

C

ollier's

THURSDAY WEEKLY

5¢ a copy
December 15, 1928

A New Romantic
Novel by
Arthur
Somers
Roche



Towne

1,750,000 Circulation

J C DELANEY JR
897 BELMONT ST
WAVERTON
MASS
12AP20
2Y
R U
C
88893

The Shepherd of Guadalupe

By Zane Grey

The Story Thus Far:

THE Forrests and Lundeens have always been enemies. The Lundeens, formerly very poor, are now very rich, Mr. Lundeen having by various crooked methods succeeded in acquiring the Forrest wealth and home, Cottonwoods.

Young Clifton Forrest, back very ill from the war, and Virginia Lundeen, not at all in sympathy with her father, are fast falling in love though they do not admit it to each other.

Virginia's father is determined to have her marry Malpass, a half-breed, who has control of Mr. Lundeen's property. She refuses. Later she finds that Malpass is responsible for a fire which destroys Cliff's store and its new stock. She also finds that Malpass is determined to marry her or will ruin her father.

She decides that the only way out is to marry Cliff, and to save her he readily agrees, and they are secretly married, both being happier about it than they will admit. They separate immediately after the ceremony but their secret comes out when Cliff gets into a fight with Malpass and Malpass taunts him with his coming marriage with Virginia. Cliff's father turns him out because of the marriage and Virginia's father turns her out.

On the day on which this fight occurs Virginia and her cowboys inspect the so-called silver mine from which her father and Malpass have made so much money, and they find no trace of silver. What they do find seems to be gold planted there. Virginia swears the cowboys to secrecy until she does some more investigating. Her father having told her to get out, Virginia goes to visit Ethel, having first sent her cowboys to another range with her horses. While visiting Ethel she engages a mining engineer to investigate the mine.

VIII

THE sheep were grazing south. Every day they made a few leisurely miles, keeping to the grass and sage benches, never straying far from the watercourse.

November heralded the beginning of winter in that latitude, but only toward the high slopes was the weather severe. Old Baldy had put on his white cap; and there were patches of snow along the black-fringed rims of the battlements. The wind whipped down from the heights, bitter cold and mournful at night, keen across the bright steely desert at dawn, and lulling and tempering through the noon hours.

The sheep route, over which the Mexicans had driven their herds for a hundred years and more, gradually drew down and away from the mountains, southward toward the vast open, with dim purple ranges in the distance.

At sunset the shepherds with their dogs rounded the flocks into a natural corral, a protective corner of canyon, or under the lee of a ledge, and there passed the night, to move leisurely on again at sunrise. Since the failure of cattle on the range there was grazing in abundance, but the sheep had to be worked down into lower and warmer country. This old custom had worn a rut in the commerce of the state as it had worn broad trails up and down the desert.

The last of these widely separated

He halted in the shadow. With the first clear look his grimness turned to amazement

bands of sheep to leave the uplands of San Luis halted late one afternoon at Gray Rocks, far out on the windy plain.

The shepherd was a white man, and he had a Mexican lad as assistant, and four dogs. He moved with extreme weariness, this man, as he unpacked the two burros and turned them loose. The lad was active, and with the dogs drove the pattering baaing flock into the wide notch of a low gray broken cliff.

A few scraggly cedars marked this camp site, old trees devoid of sheaths of gray bark and gnarled dead branches so characteristic of the species. This stripping attested to past camp fires, and yet to the regard with which the lonely shepherds held trees on the desert.

The shepherd threw the rope of his little peak tent over a limb and pulled it up, and tied the rope to the trunk. Then he rested a moment, dark face lowered, a hand on his breast. Next he unrolled his bed, consisting of some sheepskins and a blanket, which he spread inside the tent. After that he opened the other pack, and spread its contents of utensils and bags upon a canvas.

Meanwhile the Mexican lad returned with an armload of bits of dead sage, and weed roots, and sticks of cottonwood. He whistled while he lighted a fire, but he did not talk. Next he picked up a little black bucket and pot, and went off down the slope for water, with one of the dogs at his heels. Soon he returned, whistling a few notes of a Spanish tune.

IT WAS evident that the white shepherd was about at the end of his tether, for that day at least. The lad saw it and was quick to help prepare the meal, where he was permitted. Presently the coffee-pot steamed, and the sheep meat sizzled in the pan. There were also dried fruit heated in water and hard biscuits which were warmed on a rock beside the fire. Soon then, the shepherds sat to their frugal meal, gen-

erous only in supply of meat. And they ate hungrily and drank thirstily while the lean shaggy dogs stood around with shining eyes to beg for bones. They were not neglected. When the meal ended the man washed the utensils and the boy wiped them dry.

The lad spread his sheepskins under the tree, and rolled in his blanket upon them. One of the dogs, evidently young, curled close to him. The others had gone out to guard the flock.

When the red faded out of the fire the white shepherd crawled into the little tent, and wearily stretched his aching body upon the sheepskins, and covered himself with the blanket. He did not remove even his hat, which perhaps he had forgotten. And he groaned: "Oh, God—Oh, God!"

The sleep of exhaustion ended his tortures. And inside his tent the desert night increased its somber mystery, its

weird voice on the wind, its staccato alarms of prowling coyotes, its bleak and ruthless solitude.

Clifton Forrest had been a month on the desert. Sunset of that day on which he had horsewhipped Malpass, and had been made an outcast by his father, found him at the hacienda of Don Lopez, a rancher outside of San Luis. There he spent the night, grateful for succor he felt would be denied him by people of his own color. And the next day he became the shepherd of a Mexican's flock, at a wage of a few cents a day.

The world had about come to an end for Clifton. But the beating he had given Malpass had no place in his remorse. His heart was weighed down because his natural and unfortunate yielding to passion had led to the betrayal of the woman he loved. It was to him Virginia owed the loss of parents and home. She had trusted him. She had appealed to him alone of all her friends. She might one day, if he had proved worthy, have reciprocated in some degree his love. And he had failed her. What avail to blame endlessly that cursed Malpass and his own hot jealousy? He had been weak. His manhood was gone. And, perhaps as reprehensible, he had added to his mother's burden of sorrow.

SO HE had taken to the lonely reaches of the desert as a winter shepherd. The constant movement and labor of this job were beyond his strength. Three days after leaving San Luis his remorse and grief had been overshadowed by the horror of old bodily pangs, which soon augmented into agonies. Cottonwoods and Virginia Lundeen and his mother became dim phantoms back in a past that (Continued on page 50)

Illustrated by
Harold
Von Schmidt



The Shepherd of Guadalupe

Continued from page 26

new

GOLD SEAL PEN

\$8

In five other designs, \$7

Gold Seal Fountain Pen, finest of Wahl-Eversharp creations, challenges imagination. Its beauty and writing quality lead you to ask: what more could be desired in a fountain pen?



**WAHL
EVER-
SHARP**

Gold Seal Pen

Give a Gem de Luxe

NOW IN GOLD PLATE

A richly beautiful gift, always useful, most unusual, and sure to be appreciated—the new De Luxe Gem Jr. Nail Clipper, gold-plated, in handsome gift box. Cleans, clips and files nails. Attaches to watch chain. \$1.50. If not at dealer's, sent postpaid by

The H. C. COOK CO., 2 Beaver St.
Ansonia, Conn.

Gem Clippers

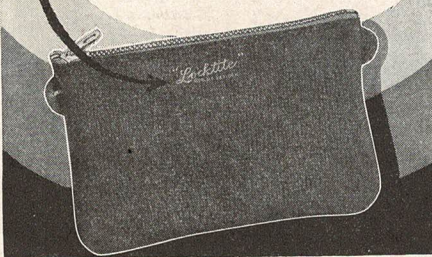


LOOK FOR THE NAME

"Locktite"
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

On Tobacco Pouches and Cigarette Cases. Only genuine Locktites have Talon Hookless Fasteners.

\$1.00 to \$7.50.



THE LOCKTITE CO., INC. • GLOVERSVILLE, N. Y.

was gone. Before him stretched the naked shingles of the desert, the brutal destroying ruthlessness of which he welcomed, but which brought back the rend of nerve, the ache of bone, the torture of muscle, the hell of physical suffering without making an end of him.

November dawn on the desert came reluctantly, gray and slowly brightening to diffuse a pale rose along the eastern skyline and turn to the yellow flare of sunrise.

Clifton saw it through the open flap of his tent. Another day! He had never moved during the night and his feet were like clods of cold lead. To start to arise was a horrible wrench. Every movement was painful. But at last he was up, though bowed like an old man.

Yet that morning he realized something that had haunted him with mocking insistence. He had not prayed for that realization. He had hardly wanted it. But as he faced the cold gray monotonous waste, stretching and rolling and breaking away, lonely, barren, lifeless, magnificent in its isolation, appalling in its desolation, stupendous in its distances and beautiful with all the strange somber mystery of the desert, he felt the link between his unquenchable instinct to survive and a spiritual consciousness stronger than anything in primal nature. While there was life there was hope, good, truth, joy and God. It came to him. He could not deny it. His bitterness was of no avail. The pagan specter that had hovered like a shadow on his trail faded away.

Clifton began the tasks of the day, lighter here by reason of the fact that there was to be a break in the drive south, a two-day stop at Gray Rocks.

"Buenas dias, señor," said the Mexican lad, in his soft liquid accents, as he came with his arms full of firewood.

Clifton discarded his limited Spanish and spoke to the boy in his own tongue. A subtle change affected him. Nevertheless he went at his camp tasks with slow guarded movements. The lean dogs came down to sit on their haunches and watch him. They were ragged, thin mongrel canines, bred by the Indians and trained by Mexicans, antagonistic to white men. It had been the province of Julio to govern these shepherd dogs, so that Clifton had made no attempt to lessen their animosity. Julio was a son of Don Lopez, and had been brought up with the dogs and the sheep.

CLIFTON saw them all less aloofly this morning. They had accepted him. Why had he not accepted them? He spoke to the dogs. How clear-eyed, watchful, knowing! Were they only hungry beasts?

The camp fire was a comfort. It sent up a thin column of fragrant smoke—the scent of burning sage. It crackled and blazed, and burned red. It warmed Clifton's cold feet and took the sting out of his fingers. The water left in the pan had become solid ice. All around, the sage and brittle bush and creeping vines glistened with silvery frost. What would the desert have been without fire? The earliest man-creatures must have developed in a tropic clime.

After breakfast the bleating, restless sheep were released. With a tiny trampling roar they poured in a woolly stream down out of the rocky fastness, to spread out over the shallow wash. They nipped the grass, the weeds, the brush, and the sage.

In number the flock approached three thousand, a very large one, especially

to belong to a Mexican. But as food and water were abundant two shepherds with trained dogs could easily care for the flock, their main duty being vigilance. Straggling sheep sometimes got lost in the brush, to become prey for coyotes, and wildcats and cougars that occasionally stole down from the cliffs, and a wolf now and then that came from out of the desert.

JULIO carried a light rifle and always ranged out at the fore of the grazing flock, accompanied by the young dog. Clifton, with a heavier rifle, which had been a burden, followed in the rear, keeping to high places, always watchful, true to the trust imposed in him. The other three dogs, older, marvelously trained, did not require to be ordered about. They knew their work. Seldom could a sheep straggle away from the main flock into the sage. When one did it was promptly chased back.

Grazing of sheep was slow, as far as travel was concerned. Clifton had to walk and stand and sit to suit their convenience. Over barren ground they were driven consistently until good grazing was again encountered.

On cold mornings like this one Clifton was hard put to it to keep from freezing. His blood was thin and apparently there was not much of it. The necessity of keeping continually in action was what had made it so desperately hard to stand up under this job. During the middle of sunny days, however, he could rest often. But back beneath the forbidding mountains there had been much cloudy and windy weather, which had been the greatest factor in breaking him down.

Around Gray Rocks there was ample feed. Clifton chose a high point and patrolled it, his eye ever alert for prowling beasts. Sometimes, despite the vigilance of the shepherds, a lamb would be snatched by a coyote and carried off. Usually, however, in daylight the dogs kept the flock compressed and safe from depredations.

He had a bitter few hours before the sun offered him a respite. Still he watched even while he rested, for at this season cottontail rabbits were wholesome eating and furnished welcome change from sheep meat. In fact a shepherd on that range developed into something of a hunter.

An hour's scanning of this apparently barren desert would have surprised an inexperienced traveler. Clifton espied a gray fox stepping through the sage, and several hungry, sneaking coyotes, afar, jackrabbits in plenty, sev-

eral cottontails, one of which he shot, pack-rats and gophers, and some skulking animal which he could not name. Hawks sailed by, and ravens croaked from the rocks. A flock of blackbirds winged irregular flight down the wash; a lonely gray speckled bird flitted through the sage.

These living creatures, and the various aspects of the desert, had begun to interest Clifton. It was an indication of release from himself, fragmentary at first, then more and more frequent.

At high noon he drew from his pocket a hard biscuit and some chops, well cooked and salted. These constituted his midday meal. He gnawed the bones with a relish, suddenly to be struck with the fact that he was nearly always hungry and particularly so this day. In the past he had not cared for mutton. The taste of a man varies according to his needs.

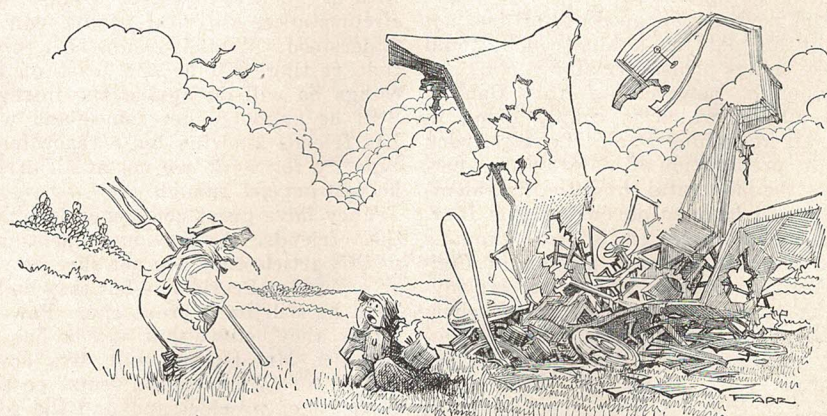
The sheep, however, did not linger in one place. They nibbled and nipped while passing on. Soon Clifton had to follow. He caught up with the flock, found a rock to sit on, and basked in the warm sun for a few moments. Many times he repeated this. As the afternoon began to wane Julio led the sheep back in a circle, and at sundown they were approaching camp. And by dark Clifton was through with work for the day, warming his palms over the coals, weary and dark-faced again, prone to the dejection that accompanied fatigue. Yet this night he did not crawl to bed.

THE next day was bleak, raw, windy, with flurries of snow. The sheep favored sheltered slopes and banks, and the beds of arroyos and the leeward of rocks. Clifton huddled in sheltered nooks to build little fires of dried sage, and warm his numb hands and feet. It was a profitable day for the coyotes. More than once Clifton started up at an uproar from the dogs; and one well-aimed shot laid a coyote low. Julio skinned the dead beast and stretched the skin on a frame.

As the afternoon waned a lowering black cloud swooped across the desert, trailing a gray whirling pall of snow that whitened sage and ground, and quickly vanished. The squall passed away and the sun burst out, flushing the desert gold and red, with the promise of a better morrow.

The flock was laggard and difficult to drive back to camp in the face of the wind. But the faithful dogs did their job well. Then for the shepherds came the blessing of fire and food and rest!

The following morning while Clifton



"And was it your plane, young fellow?"

"No—my boss's."

"He'll fire you for this, won't he?"

"I s'pose so—I'll know as soon as he crawls out."

cooked breakfast Julio brought in the burros. The shepherds ate, packed, and with their flock headed south on the long trail. The morning was glorious. No wind! A bright sun tempered the nipping air. The cool fragrance of dry sage floated over the desert. The ridges were diamond white in frost, that quickly melted on the south slopes. Endless soft gray stretches led down to the purple landmarks above the horizon. Wild mustangs trooped to a rise of ground, there to stand and whistle, and then race away with manes and tails flying.

They had traveled six miles by sunset, and Clifton was not down at the finish. On warm days he lasted longer. They were now well over a hundred miles south of their own range.

ONE forenoon, several days later, the sheep crossed the last road which transversed that section of the desert. Clifton, following slowly, reached the road just as an automobile came by. He would have passed on, but the occupants of the car hailed him and stopped. He guessed the muddy old car belonged to a rancher and that the three were Westerners.

"Hey, Pedro, come over an' say hello," called one.

Then as Clifton approached closer he added: "Excuse me. I took you for a greaser."

"Howdy," replied Clifton, as he looked to see if he knew one or more of them.

"Fine bunch of sheep. Whose are they?" queried the eldest of the three. "They belong to Don Lopez."

"Ahuh. I thought so. Lopez' last flock workin' south. You must be young Forrest—Clay Forrest's son?"

"Yes, I am."

They appeared kindly, curious and interested. "We heard you got in a muss at Watrous some while back."

"I'm afraid I did," returned Clifton, reluctantly. "But as I left San Luis next day, I've never heard how bad the muss was. . . . I thought you might be a sheriff."

"Not much," laughed one, "we're glad to say. I reckon, though, you're worryin' fer nothin'. Mason wasn't bad hurt in the scrap, an' anyways you didn't shoot him."

"Waal, Forrest, there's not many people who're against you fer thet little cow-hidin' stunt," added another of the three.

"I'm glad to hear it," rejoined Clifton.

"Whar you drivin'?"

"Guadaloupe Springs."

"Say, that's an all-winter job! Shore, you're goin' back?"

"No. I have only a boy with me. Lopez gave me the job and I'll stick. I'll drive back in the spring."

"Waal, excuse me, Forrest," said the elder man feelingly. "It's shore your own bizness. But I want to give you a hunch: If you're hidin' out, it's all fer nothin'. There ain't any sheriff lookin' fer you."

"Thank you. That's a relief."

"But if I was you I'd chuck this herdin' job. Somebody in Watrous told me the other day that Malpass was tryin' to buy Lopez out. Reckon it's only a rumor, but I wouldn't risk it."

"I've got to. Work is necessary, and jobs I can fill are few. Lopez trusted me. I'll trust him. I don't think he'd sell without sending me word."

"Waal, Don Lopez is white, you can lay to thet. But Malpass has a hold over these greasers. Better throw your pack in the car hyar an' come with us."

"No. You're very good. But I'll go on."

"Are you well, Forrest? You look pretty worked out."

"I'm all right. It was hard at first

—for a man in my shape. But I'll pull through."

"Ahuh. Waal, good luck to you. Any message we can take back? We're goin' on to Kelsey's Ranch, then right back to town."

"If you meet anyone I know—tell them I'm all right," replied Clifton, haltingly. This was too sudden for him. He would have liked to be prepared for such a meeting.

"Shore will, an' go out of my way. . . . How're you off fer smokes?"

"I've quit. But my boy Julio—a pack of cigarettes would be most welcome."

"Hyar you are. . . . Bill, fork out. An' you too, Pedlar."

Three packages came flipping to Clifton's feet.

"Thanks. But I didn't mean to hold you up."

"So long, Forrest. Don't forgit. You're solid back thar."

"Wait!" called Clifton, as they were about to start. He stepped closer, suddenly gripped by awakening realization. "What's the talk—about me?"

"Not bad at all, Forrest," heartily returned the one who had been the most loquacious. "'Most died out now. But it was some talk, believe me. An' the sum of it was thet you an' Miss Lundeen fell in love—which was quite proper—an' because of your parents hatin' each other you had to marry secret. Waal, Malpass, who was always sweet on Lundeen's gal, found it out an' had Hartwell fire you—insultin' your wife to boot. You jest beat hell out of Malpass, in accordance with Western ways. An' the dirty half-breed throwed his gun, near killin' poor old Jim Mason. Everybody is sorry you didn't use a gun yourself, instead of a whip. . . . Waal, then your respective fathers, sore as hell because you'd married, throwed you out. . . . I reckon thet's about all."

"Do you know—did you hear what became of—of Miss Lundeen?" queried Clifton, hoarsely.

"I'm sorry, Forrest, but I never heard."

"Waal, I know," added the man called Bill, and he grinned happily. "I seen her get on the train thet very night. It was Number Four, goin' East, an' I was thar. She was dressed like one of them girls in the pictures, an' she shore looked white an' proud."

"Thar! She beat it, Forrest," declared the eldest man, with satisfaction. "Don't you worry none about your wife! . . . So long now. Good luck."

THEY left Clifton standing beside the road, staring after the speeding car. It was long before he remembered the sheep, and longer before he could see to follow them.

Guadaloupe Springs lay four weeks' sheep travel from Gray Rocks. It was three thousand feet lower, and the winter climate was the perfect one of early autumn in high altitude, marred on rare occasions by a storm.

A vast bowl of uneven land held Guadaloupe Springs in its center, where many groves of cottonwoods and long wandering lines of willows marked the presence of water that gave life to the desert. The trees lately touched by frost shone in a wondrous variety of greens and golds.

From the heights of the bowl, far over the broken red walls that rimmed it, could be seen the beginning of the arid zone of sand and stone and cactus, of that glimmering delusive region of the *Jornado del Muerte*, which led on and on over the bad lands of the south and the border to Mexico.

From the beautiful valley, like an oasis, where Lopez' flock was to spend the winter months, no ghastly stretch or black butte of the southern desert

(Continued on page 52)

EVERY WOMAN FACES
THIS ANNUAL PROBLEM



What shall I give him
for Christmas

Give him a year of smiling mornings in 1929.

If you could see the pleased surprise on his face when he first learns the marvel of a Schick shave, you would not hesitate, you would decide now.

Your gift can make shaving painless, pleasant. To husband, father, brother, fiance or friend—from woman to man—or from man to man—there can be no better gift than "A smooth shave quick with a Schick."

Nearly all good stores where gifts for men are sold have Schicks. They will show you how it works; how a pull and a push of the plunger replaces the used blade with a new superkeen one from the 20 in Schick's handle.

Silver-plated Schicks cost \$5. Gold-plated \$7.50. Extra clips of 20 blades 75c. Prices are slightly higher in Canada. Magazine Repeating Razor Company, 285 Madison Avenue, New York. Canadian distributors, T. S. Simms & Co., Ltd., Saint John, N. B.

Schick Repeating Razor



98⁵⁰ COMPLETE TUBES AERIAL SPEAKER
Nothing More to Buy
 for 222⁵⁰ Super AC-8 **ALL Electric**
30 DAYS FREE TRIAL
CONSOLE RADIO
 Price includes tubes, aerial, latest power speaker, console shown below and Miraco Super AC-8 Electric Radio Set. No extras. **POSITIVELY EVERYTHING COMPLETE** to plug into light socket and enjoy on 30 Days' FREE Trial! **Battery Model 99⁵⁰ Complete**

Many other styles to choose from — **3 Year Guarantee** if You Buy — **DYNAMIC Speaker** if desired —



Get Our **SEND NO MONEY** **30 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER**

It's a **MIRACO!**

America's old, reliable Midwest Radio Corporation springs its 9th annual sensation! Latest shielded 1-dial, Super-powered, hum-free Electric AC and newest battery sets of finest construction and costliest features at astounding low factory prices. Compare with radios at 2 to 4 times the price—unless your Miraco proves itself the most selective, richest, clearest toned and most powerful distance getter, don't buy it! Delighted thousands report programs from Coast to Coast, Canada, Cuba, Mexico, with magnificent clear, cathedral tone. **3 year guarantee.** Choice of beautiful consoles, metal or wood table cabinets, latest dynamic power speakers, radio-phonograph combinations. Insure complete satisfaction, save or make much money—deal direct with a big old maker of fine radios — 9th successful year.

Another of our **Many Bargains!** **\$114.52 Complete!**



MIDWEST RADIO CORP.
 Pioneer Builders of Sets
 422-WD Miraco Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio
 Send Amazing Special Wholesale Price Offer
 NAME _____
 ADDRESS _____

ELECTRICAL EDUCATOR
 LEARN ELECTRICITY—EASY AS A, B, C.
 Key to theory and practice. Applications, Rules, Calculations and Inside Information on Maintenance and repair of Electrical Appliances, Motors, Wiring, Lighting, Switchboards, Transformers, Batteries, Armatures, Generators, Radio Ignition, Welding—1,000 pages, 200 diagrams—a reliable reference. Trouble shooting information. **AUDEL'S HANDY BOOK OF PRACTICAL ELECTRICITY.** Price \$4. Let us mail it to you for free trial! pay \$1 a month. Order today!
THEO. AUDEL & CO., 65 W. 23d St., New York, Dept. 814

Among those presents

RIGHT up in the front rank of things to give for Christmas put Eveready Flashlights. Not only because that's one of the easiest and most successful ways out of the Christmas-gift dilemma, but because it's the sensible thing to do.

Everybody, from six to sixty, wants a genuine Eveready. Not just "a flashlight," but a genuine Eveready. Yes, it's important to insist on this point. Genuine Evereadys have ALL the newest and best features. There are models and types for every possible purpose.

This year, brighten the lives of all to whom you give. Start them right with the flashlight habit, that national movement to save skinned shins, banged heads and ripped clothes. Give them the world's best portable light-maker—a genuine Eveready Flashlight.

(Continued from page 51)

could be seen. Only the slow-rising, gray slopes, and the mounds of red rock, and the enclosing yellow walls, and the blue phantoms of peaks that resembled inverted cloud mountains in the sky, greeted the keen eyes of the sheep herders.

Clifton was nine weeks out of San Luis. It seemed nine years. It was Julio who kept track of days. For the will that had upheld Clifton, the scorn of weakness and agony of death, the toil which dwarfed the trenches, the effort he owed himself, and the desert with its boundless horizons, its cruelty, its solitude, its lonely nights and solemn days, its piercing wind and cold and storm, its tormenting demand to be conquered, all these had worked upon Clifton's body and mind, to begin a transformation, which if completed would be a miracle.

THEY pitched camp under a cottonwood that stormed Clifton's heart, so like was it to the one in the valley at home—the gnarled, low-branched old monarch which Virginia Lundeen had climbed as a bare-legged girl, and under which as a woman she had tempted him to make her his wife. No hope ever to forget her here!

A little clear stream babbled over rocks and left faint traces of white alkali along the sand. Rabbits and quail darted away into the green brush. Robins and larks and swamp blackbirds, on the way south, still lingered here, and a killdeer sounded his piercing, melancholy note.

At the head of the stream was a natural corral in a triangle of the rocks, where the bare ground, packed hard by countless thousands of tiny hoofs, attested to the shepherds' flocks of the past. Here Clifton and Julio drove their flock, shouting their gladness to be there, answering the barks of the dogs. The down journey was ended. In the spring the sheep would be fat and strong, and the return trip a reward of the months.

Clifton surveyed the fallen cottonwoods and willows, the driftwood that had come down the stream in flood, and smiled at the thought of luxurious camp fires during the winter. What had he ever known of cold? Or the worth of a fire? It took the desert to teach a man.

Then, with trepidation of heart, he swung an ax. It strained him. It made him pant and sweat and labor. But he could swing it! A terrible incomprehensible ecstasy assailed him. No man could ever tell what might happen. Life was sweet. Just to see and feel and smell! To be able to stand up like a man and work! Love was not necessary. The affection and understanding of a father could be dispensed with. The thought of mother must always be sad. No compensation for her! Friends were nothing. It was just enough to feel life flowing back through the veins, hot, throbbing, thrilling. To conquer physical obstacles—to be able to chop a log!

This vast shut-in basin was a desert paradise. There would be Indians and other sheep herders, but they would not spoil the solitude, the long, long nights with the wind in the cottonwoods, the long, long days, solemn and still, empty of the hate and greed of men.

Julio came and stood in amazement to see him swing the ax, to watch with his soft dark eyes, and to cry out: "Ah, señor ez grande again!"

Clifton saw it through, and fell with the ax in his hands. He was weak. But how infinitely stronger than he had ever hoped to be! And as he lay there, panting, there was born in him an unutterable and ineffably passionate love for the raw, ruthless, flinty desert that had saved him.

Sunrise of pale rose with fan rays, ice on the still pools that soon melted, lonesome full hours with the bleating sheep, sunsets of gold and red over the purple walls—so the days sped.

In January, one morning, Julio discovered a loss of sheep. At first Clifton believed they had strayed, but Julio shook his head, and soon he pointed to moccasin tracks in the sand. The sheep had been stolen.

"I will go fetch them back," said Clifton, with heat.

"No, señor. Mucha malo," returned the lad, and with an impressive gesture indicated a flight far over the Guadalupe walls, across the border into Mexico.

"But the sheep can't travel fast. I'll catch up with the thieves," protested Clifton.

"Mebbe no. Injuns shoot." Plain it was that Julio did not think the loss of a few sheep worth the risk. But Clifton did. The Mexican lad seemed to be trying to tell him that little thefts like this one were always happening at Guadalupe, but he did not implicate the herders and Indians in the valley. The raiders came from far and were never trailed.

"I'll go," decided Clifton, with zest. "They can't steal my sheep without a run for it."

He must travel light, and he sifted the necessities down to his rifle, with a box of ammunition, and a bag containing hard biscuits, meat and salt, and some parched corn. It would not be necessary to pack a canteen, because the Indians dared not go far from water on account of the sheep. He took matches and a small hand-ax, which he stuck in his belt, and set out.

The trail of the sheep was easy to follow, for their sharp little hoofs cut into even the baked adobe soil, but it took discerning eyes to find imprints of moccasins. He had never had experience enough on the range to become an expert tracker, which fortunately was not required in this instance.

THE trail led east, toward the shortest way out of the basin. No doubt the raiders would turn south when they got through the walls. It took Clifton three hours of steady tramping to reach the walls. They loomed like mountains of smooth red walls, straight up, with rims weathered, broken, splintered into crags, turrets, crumbled ruins of rock, where green growths found lodgment in the niches.

Clifton had seen these irregular escarpments from a distance of twelve or fifteen miles, and therefore had underestimated their size. He passed through the break where the sheep tracks led, and found himself in an astounding world of walls, monuments, shafts, and rocks, all rising sheer out of level red

ground, with aisles and lanes between, with hollows, caves and caverns under the gigantic cliffs, water-worn perhaps in an age when this region had been inundated. It was the most weird, colorful and fascinating place he had ever visited.

Guadalupe Springs had not been an unknown name to Clifton years before, but nothing had been told him of these marvelous rock formations. They were scarcely 300 miles from Las Vegas, south by west. It thrilled him to realize that many wonders and beauties of the desert were still unknown to all save a few wanderers.

A glamour of color and silence seemed to unfold the regions of these upstanding ledges of rock. The sunlight appeared to be a reflection of the dark red, almost purple hue of the walls, and the gold-green of the desert floor. There was no sound except the silken rustle of swallows, so swift in flight that Clifton could not see them until they had darted by.

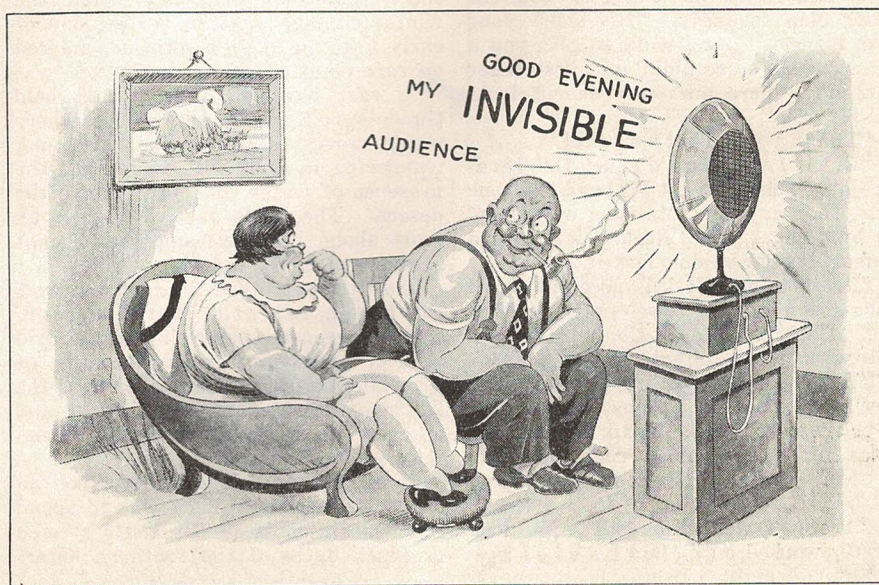
He traveled cautiously, expecting to come in sight of the Indians around any corner. Between the great walls he sometimes had a glimpse of the open desert beyond, and the sight made him catch his breath. From the heights the land sloped away into a measureless and ghastly void of white and gray that seemed to have no end, that was lost in sky.

AT LAST he got through the labyrinthine maze. Then far down the gradual incline he caught sight of moving dots. They were miles away, but he doubted not that they were his quarry. Clifton followed, moving out of a direct line toward a slight eminence, from which he hoped to sight the stolen sheep.

When he surmounted this vantage point he made out a line of white specks that he instantly recognized as sheep, perhaps to the number of fifty. Behind moved the larger dots, dark in color. These were the Indians on foot, and they were heading down and toward the west.

Clifton sat down to eat, and to ponder over the situation. He wanted only to recover the sheep, and that might not be easy unless he surprised the thieves. They were heading surely toward a dark green fringe, which probably marked a waterhole. It he could stalk them into camp, and fire a few shots to frighten them, the recovery of the sheep would present no great difficulties. On the other hand, however, if they sighted him in pursuit they might ambush and kill him, and scatter the sheep.

Therefore he waited until they had passed on out of sight, and then, completing his simple repast, he headed to the west, aiming to get back under the protection of the walls. In this manner





Herpicide

Beautify Your Hair this simple way

A light sprinkling of Herpicide, a minute's gentle massaging of your scalp with your finger-tips, and thorough brushing of your hair each morning... when made a part of your daily toilet, this delightfully easy treatment will keep your hair a crown of loveliness.

Hair too oily or dry, straggly or unmanageable, will hold its coiffure. Your scalp kept healthy by the antiseptic qualities of Herpicide and the occasional shampoo with Herpicide Tar Soap will impart new life and beauty to your hair.

Sold at drug counters. Applied at barber and beauty shops

THE HERPICIDE CO., DETROIT, MICH.

MONEY FOR YOU

Men or women can earn \$15 to \$25 weekly in spare time at home making display cards. Light, pleasant work. No canvassing. We instruct you and supply you with work. Write to-day for full particulars.

The MENHENITT COMPANY Limited
270 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Can.

DeLUXE SHAKESPEARE

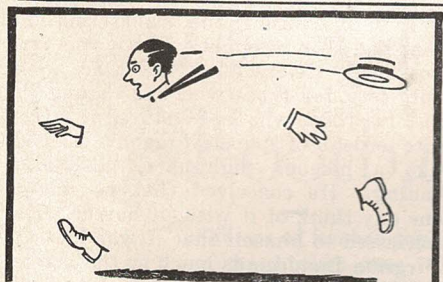
Greatest bargain event in publishing history!
—Complete works of William Shakespeare—full-keratol bound, at half usual price! Now you can easily afford to own all of the works of the foremost man in all literature. A beautiful, necessary addition to your library. All the plays, all the poems with the famous Gold-lance Temple notes. Clear bible paper: 1420 pages; type easy to read; gold-stamped; 22 beautiful full-color plates; size 6x8x1-1/2. Never before sold at this low price. Don't miss this great opportunity. **SEND NO MONEY.** Send only name and address today! Pay postman \$2.67 on arrival. Satisfaction guaranteed. **Frederick A. Stokes Co.,** 443 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y., Dept. 106



WANT SOME EXTRA CASH?

You can have it in exchange for a little of your spare time as local subscription representative of COLLIERS. No experience or investment necessary. **WRITE TO-DAY** for particulars.

Chief of Subscription Staff
THE CROWELL PUBLISHING CO.
250 Park Avenue, New York



Complete this Drawing Test your Ability

If you like to draw, let your talent make your fortune. Opportunities in this field have never been better. Drawing is easy to learn the "Federal Home-Study Way." Learn from over fifty famous artists. The course includes illustrating, cartooning, lettering, poster designing, window card illustrating, etc. Get on the "Road to Bigger Things." Complete the drawing above in pen or pencil. Write your name, age and address on the margin of this ad. Tear it out and mail to us TODAY.

Federal School of Illustrating

12458 Federal School Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

he lost ground in the pursuit, but still did not sheer far from the general direction of the raiders.

By the middle of the afternoon Clifton had begun to tire. He had traveled far, at a rather brisk walk. Still he kept on, until he arrived at a point opposite the green patch that he believed the Indians were making for. Here he rested again and watched sharply for the reappearance of the drivers and the sheep. They did not come in sight. Therefore, much concerned lest he might have miscalculated, he pressed on straight down the slope.

At sundown he was within five miles of the patch of green, that proved to be trees, amongst which something pale caught the last light of the sun. It was water or sand.

A BULGE of ground to Clifton's left had long concealed any extensive view of the lay of the desert in that direction. He devoted all his searching gaze there, and as the shadows thickened he grew bolder and trusted more to the sparse growths for cover. Suddenly he heard a sharp sound that brought him startled and crouching to his knees behind a bush. He listened. Presently it rang out again—the bark of a dog.

The Indians were probably just below the dip of ground ahead. He crawled noiselessly a few yards, then again listened. He thought he heard faint voices, but could not be certain. Presently he stole on farther, soon to attain a position where he could command the level below. And half a mile out he espied four Indians driving twoscore and more sheep. He watched them. Just as the dusk was about to swallow them they entered the grove.

Clifton pressed on then, under cover of the gathering darkness, and in half an hour the line of trees showed black against the horizon, and low down flickered a camp fire. This afforded him much satisfaction, but the further problem was what to do, now that he had caught up with the thieves.

He had not noticed that they carried guns. But on the other hand this was probably their encampment, and there might be others. He circled, and entered the grove at its upper end, where trees stood far apart, yet the underbrush was thick. He slipped down into a dry wash, with sandy floor, and following it to a point he judged somewhat in proximity to the camp he crawled up on the bank to reconnoiter.

He came abruptly upon a huge jumble of rocks, where he halted to listen. He heard running water, but no other sound. Even the leaves were still.

Whereupon he considered the situation. If he could not light a fire he was in for an uncomfortable night. The four Indians he had seen did not present any great obstacle, and if they had not joined others at this camp, he thought it just as well to rout them at once, instead of waiting for daylight. He wanted to be certain, however, before he alarmed the dogs. He had heard one and there would certainly be more. So with extreme caution he set out to circle the rocks.

A break in the bank of rock afforded him a place to enter and climb up to where he could see a glow of fire. But there was brush or cover on the flat top, so he slipped down on the right side, and worked around that way.

Presently he saw the firelight and moving dark figures, more, he was sure, than those of the Indians he had tracked. Carefully picking the best covert from which to watch them he stole stealthily on, sank to his hands and knees, and halted in shadow.

With the first clear look his grimness turned to amazement. There were a dozen figures, perhaps, before him, but not one of them was an Indian.

They were Mexicans, and indeed a poor, ragged, starved lot. One woman held a baby to her breast, and it did not look many days old. They were cooking a sheep, which task was manifestly of profound importance. They jabbered gayly, and some of them performed antics not unlike dancing. The idea of pursuit was the remotest from their minds. Half a dozen gaunt dogs crouched before the fire. No doubt the only scent they could catch then was that of roast sheep.

They had no horses, Clifton could see, and only the most meager of camp equipment. If there was a gun in the party, Clifton could not spy it out. The dark lean faces, the wild eyes, and straggling black hair, the brown bodies showing through rents in their clothes, the mouths opening and shutting, the tiny baby and the tender mother who looked hungry as a wolf herself—these stirred Clifton to pity.

A few rifle shots would have scattered that group like a fox running among a covey of quail. They were going to have a feast. Clifton felt that he would not lift a hand to prevent it. Silently he crawled back, and rising behind the brush to shoulder his rifle he strode away across the desert.

"Poor peons!" muttered Clifton. "I wonder if God knows how full the world is of misery. . . . Old Don Lopez can afford to lose those sheep. If he can't I'll pay for them."

He headed for the dark walls that appeared to shed luster from the stars. Weary though he was, he did not slacken his pace until he was several miles up the slope, and then he chose a secluded spot rich in sage and hemmed round by outcropping rocks.

It amused Clifton to consider this protected nook, which would insure him comfort for part of the night at least, as a reward for his generous act. There was abundance of dead sage all around, which, broken into bits, would burn like coals. He collected a goodly supply, then built a little fire against a rock. He roasted pieces of meat on a sharpened stick, and did not fare ill. He fancied, though, that he would be thirsty on the morrow, before he found water.

WITH his hand ax he cut enough live sage brush to make a soft bed. That done he sat cross-legged before the little white and gold fire, and divided his gaze between that and the stars. Both were intimate tonight. He was no longer alone. He, who had been so utterly wretched a few months earlier, now experienced sweet sensations in extreme fatigue. He did not desire to be anywhere else. College, the war, government, friends and family had all repudiated him, cast him out. Bitterness had gone from his heart. There were things on the earth no one had ever dreamed of. What man needed was silence, loneliness; to be helpless in agony, to accept death while fighting for life, to be in contact with the earth and the elements. There was something infinite in the stars. Here the stars that once had been pitiless now spoke to him.

The desert wind sprang up. It moaned over the tops of the rocks and the tips of the sage. He was snug there. He toasted his palms and heated the soles of his boots. Fire-worshiper by night, sun-worshiper by day! They gave birth to such beautiful thoughts. He marveled no more at Julio, who could sit all day and look, and be happy, nor at the range rider who never forsook the range, nor the lonely prospector his hunt for gold. They could never lose. Because it was the seeing, the searching, that brought joy.

He lay down and his heavy eyelids refused to open again. He fell asleep.

(Continued on page 54)

Sylph-Apollo

The Mechanical Masseuse

JUST OUT!

A new compact, efficient, light-weight, portable massage machine whose simple construction permits a price every one can afford to pay! No pulleys! Operates by worm gear. (Same principle as automobile transmissions.) Smooth and vibrationless in operation. Manipulates the anatomy like a skilled masseur, gently or vigorously as one prefers.



Reduces Superfluous Weight

Oxidizes excess fat. Removes toxic poison from the system by gently stimulating the liver, kidneys, bladder, stomach, spleen and intestines. Aids digestion. Beneficial in the treatment of rheumatism, nervousness, insomnia, stomach trouble, anemia. Many osteopaths are using "The Mechanical Masseuse" in their private practice.

Promotes Perfect Circulation

Facilitates elimination. Builds up under-weight persons; reduces over-weight ones. In fifteen minutes without effort you receive the benefits of hours of strenuous exercise. Lowest priced machine on the market. Fill out the coupon to get full details.

Representatives Wanted

We want representatives in every city and town. Write or wire at once for very liberal proposition by which real money can be made. Don't delay.

SYLPH-APOLLO MFG. CO.
Dept. 5, P. O. Box 536, Toledo, Ohio

Send descriptive folder.

Send representative's liberal profit proposition.

Name.....

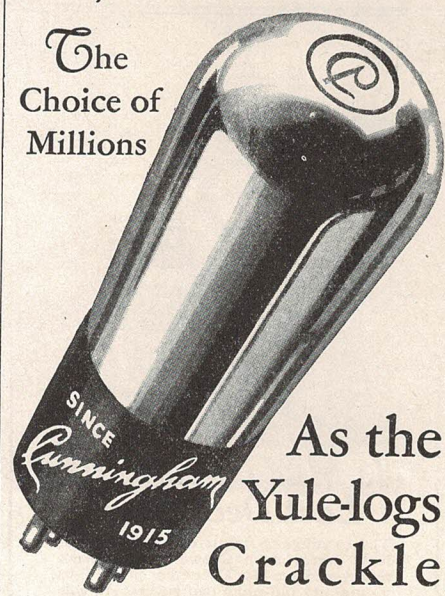
Address.....

City and State.....

Cunningham

RADIO TUBES

The Choice of Millions



As the Yule-logs Crackle

and music fills the air, enjoy the Christmas melodies to their utmost by having new Cunningham Radio Tubes in every socket of your radio.

These "ambassadors of joy" make delightful Christmas gifts.

E. T. CUNNINGHAM, Inc.

New York Chicago San Francisco

Manufactured and sold under rights, patents and inventions owned and/or controlled by Radio Corporation of America

Not what you DO but HOW you do it that COUNTS

EVERYONE knows the story of Gene Tunney. How he fought his way up, until at 30 he has retired, undisputed heavyweight champion of the world, possessed of fortune, title and position.

From the very beginning of his career



Gene Tunney

Tunney never once let himself get out of condition, even for a short time. He made sure of that by taking Nujol as a regular part of training.

"I started taking Nujol internally seven years ago. The first month Nujol brought remarkable changes in my physical condition. My elimination became active and normal. My appetite increased and a desire for intensive training was created. Since that time I have taken Nujol about five nights a week. I have regulated myself to the amount necessary to keep my elimination normal. If I discover that I have taken an excess I stop its use for a couple of days, when I renew my daily practice of taking a swallow from the bottle before retiring.

"I have found during my seven years' experience with Nujol that it is not habit-forming, or in any way unpleasant or harmful."

Tunney is equally enthusiastic about Nujol as an external rub. He had his trainer use it on him regularly.

Nujol contains no medicine or drugs. It is simply a pure natural substance (perfected by the Nujol Laboratories, 26 Broadway, New York) that keeps your system functioning normally at all times. It not only keeps an excess of body poisons from forming (we all have them) but aids in their removal.

Nujol will keep you in first-class shape, too. Isn't it worth trying? Sold only in sealed packages.

Buy a bottle of Nujol from your druggist today.



He Made Over \$200 Last December!

The earnings of Augustus Van Gieson of New Jersey as a Crowell subscription representative last December prove that young and old alike can succeed in this pleasant and profitable work of introducing Collier's and the other Crowell publications in every community.

BIG PROFITS AWAIT YOU!

You have the same opportunity that Mr. Van Gieson is taking advantage of. No investment of any kind is required. We furnish free outfit and complete instructions. Thousands of renewals right in your State come in voluntarily each month. This coupon brings full particulars without obligation.

Chief of Subscription Staff, Desk C-26
The Crowell Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please tell me about your local representatives offer.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

Pathfinder
EVERY WEEK 13 WEEKS
\$1 A YEAR 15 CENTS
Your neighbors know the Pathfinder and you will like it—the every-week news digest from the Nation's Center. Bright, interesting, dependable, different—nothing else like it. Washington gossip, politics, science, travel, fun, lots of pictures, instruction, entertainment. Trial 13 weeks—13 big issues—only 15 Cents. or \$1 for full year. Send now. Address: Pathfinder, Dept. 53 Washington, D.C.



SWIFTER • STURDIER • SAFER
D. P. HARRIS HDW. & MFG. COMPANY
D. P. Harris Building, New York, N. Y.

(Continued from page 53)

When he awoke stars and sky had changed, dimmed, grayed over. His fire was dead ashes. He rebuilt it, and warmed himself again. The night was ghostly now, strange, with a wailing wind, and the coyotes seemed like lost spirits.

Once he nodded and fell asleep over the fire, and, awakening with a start, he stacked on all his store of wood and stretched himself upon the sage.

IN FEBRUARY the cottonwoods shed their leaves, carpeting the ground with gold. Clifton and Julio were returning from a visit to other shepherds in the valley. Some of these got supplies from the border, and readily shared them. Clifton carried two sacks and Julio one. Clifton laughed when he reached camp. What was a heavy burden to him? Daily for two months he had packed logs of firewood to camp. He was stronger than ever before in his life. He gazed at his brown arms and hands as if they belonged to a stranger. He felt his powerful legs, hard as iron. The wounds he had sustained were as if they had never been.

What little winter Guadalupe Springs ever knew in the run of the seasons had passed. The dawns were cold, crisp, but no longer did ice film over the still pools. Day by day the frost lessened, until that morning came when there was no glistening white on the logs.

It was getting time to think of the long return trip back to San Luis. The sheep were full and fat and lazy. Lambing season was near at hand, a little while after which, when the lambs were able to travel, the journey north would begin. Clifton was jubilant over prospects of a large number of lambs. How pleased old Don Lopez would be! He had predicted a poor season for reasons quite beyond Clifton.

More than once Clifton recalled the news given him by the three sheepmen who had told him Malpass was negotiating with Lopez for this flock of sheep. Whenever Clifton thought of this, it rankled. But somehow he had a conviction that he would never again clash with Malpass. Still many of his instincts had faded here in this red-walled solitude. Where was the crippled, embittered, hopeless and atheistic soldier of last year? Clifton was confronted with the surety of a future, but he shirked the thought of it. He loved this nomad life. And upon his return to civilization, if he found the same things that he had contended with before his recovery, he would come back to live in the open.

It was impossible now and then not to wonder about his mother, but he did not waste any feeling upon his other parent. Virginia had become a sad and beautiful memory, seldom recalled now. It had hurt to think of her, and gradually he had overcome the habit. By this time she would have divorced him.

LAMBING season was late, but Clifton had the satisfaction of counting a thousand new sheep. What good business it would have been if he could have purchased this flock from Lopez.

"Grande! grande!" cried Julio.

Clifton lingered at Guadalupe because he was loath to leave the beautiful lonely place, and because the longer he stayed the stronger the lambs would be. Fortunately he did not need to worry about grass and water. At first he would travel a day, and then camp a day.

This planning somehow seemed to break his tranquillity, for when he once turned his steps northward, every step would bring him nearer to San Luis, to home, and to Virginia Lundeen.

But soon now he must return. The

long two-month journey would seem short. Clifton pondered whether or not to give up this sheep herding for Lopez. He did not like the thought of driving sheep near San Luis and Cottonwoods. On the other hand, however, he had grown to love both the flock and the free life in the open. At some future day he might accumulate a flock of his own.

The sheep range back at San Luis was open to automobilists and horsemen. He would always run the chance of meeting them, and that was not a pleasant anticipation. Clifton Forrest—returned soldier! One of the principals of the Lundeen-Forrest secret marriage! Cast off by his father! A herder of sheep! Divorced by Virginia Lundeen! He hated the idea of being the butt of such scandal. Especially the last! But for that certainty he might find the return bearable. Yet it was so utterly ridiculous for him to resent a divorce. What wild dreams he had entertained!

It was not conceivable that he could stay away permanently from his mother. Not during her lifetime! That was the strongest magnet to draw him back. So there was no use to deceive himself with false hopes of avoiding the embarrassment which would result. Sooner or later he would meet Malpass again; and he did not trust himself. He was now physically twice the man he had been when he went to war. He felt like flint charged with latent fire.

He had no illusions about Virginia being permanently forbidden her father's house. As soon as Lundeen came to his senses and found out Virginia was her own mistress, then he would implore her to return to Cottonwoods. Nothing else was conceivable.

AS HE and Julio had been the last shepherds to come to Guadalupe, so they were the last to leave. Julio became anxious and alarmed. "Mucha malo!" he would say, pointing to the sheep and the north.

"Mañana," always replied Clifton, and at last realized he must start on the morrow.

That night there happened to be a full moon. The air was almost balmy, like spring at home. The valley was flooded with silver light. Clifton could only force himself to leave by promising himself that he would come back. He walked under the cottonwoods, listening to the soft baa-baa of the lambs and the tinkle of the bells, and the music of water flowing over the stones.

He tried to gauge the change, the growth in himself, the transformation that had been wrought. But it was impossible. He recalled the war with only pity for those who had caused it, and for those who had endured it. His late ordeal of physical agony seemed like a hideous nightmare, gradually fading. He conceived that he might one day think of it without horror. He confessed to himself that it was love of Virginia Lundeen as much as the magic medicine of the desert that had worked a miracle. They were inseparable.

He seemed to feel himself more than human as he walked there in the lonely solitude. The earth, with its rocks, trees, sages, water, its strange heaven and strength, had gone into him. Moreover there were also the beauty, the spirit, the nameless fulfillment of nature that forever forbade him mockery or revolt.

The moon soared white, and fleecy clouds crossed it, to make moving shadows on the valley. The sheep quieted down, and only the stream gave sound to the wilderness. How infinite and incomprehensible the heavens! How sweet, all-satisfying the sense of his presence completing that lonely scene! He asked no more of man or God.

(To be continued next week)