other out upon a back porch.

His first visitor that morning was Jay Smith. Heavy-booted, lazy-striding, he entered familiarly without removing sombrero or stopping his smoking, and his bold face wore a mask of a smile. His dusty garb attested to recent travel.

"Howdy, Morgan," he said. "I got back last night. Haven't seen Blucher yet. Reckon I wanted to see you first."

"Did you find out anything?" queried Morgan.

"Wal, yes an' no," returned Smith. "I can't prove what Blucher wants. Them Pahutes are sure close-mouthed. But I've a hunch the Carlisle Injun Nophay had a lot to do with Gekin Yashi's disappearance."

"SO HAD I that hunch," retorted the missionary darkly. "Blucher didn't want to send you. He doesn't care, now the girl has been brought back. But I care. And I want examples to be made of Do Etin and whoever rode off with Gekin Yashi."

"Reckon you'll never prove anthin' on either Do Etin or Nophay," said Smith dryly. "You'll just have to frame them."

"Jay Smith, I don't like your talk."

"Wal, if you don't like it you can lump it," drawled the other. "I told you I was ready to work for your interests in the dark. An' so I am. But don't call spades hearts to me. I've been ten years rustlin' round this reservation."

Morgan's pale eyes studied the blunt, nonchalant Smith with that penetrating somber gaze of a shrewd man who trusted no one. "Very well. We'll call spades spades," replied Morgan succinctly. "I need you, and you want to replace Woltersen. I'll see that Blucher puts the steam roller over him. And I'll pay you besides."

"Ahu! Wal, we understand each other. An' is my hunch about Blucher correct?"

"What is that?"

"Wal, you wasn't particular clear, but I sort of got an idee you wanted more on Blucher, so you could steam roll him when it suited you."

Morgan deliberated. The way his hand closed tight betrayed his realization that he was dealing with a shrewd, unscrupulous man whom he must bind and hold. "You're no fool, Jay Smith. That's why I want to keep you here at Mesa. Now tell me why you believe this Carlisle Indian had something to do with Gekin Yashi's disappearance?"

"WAL, the day after she was lost I rode across the mesa," rejoined Smith. "I found where Gekin Yashi had rode off the trail. An' I searched round till I saw moccasin tracks in the sand, an' hoss tracks. I've been a hoss-tracker all my days, an' there wasn't a wrangler in my country who could beat me. I jest got down on my knees an' made a picture in my mind of them moccasin tracks an' hoss tracks. Then I measured them. I trailed them tracks all day, till I seen they were goin' straight north. Then I came back."

"Well, go on," said Morgan impatiently. "The Nokis did as well as that."

"Sure. But it took them long to find out what I knew right off—that they'd lose the trail when they came to the sage and the flat-rock country up towards Nothis Ahn."

"Yes, but if the Nokis lost that trail, how did they eventually find Gekin Yashi?"

"Wal, I found that out this trip. Your Nokis didn't find Gekin Yashi. The Pahutes who had her brought her to the camp of the Nokis."

"Humph! Pahutes? This is queer. Were these Pahutes afraid?"

(Continued on Page 164)

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The Vanishing American

(Continued from Page 163)

"Not of you or Blucher," replied Smith with a sardonic grin. "It came about this way: There's a half-nutty Nopah named Shoie. He's a spellbinder. He heard about these Pahutes having Gekin Yashi hid deep in the cañons. Of course all the Nopahs knew that. Wal, this nutty Injun sends word by a Pahute that he had put his spell upon Gekin Yashi to kill her. He'd already killed two Nopah women with his spell. The Pahutes are more superstitious than the Nopahs. They fetched Gekin Yashi out to the Nokis who were huntin' her."

"Well!" ejaculated Morgan. "And how do you connect the Carlisle graduate with this?"

"Wal, that's the funny part, hard to prove to anybody but myself," responded Smith, scratching his head. "While I was up in that country I found out where Nophay had lived an' buried his relation. Sure it's a wild country. But I rode across it, an' I finally found Nophay's hogan. I searched around for hoss tracks and moccasin tracks like them I had pictured in my mind. An' I found them, plain as print. I found clean-cut moccasin tracks on the grave of Nophay's relation. I recognized that track. An' on the way down here I asked a Nopah who buried Nophay's relation an' he said Nophay. Now, Morgan, that's my hunch. It doesn't prove anything, except to me. I know who stole Gekin Yashi away."

"THAT'S proof enough for me," returned Morgan somberly. "Smith, you're a sharp fellow. I didn't appreciate you. We'll get along. Now, don't tell Blucher this about the Carlisle Indian. Go now and do Blucher's bidding. Keep your eyes and ears open. And see me often."

Morgan then wended his observant way up the shady avenue of tall poplars toward the agent's office. Morgan was light-footed. He stepped softly, though not from any instinct like the Indians. Manifold indeed were the intricacies of his habit of life. As he mounted the high porch steps he heard voices. Friel and the Warner girl! Morgan paused to listen.

"Let me alone," wearily protested the girl. The sound of scraping chair on the floor followed, then swift soft steps, and a man's voice, with a quick note, rather hoarse. "Marian, I can't let you alone. Don't you know when a man loves you?"

"No, I don't, if the man's you," declared Miss Warner. "I don't want to know. Mr. Friel, I've long despaired of your showing any instincts of a gentleman, but I didn't—I didn't think you would attack me."

"Nonsense. I only wanted to kiss you."

"Your intrusion, your words are an insult," returned the girl with spirit. "And your—your trying to hold me is worse."

"Didn't I ask you to marry me?" he said banteringly.

"Yes, and your proposal had not the ring of sincerity. Even if it had I would have refused you. I tell you once more: No! I don't care for you; I couldn't care for you."

"But I can make you care," he responded. "Mr. Friel, I wonder you can be such a fool," retorted Miss Warner in anger.

"Do you imagine me to be one of these simple-minded Indian girls?"

"I think you're adorable," he returned, "and I'll make you pay for calling me a fool. Of course I am—to be so crazy over you. Come here, golden hair."

"Oh! you—you —" burst out the girl.

MORGAN strode to the door and entered. Friel was trying to enfold Miss Warner in his arms and she was thrusting him back.

"Hah! Excuse me, young folks," said Morgan with severe levity. "Am I interrupting a love scene?"

"You are not," cried Miss Warner hotly, now jerking free of Friel. Her face was

red. Her dark blue eyes blazed. Her bosom heaved. For the first time Morgan thought this blond girl handsome. Only dark women appealed to him.

"So ho?" he ejaculated with pretension of surprise. "What was it I interrupted then?"

"Mr. Morgan, you can judge for yourself," replied the girl, with trembling hands at her disheveled hair. "This man sneaks in here while Mr. Blucher is out. I despise him. I think he's the cheapest, most offensive cad I ever saw. I'm not in the least afraid of him. I don't run to get out of his way. But I will not stand his—his —"

"Attacks, I suppose you mean," interposed Morgan as the girl paused breathless and at loss for a word.

FRIEL confronted Morgan in suppressed agitation. He was a tall man, not yet beyond middle age, thin and nervous, with lean face of pale, wolfish cast.

"See here, Morgan, you're quick to grasp at things, aren't you?" he rasped out sneeringly. "You sneaked in here yourself."

"Miss Warner, this is serious, but I acquit you of blame," said Morgan, paying no attention to the irate Friel. "Where is Blucher?"

"He went to the dormitory to consult Miss Herron."

"Please go for him. Don't mention this unfortunate affair. Leave that to me. I'll see you are not attacked again."

When Miss Warner had gone Friel fell into a fury. Finally he gave Morgan one comprehensive glance, keen and malignant and somehow impotent. Then his whole demeanor changed. Manifestly he had been surprised by Morgan in the expression of amatory advances he did not deem criminal, and next he had fallen prey to perfectly natural wrath. But now he had suddenly lost his excessive irritation, his impulsive and explosive fury.

"Friel," said Morgan, "I've been your friend here. I've kept you here on the reservation. Your behavior is not becoming. And your ranting at me did not sound like music to my ears. I might call an investigation."

"You might," returned Friel sarcastically; "which means you won't just so long as I stand hand and glove with you?"

"Precisely. You remember that little irregularity of yours concerning the testimonials—the thumb prints of Indians who didn't know they were signing away their land and water rights for land you now have a patent to?"

"Yes, I remember; and most decidedly I remember the idea did not originate wholly in my brain."

"That you cannot prove," replied Morgan tersely. "So I think you'll be wise to stand on my side of the fence. Here comes Blucher. Not a word of this."

MORGAN locked the door of Blucher's private office. He did not need more than sight of the agent's face to see that the German's twist of mind was at work.

Blucher was stocky of build, light-complexioned, broad of face, with a look of intolerance.

"What's the trouble?" asked Morgan, and it was certain he lowered his voice.

Blucher's gray-blue eyes dilated and suddenly appeared to gleam dancingly with little arrows of flame. "What's your trouble?" he queried with a laugh. "You're stewed up, same as I am."

"Don't talk so loud," replied Morgan with a significant look and motion at the door of Miss Warner's room. "I don't trust that girl. My Noki says he saw her at the Castle Rocks talking to our Carlisle Indian. If it's true I can see through a good deal. But I'm not so sure of that. The Noki wasn't close to them. But we're cautious now."

"Suppose it was true?" asked Blucher, interested.

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"It was that educated Nopah who stole Gekin Yashi from the school."

Blucher vibrated to that. "Who told you? How do you know? What —?"

"Never mind how I get my facts. I know. That's enough."

"But what you know doesn't satisfy me," returned Blucher testily. "I like Miss Warner. She's a fine girl. I can't see one fault in her. What's more, she's a great help to me. I'd miss her."

"I'm not suggesting you give her a ride on my steam roller," rejoined Morgan. "If she's valuable get all you can out of her—until we know for sure, and meanwhile be cautious."

"How're we going to know for sure? We've read some of her letters. But they didn't prove anything to me. I think you're overcautious."

"Not me. Those letters of hers gave me an idea. She lived in Philadelphia and spent her summers at the seashore. She wrote of seeing baseball games there. Now I've learned that our Carlisle graduate was one of the most famous athletes the Eastern colleges ever developed."

"That Indian?"

"YES, that Indian," rejoined Morgan.

"I'm not likely to forget the sample he gave us of his education. That Nopah has brains. Well, I'm wondering if Miss Warner might have known him in the East. I'll write to my Philadelphia friend and ask him for more information, especially if this Carlisle Nopah played baseball at the seashore."

"Why not cut straight to the heart of a problem?" queried Blucher impatiently.

"You work in the dark."

"It's never wise to show your hand."

"Let's not waste opportunity. I'll have Miss Warner in here," replied Blucher.

The missionary raised a warning hand, restraining the agent. "Wait a moment." Morgan's pale-cast thought grew more intense. "All right. Fetch her in. But let me question her. I'll take a chance."

Blucher, unlocking the door, opened it and called: "Miss Warner, please step here."

She came in, quiet, composed, but a keen eye could have detected a slight constriction of her throat, a glistening dilation of the pupils of her blue eyes.

Morgan assuredly saw the slight signs of agitation. He fixed his cold, icy gaze upon her face. "Miss Warner, you deny you're a friend of the Carlisle graduate Nopah, that you meet him secretly?"

The girl's golden tan seemed to recede, leaving a clear pallor on cheek and brow. A quick breath escaped her. Then she flushed dark red, her eyes blazed as they had blazed at Friel, her head went up with dauntless spirit. "Mr. Morgan, am I to understand that I am a hireling to whom you are privileged to put such personal questions?" she flashed at him in counter query.

Morgan made a slight motion of his hand, as if for Blucher to dismiss her. Manifestly he had been answered to his satisfaction.

"Do you deny?" interposed Blucher.

"I would not deny any implication whatever made by Mr. Morgan," returned the girl loftily.

"Very well. That will do," said Blucher, waving her to the door, which he closed and locked after her.

MORGAN signed him to draw a chair closer, and he whispered: "It's more than I suspected. Your doll-face is a deep, clever woman. She meets the Indian. Maybe she's in love with him. Absolutely she's not what she seems."

The agent stroked his chin and gazed with abject wonder and disgust at Morgan. "Morgan, you look for rottenness in every man and woman because your mind is

rotten," he said. "I don't believe what you think about her."

Morgan's stout body jerked a little, as with the propelling of blood in sudden anger, and the lowering cold shadow of his eyes might have been thought provoking to a less stolid man than Blucher. "I usually find what I look for," he rejoined. "Let's drop Miss Warner for the present. How about the Wolterson case?"

The agent unlocked his desk and produced letters and papers. "Wolterson is about ready for your steam roller," said Blucher grimly. "All my reports have gone through. Here's a copy of a letter to Wolterson from Commissioner Salisbury, Department of the Interior at Washington."

BLUCHER spread a paper covered with handwriting in lead pencil and read:

"ROBERT WOLTERTSON,
ESQ.,
Through Superintendent
Mesa Indian School

"Sir: Reports indicate that your services as stockman are not satisfactory; that you lack energy and initiative; that you boast you can make a living without work; that you are wholly inattentive to your duties and have no interest in the welfare of the Service; that you spend your time in idleness, loafing around your quarters, at different traders' stores, or taking pleasure trips; that you almost invariably remain in bed after the other employees are at their work; that you have neglected the agency stallions which were in your care to such extent that one of them died; and that through your negligence a young heifer recently died."

"You will be given ten days from the receipt of this letter to show cause, if any, why you should not be transferred or dismissed from the Service. Your reply should be submitted through the Superintendent within the time specified."

Respectfully,

"OTTO SALISBURY."

"Humph!" ejaculated Morgan. "That's not much of a charge against Wolterson. What was his reply through you?"

"It's too long to read. Take this copy with you. One thing sure—Wolterson makes a strong case and just about proves it. More than that, he has bobbed up with influential friends in Texas, one of them a senator. The best we can expect is that Wolterson will be transferred to some other point on the reservation."

"So much for him," mused Morgan, with deep gaze into space. "Before we get on to the Do Etin case let's thresh out this matter of the Indian young men being permitted to get into the girls' dormitory at night."

"Isn't that my affair?" inquired Blucher. "Are you superintendent of this school and reservation?"

Morgan's reply was neither negative nor affirmative. It was a silent study of the face of the agent.

"I got the truth of it," slowly began Blucher.

"FROM what source? Miss Herron told me all she knew before you heard of the goings-on."

"You think she told you all," retorted Blucher with malice. "As a matter of fact she lied. I believe she had something to do with those Indian youths stealing into the dormitory."

It was Morgan's turn to show amaze and skepticism. "Miss Herron has the responsible duty of looking after the moral welfare of the girl students," he declared.

"Bah! Morgan, can't you call things by their proper names, at least to me?" queried Blucher. "What you mean is that this particular matron was put in her job by you. Therefore she is responsible to you. Responsible to you, yes, for the moral welfare of

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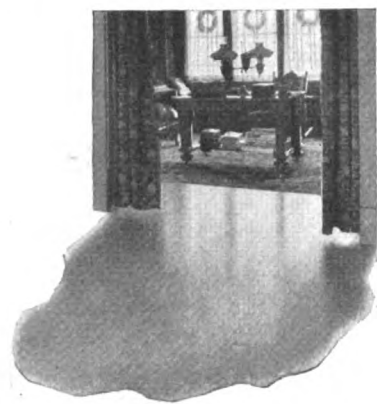
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The Vanishing American

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these Indian girls, and for accurate record of what goes on, so that you could be kept posted."

Morgan made a gesture which seemed to intimate that Blucher's talk was Sanscrit to him. "Blucher, what you think of me and what I think of you are not the issues at present. By and by we are going to clash. But just now we've serious business that necessitates unity."

"Yes, I know," grunted Blucher, "and I hate to get down to it."

"If you don't make examples of Do Etin and Nophaie your authority on this reservation will absolutely cease," declared Morgan impressively.

Blucher's face set like that of a bulldog. "I'll make him consent to that rule or—"

"You'll never make him do anything," interrupted Morgan. "You don't know Indians. Do Etin will keep his word."

"Do Etin has bucked me," Blucher declared. "He has opposed me. He will make me look weak to all the Indians. But how to make an example of him—unless—"

Morgan leaned forward to whisper tensely. "Unless! You have it. Send Rhur, the policeman, Glendon and Naylor at night to arrest Do Etin. But they are not to arrest him. They will return with news to you. Do Etin refused to consent to the new rule of the Government. He resisted arrest. He fought. He was shot."

"For once we agree," whispered Blucher in reply. His set face had grown pale. "And how about the Carlisle graduate?"

SWIFTLY Morgan snapped his fingers, but the lifted hand shook before Blucher's strained gaze. "That educated Indian is the most dangerous man, red or white, on this reservation," hissed Morgan.

"Then it's settled," replied Blucher.

"Send your men after Do Etin tonight," added Morgan.

"Yes; the sooner the better. And that compulsory rule goes into effect right now."

Morgan hurried across the wide avenue toward his house. He strode as a man who would be dangerous to meet on a narrow footway. Apparently all he saw was the hard-packed sand upon which he trod.

In his study sat the Indian whom he had expected, a Noki, a slim, tall, very dark man with straight black hair and eyes of piercing sharpness. This Indian's latest service to Morgan had been the bringing back of Gekin Yashi. Long had he been the white man's spy and tool of craft.

Morgan gripped his arm and dragged him to the couch, there to force him down and loom masterfully over him.

Moistening his lips Morgan began in hoarse whisper of singular potency: "Noki, tonight you pay your full debt to the white man. Go to Do Etin's hogan. Be there just at dark. Let the Indians see you, but not the white men who come. Watch these white men go into Do Etin's hogan. Steal close and listen to what they say. Trust to the darkness. Listen to that council. Remember every word you hear. And watch, see every move. When the white men go away you hurry back to me."

For a long time after the Indian had left, Morgan sat motionless in his study, locked in thought, his brow a congested mass of furrows. What bound him there was a habit of mind, a recourse to invention to meet every possible future angle, to fortify against the unexpected, to hide the machinations of a master strategist, to satisfy a monstrous egotism. No still small voice pierced his conscience.

At last he arose, muttering half aloud: "That for sure puts the steam roller over Blucher. But it's not enough."

XII

NEXT morning, while at breakfast, Morgan had a caller, the old man who had been the government farmer at Mesa for years. His short, wedge-shaped figure seemed

energized by rugged vitality; his features were a record of the desert.

"Mr. Morgan, the Nokis down at Copenwashie are raisin' Cain with me," he began.

"Yes? What for?"

"It's a dry season. All but two of the springs have failed. The Nokis haven't enough water for their alfalfa. Friel gets the water first for his land. That's what the Nokis are sore about. An' I'm sayin' they've got reason."

"Why do you come to me? I do not deal with the Indians' water rights."

"Wal, Friel's deals are most with their water rights," replied the farmer bluntly. "Now my stand is this. The Nokis are industrious farmers. They've worked hard on that alfalfa. An' I don't want to see it burn up. Friel said what he did was none of my business. I want the Indians to have more of the water that belongs to them."

"Belongs to them? How do you figure that?"

"The Nokis were here before either the Nopahs or the whites."

"THAT'S nothing. The water belongs to the Government. And Mr. Friel has a patent on land and water from the Government. I couldn't do anything, even if I wanted to."

"Friel has no horses suffering for hay or water. He sells his hay. The Indians need good hay and plenty of water. They can't send their horses out into the desert to live on soapweed and greasewood."

"These Nokis are freighters. They freight supplies from Flagstaff. That's how they earn their living. They're not gettin' a square deal."

"Go to Blucher," replied Morgan.

"I just left him," returned the farmer. "He wasn't interested, sent me to you. I reckon he was upset by his men havin' to kill an Indian last night."

"That so? I hadn't heard," rejoined Morgan, with no especial interest. He might not have been aware of the gray desert eyes bent upon him.

"Wal, it was owin' to some new rulin' or other Blucher ordered," went on the farmer. "Do Etin refused to obey, as I heard the story. When Rhur with his deputies, Glendon an' Naylor, tried to arrest Do Etin he fought, an' they had to kill him."

"That was unfortunate," said Morgan, gravely shaking his head. "But Indians must learn to obey."

"Mr. Morgan, would you be good enough to have Friel ease up on the water?" asked the farmer earnestly. "He's usin' more than he needs. An' we haven't had a lot of rain at Copenwashie."

"No. Such a request from me would imply that I shared your opinion as to Mr. Friel's wastefulness, which I don't."

"Ah-huh!" ejaculated the government man, and abruptly turned on his heel. His heavy boots thumped on the porch. Then he was gone.



IN THE course of that day Morgan heard many versions of the killing of Do Etin. He read Blucher's brief statement to the officials at Washington; he asked for the distressed Miss Warner's knowledge of it; he heard Rhur tell how it had happened, and also Glendon.

He showed grave concern as he met the stockman Wolterson and asked what he had heard about it. All stories were substantially the same, precisely what the school policeman and his deputies had reported first to the superintendent and later told to other government employees. There was no excitement nor any particular comment. The death of an Indian was nothing. But when Morgan asked Jay Smith what he had heard, Smith added a few trenchant words of his own to the reiterated story: "Wal, that's what they say!"

(Continued on Page 169)

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The Vanishing American

(Continued from Page 168)

Late that day Morgan received the Noki spy in his study, the windows and blinds of which were closed. And peering down into the dark, inscrutable face of this Noki who hated Nopahs, Morgan heard a long story, told with all the singular detail of an Indian's subtle and faithful observance, a story strangely and vastly different from all the others concerning Do Etin's tragic death.

The Noki peeping into the hogan had seen Do Etin rise to his feet and extend his hands in the greeting of hospitality.

"White men are welcome in Do Etin's hogan," he said in Nopah.

Rhur advanced first into the circle of firelight, then Glendon and Naylor.

"Howdy, Do Etin; shake hands," said Rhur in the white man's tongue.

With dignity and friendliness the Indian extended his hand.

Rhur grasped the Indian's hand and suddenly pulled with all his might. "Now, rough-house him—quick!" he called low and hard to his followers.

BUT Do Etin wrenched loose. With powerful heave he flung Rhur across the hogan against the wall. Glendon and Naylor then grappled with Do Etin. They wrestled with him and in the struggle kicked over the cooking utensils and sent the firebrands scattering. Do Etin only strove to free himself. This the two men helped him to do, one with a blow, the other with a shove. Do Etin staggered back and half turned. Then out of the gloom beyond the fire circle Rhur shot, once, twice, three times. The heavy reports boomed in the confined space of the hogan. Do Etin swayed and fell without a word.

"Has he croaked?" queried Rhur hoarsely.

"See! Hurry! One of you muss up the place."

Glendon knelt beside the still figure while Naylor kicked utensils around, scattered the fire and food supplies. The hogan filled with smoke. The light grew dim. The figures appeared shadowy.

"Sure. He's dead," whispered Glendon.

"Come; beat it," replied Rhur.

They lifted the blanket before the door and filed out.

It was again night, and one of those nights set for the Indian girls selected by Morgan to come to his chapel to hear him preach. He harangued at them for an hour; then he dismissed them, but at the door he drew one Indian girl back.

"Gekin Yashi, you stay," he said as he held her. "I want to see you alone."

The Indian maiden's face was pale and agitated, yet beautiful with its contour, its great dusky eyes, its red lips. She was trembling as Morgan led her back from the door. Suddenly he pushed her into a seat and towered over her, obsessed with his fanaticism.

"Gekin Yashi, do you know your father is dead?" he asked in harsh, sharp voice.

"Oh—no, sir," the girl faltered, sinking back.

"He is. He was killed last night, killed because he fought the white men who went to arrest him. He would not obey."

MORGAN paused. Gekin Yashi's sweet and youthful face slowly changed, quivered with tears streaming from her tragic eyes and set in a strange, dull expression of fear, bewilderment and misery. Then her dark head drooped.

"You ran off to the Pahutes," he went on.

"Who took you?"

Gekin Yashi made no answer.

"It was Nopahie. He will be shot the same as your father unless you confess. Speak! Did Nopahie take you away?"

"Yes," she whispered. "But Gekin Yashi has not sinned. She is like the white girl, Benow di Cleash."

Then the missionary thundered at her.

"Yes, you have sinned. But I will save you. Love me, the white man. Promise to do what I tell you."

The Indian girl lifted her face, and then her little brown hands that fluttered like

leaves in a storm. "Gekin Yashi promises," she breathed almost inaudibly. "Gekin Yashi—will—love—you."

XIII

MARIAN, while waiting for the dismissal she expected every day, worked on as if no untoward thing had happened. But in reality nothing was left for her save a morbid curiosity in the affairs of this government school and her faithful, stubborn, unquenchable desire to help the Indians.

No more did Marian ride out to Castle Rocks. No more did she have the thrill and joy of meeting Nopahie.

Neither he nor she had any proof that his life was in danger, but they suspected it, and they knew his liberty was threatened.

Nopahie had intrusted one letter to Withers and another to a Nopah shepherd, both of whom delivered these missives through Woltersson.

A note of despair and of love rang through Nopahie's wild words, troubling her soul, yet somehow inexpressibly sweet. Separation made him desperate. He needed her. And Marian, in her growing poignancy, longed to go to him, to be his wife. She would have lived in a hogan. Yet even in her longing she realized the nobility of the Indian and his attitude toward her. Infinite respect for Nopahie had added to her love. He was a man. How passionately she burned to prove to the world what an Indian could be! Somehow she would prove that, if not by her own modest pen, then by the power of someone to whom she could tell her story. Nopahie, the same as she, was waiting for developments, perhaps for the hour of her dismissal. Meanwhile his entreaty was for her to hold on and keep her courage, and do what good she could in her own way. What sustained Marian most of all was the cry of his heart for her.

Between her and Gekin Yashi had come a strange, cold, somber shadow, like that in the little beauty's dusky eyes. Marian refused credence to the fears her intelligence prompted. Circumstances had altered her opportunities to be with Gekin Yashi. These came now but seldom. Miss Herron's enmity was open and scarcely possible to combat. The matron was all-powerful in the school. Moreover, Gekin Yashi no longer received Marian with shy, sweet gladness. The Indian maiden had aged. She listened, but did not respond. She seldom raised her eyes. Only rarely did Marian penetrate her reserve.

AS WINTER approached, and the war in Europe extended its claws farther and farther over the world, and especially towards the United States, Blucher indubitably leaned more to an obsession of the rights of Germany. Marian typed many of his letters, and she noticed that he let slip the mental note of lesser things. He could scarcely put his mind on the tasks before him on the reservation, let alone solve their problems. Thus he grew lax in caution, at least as far as Marian was concerned. Nor was he guarded in speech with anyone.

Meanwhile Marian's observations and convictions grew with the passing of time. How much she would have to tell Nopahie upon their next meeting! Morgan and his followers did things in an underhanded way, which kept at white heat a feeling of bitterness among government employees. Morgan was a master in this Machiavellian game of politics. He had been seen repeatedly on the school fields and at the school stables, and in other isolated places, talking earnestly to enemies of Blucher. Most significant of all was the singular fact that letters written to Washington were not only never answered but never received by the officials to whom they were addressed.

Yet keen as was Marian's curiosity she avoided some things that would have been easy to see, as she avoided listening to the

(Continued on Page 170)

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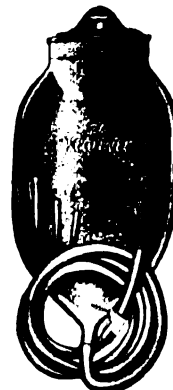
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The Vanishing American

(Continued from Page 169)

older Indian girls when they tried to tell her about the matron and Morgan. On the other hand there were incidents she did not care to see, yet could not help seeing. Morgan often reported the children to the matron with instructions that they be punished. Marian had seen several instances of Miss Herron's punishments. She compelled children to bend forward, hands touching the floor, or to stand erect, with hands lifted high, for as many minutes as they could endure it. Not unusual was it for a girl to faint under this punishment. One day some Indian boys ran across the porch of Blucher's house. Marian saw the agent run out, catch one of them, knock him down, and kick him after he was down. The little fellow did not rise very readily.

Marian grew brooding and nervous and was troubled by strange portents impossible to define. She felt that something was about to happen.

And one morning when Miss Herron, her hard face pale and agitated, came running into the room where Marian was working, she felt a shock. Her intuition had prompted her aright.

THE matron ran into Blucher's office, the door of which was open. "Where's Morgan," she asked shrilly. "I can't find him."

"What's wrong?" queried Blucher, with a frown of annoyance at this intrusion or at the disruption of his thought.

"That Carlisle Indian forced himself into the schoolroom," cried Miss Herron. "He scared me out of my wits. He's dragged Gekin Yashi into the hall, where he's talking to her. I heard Morgan's name; then I ran out—over to his house—to tell him. Oh, that Indian looked terrible."

"Nophaie!" ejaculated Blucher. Manifestly that Indian name conjured up swift and bewildering ideas. Blucher looked mightily concerned. When Miss Herron started to run out he detained her. "You stay right here—and keep your mouth shut." Then he grasped at the telephone.

The shock to Marian had kept her standing just where she had been when Miss Herron entered. Shuffling soft footsteps that she recognized as Morgan's gave her another shock. Then he entered. Certain it was he did not know of the presence of Nophaie. But his glance at Marian, and then sight of Miss Herron in the next room told him something was amiss.

"What—why are you here?" he demanded, entering the office.

"Shut up," interrupted Blucher. "Morgan, your Carlisle Indian is here—with Gekin Yashi. Hello! . . . Yes, this is Blucher. . . . Where's Rhur? . . . Not there? . . . Where is he? . . . Find him quick."

BLUCHER slammed down the receiver of the telephone and glared at Morgan. Marian could only partly see Morgan's face, and what she saw was pale.

"Morgan, that Indian is with Gekin Yashi now," said the agent hoarsely. "Your friend Herron here heard him speak your name."

"What's it mean?" Morgan blurted out.

"I don't know, but I wouldn't be in your boots for a million," replied Blucher sardonically. "Have you got a gun?"

"Lock the door," shouted Morgan, wheeling. He banged it hard, and Marian heard the key turn.

Marian had a glimpse of his face as he shut the door and somehow sight of it roused her. She peered through the open door, out into the yard, toward the dormitory. A tall

Indian was running fleetly toward the office. Marian thrilled to her depths. Had she not seen that magnificent stride? This Indian was Nophaie, running as she had seen him many a time, running with the incomparable swiftness that had made him famous on all the Eastern college fields. Before she could draw another breath he had reached the porch steps to mount them in one pantherish bound. His moccasined feet padded on the floor. Then he flashed in upon her, somehow terrible. A soiled handkerchief, folded narrow and spotted with blood now dry, circled his brow and black hair. His eyes seemed to pierce Marian.

"I saw Morgan come in," he said. "Is he there, with Blucher?"

"Oh, yes," gasped Marian. "They're locked in—you mustn't—oh!"

NOPHAIE pulled a gun from somewhere, and lunging at the locked door he shoved his foot against it with tremendous force. The lock broke. The door swung in. Nophaie bounded across the threshold.

Marian, suddenly galvanized into action, ran after him. Miss Herron lay on the floor in a faint. Blucher sat back in his chair, mouth agape, eyes wide. Amaze had begun to give way to fear. Morgan was ghastly.

Nophaie, with his right hand, held the gun low. It was cocked, and it had an almost imperceptible quiver. With left hand Nophaie significantly touched the bloody bandage round his head.

"Do Etin's murderers did not give me that," said Nophaie. "They came three times to find me. But they failed. It was your Noki who ambushed my trail and shot me. I have his confession."

Neither of the accused could utter a word. The Indian's menace was unmistakable, as inevitable as it was terrible.

"Morgan, I thought well to get Gekin Yashi's confession also, so I can kill you without the compunction white education fostered in me."

Morgan gasped and sagged against the wall. Blucher, livid and fearful, began to stammer incoherently.

Marian felt a tremendous sensation in her breast. It seemed to lift her. It passed, and she found herself burning deep within, suddenly unclamped from that icy terror.

"I am going to kill you both," said Nophaie.

With that Marian shut the door behind her. Then she got between Nophaie and the men, facing them. She realized what she had to do and was equal to it.

"Keep quiet," she ordered.

WHEELING to Nophaie she went closer to him, with one hand going to his shoulder, the other forcing down the leveled gun. "You must not kill these men."

"Why not? Blucher had his men murder Do Etin. Morgan has murdered Gekin Yashi's soul."

"That may well be true," responded Marian. "It's not a question of justice. If you shoot them you will go to the gallows."

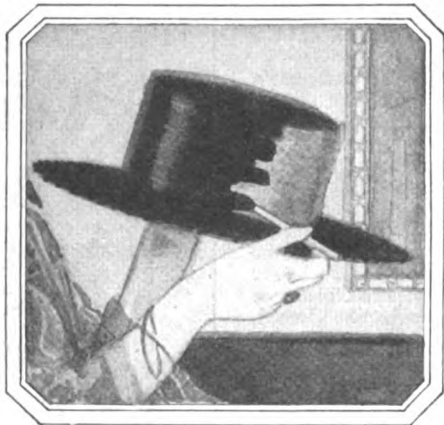
"Yes, if I were caught. And then I would like to tell in a courtroom what these men are."

"Nophaie, you would not be believed except by a few who could not help you."

"Then I'll kill them in revenge—for Gekin Yashi, for my people."

"No, no! You are above that too. It's only your passion. There is no good to be accomplished. The evil these men have done will earn its punishment. Don't kill them."

(Continued on Page 173)



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HAT FINISH



The Vanishing American

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"I must. There is no justice. All I know cries out to kill these devils. I must do it." "But you are the man I love," cried Marian, driven to desperation by his cold truth, by the remorselessness of his just wrath. "You are the man. It would break my heart if you became a murderer, a fugitive from justice, and if—if they hanged you, I'd die! Nophaie, for the sake of my love, for me, let these men live. Think of what it means to me; you know I'll marry you whenever you say. I'll live with you. I'll spend my life helping your people, if—if only you will not spill blood."

She embraced him, clung to him, weakening at the end of her long appeal.

Nophaie slowly let down the hammer of his gun. Then, as slowly, he held the weapon out to her. "Benow di Cleash, hold my gun."

Marian accepted the heavy weapon, wondering the while what he meant to do. She began to throb and thrill. His look, his demeanor, the very radiation of him had undergone a remarkable transformation.

"This girl of your race has saved your lives," he said to the other men. "I meant to kill you. But not even she can save you wholly from the Indian."

THEN with swift violence he turned upon Morgan, and in one singular powerful motion in which his whole body appeared to participate, he shot his knee up and struck the man. Morgan crashed against the wall, his head struck hard, his mouth spread wide, and a tremendous expulsion of breath followed. All the wind had been kicked out of him. Next, in one bound Nophaie leaped upon the desk, and from that right down on Blucher, breaking the chair and sending the agent hard to the floor. Nophaie did not even lose his balance. How light, supple, wonderful his movements!

Nophaie no longer meant to kill; he meant only to hurt. And that liberated something deep in Marian's blood. It seemed to burst and shoot in fiery currents all over her. Every time the German got to hands and knees Nophaie would swing a moccasined foot. And then it appeared he was plunging Blucher nearer and nearer to Morgan, who had gained some breath. Another kick sent the agent hard against Morgan, knocking him over.

AND without particular violence or rancor he kept up this game of football until both men were disheveled wretches. Suddenly he ceased. Marian saw then that Miss Herron had revived and was sitting up. Nophaie looked at her with the same disgust that the men had inspired in him.

"I ought to kick you too," he said. "But I have a white man's education." Drawing Marian out of the room he closed the door and took his gun from her shaking hands.

"Don't be frightened, Benow di Cleash," he said, with a strong, tender arm round her. "You saved me again. I can do nothing but love you more—and go back to my cañons. Don't worry about what Blucher and Morgan will do. They are cowards. They will not speak one word of this. If you get dismissed go to the trader's house. I beg of you, stay on the reservation yet a while. Send me word through Withers. Good-by."

"Oh, Nophaie," cried Marian.

He glided out upon the porch, looked to right and left, and then leisurely trotted down the steps, down the path to the road. Marian espied his horse tied to the fence near the gate.

She expected to see men running from all directions. But there were none. She saw Nophaie mount his horse and lope away.

(Continued in the March Journal)

One Hundred Years of Joan

(Continued from Page 17)

but then, like an idiot, Tommy went right off again and left us standing there. I knew that Captain Mallet would see what had happened, so I said, straight out, 'Captain Mallet, this is just a clear case of pick-up, but I was frantically lonely and you looked frantically lonely, so I wondered why we couldn't get together and talk.'

"Why, Joan!" protested her mother.

"Oh, goodness, mother!" answered Joan. "It was all right. He understood."

"What did he say?"

"He said, 'Why not?' And so we sat down and did talk. And he's just as sweet as he looks. He has a slow, dry, helpless way of talking, as if he were kind of pathetic and lost. Then suddenly you realize that, underneath, he's said something perfectly wonderful."

"I suppose —" Violet Danneman began; but whatever the sentence was to have been, it trailed off unfinished. Instead, she turned toward the bed with a sudden briskness. "Joan, dear, you really must go and get dressed."

"Mother," Joan begged, "I wish you'd tell me the whole story. I'm really quite worked up about it."

HER mother tried to expostulate nervously. "My dear child, I tell you there isn't any story—and there never was"; but Violet Danneman could never be even faintly untruthful and, looking away toward the window, she added, "Not really."

The little added note of unhappy confession was so wholly typical of her that a sudden wave of protective tenderness swept over her daughter.

"Dear mother," she said, "I didn't mean to tease you." She abruptly changed to a broad, extravagant manner that could be taken in any way that her mother chose.

"Wasn't the story," she asked, "simply this: That once you cared a lot about Captain Mallet and Captain Mallet cared a lot about you; but you were a gorgeous and

gilded dollar princess and he was nothing but a plain farmer lad; and so the proud parents decided that it could never be, and proceeded to carry you off, far away from the dangerous attraction, and lock you up in a dungeon vile?"

HER mother had stepped back in amazement and held one hand on her dressing table, as if for support. "Who told you that?" she demanded.

Joan smiled. "He told me himself."

Her mother drew a sudden sharp breath. She looked at her daughter aghast. "He—told—you—that?" she repeated in a slow, dull monotone.

Joan saw at once that she had gone too far and immediately abandoned her bantering tone. "No, mother dear," she said reassuringly. "Please don't always take me so literally. I'll tell you exactly what he did say. What really happened was perfectly harmless. We were sitting there on the long stone bench on the country-club terrace, having a beautiful time, talking about everything under the sun, when suddenly I realized that, even then, I didn't know just who he was. So, in a very idiotic way I asked: 'Is this your first visit to Lakefield?'

"Of course he smiled at that. 'No,' he said. Then he took his cane and pointed to the place where the road from the lake turns into the road from here. 'I suppose,' he said, 'that in my vanished youth I have driven over that road several thousand times with a load of hay or a load of lumber.'

"Then he stopped for quite a while with a funny little musing twinkle in his eyes. Of course I was crazy to know what he was thinking about, so I just up and asked him.

"As a matter of fact," he said, 'the most tragic moment of my life was passed right down there at that crossroad.'

Joan looked at her mother cautiously. "It was really quite sweet," she continued,

(Continued on Page 174)



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