

JULY, 1929
Volume XLVI, Number 7

10 Cents By subscription \$1.00,
In the United States
and in Canada

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL



COVER DESIGN BY HAROLD BRETT

MABEL WALKER WILLEBRANDT—HENRY FORD—RICHARD HALLIBURTON
MARY ROBERTS RINEHART—NORMAN ROCKWELL—ELEANOR MERCEIN

III.

Amber's Mirage

By ZANE GREY

Illustrated by N. C. Wyeth

A SECOND Christmas had come and far gone when Al Shade set foot in Pine again. It was the last of winter and fine weather for that high country. It was an unusual circumstance for Pine not to have a white winter. The mountain tops were shining, snowy domes, and that pure smooth white extended far down into the timber, but it had not yet encroached upon the lower slopes. A bracing cold wind blew out of the west, whipping dust down the main street of Pine.

The weekly stage had but few passengers that day and Al was one of them. He wore a new suit and overcoat, and he carried a small satchel. His lean, clean-shaven face was almost as dark as an Indian's. He got out to button his coat and turn up the collar. An icy breath of winter struck through him, coincident with a recurrent and thrilling yet poignant emotion that had beset him at times on the long journey up from Yuma.

The hour was still a little short of noonday. Al's first act was to hurry into the bank. He approached the teller's window.

"Hardwick, do you remember me?" he asked.

"Can't say I do," replied the teller, after a close scrutiny. "But your face seems familiar."

"I'm Al Shade. You used to cash my check Saturdays, when I worked for the lumber mill."

"Al Shade! Now I know you. But you've changed—grown into a man. Say, didn't you leave Pine with an old prospector a couple of years ago?"

"Yes, but it isn't actually that long," replied Al.

"You were reported lost in the desert."

"It was true enough. But I got out. Hardwick, I want to deposit considerable money."

"Glad to hear it," returned the teller heartily. "Come right into Mr. Babbitt's office."

Babbitt did not recall Al, nor the circumstance of his departure from Pine.

"Mr. Babbitt, just lately I drove two burros into Yuma, packed with gold. I made the exchange there at the assay office and I have the money with me to deposit."

Al emptied the contents of the satchel on the desk before the bank officials, and then he stripped from his waist a thick belt, stuffed all around with greenbacks.

"I'm sure glad to get rid of this," he said. "Count it an' give me a bank book."

"There's a fortune, young man!" exclaimed the banker, his eyes alight. "I congratulate you. You must have made a rich strike."

"It's little enough for what I went through," returned Al coolly.

"You want this to your credit alone?"

"Yes. My partner, Jim Crawford, died. He is buried on the desert."

"Too bad. I remember the old fellow. Shade, you look as if you'd earned this money. I hope you use it wisely."

"Reckon I will," replied Al, with richer note in his voice. "I promised someone I'd fetch back a bucket of gold."

Al left the bank relieved that this necessary precaution had been

fulfilled. For many months the possession of gold, and then for days its equivalent in cash, had been a nuisance and a dread. Soon he would need to consider the possession of much gold—Ruby's. The moment was at hand. No word had he heard of her, of mother, of friends. He felt a total stranger in his home town. His absence seemed to have been endless. He judged what might have happened to them by the age he had been away, and the tragedy that had chained him to the desert. Yet a fugitive hope always had hung to the fringe of his consciousness. And now it beat at him with tremendous hammer strokes.

All at once he heard the hum of the saw at the lumber mill. It cut into him as if it had actually been at his heart. He saw the blue-and-yellow smoke rising from the huge stack. He passed on, still some distance from the mill, and turned off the main street into the outskirts of town. Nothing had changed. The board walk appeared identically as when he had last trod it that fateful Sunday. Soon he passed by the last several cottages and came to the blacksmith's shop. Ben Wiley, the smith, was busy at his forge. The red sparks flew and the ring of iron came on the cold air.

Al strode on, past the Mexican gardens, out into the country, to the edge of the pines. The white cone-shaped peak pierced the sky. It looked winter up there and he had a momentary longing for the hot dry desert.

Then he espied the gray cabin where Ruby lived and beyond it the old shack where Jim Crawford had stayed when he was in from a prospecting trip. Al wondered if he had expected these habitations to be gone.

Blue smoke curled up from the cabin chimney. And as of old a saddled horse stood hitched on the porch side. It, as well as the rich trappings on saddle and bridle, gave Al a queer familiar pang. He strode up on the porch noisily, hurriedly, as if to give himself courage. Boldly he knocked. But his knees were shaking.

The door opened to disclose a woman. But she had the face, the flaming hair of the girl pictured in Al's mind.

"Al!" she screamed in amazed delight, and rushed out. "Alive? We heard you were dead."

"Ruby!" cried Al, his voice hushed. Certain it was that his arms spread wide to envelop her.

"You desert wanderer!" she exclaimed. "How you've grown—changed!"

Al laughed with a happy wildness and was about to kiss her when out of the tail of his eye he espied a figure standing in the open doorway. Releasing Ruby he faced round squarely, confusion added to his rapture.

A sneering man, fastidiously attired in fancy rider's apparel, stood there, with something familiar about him that stung Al.

"Howdy, Shade. I see your hunt for gold hasn't improved your manners," he said mockingly. "But maybe you didn't know you were hugging a married woman."

"Joe Raston!" burst out Al in an agony of recognition.

"SURE—the same," replied Raston, his white teeth gleaming. He had the same red face, the same hard blue eyes, with dark puffs under them. His attire now smacked of the city dandy, instead of the cowboy.

Al wheeled to Ruby: "Is it true—you—you're —" he queried hoarsely, breaking off.

"Yes, but —"

Raston stepped down off the threshold, almost between them.

"Married, with a girl baby," interrupted Raston. "Another red-head girl to make trouble —"

"Hush up, Joe. Let me tell him," cried Ruby, recovering from glad surprise to anger.

"My—God!" choked Al, with horrified stare. Then he turned and ran.

"Wait, Al —" screamed Ruby after him.

But Al ran on, blindly at first, down the clattering board walk, and almost into town before he could check his mad flight. Out of breath he slowed down near Ben Wiley's blacksmith shop.

Terror at the thought of being a subject for town gossip and ridicule drove him to swallow his conflicting emotions. What an awful blunder he had made! But had he not expected that very thing? He should have asked questions, have learned something before calling upon Ruby. That sneering devil Raston! Ruby married—a baby girl! Al fought off a deathly sickness, and in sheer desperation turned in to the blacksmith's shop.

"HOWDY, Ben," he said, confronting the burly, grizzled giant, who let his hammer fall.

"Jumpin' jack rabbits! It ain't you, Al?" boomed Wiley.

"Sure is, Ben. How are you?"

"Son of a gun, if it ain't Al! Wal, by gum! I am glad to see you,"

(Continued on Page 119)



"HOWDY, SHADE. I SEE YOUR HUNT FOR GOLD HASN'T IMPROVED YOUR MANNERS," HE SAID MOCKINGLY

Amber's Mirage

(Continued from Page 13)

replied the blacksmith, and it was well Al possessed a horny, tough hand. "So thet story of you bein' daid on the desert ain't so. You're a healthy-lookin' ghost. An' shore you're a prosperous-lookin' gent."

"Ben, I struck it rich. Jim Crawford took me down into Sonora. We got lost. Jim died, an' afterward I struck gold."

"You don't say! Thet's staggerin' news. Sorry old Jim cashed. He was the salt of the earth."

"Indeed he was. Ben, I've been down the—road," said Al haltingly. "But not home—yet. How's my mother?"

"Say, Al, haven't you heerd nothin' all this time?" queried Wiley with concern.

"Not a word."

"Wal, thet's tough. To come home with a stake an' find—all changed!"

"Ben, I didn't expect anythin' else. Tell me."

"Wal, Al, it's no long story, anyway. After you left, Raston took the farm away from your mother. Mortgage come into his hands through a deal an' —"

"Raston? You mean the cattleman who took over the Bar X an' some of the valley ranches? Not Joe Raston?"

"Joe's father. Thet's the man. Left everythin' to Joe. He's been playin' high jinks heah. Al. Owns the lumber mill now an' Halford's store. But nobody has any use for him."

"Go on about—mother," returned Al, fortifying himself.

"Wal, she went to Colorado an'—an' died there. Let's see. Must have been last summer. My wife will know. She read about it in the paper. An' this is the first you've heahd about it, Al?"

"Yes. But I've been afraid," replied Al huskily, as he turned away his face.

"It's hard, Al. I'm shore sorry I had to be the one to break it. I reckon you better come to see my wife. She was friendly with your mother."

"Thanks. I will, Ben. An' Ben, can you tell me anythin' about my girl, Ruby Low?"

"Thet red-head! Wal, I'll be dog-goned! You're in for more bad news, Al."

"Ahuh. Come out with it, then."

"Ruby's married."

"Married? Joe Raston?"

"Haw! Haw! Why, Joe Raston wouldn't 'a' married Ruby, as everybody knows. Joe is the high flyer round town now. Father left him all his interests."

"But Ben!" ejaculated Al, aghast. "I thought Ruby—it must be Joe Raston."

"Wal, like some other folks, an' Ruby herself—so they say—you figgered wrong. Joe jilted Ruby cold. It went so hard with her thet she up an' married Luke Boyce."

"Luke! Why, he an' I went to school together. Luke Boyce! He was a pretty nice boy, if I remember. Younger than me. So it's Luke? An' not Raston!"

"LUKE'S not a bad sort. Used to work for me heah. Things have gone agin him, an' thet's no joke. He was ridin' for the Bar X an' broke a laig. Raston fired him. After he was able to be aboot ag'in he worked heah an' there, at odd jobs. But when winter set in he was thrown out of work. An' he's hangin' too much around the saloons."

"How long has he been married?"

"Most a year. Ruby has a baby."

"Things happen—even in a short year!" rejoined Al ponderingly. "Well, Ben, good day. Remember me to Mrs. Wiley. I'll come over some night."

"Do, Al. We'll be plumb glad to see you. An' ma can tell you all the news."

Returning to town Al went to the hotel and engaged a room with a fireplace, before which he huddled the rest of the day. When darkness came he had parted with

his mother and the sweet part of the past in which she had figured.

Al had never been given to drink. But now an urge to seek oblivion almost overcame him. It was memory of old Jim Crawford that gave him the final strength to abstain. The sooner he faced the whole fact of his calamity the sooner he might consider how to meet it. He sensed a vague monstrous obstacle between him and the future. He went out to meet it.

IT WAS in one of the side-street saloons that Al finally encountered Luke Boyce. The recognition was instantaneous on Al's part, but Boyce at first glance failed to see in Al an old schoolmate.

"Howdy, Luke, don't you know me?"

"I don't, but I'll bet you're Al Shade. Everybody's talkin' about you."

They shook hands. Boyce's surprise and pleasure were short-lived, owing, no doubt, to shame at his condition and embarrassment before Ruby Low's old fiancé. Boyce looked like a cowboy long out of a job and verging on the condition of a tramp. He tried to pass off the meeting with a lame remark and to return to his game of pool on the dingy table. But Al would have none of that. "Come, Luke, let's get out of here. I'm sure glad to meet you an' I want to talk."

Boyce was not proof against such warmth. He left the saloon with Al, and by the time they arrived at the hotel his constraint had disappeared.

"I reckon you want to talk about Ruby?" queried Boyce bluntly.

"Why sure, Luke, but not particular an' there's no hurry," replied Al frankly. "Naturally I want to hear how things are—with my old girl. I want to know a lot else too."

Boyce laid aside his hat and turned back the collar of his thin coat, and held lean blue hands to the fire.

"Let's get it over then," he said with the same bluntness, but devoid of resentment. "I didn't double-cross you with Ruby."

"That never entered my mind, Luke," rejoined Al hastily.

"I WAS always sweet on Ruby, as you know," went on Boyce. "But I never had a look-in while you an' the other fellows were around. When you went away Ruby quit the boys for a while."

"What?"

"I didn't know it then, Al, but she told me later. After I married her. Ruby didn't go around with anyone for half a year, I guess. You promised you'd be back that Christmas, she said—an' she was true to you. But when rumors drifted up from Yuma that you'd been lost on the desert she took up with Joe Raston again. It didn't last long. Only a few months. Joe wasn't the marryin' kind. He gave Ruby a dirty deal—jilted her. That took the starch out of Ruby. I married her in spite of the fact she swore she didn't an' couldn't love me. But I loved her. We got along fine, while I was earnin' money. Ruby likes pretty clothes. She was gettin' fond of me. Once she said she liked me better than any beau she ever had, except you. Well, I broke my leg, an' that started us downhill. Joe Raston had me fired. I got well again, but nobody would believe I could ride. An' I had to take odd jobs anywhere. Lately I've been out of work. Then Ruby had a baby, and now I reckon she hates the sight of me. We're poor as dormice. I've borrowed until my old friends dodge a corner when they see me. An' if somethin' doesn't turn up this spring, I'll sure lose Ruby an' the baby."

"Somethin' will turn up, Luke," rejoined Al confidently. "Things are never

"A product I respect"



"PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia is a fine formula. My patients like to take it. I like to prescribe it. There has never been a better anti-acid." Your own doctor knows all about Phillips Milk of Magnesia; why it is so often prescribed for sour stomach, biliousness, indigestion and other ailments due to excess acid. It is better for the system than harsher things. It is far more effective. The druggist fills many prescriptions that call for Phillips Milk of Magnesia. He sells many bottles for household use, for there is hardly a family medicine cabinet now without it. In many ways this perfect alkalin contributes to the welfare and comfort of men and women, children and infants.

PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia



You will get the effect of a Paris Gown if you use McCall Patterns.

Sanitation is imperative!



ESPECIALLY in summer use Sani-Flush. It keeps every part of the toilet sparkling. It cleans the hidden, unhealthful trap, too, and banishes all foul odors. And it's so easy to use!

Just sprinkle Sani-Flush into the bowl, follow directions on the can, then flush. Stains, marks and incrustations vanish! The toilet shines.

Sani-Flush is harmless to plumbing. Keep a can of it handy always!

Buy Sani-Flush at your grocery, drug or hardware store, 25c. In Canada, 35c.

Sani-Flush

Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring

THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.
Canton, Ohio

Also makers of Melo . . . a real water softener

Cotton at its smartest in

FRUIT of the LOOM FABRICS



This afternoon frock is made of Pintado Batiste—a Fruit of the Loom Fabric exquisite in color and feeling . . . sheer, crisp, transparent . . . finished like a fine handkerchief linen, rather in the French manner. Charming for bridge, for semi-formal country club and town wear . . . for children's party frocks. Absolutely fast colors, as are Springtyde Dimity, Mamora Mull, Robbia Foulard, Modernesque Broadcloth and Fruit of the Loom Prints—all smart and practical for women's and children's dresses.



Also look for the Fruit of the Loom label in ready-to-wear cotton garments.

Paris Pattern 1039
Renée creation

FASHION DIRECTOR L.H.J.-3
Fruit of the Loom Mills,
325 Broadway, New York

Please send samples watches of Fruit of the Loom
Fabrics and style booklet, "Fabrics and Frocks".

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

so bad as they seem. Maybe I can help you. Spring will be here before long an' that's the time to get a job or start somethin'. *Quien sabe?* Your luck may change. You might even see Amber's mirage."

"Al, you don't 'pear to have been drinkin'," says Boyce bluntly. "But your talk is plumb good. Sounds like music to me. An' what's Amber's mirage?"

"I NEVER quite satisfied myself about that," replied Al seriously. "Old Jim Crawford used to talk as if Amber's mirage was more than fortune to a man. I took it to be a real mirage an' somethin' he imagined. Somethin' close to love an' death—somethin' that proved the passion for gold was terrible an' selfish—a waste of life, unless the strivin' was for some noble purpose. Anyway, just before Jim died he saw the mirage. Or he was out of his head an' thought so. But he didn't seem crazy. He looked like the great poet I read about—who just before dyin' sat up with wonderful eyes an' said: 'More light!' Jim's end was like that."

"Wal!" ejaculated Boyce, deeply stirred. "It shore must have been somethin'. Al, I'll try once more, an' if I can't make a go of it, an' get Ruby back, I'll leave Pine. I've stood a heap, but I couldn't stand to see Raston get Ruby."

"Ahuh. So he's after her now—since you're married?"

"Sure is. Ruby went back to her mother, an' Raston goes there. Ruby admitted it. But she doesn't trust him."

"Luke, it strikes me you ought to stop Raston."

"How? He's powerful here in Pine. Runs everythin'. If I thrash him I'll get thrown into jail, where I haven't been yet. What can I do?"

"I'll say a word to him," said Al.

"Shade, am I to understand you—you want to be my friend?" asked Boyce incredulously.

"I reckon. What else? But keep your mouth shut about it."

"I think it fine of you," burst out Boyce.

"I've seen Ruby—out at her old home. Raston was there. I—like a jackass—thought he was her husband. But, Luke, I'll stand by you, as you stood by Ruby, an' it's not too late to save her."

BOYCE leaped up, radiant, but he could not speak. "Shake on that. There!" added Al.

"Let me get this straight," gasped Boyce.

"Are you in debt?" went on Al imper-turbably.

"Yes, an' pretty deep. It was a quarrel over debt that made Ruby leave me. She would run bills an' I couldn't pay. I tell you, Al, if it wasn't for my hard luck Ruby would turn out all right."

"How deep are you in debt, Luke?"

"Somethin' over two hundred," replied Boyce abjectly.

Al laughed. He had long been apart from the struggles and miseries of men. He had no idea of values. He had seen a million dollars in gold in the bed of a stream!

"Come in to see me tomorrow mornin'," said Al. "I want to—to lend you the money to pay those debts."

Long after the bewildered Boyce had left, Al sat there, watching the fire through dimmed eyes. Then he went out to look for Raston.

The street, the saloons failed to disclose him, but the lobby of the hotel ended his search.

"Raston, I've been lookin' for you," said Al deliberately.

"Yes? About the little joke I have on you?" queried the other maliciously.

"You have no joke on me. My old friend, Luke Boyce, told me you were tryin' to ruin his wife."

"That's his business, not yours," snapped Raston.

"Well, I'm sort of foot-loose, an' I can make most anythin' my business," went on Al, stepping closer.

"Sure. And now you'll cut me out. You're welcome to the red-head flirt. She'll be easy for you, now you're lousy with gold. I told her so and reminded her —"

Al struck out with all the might of unspent misery and wrath. The blow laid Raston his length upon the lobby floor.

"Hold on," he called out.

"Get up, you dog!"

Raston rose shakily, not very much the spectacle of a man. His hand went to a bleeding and puffing lip.

"Shade, I had some right to say what I did," he began hurriedly, backing away. Yet he appeared resentful, as if he had been wronged. "I couldn't get Ruby, by hook or crook. She always flirted and let me spend my money on her. But no more. And lately, when I lost patience, she swore there'd never been but one man who could make her disloyal to Boyce. And that man was dead. She meant you, Al Shade."

That staggered Al to an abrupt abandonment of the encounter.

"Raston, you leave Ruby alone now," returned Al passionately, and went his way.

IT WAS afternoon of the next day, somber and still, with storm out in the foothills.

Al, running down the road to catch up with his burros, did not look back, as once he had looked to wave good-by to Ruby. He had just knocked loudly on the cabin door, thrilling in his cold, sick heart to Ruby's voice: "Come in." But he had needed only the assurance of her presence. Then he had set down a heavy bucket before the door. Ruby's bucketful of gold that he had promised to fetch her from the desert! It was heavier by far than any bucketful of water she had ever lugged so complainingly from the spring. Like a horse freed from a burden he had sped down the road.

A cry pierced his ears—and as he ran on—again, but fainter.

Still he ran, soon crowding his pair of lightly packed burros. As a criminal in flight or a coward at the end of his tether he ran until he turned the bend in the road. Then he strode on, the panting from his breast like hard sobs. Free! The gray hills, the yellow road, the blue haze of desert far on proclaimed it.

Free from that vise-clamp round his heart! The gates of locked, unnatural calm burst at last. It was not so much that he had held in his passion, but that it had been only forming, mounting, damming. He had brooded, planned, talked, while this unknown and terrible chaos had taken possession of him.

A STORM mourned down from the shrouded peaks and enveloped Al, so black, so furious, that he had to walk beside his burros to keep from losing them.

Al lifted his face to the elements. There was an anguished ecstasy in this kindred spirit, this enveloping and protective storm. It was his gratitude for the return to loneliness. He had escaped from four walls, from streets and houses, from people, from eyes, eyes, eyes—curious, pitying, wondering, ridiculing, hateful eyes that knew his story, yet would never understand. But he was pursued still, down the naked shingle of this winding road, by the tortures he had invited, by the pangs of relinquished love, by the glory of something too great for him to bear.

As he descended toward the desert he gradually drew out of the storm. Gray space, with a light shining low down to the west, confronted him. Then Cedar Tanks and night halted him. Habit was stronger than nature. Mechanically he performed the first camp tasks, then sat on a stone, peering into the mocking golden heart of the fire, then crawled like a dog under the



Take a bath in powder form

UNDER the sifter top of this blue box lies the dainty freshness of "just-out-of-the-tub." Freedom from body and perspiration odors is absolutely assured.

For Deodo is one of the most thorough deodorants ever developed—and most delightful because it is a velvety soft powder, luxurious to the skin. The second you dust it on, it neutralizes and absorbs all unpleasant odors! And it remains effective all day long!

Use it every morning! Even when you haven't a minute to spare for a bath you can be safe—just shower on Deodo. It alone is enough.

Dust it generously over your body. Rub it under your arms. Excellent in the shoes or dusted on the feet. It has a delicate scent and silky smoothness that you'll love. It won't seal pores or injure clothing. Especially effective on sanitary napkins.

At good drug and department stores. Large-size containers for only 50 cents.



Why INDIA TEA makes the best ICED TEA . . .

FIRST, the finest tea in the world is India Tea. Next, the flavor of India Tea is never affected by chilling.

Your grocer has India Tea. Ask him for a brand with the map of India on the label. The map certifies it's genuine India Tea.



Issued by
the Growers
of INDIA TEA



KILLS ants in their nests



HERE'S a method that stops ants at their source, in the nest. Thus your home is effectively and permanently protected from these annoying pests. It is called the Antrol system. The system is composed of small glass containers (enough to properly surround your home) which you partially fill with special Antrol syrup and set out according to simple directions. The ants carry the syrup from the containers to their nests and transmit it to the Queens. Soon the entire colony is destroyed. The containers are always "on guard" to prevent new invasions. See your nearest dealer about this new modern method of destroying these pests. Or write us for further information and booklet on "Pest Control".

Antrol

Gets Ants in their nests

The Antrol Laboratories, Inc.
Dept. G-7, 651 Imperial Street
Los Angeles, California

DAISY LIGHT WEIGHT LUGGAGE

Summer Travel Demands light-weight Luggage

CHIC as a Paris gown, these light-weight Daisy Bags meet the need for every trip. And each smart model is as practical as it is attractive. Daisy Bags, made of durable leather-grained materials in all smart colors, open and close with a zip of the Talon slide fastener. At all good department and luggage stores priced from \$3.50 to \$10.00.

Booklet and name of store nearest you, on request.
The DAISY PRODUCTS, Inc.
320 Fifth Avenue New York

Extra Dollars and Prizes

Banjo ukes, wrist watches, cameras—may easily be yours. To earn them in your spare time write today to

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
329 Independence Square Philadelphia, Penna.

Own Your Own Tea Room

Fortunes are being made in Tea Rooms, Cafeterias, and Coffee Shops everywhere. Open one in your own home or manage one already going. Big salaries paid to trained managers; shortage acute. We teach you entire business in your spare time, show you how to earn while you learn. Be independent. Write for Free Book, "Pouring Tea For Profit."

LEWIS TEA ROOM INSTITUTE, Dept. B0-533, Washington, D. C.

cedars, beaten and crushed. Half the night a desert wind wailed the requiem of boyish dreams; half the night he slept. And the dawn broke cold, still, gray.

Al packed and took to the road. Blackstone, Green Water, Dry Camp, Greasewood—day by day they were reached and passed. Coyote Wells, Papago Springs, Mesquite and then at last Bitter Seeps, where the seldom-trodden trail headed off the road toward Pinacate.

Bitter Seeps marked another change—the rebellion of physical nature against the havoc of grief. Al Shade lifted his head. There was a ring in his call to his burros. He faced the desert and saw it with clearing eyes. He was entering the empire of the sun. And the desert was abloom with blossoms and sweet with dry wild fragrance.

Slowly the scales of mortal strife fell from Al Shade's eyes. And there came a regurgitation of the dominance of the senses. Far, far behind lay Pine and the past.

Four days' travel brought him to the slope of Pinacate.

Next morning he climbed the black slope to the point where Jim Crawford had made his observations that fatal day long ago.

The morning was clear. The heat haze had not come to obscure the wondrous and appalling panorama. Below to the west, seemingly close, lay the blue Gulf, calm and grand, and across it loomed San Pedro del Martir, dim and purple against the sky. But it was the south that held Al Shade's gaze.

THE wild desert, like a vivid mosaic, stretched its many leagues of jagged lava and colored cacti and red stone, down to where three round hills, pale in outline, infinitely strange, appeared to mark its limits.

Only the hard bitter life of that wasteland, only the torment of its heat and thirst, the perils of its labyrinthine confines, only such loneliness and solitude and desolation and death as were manifested there could have brought an exultant, welcoming cry from Al Shade's lips. He would keep lonely vigil by Jim Crawford's grave.

He descended to camp, found and packed his burros, and with a trenchant call he drove them south.

There was peace in the desert. The pervading stillness engendered rest in him. He would have liked to dispense with spiritual consciousness, as he had with memory. But it took time for the desert to perform miracles.

At noon he halted to rest the burros in the shade of an ironwood tree on the edge of an elevation. The desert dropped away here. When he gazed out on a level he encountered sky and mushrooming thunder clouds that were rising above a distant range.

It was drowsily warm and he fell asleep, leaning against the tree. He dreamed of his old friend Jim and the spell lingered on into his awakening.

Al rubbed his eyes.

HE COULD not have slept until approach of sunset, for the sun stood at its zenith. But there appeared to be a clear, dark amber glamour over sand and bush, rock and cactus. Then he gazed straight out from the elevation.

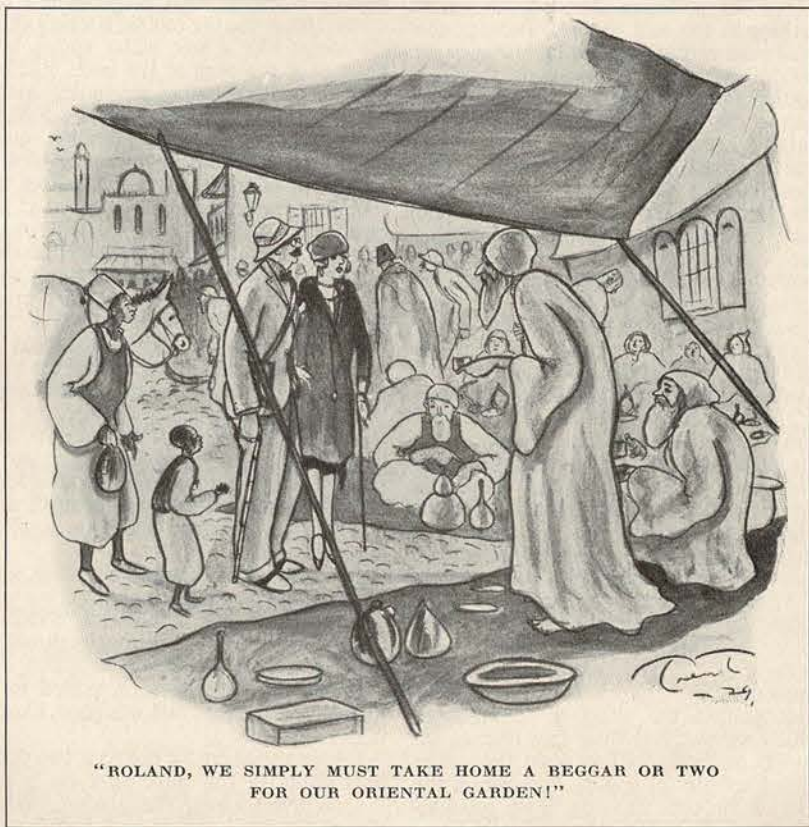
The southern sky had become transfigured by mountains of golden mushrooming clouds. They moved almost imperceptibly, rising, spreading, unfolding. Then they changed until they were no longer clouds. A sharp level line cut across the floor of this golden mass, and under it shone the clear, dark, amber desert, weird only in that it had color at noonday.

Above it glimmered a long blue ripple of gentle waves, lapping the line, overcast by golden tinge. Foliage faintly of the same hue bordered shore line far into the dim verge. And the broad water spread to the marble steps and balustrades and terraces and doors and golden walls of a magnificent city. Empty streets led upward into halls of pearl and chambers of opal and courts of porphyry, all burned through with lucent gold. A lonely city of shining amber! Tiers of walls rose one above the other, towering with a thousand pillared arches and trellises and sculptured images of lifeless gods and wingless eagles, with niche on niche, and window on window of shimmering treasure, all rising to flaming turrets that perished against the pitiless truthful sky.

A mellow drowsy hum of insects seemed to float murmuringly to Al on the dry air. The tinkle of a burro bell further emphasized the silence. Dark veils of heat, like crinkled transparent lace, rose from sand and stone.

Had he really seen the mirage or was that shining city in the clouds the mansion to which the souls of men must climb?

(THE END)



"ROLAND, WE SIMPLY MUST TAKE HOME A BEGGAR OR TWO FOR OUR ORIENTAL GARDEN!"



Don't boil away Fruit Flavors ...make your fruit "jell" this new way!

Now you can make jelly with any fruit and know that it will turn out to perfection. No long, tiresome boiling is needed. No waste of juice. No risk of failure. All the full, rich flavor of your fruit goes right into the jelly. Just add Skinner's Unflavored Fruit Pectin—and boil a few moments!

This is the modern, easy way to make either jams or jellies. The unfailing way to satisfactory results. *Guaranteed.*

Skinner's Unflavored Fruit Pectin is the jelly-forming part of fresh fruit, in convenient powdered form. Absolutely pure, white, flavorless. Get a package from your grocer today—15c. Or mail the coupon.

SKINNER'S UNFLAVORED* fruit pectin

*JELLS ANY FRUIT
Other Skinner Quality Products:
SKINNER'S Macaroni, Spaghetti, Egg Noodles
SKINNER'S Prepared Fruit Pectin
RAISIN-BRAN
CHEESRONI

SKINNER MFG. CO., Omaha, Neb. L.H.J.-7
Please send me one full-size package of Skinner's Unflavored Fruit Pectin. I enclose 20c (15c plus 5c for mailing).

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....
Your Grocer's Name.....

Instant Foot Relief

Keeps Shoes Shapely Hides Large Joints

Fischer Protector

Gives INSTANT relief to bunions and large joints. Wear in any style shoe—in your regular size—outside or under stockings. Sold for over 20 years by shoe dealers, druggists, and department stores.

Free Trial Offer: Money back if not instantly relieved. Write, giving shoe size and for which foot.

FISCHER MANUFACTURING CO.
P. O. Box 383, Dept. 17, Milwaukee, Wis.

BABY'S SKIN

is easily hurt. Many mothers protect it by bathing with no other soap than

Resinol

WEDDINGS

100 Engraved Wedding Announcements
\$10.50. 100 Imitation Engraved \$5.00. Correct styles. Engraved Calling Cards. Write for samples.

Adelphia Engraving Co., 826 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.