

April 19 1924

Five Cents the Copy
One Dollar the Year

29
19-3

The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

The OLDEST AGRICULTURAL in the WORLD



PAINTED BY FRANK B. HOFFMAN

WILD HORSE MESA—By Zane Grey

The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

Title Registered in U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries

FOR THE AMERICAN FARMER AND HIS FAMILY

Published Weekly by The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Subscription \$1.00 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers. Entered as Second-Class Matter July 7, 1911, at Post Office at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, Under Act of March 3, 1879. Additional Entry at Columbus, O., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Indianapolis, Ind., Saginaw, Mich., Des Moines, Ia., Portland, Ore., Milwaukee, Wis., and St. Paul, Minn. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Canada. Copyright, 1924, by The Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain

Vol. LXXXIX

PHILADELPHIA, PA., APRIL 19, 1924

No. 16

WILD HORSE MESA

By Zane Grey

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK B. HOFFMAN

THE mystery and insurmountable nature of Wild Horse Mesa had usurped many a thoughtful hour of Chane Weymer's lonely desert life in Utah. Every wandering rider had a strange story to tell about this vast tableland. But Chane had never before seen it from so lofty and commanding a height as this to which Toddy Nokin, the Piute, had led him; nor had there ever before been so impelling a fascination as that engendered by the Indian.

For the Piute claimed that it was the last refuge of the great wild stallion Panguitch and his band.

Panguitch! He had been chased out of Nevada by wild-horse wranglers, of whom Chane was not the last; Mormons had driven the stallion across Utah, where in the cañoned fastnesses south of the Henry Mountains he had disappeared.

CHANE'S gaze left the mesa to fall upon the swarthy lineaments of his companion. Could he place credence in Toddy Nokin? The Piutes loved fine horses and were not given to confiding in white hunters. It occurred to Chane, however, that he had befriended this Indian.

"Toddy—you sure Panguitch—on Wild Horse Mesa?" queried Chane, in his labored mixture of Piute and Navaho.

The Indian had the solemn look of one whose confidence had not been well received.

"How you know?" went on Chane eagerly.

Toddy Nokin made a slow sweeping gesture toward the far northern end of Wild Horse Mesa, almost lost in dim purple distance. The motion of arm and hand had a singular character never seen in gesture save that of an Indian. It suggested deviations of trail, deep cañons to

cross, long distance to cover. Then Toddy Nokin spoke in his own tongue, with the simplicity of a chief whose word was beyond doubt. Chane's interpretation might not have been wholly correct, but it made the blood dance in his veins. Panguitch had been seen to lead his band up over the barren trailless rock benches that led to the towering wall of the unscalable mesa. These wild horses left no tracks. They had not returned. Keen-eyed Piutes had watched the only possible descents over the red benches. Panguitch was on top of the mesa, free with the big-horns and the eagles. The fact wrung profound respect and admiration from Chane Weymer, yet fired him with passionate resolve. For a long time that wild mesa had

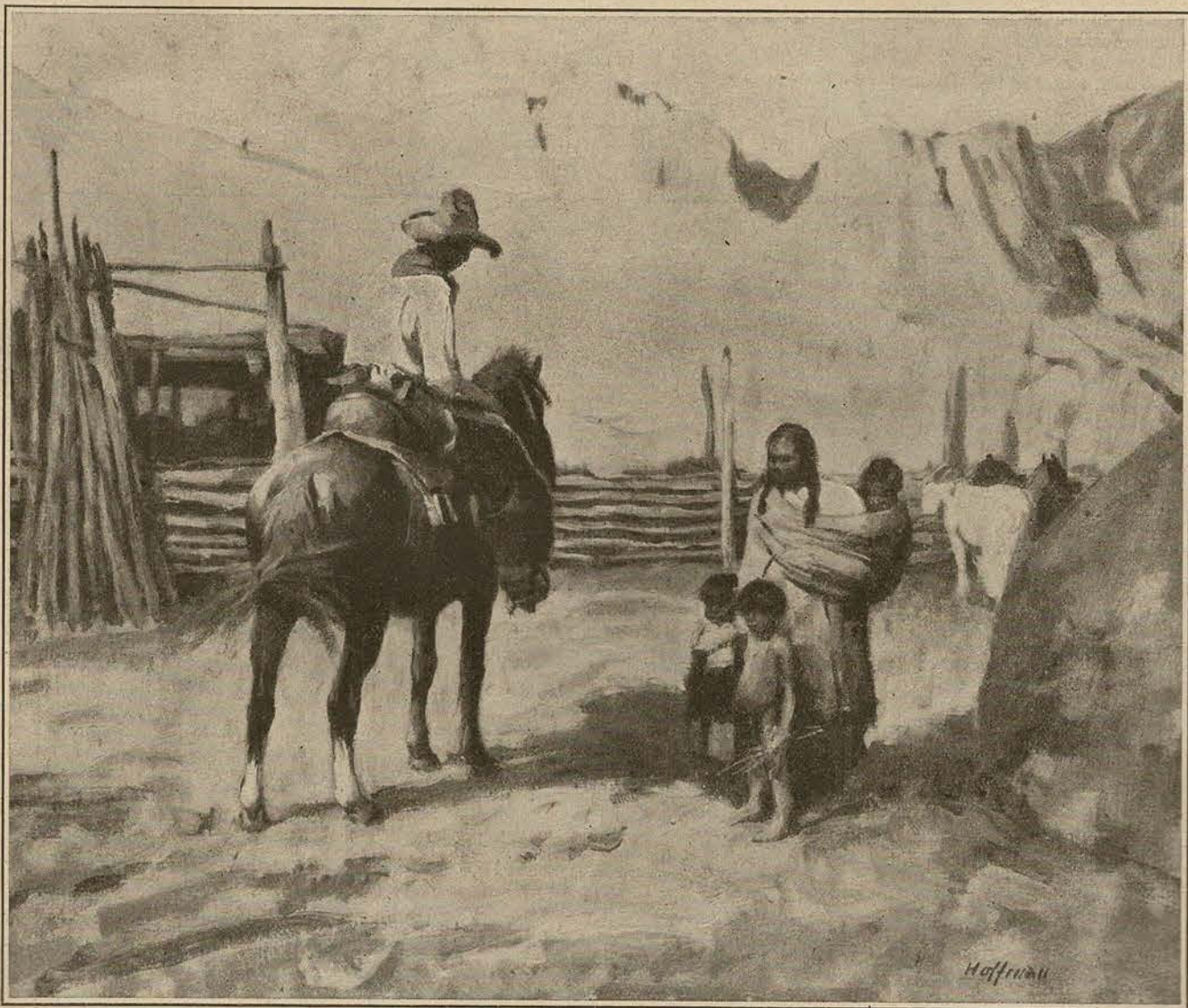
haunted him. The reason for it, the alluring call of the wandering, lofty wall, now seemed easily understood.

"Panguitch, I've got track of you at last!" he exclaimed exultantly. There awoke in Chane then some-

thing of abandon to what he had always longed for—a wild freedom without work or restraint or will other than his own wandering fancies. Indeed his range life had been rough and hard enough, but up until the last year he had been under obligation to his father and other employers, and always there had been a powerful sense of duty and a love for his younger brother, Chess. These had acted as barriers to his natural instincts. Chess was eighteen now and considered himself very much of a man; so much so that he resented Chane's guardianship.

"BOY BLUE doesn't need his big brother any more," soliloquized Chane half sadly, remembering Chess's impatience at being watched over. Time, indeed, had passed swiftly. Chess was almost a man. It seemed

only a short while since he had been a baby boy, back there in Colorado, where he had been born. Chane reflected on his own age—thirty-four—and on those past years when this beloved brother had been a little child. Those early days in Colorado had been happy ones. The Weymers were a family of close ties. Chane's father had been a ranchman, cattleman and horse dealer. It had been on the prairie slopes of Colorado, under the eastern shadows of the Rockies, that Chane had learned what was now his calling—the hunting of wild horses. In time he sought wilder country—Nevada, Utah—and his brother Chess, true to childish worship, had followed him. There had been a couple of years in which the boy had been



As Chane Rode Down to the First Hogan One of Toddy Nokin's Squaws Came Out. There Was Time to Outwit Manerube

amenable; then had come the inevitable breaking out. Not that Chess had been bad, Chane reflected, but just that he wanted to be his own boss. Chane had left him, several weeks ago, back across the rivers and the stony brakes of that Utah wilderness, in the little Mormon town of St. George. Chess had begged to go on this expedition to the Piute country, where Chane had come to buy a bunch of Indian mustangs. Here Chane's musings and reflections were interrupted by Toddy Nokin, who said he would go down to his camp.

"No want leave daughter alone," he added significantly. Chane was reminded that one of the horse wranglers who had fallen in with him—Manerube by name—was not a man he would care to trust.

THE Indian's moccasined feet padded softly on the rocks. Presently Chane was left to himself, and his gaze and mind returned to the object that had caused him to scale the heights—Wild Horse Mesa.

This early September day had been one of storms, clearing toward late afternoon, leaving cloud pageants in the sky to west and north. Chane was at loss to understand the spell which had fascinated him since his first sight of Wild Horse Mesa. It was as if he had been arrested by a prophetic voice that bade him give heed. He could not grasp the vague intimation as a warning; it was rather a call which urged him to come, to seek, to labor, to find. Chane thought of the wild stallion, Panguitch, and though he thrilled, he could not satisfy himself that pursuit of the great horse wholly accounted for this strange beckoning.

A broken mass of gray storm cloud had lodged against the west end of the mesa, where the precipitous red wall towered above the waved area of wind-worn rock. Apparently the cloud hung there, as if against an obstruction, yet it appeared to change form. Chane gazed as he had a thousand times, in idle or wondering moments, yet there was a subtle difference now, either in the aspect of this mesa or in himself.

But it seemed only a vast landscape, grand because of outline and distance, yet at the moment dull and somber. Still, was it not hiding something? The lower edge of the broken mass of cloud extended far down the wall; in some places the top of the mesa was obscured; above the cloud and all to the west was clear. The sun had gone under the huge dark slope that climbed from the undulating cañon country to the mountain.

THE cloud above Wild Horse Mesa broke in the center and spread slowly, while the gray color almost imperceptibly changed. Between the mesa and the mountain slope sank a vast deep notch, through which V-shaped portal the ends of the earth seemed visible. Low down the distant rock surfaces were gold; above them the belt of sky was yellow. Canopying this stretch of pale sky stretched a roof of cloud, an extension of that canopy enshrouding the mesa, and it had begun to be affected by the sinking sun. At first the influence was gradual; then suddenly occurred swift changes, beautiful and evanescent—white clouds turning to rose, with centers of opal, like a coral shell.

The moment came when Chane saw the west wall of Wild Horse Mesa veiled in lilac haze. He was watching a phenomenon of nature that uplifted him, that indefinitely troubled him. The flat roof of the cloud took on a fiery vermilion; the west end of the shroud became a flame; and mesa, sky, mountain slope and cañon depths seemed transfigured with a glory that was not of earth. It held

Chane through its stages of infinite beauty—only a few moments of evanescent power—and then the burning fire changed to the afterglow tones of gold, silver, violet. At last there spread the encroaching of the shades of twilight.

Chane left his lofty perch and descended rapidly over the smooth rock benches, zigzagging the curved slopes, and at last the cedared ridge above Beaver Cañon. Twilight yielded to night; the babble of the brook broke the desert stillness.

Then a bright camp fire shining through the darkness changed the vague spell that had come to him upon the heights.

The camp fire lighted up the weird cedar trees, and the dark forms of men standing in a half circle. The scene was natural, one Chane had long been accustomed to, yet just now it struck him singularly. He halted out there in the darkness. Some one of the men was talking, but owing to the rush of the brook Chane could not distinguish any words.

Several Piutes stood grouped near the fire, wild, picturesque figures, lean, ragged, disheveled, with their high-crowned sombreros.

CHANE moved on again, not intentionally walking stealthily, yet approaching quite closely to the camp fire before his boot crunched on a stone. He saw Manerube start and cease his earnest talk to the three men, who had been listening intently. They too relaxed their attention. It struck Chane that his abrupt arrival had interrupted a colloquy not intended for his sharing. What were these men up to?

They had all been strangers to him before this visit to the Piute country. Three of them had ridden into his camp one night a few weeks before. They claimed to be wild-horse wranglers on the way across the rivers, and offered their services in exchange for camp rations, of which they were short. Chane had been glad to have them help him collect and run the mustangs he was buying to sell to the Mormons, and he could not find any fault with them. Manerube, however, who had joined them

up Manerube turned to disclose the sunburned face of a man under thirty, bold, striking, sardonic. It bore lines not easy to read, and its gleaming light eyes and curling blond mustache seemed to hide much. Manerube claimed to be Mormon. Chane had rather doubted this, though the fellow was well educated, and had a peculiar dominating manner.

"Well, how was the little squaw sweetheart tonight?" he drawled at Chane. One of the other men snickered.

Chane had good-naturedly stood a considerable amount of this scarcely veiled badinage. He had not been above being friendly and pleasant to Toddy Nokin's dusky-eyed daughter—a friendliness Manerube had misconstrued.

"SEE here, Manerube," replied Chane, at last out of patience, "Sosie is not my sweetheart."

Manerube laughed derisively and seemed more than usually antagonistic.

"Bah! you can't fool a Mormon when it comes to women, white or red," he said.

"I've lived a good deal among Mormons," returned Chane. "I never noticed they talked insultingly about women."

Manerube's eyes wavered for a second, yet something was added to their pale gleam.

"Insult a squaw!" he ejaculated coarsely. "Say, your bluff don't work."

"It's no bluff. I don't make bluffs," replied Chane deliberately. "Sosie's nothing to me. And I'm telling you not to hint otherwise."

"Weymer, I don't believe you," returned Manerube.

Chane took a quick turn toward the other. He rather welcomed this turn to the situation.

"Do you call me a liar?" he demanded.

There was a moment's silence. The Piutes took note of Chane's sharp voice. Manerube's comrades backed away slowly. He made a quick, angry gesture that was wholly instinctive. Then he controlled his natural feeling. His face showed sudden restraint, though it remained just as bold. "If Sosie's nothing to you why'd you tell her father

to keep her away from me?" demanded Manerube, avoiding Chane's direct question. "She's only a squaw, and one white man's the same as another to her."

"Sosie likes white men. So do all these Indian girls," said Chane. "They're simple primitive children of the desert. That's why so many of them are degraded by such men as you, Manerube."

MANERUBE evidently held himself under strong control because of some feeling other than fear. The red faded out of his face and his eyes glared in the camp-fire light.

"Chane, I heard about you over in Bluff," he burst out in scorn. "And now I'm not wondering whether it's true or not."

"What'd you hear?" queried Chane calmly.

"That you'd been a Navaho squaw man."

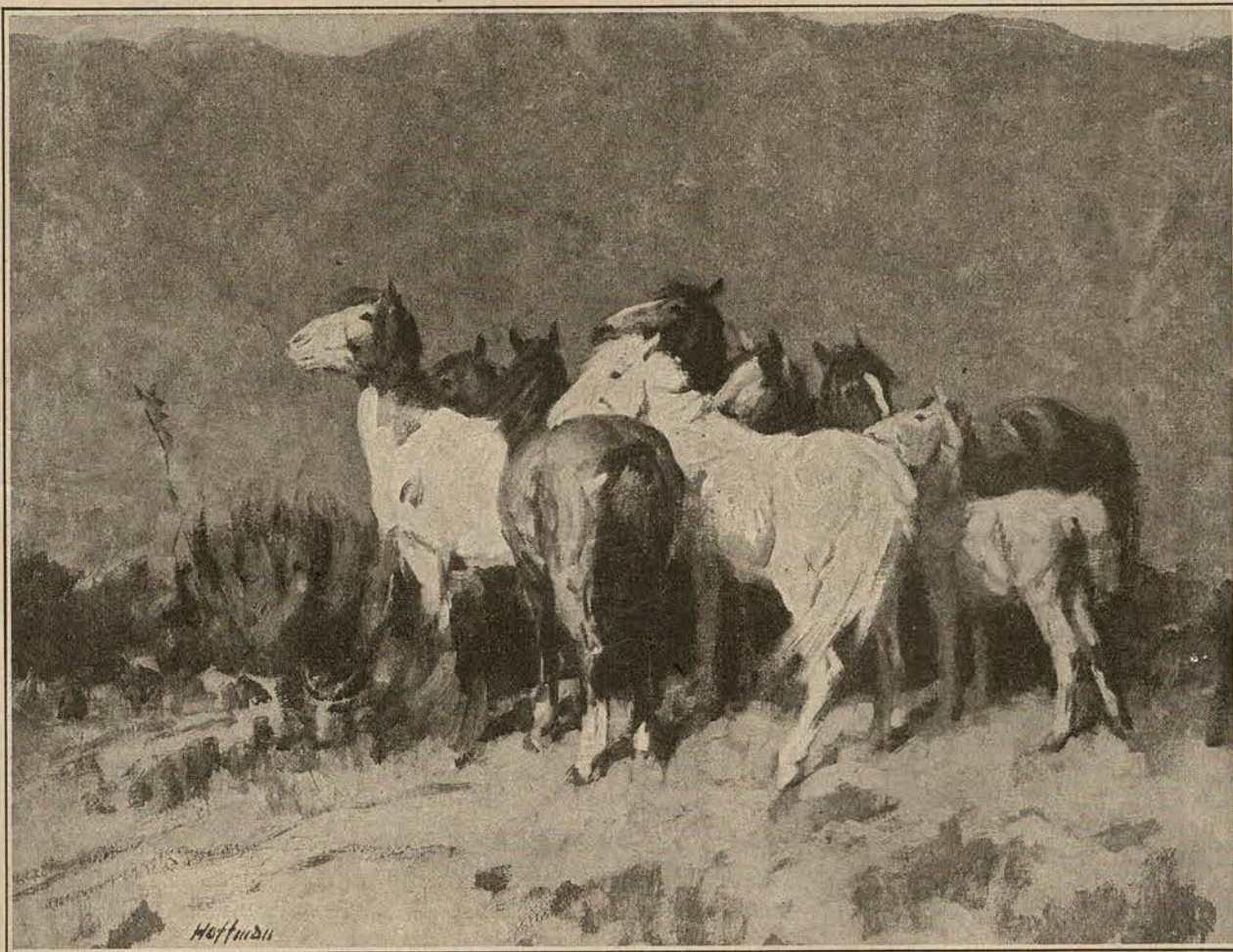
Chane laughed at the absurdity of that and replied, "No, I never married a Navaho. But I'll tell you what: I'd sooner marry a girl like Sosie and be decent to her than treat her as you would."

Manerube eyed Chane guardedly and studiously.

"Well," he said finally, "I'll treat Sosie as I like."

"Not while you're in my camp," flashed Chane. "I didn't ask your help or your company. I don't like either. You take your horses and pack, and get out, pronto."

"I'll think it over tonight," replied Manerube.



They Were Young Horses, and Unlike Most Indian Ponies, Not at All Wild. The Piutes Handled Horses Better Than the Navahos

recently, was not a man to inspire Chane's liking. He had been loud in acclaiming himself the best wild-horse wrangler in Utah; he was overbearing in manner and he was brutal to horses, and lastly he had made trouble with the Piutes.

Chane strode into the camp-fire circle with the thought in mind that he might be moody and unreasonable, but he would keep a sharper eye on these unsolicited comrades.

Manerube had his back to the camp fire. He had a rider's figure, long, lithe, round of limb. As Chane came

His impudent assurance irritated Chane more than his insults. Moreover, the intent faces of the three comrades were not lost upon Chane. These men had laughed and joked on a former occasion when Chane had voiced his objection to Manerube's actions. They were different now. There was something wrong here. It did not need to be voiced aloud that these four men understood one another. At the same time he grasped the subtle fact that they were not unaware of his reputation. Chane's lone-wolf ways and his championship of Indian maidens, his hard fist and swift gun, forced a respect on the wild-horse ranges of Utah and Nevada.

"Manerube, I reckon you don't want any advice from me," declared Chane. "But I'll tell you—don't let me run into you with Sosie."

CHANE looked into Manerube's eyes with the same deliberate intent that had characterized his speech. It was the moment which fixed hatred between him and this self-called Mormon. Chane wanted to read what he had to expect from the man. And his first impression had been right—Manerube was not what he pretended to be, and he was dangerous. Sooner or later the issue would be forced. Chane did not care how soon that would come. He had lived a good many years among hard men of the open ranges, and it was not likely that he would be surprised.

Nevertheless, as he turned away from the group he watched them out of the tail of his eye. He carried his roll of bedding away from the camp, out under a thick cedar tree, where the night shadow was deep.

Saug in his blankets, he stretched his long limbs and felt grateful that slumber would soon come. But he was too sanguine, for sleep held aloof.

If Manerube stayed longer at this camp and persisted in his attentions to the little Piute girl—which things he would almost certainly do—there was going to be trouble. Chane had concluded that the man was dangerous, but not out in the open face to face; and he decided to force a fight at the slightest opportunity, and let Manerube's response settle how serious it would be.

Then Chane pondered over the other men who had attached themselves to him. They called themselves Jim Horn, Hod Slack and Bud McPherson—names that in this wilderness did not mean anything. Chane was not well acquainted on the south side of the San Juan River, having been there only once before. During that time he had hunted horses among the Navahos. The Piutes did not know these men well, and that in itself was thought-provoking. Horn and Slack had not appeared to exhibit any force of character, but McPherson had showed himself to be a man of tremendous energy and spirit. If he had not been so close-mouthed about himself, so watchful, and manifestly burdened with secret ponderings, Chane would have liked him. Chane brought all his observation and deduction to bear on the quartet, and came to the conclusion that the most definite thing he could grasp was their attitude of watchful waiting. Waiting for what?

It could only be for him to get together all the horses he meant to buy from the Piutes. There was nothing else for them to wait for. Wild-horse hunting had not developed into a profitable business, yet it had sustained a few straggling bands of horse thieves. But he must be cautious. He was alone, and could not expect help from the few Piutes in the vicinity. It seemed wisest to delay completing his horse deal with the Indians.

"PRETTY mess I'm in," he muttered to himself disparagingly. "This horse hunting is no good." And he reflected that years of it had made him what he was then—only a wild-horse wrangler, poor and with no prospects

of any profit. Long he had dreamed of a ranch where he could breed great horses, of a home, and perhaps a family. Vain, idle dreams! The romance, the thrilling adventure, the constant change of scene and action characteristic of the hard life of a wild-horse hunter, had called to him in his youth and fastened upon him in his manhood. What

brother? Why not drift as the tumbleweed of the desert, where the wind listeth? Why not find some solace in little Sosie's dusky eyes?

But with that thought a revolt stirred in Chane, a fight against the insidious weakness which would make him ashamed of himself. Whatever he had done and however he had failed of the thing people called success, he had remained a man. He clung to the idea. Evil tongues could not hurt him.

HE AWOKE at dawn, when the dark luminous light was changing to gray. The September air held a nipping edge of frost. Chane found that some-

thing new, a spirit or strength, had seemed to awaken with him. Not resignation nor bitter dissatisfaction with his lot, but stranger, stronger faith! His life must be what he felt, not the material gain he had once wanted. He lay there until he heard the men round the camp fire, and the crack of unshod hoofs

on the stones. Then he arose, and pulling on his boots and taking up his coat, he strode toward the camp. His saddle and packs lay under a cedar. From a pack he lifted his gun belt, containing a six-shooter and shells, which he buckled round his waist. This he had not been in the habit of wearing.

Two Piutes had ridden in and sat on their mustangs, waiting to be invited to eat. Three of the men were busy—Slack rolling biscuit dough, Horn coming up with water and McPherson cutting slices from a haunch of sheep meat. Chane's quick eye caught sight of Manerube washing down at the brook.

"Say, Weymer, your Injun pards hev rustled in for chineago, as usual," remarked Slack dryly.

"So I see. Seems a habit of riders—rustling in on my camp to eat," replied Chane.

"Wal, them Piutes are pretty white. They'd never let any fellar go hungry," said Horn.

McPherson looked up at Chane with a curious little gleam in his sharp eyes. He was not so young as his comrades. The bronzed lean cheeks, the hard jaw, the lined brow seemed parts of a mask which hid his thought.

"Ahuh! Packin' your hardware," he said.

"YEP. These September days are getting chilly," replied Chane with animation.

Slack burst into loud guffaw and Horn's dark still visage wrinkled with a grin.

"What's eatin' you, pards?" queried McPherson with asperity, as he shifted his penetrating gaze to his comrades. "It shore ain't funny—Weymer struttin' out hyar, waggin' a gun."

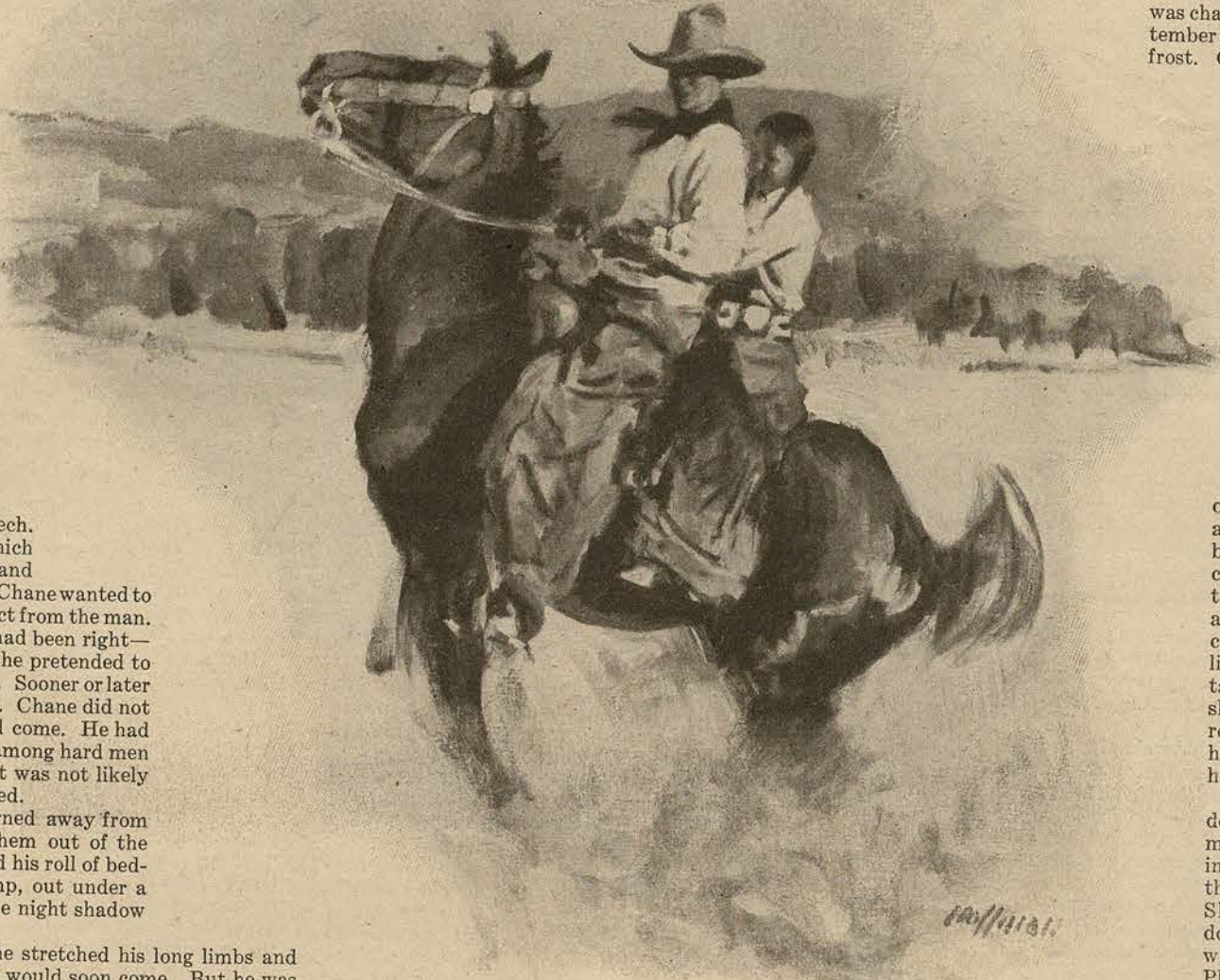
"Wal, it was what he said that hit my funny bone," returned Horn.

"Weymer," went on McPherson slowly, "I reckon you ain't feelin' none too friendly toward Manerube. An' I'm sayin' as I don't blame you. What he said last night wasn't easy to swaller. I told him so. He didn't show up much of a gentleman, seein' he's been eatin' at your camp fire. Wal, I reckon he's sorry an' ain't achin' to start trouble with you."

One casual glance at McPherson's calm face was enough to convince Chane that the man was as deep as the sea.

"McPherson, I never look for trouble—except in front of me, and especially behind," replied Chane sarcastically. "I just woke up feeling uncomfortable without my gun."

(Continued on Page 30)



The Indian Girl Was Riding Behind Manerube—Her Face Was Not the Face of an Unwillingly Abducted Girl

else could he do now? He had become a lone hunter, a wanderer of the wild range; and it was not likely that he could settle down to the humdrum toil of a farmer or cattleman.

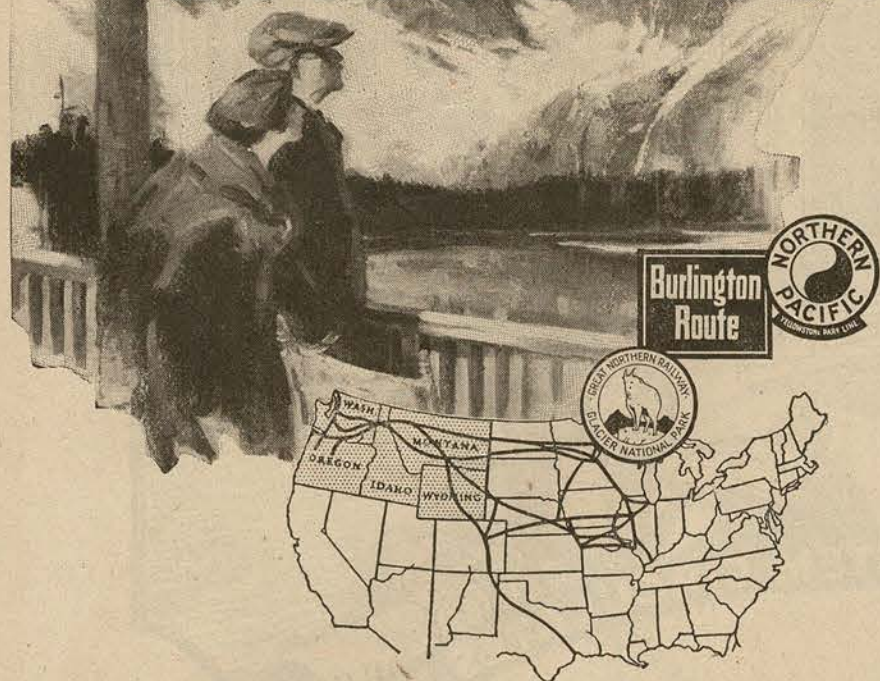
"I might—if—if—" he whispered, and looked up through the dark foliage of the cedar to the white blinking stars.

In the shadow and in the pale starlight there seemed to hover a vague sweet face that sometimes haunted his inner vision. Bitterly he shut his eyes. It was a delusion. He was no longer a boy. The best in his life seemed past, gone, useless. What folly to dream of a woman! And suddenly into his mind flashed Manerube's scathing repetition of gossip spoken in Bluff. Squaw man!

"ALL because I befriended a Navaho girl—as I've done here for Sosie!" he muttered. It galled Chane. Suppose that rumor got to the ears of his father and mother, still living at the old home in Colorado! What would his little brother Chess think? Chane still cherished the family pride. If he had not made anything of his life it had not been because he was not well born, or had lacked home influences and schooling. It shocked him to realize how far he had gone. Few people in that wild country would rightly interpret attention or succor to an Indian girl.

Chane endured a bitter hour of reflection and self-analysis. A morbid resignation seemed about to fix its dark lichen upon his heart. What folly these dreams! How futile to love a horse! Was even the grand Pan-guitch on Wild Horse Mesa worth the time and toil and pang that it would take to capture him, if such were possible? What hope lay in the future? Why not forget his absurd dreams, his strange belief in the romance that would come to him, forget his parents and the little

The Pacific Northwest



The great American vacation



Columbia River Highway

Those who have traveled "everywhere"—those who *know*—will tell you that here, in our own country, is a great vacationland that has no equal on earth. Come to it this summer—the Pacific Northwest. Your train will take you to the gates of:

Yellowstone National Park
Glacier National Park
Rainier National Park
Crater Lake National Park

The Travel Bureau of the Burlington-Great Northern-Northern Pacific Railroads will help you plan your trip and give you an estimate of the cost. If you are going to any other point on the Pacific Coast, the Travel Bureau will tell you how to plan your trip so as to include the Pacific Northwest.

\$86

round trip
from Chicago
round trip from
St. Louis \$81.50

P. S. Eustis, Passenger Traffic Manager
Chicago, Burlington & Quincy R. R.
A. B. Smith, Passenger Traffic Manager, Northern Pacific Ry.
A. J. Dickinson, Passenger Traffic Manager, Great Northern Ry.

The Chicago Burlington & Quincy R.R.
The Great Northern Ry.
The Northern Pacific Ry.

Coupon

Travel Bureau, Dept. 24-A
1403 Burlington R. R. Bldg., Chicago, Ill.
Please send me your free book,
"The American Wonderland"

Write for free book
Send today for the free
illustrated booklet, "The
American Wonderland."
Fill in coupon and mail.



Name _____
Address _____

Orchard War on Ground Hogs—By J. R. Mattern

IN STATES where he lives, the ground hog, or woodchuck, quite often does more damage to fruit trees than do mice or rabbits. The hogs will travel along one or two whole rows of trees and bite every trunk and limb within reach. They also eat beans, peas, cabbage and other plants.

The hogs do not clean off the bark, like mice or rabbits, but bite deeply and extensively here and there. Insects and diseases find lodgment in the wounds and complete the work the hogs begin. Trees that are bitten should be sprayed at once and the bark should be kept covered with spray all summer and fall. The material to use is winter or dormant-strength lime-sulphur with arsenate of lead added. All wounds should be covered, but no leaves touched.

One of the remedies for the trouble is to use wire protectors for the tree trunks. The wire should extend to a height of eighteen inches at least, but even then the hogs will stand on their hind legs and bite limbs. The wire is needed to protect the trees from other enemies, however.

The other remedy, which should be applied whenever a hog is located, is to eliminate him. Poisoning, trapping, shooting, digging out, blasting the holes and using poison gas are the various methods that have been used. Shooting is one of the surest ways, but it takes more time than many people can spare. One of its advantages is that it gets the hog for the table, if it is wanted, or for chicken feed.

Traps are effective. The first day or two traps are set the hogs blunder into them without caution, but after a first escape they become as wary as any other animal. It is best to conceal the traps from the beginning the same as for mink. Holes that are trapped without catching the hog will be vacated within a few days. An orchard can be cleaned of them temporarily

by setting traps and doing other work at the holes.

The hogs will take poison readily when it is put in bran or a grain mixture according to the government formulas for prairie dogs and other small animals. Strychnine probably is best. Of this poison twenty to thirty grains weight to the pint of grain is the best strength. The mixture should be made wet and should include a little molasses. A government bulletin gives full directions for preparing it.

Poisoning kills about all the hogs on the place at the time but leaves the holes, and as long as the holes are there it is likely that more hogs will come from time to time.

Poisonous gases of several kinds will kill the hogs. They in general are more troublesome to use than the poison bait and after repeated trials have been abandoned in favor of other methods. In their use the mouths of the holes are closed. New hogs seem to find the holes within a few weeks or months, however. The underground homes are a continual invitation for orchard trouble, whether hidden under a few inches of dirt or open.

Since that is the case, it has been found best to destroy the hog and the hole at the same time. To get this done the man who digs them out is very useful. Many neighborhoods have one or more of him. Our man has a record of eight holes, containing twelve hogs, in one evening—and he filled in his excavations at that. When he is through with a hole it never invites hogs again.

In blasting, a charge of one or two sticks of dynamite is shoved back into the hole as far as possible. The back end is the best place for it, but turns in the hole usually prevent its reaching that far. The charge is no toy one, because the object is to wreck the tunnel completely as well as to kill its denizens.

Wild Horse Mesa

(Continued from Page 5)

"Ahu!" ejaculated the other soberly, and bent to his task.

Presently Manerube came up the slope from the brook, wiping his clean-shaven face with a scarf. Chane conceded that the man was a handsome devil, calculated to stir the pulse of a white woman, let alone an Indian girl.

"Good morning, Weymer," he said, not without effort. "Hope you'll overlook the way I shot off my mouth last night. I was sore."

"Sure. Glad to forget it," replied Chane cheerfully. Manifestly Manerube had been talked to.

At this juncture Slack called out, "Come an' git it."

Whereupon the five men attended to the business of breakfast, a matter of cardinal importance in the desert. They ate in silence.

"Bud, what're you doing today?" inquired Manerube, as he rose.

"Wal, thet depends on the boss of this hyar outfit," answered McPherson slowly, and he stared hard at Manerube.

"WEYMER, you said once you'd be hitting the trail for the Hole in the Wall," went on Manerube. "Soon as the Piutes rounded up the rest of the mustangs you bought."

"Why, yes. What's it to you?" asked Chane easily.

"You're going to sell in Lund, so you said. Well, that's where we're bound for, and we'll help you drive through. But let's rustle along. It's been raining up at the head of the San Juan. There'll be high water."

"The San Juan is up now, so Toddy told me yesterday. I reckon I'll wait for it to go down," replied Chane.

"But that might take weeks," declared Manerube.

"I don't care how long it takes," retorted Chane. "You fellows don't need to wait for me. I'll take some Piutes. I'd rather have them anyhow."

"The blazes you say!" burst out Manerube, suddenly flaming.

At that McPherson struck Manerube in the chest and thrust him backward.

"See hyar, Bent Manerube," he said, in voice contrasting with his action, "we ain't goin' to have you talk for us. Me an' Jim an' Hod are shore glad to wait on Weymer. We're out of grub, an' we don't aim to let you make him sore on us."

The sullen amaze with which Manerube took this action and speech convinced Chane that he had no authority over these three men, and a break was imminent.

II

CHANE abruptly left the camp fire circle, not averse to the possibility of argument and action that might leave him less to contend with. Loud angry voices attested to a quarrel among the men. He made note of the fact that he did not distinguish McPherson's voice.

"Cool sort of chap," soliloquized Chane. "If Manerube has any sense he'll not rile that man. But I hope he does."

Chane possessed himself of his rifle, which during his daily rides he had left in camp. For a wild-horse hunter a rifle was a nuisance and a burden on a saddle. But he had reflected that such a long range weapon might do more than even up the advantage Manerube and his associates had in numbers, for they carried only the revolver common to riders of the range.

With this in hand, and his bridle, Chane left camp to hunt for his horses. Glancing back from the edge of the slope he was pleased to observe that the four unwelcome guests were engaged in a hot argument. (Continued on Page 32)



Zero Outside June Warmth Inside

Do YOU Want This
for YOUR Home?

Wouldn't you like to be rid of carrying fuel and ashes over the carpet, of tending stoves, and getting so little heat comfort out of them? Just imagine taking care of just one big heater, down in the cellar, once or twice a day and then having the whole house snug and warm, day and night and—at low fuel cost, too!

Get an International "Onepipe" Heater and all this is yours and your family's. You're only living once; why not enjoy the real home comfort in winter that this excellent heating system will provide?

You can do it easily. The cost is surprisingly moderate and installation is so simple and quick that you can start up the fire the same day the heater arrives!

Get this heater for Comfort. Get it for Health. Get it for Economy. If you're using stoves and put in an International "Onepipe" Heater instead, you are absolutely sure of being thoroughly satisfied and gratified and altogether delighted with the change. You'll really wonder why you didn't make the change years ago.

The "Onepipe" is not to be confused with cheap heaters. It is designed by heating engineers to actually provide the greatest heat at lowest cost and with the most convenience. It is made by a concern 82 years old—with a good reputation.

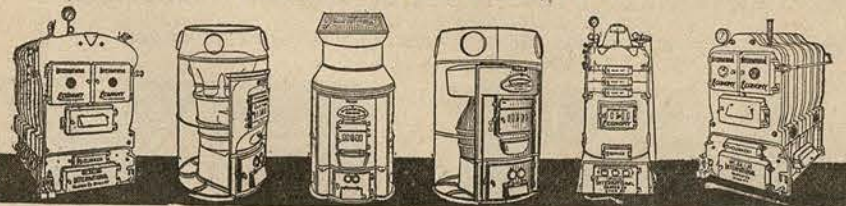
You're safe when you get an International "Onepipe". Don't put it off.

If wood is your only fuel you can get a special wood burning "Onepipe" Heater.

Write at once for Free Illustrated Catalog.

It costs nothing but can be worth a lot to you. A post card brings it.

INTERNATIONAL HEATER COMPANY
5-25 Adams St., Utica, N. Y.



INTERNATIONAL

BOILERS, FURNACES AND ONEPIPE HEATERS



A Few Reasons Why it Pays to Choose an International Onepipe Heater

Triple, asbestos lined inner casing. Keeps the heat in and prevents its waste. Keeps cellar cool.

Correct Proportions. Register scientifically designed to circulate greatest volume of air at the right temperatures.

Durable, Well-Made Castings. For long life, and freedom from repairs. Built to uphold our 82 year reputation for making heaters that satisfy through long service.

Burns any Fuel. (If wood is your only fuel send for special catalog.)

For full explanation of all the Onepipe features of true economy, write for booklet "International Onepipe Heaters".

(Continued from Page 30)

"I'd sure like to know just what and who they are," muttered Chane. "I'll bet they're going to steal my mustangs. Well, that'd be no great loss. But they've all taken a shine to Brutus. They'll have to take him over my dead body."

Brutus was Chane's new horse, an acquisition of this last trip through the Mormon country. Chane had not ridden him, and had not yet seen him go through any kind of test. Two years earlier Chane had lost a beloved horse and since then had been indifferent to all horses, except the great and almost mythical Panguitch. The loss had hurt Chane so deeply that he dreaded to find another animal he might love. Brutus, however, had been gradually growing on him, especially since the arrival of the four self-styled horse wranglers. Horn had tried to beg Brutus of Chane; Slack wanted to borrow him; Manerube offered to buy him; and McPherson jocularly declared that he intended to steal him.

Chane tried to recall the remarkable eulogy given the horse by the Mormons. Brutus had come from the finest strain of Colorado-bred stock. His sire was a stallion that had been born wild; his dam had come from a long line of blooded horses. He was six years old. All his life he had run over the rockiest, brushiest country in Western Colorado. His equal as a cow horse had never been seen there. And as he had not been ridden by cowboys his fine disposition had not been ruined. He had never been known to fall or pitch or balk at anything. He was fast, and no rider yet had ever tired him. So much Chane remembered, and he was surprised at himself that he had not given credence to it long ago.

CHANE left the trail where it crossed Beaver Brook and followed the water course up the cañon. He had three pack horses and two saddle horses besides Brutus; these had been herded by Toddy Nokin up Beaver Cañon.

Presently the cañon opened into a narrow park, purple with sage, dotted by red rocks and bordered by a wandering line of green where grass and willows lined the brook. Here Chane found his horses. He had been riding a white animal called Andy, which, according to the wranglers, was known at St. George as a one-man horse.

Chane, more out of vanity to show he could manage Andy than for any other reason, had given him precedence over Brutus. He had found the horse good in every kind of going except sand.

Chane approached the horses with the usual caution of a wrangler.

"Brutus, I reckon we've got horse thieves in camp, so I'm going to look you over," said Chane.

Whereupon he walked round Brutus, as if he had never seen him before. He made the discovery that he had never really looked at Brutus. Reluctantly Chane had to confess the horse was magnificent.

Brutus was not exactly a giant of a horse, though he was much higher and heavier than the average. His muscular development made him appear unusual; indeed, a little more muscle would have deformed him. His chest was massive, broad, deep, a wonderful storehouse of energy. Such powerful, perfectly proportioned and sound legs Chane had seldom seen, and his great hoofs matched them. His body was large, round, smooth, showing no bones. He had a broad arched neck and fine head, which he held high as he looked directly at Chane. There was an oval white spot on his face, just below the wide space between his eyes. His color was a dark mottled brown, almost black, and his coat glistened in the sunlight.

AT THE last Chane always judged horses as he judged men, by the look in their eyes. Brutus had large dark eyes, soft yet full of spirit, just now questioning and uncertain. They showed his intelligence. Chane made sure that the horse had not been spurred and jerked and jammed around as had most horses six years old. He had not been hurt. The way he threw up his head appealed strongly to Chane. There was pride and fire in his look.

"Brutus, I had—a horse once," said Chane, faltering a little, "and I haven't cared for one since. . . . But you and I are going to be friends."

With the words Chane's old gentle and confident way of handling horses came

back to him. He approached Brutus, placing a slow sure hand on the glossy neck. Brutus quivered, but did not jerk away. He snorted, and turned his head to look at Chane. He stood to be bridled, not altogether satisfied about it, not liking the rifle Chane held under his arm, but he took the bit easily and began to champ it. Then he followed Chane willingly.

Chane discovered McPherson and his two comrades in camp, but Manerube was not in sight. While Chane saddled the horse McPherson strode up. His face seemed the same rough bronze mask, his eyes told nothing, yet there were traces about him of recent spent passion.

"Wal, Manerube helped hisself to your grub, packed an' rode off," announced McPherson.

"He's welcome," declared Chane heartily.

"Me an' him had some hard words, but he wouldn't throw a gun, so nothin' come of it."

"Where'd he head for?" queried Chane.

"He said Bluff, but I reckon thet's a bluff, all right," returned the other. "He took the main trail out of Beaver. I watched him. I seen him turn off the trail in the cedars."

McPHERSON pointed with sturdy hand across the cañon toward the foot of a cedared ridge. A trail branched off there, leading to the camp of the Piutes.

"I savvy, Bud," rejoined Chane laconically. "You're giving me a hunch."

"Man, shore as you're a hoss wrangler he'll rustle off with your little squaw."

Chane eyed McPherson with plain disfavor.

"She's not my squaw," he said sharply.

"Wal, I meant no offense. But she belongs to somebody. Toddy Nokin shore. An' I'm sayin' thet if Toddy or you hit Manerube's trail —"

"I'll beat him to Toddy's hogan," interrupted Chane, leaping on Brutus.

"Hey!" yelled McPherson hastily.

"Don't git the idee because Manerube didn't draw on me thet he won't on you. Me an' you might be different propositions."

"Much obliged," Chane called back.

"If Manerube beats me to a gun you're welcome to my grub."

McPherson yelled another parting sally, which Chane could not distinguish owing to the sudden pounding of hoofs. Brutus had not needed spur or word; his answer to the touch of bridle was something that thrilled Chane.

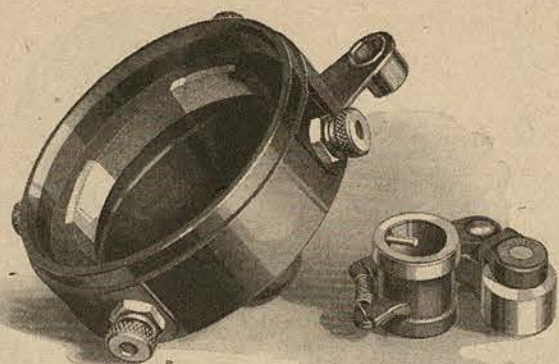
"Say, old boy, you're there!" he called.

Toddy Nokin's hogan, and those of his relatives, stood at the base of the slope, on the edge of the bare upland. These mounds of earth plastered over framework of cedar were no different from the Navaho structures. The one door faced the east. Door as well as hogan invited the sun. Temporary as were these homes of the Piutes they yet had the appearance of service. Blue smoke curled from the circular holes in the roofs; white and black puppies played with half-naked, dusky-skinned children; mustangs with crude Indian saddles and blankets of bright colors stood bridled down; in a round corral, made of cedar branches planted in the ground, sheep and goats baa-baaed at Chane's approach.

AS CHANE rode down to the first hogan the Indian children disappeared as if by magic, and one of Toddy Nokin's squaws came out. Inquiry for Toddy elicited the information that he was out hunting horses. Then Chane asked for Sosie, assured that, if Manerube really had designs upon her, there was time to outwit him. The squaw pointed toward a clump of cedars on the slope just beyond the corral.

Chane rode thither, to find Sosie in the shade of the trees, beside an older squaw who was weaving a blanket. He dismounted, and approaching them he bent a more than usually interested gaze upon Sosie. His greeting was answered in good English. The Indian maiden, though only sixteen years old, had spent the latter nine of these in the government school. She was very pretty, compared with the older Indian women, as she had retained the cleanly and tidy habits fostered upon her at the school. She was slight in build, with small oval face, a golden-bronze complexion and hair black as the wing of a raven. Her eyes were too large for her face, but they were beautiful. She wore a dark velvet blouse, and necklaces of

(Continued on Page 34)



New!

A Better "Milwaukee" for Your Ford Car

BAKELITE CASE!—the greatest improvement ever added to a standard-type timer for Fords. Now the famous Milwaukee Timer is absolutely "short-proof", for Bakelite is a perfect non-conductor—as well as handsome and durable, oil-proof and water-proof. So this timer, already famous for long life and high efficiency, is now trouble-free until it actually wears out in service. No short-circuits—no "missing"—no "timer-troubles". Yet the price has not been raised! The new Milwaukee Timer is dollars cheaper than any other ignition unit with a Bakelite case.

Improve your Ford car or truck with this new Milwaukee—the only roller-brush timer with Bakelite case. For added power, pick-up, speed and trouble-proof service, here is the biggest two-dollars' worth you can buy for your Ford.

MILWAUKEE MOTOR PRODUCTS, Inc.
Milwaukee, Wisconsin
(Also manufacturers of the GRIP RACK—
the disappearing luggage holder for all cars)

MILWAUKEE TIMER for FORDS

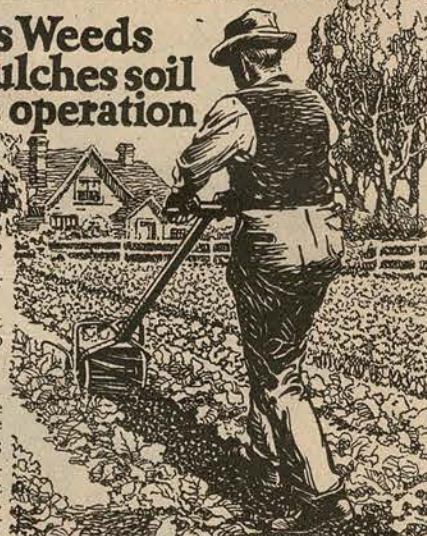
Price still \$2 (in Canada, \$2.75)

BAKELITE CASE
—the only roller timer
that is absolutely
"SHORT-PROOF"

BETTER AND FASTER THAN 10 MEN WITH HOES



Kills Weeds & Mulches soil—one operation



"Finest Machine for Garden Work"

say experiment station men and thousands of other users. Every experienced gardener knows that he must keep the weeds out and the surface mulched to hold the moisture at the plant roots.

BARKER Weeder, Mulcher and Cultivator

Eight blades revolving against the underground knife destroy the weeds and in the same operation chop the clods and crust surface into a level, porous mulch. Intensive cultivation. "Best Weed Killer Ever Used." Cuts runners. A boy can work it and do more and better work than ten men with hoes. Has guards to protect the leaves; shovels for deeper cultivation. Inexpensive. Every one interested in gardening, for either market or home use, should have this machine.

FREE BOOK by practical garden men. Tells how to get the best results, save time, eliminate hard work; illustrates the Barker and its work, tells what leading gardeners say about it, gives prices delivered, etc. A postcard to us brings it and our Factory-to-User Offer, or fill out the coupon below and mail it today.

BARKER MFG. CO., Box 98, David City, Nebr.

BARKER MFG. CO., Box 98, David City, Nebr.

Send your Free Book and Factory-to-User Offer.

Name _____

P. O. _____

R. F. D. _____

State _____

Box _____

Write for this FREE BOOK



(Continued from Page 32)
silver, and her skirt was long, full and of a bright color.

Her somber face changed at Chane's arrival. He was used to finding her moody and thought that indeed she had reason to be. Sosie talked well, and had told Chane more about the Indians, and the tragedy of educated girls like herself, than he could otherwise have learned. It appeared that this morning she had another grievance. Her father wanted her to marry a young Piute who already had a wife, and he could not understand her objection. Chane sympathized with her and advised her not to marry any Indian she could not love.

"I couldn't love an Indian," replied Sosie in disgust.

"Why not?" queried Chane.

"Because Indian boys who are educated go back to the dirty habits of their people. We girls learn the white people's way of living. We learn to like clean bodies, clean clothes, clean food. When we try to correct our mothers and fathers we're accused of being too good for our own people."

"Why don't you leave them and live among white people?" asked Chane.

"I'd have to be a servant. Only a few Indian girls find good places."

"Well, Sosie, it doesn't look as if education for Indian girls was right."

"I don't say it's wrong, but it's hard. If I could help my family I'd be glad. But I can't. And when I look at a white man they are angry."

"SOSIE, most white men—out here, any way—are not fit for you to look at."

"Why? I like them better than Indians," she said bluntly.

Chane exhausted his argument, at the conclusion of which Sosie said, "You preach like our missionary at school. I'd rather be made love to."

"But, Sosie!" exclaimed Chane, aghast. "I never made love to you."

"No. You're different from other white men out here," she replied.

"If I made love to you I'd ask you to marry me," continued Chane, at a loss what to say to this misguided child.

Her reception of this was a shy surprise, a hint of coquetry and response singularly appealing. It made Chane pity her. At the same time he divined that other white men, in their attention to her, had never touched the chord of fineness and sweetness that lay deep in her. Suddenly he realized the fatality of her position, and it distressed him. He launched into an emphatic declaration against Manerube. Sosie listened intently.

"But Manerube says he will take me away," she replied when Chane had concluded his tirade.

Chane was shocked. "Surely he will. But you mustn't let him."

"I'll run off with him," the girl replied.

"No you won't, Sosie," declared Chane.

"I'll stop you. I told Manerube he'd better not let me see him with you again."

"What would you do, Mr. Chane?" she asked, a curious dark flash in her eyes.

"Well—that depends on what he did," rejoined Chane, somewhat taken aback.

"I'd beat him good and hard, at least."

"I thought you said you weren't in love with me," cried Sosie, in a sort of wild gladness.

Chane threw up his hands. He had a momentary desire to tell her he did care for her, and thus save her from Manerube; but he reconsidered the hasty thought, because once acted upon that would involve a greater sacrifice than he could offer.

"Sosie, can't you understand?" he asked, striving for patience. "I don't love you as a man of my kind must love a girl to want her—to marry her, you know. But I like you. I'm sorry for you. I think you're a bright fine little girl. I want to help you. Manerube means bad by you. Promise me you'll not see him again."

"YES, I promise—if you'll come sometimes," she replied, won by his spirit. There were tears in her big dusky eyes. She was a simple child, honest at heart.

"Of course I'll come—as long—" he said, breaking off suddenly. He had meant to say he would come as long as he stayed in camp there, but he thought it best to hide from her that he was leaving soon. "I'll be back in an hour. You stay here."

"Adios, señor," she murmured gladly, speaking the Spanish he had told her pleased him.

Chane rode back to the hogan, hoping to find Toddy Nokin or one of the other Indian men. He thought it best to tell someone to keep an eye on Sosie. But he did not find anyone, and turned Brutus for the open sage.

Chane rode across the rolling upland, keeping sharp lookout along the ridge that Manerube would cross if he had ventured toward the Indian camp. There was, however, no sign of horses in that direction.

"Reckon it was a bluff," declared Chane with relief. In spite of McPherson's hint he did not entertain a very high regard for Manerube's courage.

Circling to the south Chane at length reached the rise of ground running along a shallow league-wide valley, gray and purple with sage, spotted with rocks and cedars and animated by moving horses. Toddy Nokin and his braves were driving in the last of the mustangs Chane had bargained for.

DOWN in the center of this oval bowl lay a natural corral, a long narrow space of the best pasture land, barred on two sides by low stone walls that came to an apex at the head of the depression, and shut off at its mouth and widest part by a cedar fence. Chane arrived as Toddy Nokin and his Indians were driving a bunch of mustangs into this corral.

Chane rode inside to take a look at these mustangs. There were nine of them, and the best of the lot he had seen. A blue roan stood out conspicuously among the tan-colored, black-maned buckskins. They were young horses, fat and sleek, and unlike most Indian ponies, not at all wild. The Piutes handled horses better than the Navahos.

Toddy Nokin rode into the corral, and his braves, who were his sons, put up the poles that formed a gate. He held up his hands to Chane and counted with fingers to the number of twenty-six, and informed Chane he would not sell more. Chane had hoped to buy a larger number, but knew it was useless to try to change Toddy's mind.

He motioned to Toddy to dismount, and getting off himself he went among the mustangs. They would not allow him to get close enough to put a hand on them, until Toddy's sons drove them back into a bunch. Then Chane, following a habit that was pleasure to him as well as business, leisurely examined them one by one. He loved horses, and if he had been rich he would have owned a thousand. The blue roan at once took his eye.

"Blue, reckon I'll keep you," he said.

Presently he had looked them over to his satisfaction, and repaired to the shade of a cedar, where Toddy squatted, making a flat wisp of a cigarette.

"Toddy, they're worth more than I offered and you agreed to take," said Chane frankly.

The Piute made a gesture that signified a bargain was a bargain. Then he asked, "How much Mormons pay you?"

"Twenty-five dollars for most of them and more for the best," replied Chane.

Toddy nodded his grizzled old head as if that was something to consider.

"Why good horse trade now?" he asked.

CHANE explained to him that a St. Louis horse-dealing company had recently stimulated the wild-horse hunting in Nevada and Utah, which business had stirred the Mormons to more activity.

"Ugh!" grunted Toddy, and then he told Chane he would round up more mustangs of his own, and buy from the Navahos, and drive them cross the rivers next moon.

"Next moon," repeated Chane. "That'll be after the middle of October. Fine. Will you sell to me or the Mormons?"

"Sell Mormons," replied Toddy shrewdly, adding he would pay Chane for finding purchasers.

"Maybe I can get a better price from the wranglers," replied Chane. "Now, Toddy, where will we meet?"

Whereupon the Piute brushed clear a place in the dust, and taking up a bit of stick he began to draw a map. This sort of thing always interested Chane. The Indians were natural artists, and they held in their minds a wonderful knowledge of the country. Toddy Nokin drew lines to represent the San Juan and Colorado rivers; he made a dot to mark the Hole in the Wall, an outlet from the cañoned wilderness made notorious by outlaws a

few years before; he drew the Henry Mountains to the right and Wild Horse Mesa to the left, and between these he laid down a trail he would follow. Somewhere beyond Wild Horse Mesa, at a place he called Nightwatch Spring, he would hold the mustangs to fatten up after that long hard journey over the barren rocks. "Nightwatch Spring," said Chane. "I've heard of that place—from someone—maybe a wrangler. . . . Toddy, mark out where this water lies."

Toddy showed Chane where to branch off the main Piute trail, north and west of the low end of Wild Horse Mesa; and he gave Chane the impression that this spring had never been known by whites, and lay in a beautiful wide cañon where grass was abundant.

"You want have horse ranch some time," concluded Toddy, nodding with great vehemence. "Toddy show you place."

"Toddy Nokin, you're a good fellow," said Chane as he took out his worn wallet and opened it. "Here's your money for twenty-six horses." He counted it out, bill after bill, and placed the sum in Toddy's wrinkled hand. The Indian did not recount it, and slowly rolling it up he put it in an inside pocket of his coat.

"GRASS gone here," he said, waving his hand to indicate the long pasture corral. "You go now."

To leave at once with his newly purchased mustangs, which Toddy manifestly advised, had scarcely been in Chane's calculations. But a moment's study told him how necessary that was. If the mustangs were turned loose again to feed they would wander in one night back to their regular haunts. It had taken two weeks to collect the band. Chane saw it the same as Toddy—the mustangs should be driven at once on the way across the rivers, and herded at night or hobbled on the best available grass. It had been his intention to postpone leaving the Piute range, owing to his distrust of McPherson, but this now was obviously impracticable. If he ran any risk from McPherson and his comrades it could hardly be any greater now than it might be next week. Chane decided to break camp that very day, and he told Toddy Nokin so. Whereupon the Piute said he and his sons would ride with him a couple of days, until the mustangs were off their range.

Leaving his sons to follow with the mustangs, Toddy accompanied Chane up the sage slope toward the mounds and knolls of yellow rock that marked the cañon country. Chane rode in a direction which would cross Manerube's trail, if this worthy had approached Toddy's camp.

Riding along at a brisk trot, Chane, with Toddy Nokin loping behind on his shaggy little mustang, approached a zone of gray and yellow wind-worn rocks, as high as hills, and with both sloping and abrupt walls. Cedars grew thickly around them.

Turning a corner of wall Chane's quick eye sighted a pack horse trotting toward him, and then part of another horse, mostly concealed by an intervening cedar. They were in line with Chane. Quick as a flash he leaped off, and motioning Toddy Nokin to do likewise he led Brutus behind a thick, low-branched cedar.

Chane saw Manerube ride into sight, coming at a good trot, and leading a pack horse. Behind Manerube bobbed a black head, now in view, then disappearing. Presently Chane got a better look at it. "Sosie! Well, I'm a son of a gun!" he ejaculated, in amaze and dismay.

THE Indian girl was riding behind Manerube, and she had both arms round him. At the moment her gold-bronze face flashed in the sunlight. Chane watched intently, standing motionless until Manerube had ridden within one hundred feet of the cedar that concealed Chane and Toddy. Sosie's face bobbed out to the side of Manerube's shoulder. Most assuredly it was not the face of an unwillingly abducted girl. It wore a smile. The wide dark eyes gleamed.

Chane's rush of anger was almost as much against her as Manerube. Jerking his rifle from its saddle sheath he cocked it, and stepped out to level it at Manerube.

"Stop! Quick! Hands up!" he ordered.

The approaching horse snorted and jumped. Manerube hauled it to a halt. Then as his hands shot aloft his ruddy face paled.

"Up they are!" he said hoarsely.

Chane strode forward, and he heard the padding of Toddy's feet close behind him.

"Sosie—get off that horse," called Chane sharply.

The Indian girl almost fell off.

"Manerube, I've a mind to shoot you," declared Chane.

"What for? I've not done you any dirt," replied the other thickly. "You've no call to kill me on this little hussy's account."

"I'm not so sure. You've made her run off with you," retorted Chane.

"Made nothing. She wants to go."

Toddy Nokin shuffled round to the side of Chane and approached his daughter. He swung his quirt.

"HOLD on, Toddy," called Chane, and then stepping aside so that he had the girl in line with Manerube he addressed her: "Sosie, were you willing to go with him?"

"Yes," she answered sullenly. "But it was because he says he'll marry me."

"Manerube, you hear what Sosie said. Is it true?"

"No, you fool!" shouted Manerube. "I wouldn't marry a squaw."

Chane eyed Manerube in silence for a moment. The man had no sense of guilt.

"Well, I reckon you'd better sit tight and keep your hands high," went on Chane. "Toddy, you take his gun."

The Piute advanced upon Manerube, and quickly jerking his gun from its holster, he stepped back.

"Get off your horse," ordered Chane, and handed both his rifle and short gun to the Indian.

Manerube stared without complying. At the outset of this encounter he had showed fear, but now as there seemed no certainty of a fatal issue for him the color was returning to his face.

Chane wasted no more words. Laying a powerful hold on Manerube he jerked him from the saddle to the ground.

"Get up, before I kick you!"

Manerube got to his feet, with astonishment giving way to fury. Chane rushed him and knocked him flat. He raised on his elbow, then on his hand, while he extended the other, shaking with passion. A reddening lump appeared on his face.

"I'll kill you!" he hissed.

"Aw, get up and fight," retorted Chane derisively, and he kicked Manerube, not with violence but hard enough to elicit a solid thump. It served to make Manerube leap erect and plunge at Chane. They fought all over the place, dealing each other blow for blow. Manerube was no match for Chane at that game, and manifestly saw it, for he tried to close in. Failing that he maneuvered until he was near enough Toddy to snatch at one of the guns Toddy held. The Indian showed surprising agility in leaping aside.

"MANERUBE—you're just—what I said—you were," panted Chane hoarsely. Rushing at Manerube and battering him down, Chane did not let him rise, but beat him soundly until he was most thoroughly whipped. Then Chane got up, to wipe sweat and blood and dust from his face.

"Take your gun—and your horses—and rustle," ordered Chane, jerking the weapons from Toddy. He threw Manerube's gun at his feet. Manerube mounted and took up the halter of the pack animal, not looking back until he had started to ride off. Then his pallid, discolored face expressed a passion that boded ill to Chane. He rode out of sight among the cedars. Chane turned to the Indians.

Toddy Nokin had in nowise lost anything of his dignity, at least in his attitude toward Chane. He returned the small gun Chane had handed him. Sosie had quite recovered from what fright she had sustained, and was now regarding her champion with dusky eyes alight. Not before had the fragility of her, nor the prettiness, and something half tame, half wild, struck Chane so forcibly. But his sympathy and her appeal both went down before his anger.

Toddy Nokin yelled something in Piute at his daughter, and as she whirled he aimed a swing of the quirt and likewise a kick at her, both of which fell short. Like a flash the supple figure moved out of reach. She screeched back at them. Chane could not decide whether it was the wildcat cry of an Indian squaw or the passionate expression of her white learning. Perhaps it was both.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



Ready for the scorching sun

THE summer's beating sun is as destructive to property as the hardest winter weather. Inferior paint cannot withstand those scorching rays. It blisters and burns. Driving rain washes in the breaks in the paint's coat. Decay and ruin is the inevitable result.

But the farm building that is painted with Sun-Proof is ready! Sun-Proof Paint expands under the heat of the sun's rays and so does not blister. When the cold weather comes, Sun-Proof contracts. No wet can get through Sun-Proof's pore-proof coat.

And Sun-Proof goes a long way—it covers an unusually large surface per gallon. Get ready for the summer's sun NOW! Paint with Sun-Proof.

Sun-Proof Paint is a "Pittsburgh Proof Product" made by the manufacturers of Velumina, the wall paint you can wash, Pitcairn Waterspar Varnish and many other famous products. Whatever you may need in the way of paint, varnish, glass products and brushes there is a Pittsburgh Proof Product that will fill your requirements exactly. For sale by quality dealers everywhere.

"What to do and How to do it"—a guide to better homes, is a book that answers a host of questions on home decoration and arrangement. It tells how to make the most of what you have—how to spend to the greatest advantage. Send ten cents to Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co., Dept. G, Milwaukee, Wis., and copy will be mailed at once.



Save the surface and you save all—And it's good. Get a good brush. It's important for a good job.

PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS CO.
GLASS Manufacturers PAINT
Paint and Varnish Factories Milwaukee, Wis. - Newark, N.J.

Varnish