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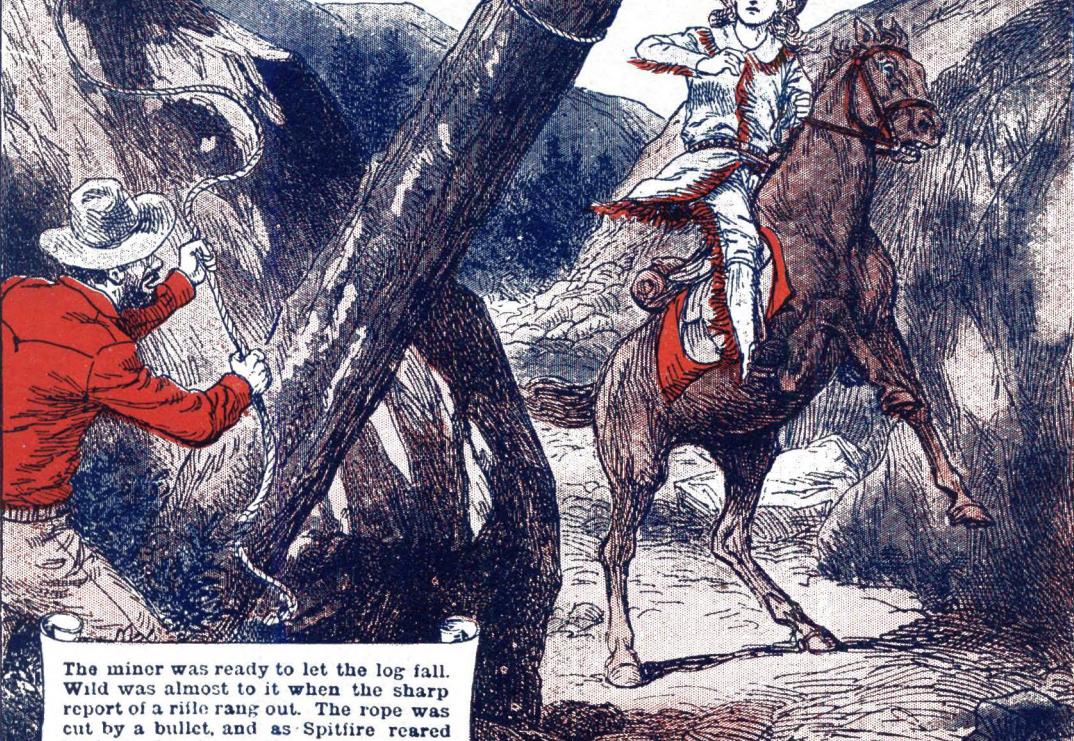
Price 8 Cents

# WILD WEST WEEKLY.

## YOUNG WILD WEST AND THE MINER'S TRAP OR ARIETTA'S GREAT SHOT

AND OTHER STORIES

By An Old Scout



The miner was ready to let the log fall. Wild was almost to it when the sharp report of a rifle rang out. The rope was cut by a bullet, and as Spitfire reared back the log dropped.



Read Page 24 for Radio News and Hints.

# WILD WEST WEEKLY

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## Young Wild West and the Miner's Trap

### OR, ARIETTA'S GREAT SHOT

By AN OLD SCOUT

#### CHAPTER I.—Hornet Harry's Plan.

One very dark night, a few years ago, when the region known as the Wild West was in a much less settled condition than at present, five men, who were unquestionably miners, were seated before a glowing camp-fire, close to the foot of a steep, rugged cliff. A tent, which no doubt had done good service in the past, but which was now dirty and ragged, was pitched near them.

The wind was rustling the leaves of the trees near at hand, and there was a dampness in the air that is not often found in the Rocky Mountains, especially at this particular spot, which was in the extreme southwestern part of Colorado, close to both New Mexico and Utah. Of course, the air grew damp when there were sure signs of rain, and that was the case as our story opens. The sky had been overcast the greater part of the afternoon, and the sun was not disclosed at all when it sank behind a distant range, marking the end of another day.

There was nothing at all peculiar about the five men mentioned. They were rough-looking fellows, to be sure, and probably none of them took a great deal of stock in soap and water. Their hair and beards were unkempt and their clothing was torn in places. But they were surely men of the determined stamp, as their conversation proved.

"I tell you, boy, we mustn't allow 'em to stay here," one of them, who seemed to be the leader, said, as he brought his clenched fist upon his knee to emphasize his words. "I've heard enough about Young Wild West and his pals to know that they ain't no good for such people as us. We don't want no reformin' done in Hungry Holler. It ain't much of a camp, of course, but it are good enough for us. It's a case of every man for himself here, an' no interference from outsiders. If we ain't lucky enough to find any just an' nuggets by diggin' an' washin' for it, we kin steal it from others what has been more cky. That's the way we've been runnin' things er since we've been in these parts."

"Of course, it ain't very nice for the poor checkers what gits cleaned out. But what's the idz? We was the first five men to strike

Hungry Holler, an' we give it the name, 'cause we was all mighty hungry when we hit here. We're s'posed to have the best claims in the holler, too, but you know as well as I do that things ain't pannin' out like they oughter. There's strangers comin' here all the time hopin' to strike it rich in a hurry. I hope some of 'em do, an' that they'll stay here long enough to give us a chance to git hold of some of the dust they dig out.

"But right on the back of all this along comes Young Wild West an' his pals, an', as I said afore, they ain't here for no good purpose. The minute that kid who's got the name of bein' the Champion Deadshot of the West hears that there's stealin' bein' done, an' that a stranger stands almost no show in these parts, he'll be tryin' to straighten things out. You know what that means, I s'pose. We're suspected of bein' thieves an' about everything else that's bad by some of them what makes out they're honest in the holler. We'll be called to account by a young galoot who's nothin' more than a boy.

"But he's a dangerous one, pard, an' that's why I wanted you to come over here by my tent an' have a talk about it. I know I kin depend on every man of you to stick to me, no matter what happens. We've been dividin' the gold-dust an' nuggets we've got ever since we got good an' acquainted. We didn't have much to divile till we struck Hungry Holler, though, an' for that matter neither of us has got much of a pile now. There's too much goin' on at Slicer Bill's liquor shack to let a man save much money. If it wasn't that Bill was good to us in keepin' us posted about the strangers what come in I would be for payin' him for everything we git. But Slicer Bill's all right, boys. He stands in with us, an' we must keep things goin' the way they have been, Young Wild West or no Young Wild West."

Having delivered himself of this rather lengthy speech, Hornet Harry, as he chose to call himself, again struck his knee with his clenched fist and then looked at his four companions as though trying to figure out what result his remarks had upon them.

"I don't know as we oughter be afraid of a kid, Harry," one of them said, as he knocked the

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ashes from the pipe he was smoking. "Even if he is a deadshot, an' all that, it don't say that he kin come here an' interfere with us. I didn't see none of 'em, but you say you was over to Slicer Bill's when they rode into camp jest afore dark. I believe you said that there was a man an' a boy with the kid, an' that there was a good-lookin' young woman an' two more pretty gals, too."

"Yes, an' two Chinamen," spoke up one of the others. "I seen 'em, too. I was right close by when Young Wild West, as he said his name was, asked Slicer Bill if there would be any objections to his party pitchin' their tents somewhere close around."

"I was closer than you was to 'em," the leader spoke up, half rising to his feet, "an' I know all about it. You said you never heard tell of any such a person as Young Wild West afore. But I've heard of him lots of times, an' what I said a little while ago comes putty straight. I reckon my information is worth somethin', too."

"Of course it is. I ain't sayin' nothin' about that, Harry."

"It seems rather funny to me," the man who had spoken before said, with a shake of his head, "that two boys an' a man could reform minin' camps an' clean up outlaw gangs an' sich. How do they do it?"

"They kin all shoot as straight as a die an' as quick as lightnin'" Hornet Harry declared. "An' Young Wild West has got nerve enough for any ten men you ever heard of. He ain't afraid of nothin', an' would jest as leave tackle the whole gang of us single-handed as he would to go huntin' for a buck. I tell yer, there ain't no mistake about it. We've got to git rid of them people, or else we'll be drove out of Hungry Holler. I know what I'm talkin' about, 'cause I've heard of sich things bein' done by Young Wild West afore."

There was a short silence then, and just as the leader was about to say something further, drops of rain were felt by the men.

"She's startin' up, boys," he said, changing the subject. "We're goin' to have a wet night of it. It's comin' good an' hard putty soon, too. Hear the pines rustlin' up there on the side of the hill. Guess we better get into the tent."

The leader of the gang of miners was not long in lighting a lantern, and then they sat down upon the skins and blankets that lay upon the ground inside the tent and were ready to talk matters over again.

"Boys, I've got a plan," observed the leader, as he prepared to take a chew of tobacco.

"How about that liquor, Harry?" Razor Jim spoke up. "You ain't forgot about it, have yer?"

"No, I ain't forgot about it. I'spose we may as well have a little. But I've got a plan, as I said. The plan is to notify this kid what's sich a dangerous customer that he had better leave Hungry Holler the first thing in the mornin'. If he don't happen to go we'll either make him leave or else fix him an' his pards so they'll be fit to be planted ri'ht away. We'll——"

"Hold on, Harry!"

It was Shifty Pete who spoke just then.

"Pshaw!" exclaimed the leader, acting as though he was disgusted. "You're wantin' some of the whisky, too, are yer?"

"You shouldn't have told us about it if you

didn't intended to give us a taste. Jest let me know there's whisky around on a night like this an' I ain't never satisfied till I git a taste of it."

"All right, then. I'll fix yer up right away."

Then Hornet Harry quickly produced a half-gallon jug. He could only find two tin cups, but they were quite enough to answer the purpose, since the men seemed quite willing to take turns. When all had been supplied with a drink from the jug the owner put the stopper securely in it and placed it where he had taken it from.

"Now, then," he observed, "I'll go ahead where I left off. I was sayin' that after we'd give Young Wild West notice to quite the camp the first thing in the mornin' we'd be ready to make him leave or die, wasn't I?"

"That's jest what you was sayin'." Humpy Jake, was so called because there was a slight projection between his two shoulders and his neck also very short, spoke up.

"But afore we do this," went on Hornet Harry, "we've got to spread it around among the men in the camp that Young Wild West an' his pards has come here jest for the purpose of trivin' to run things their own way. Slicer Bill ain't got no Government license to sell liquor, an' as Joe Lamb has got to go putty close to Bill's place on his way back, he had better put a flea in his ear an' tell him that they're after him. I think that will be enough to start the thing goin' right. I'll jest fix up a placard an' take it over an' tack it to a tree right near where the kid an' his friends is now. They'll see it the first thing in the mornin', of course, an' then if they know when they're well off they'll git out of Hungry Holler as quick as they kin."

"I don't know as any one could think of a better way to do it," said Shifty Pete, nodding to the others and acting as though he thought the plan would be sure to work. "But," he added, shaking his head, "how do we know for a fact that this kid an' his pards is goin' to interfere with us?"

"We don't know for a fact, Pete," the leader said, rather sharply. "But I've jest told you about enough to make you think for sure that he'll sartinly do it. You know as well as I do that there's as many as half a dozen miners workin' right here in the Holler that's been cleaned out by us. They're afraid to say anything, an' they don't even dare to accuse us of stealin'. But ain't it likely that as soon as they find what kind of a kid Young Wild West is that they'll tell him about it?"

"They sartinly will," Humpy Jake declared. "You're dead right in everything you say, Harry."

"Of course I am. Now, then, my plan is to fix things so Young Wild West won't hear nothin' about what's been goin' on here. If he gits notice to quit the camp the first thing in the mornin', most likely he'll do it, 'cause he's got gals with him, an' he sartinly wouldn't stay an' put up a fight, fearing that they might get hurt."

The rain was now coming down quite hard, and as the five villains were talking it began streaming through the holes in the tent. But by shifting their positions a little and getting back close to the cliff, which abutted the tent, they escaped a great deal of it.

"Let's have another drink," one of them suggested.

The leader good-naturedly nodded assent and got out the jug again. Just as he was about to pour some of the contents in the two cups that were held by ready hands, hurried footsteps were heard outside. Then came a cry for help in a shrill, treble voice.

"Great snakes!" exclaimed Hornet Harry, quickly putting down the jug and running out of the tent. "What's up now?"

The fire was still burning, though the rain was fast extinguishing it. But there was sufficient light for him to see a short distance. As he tried to piece the inky gloom with his eyes the form of a Chinaman suddenly appeared, running as though for his life.

"Hip hi!" he shouted, when he saw the man in front of the tent. "Um bad Melican man wantee killee me. Helpie! helpie!"

"It's a heathen Chinee, boys, an' some one is after him!" Hornet Harry exclaimed, as the others came out to see what was going on.

Straight for the tent the Chinaman ran, and reaching it he stopped and then looked back over his shoulder in a frightened way. In his hand was a big, old-fashioned revolver, and as if he thought it was now time for him to put up a fight, he raised it and waited, while the five villainous miners looked on in surprise. It was not long that they had to wait, for presently a man came in view.

"That Chinaman is my meat, boys!" he called out. "He was settin' in a game of draw poker with me, an' he cheated. I want my money."

"You wantee stealee my money," the Chinaman declared, and then, as quick as a flash, he turned the pistol toward the man and pulled the trigger.

Bang! a deafening report sounded, and from the barrel of the weapon a streak of red fire shot. The five miners drew back in alarm, and then the Chinaman quickly dashed into the tent.

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## CHAPTER II.—Young Wild West At Hungry Hollow.

Young Wild West, with the partners and girls who traveled with him on his quests for excitement and adventure throughout the wildest parts of the West, had arrived at Hungry Hollow late in the afternoon, so what Hornet Harry had said in that respect was certainly correct.

The dashing boy hero who had made himself famous from his daring exploits and wonderful accuracy in shooting with either a rifle or revolver had come to the little mining camp by accident. His two partners, Cheyenne Charlie, an ex-government scout, and Jim Dart, a Wyoming boy, were a great deal like him in his desire to hunt up excitement and do a good turn for those needing it whenever the opportunity afforded. The girls with the party were our hero's golden-haired sweetheart, Arietta Murdock; Anna, the wife of Cheyenne Charlie, and Eloise Gardner, Jim Dart's sweetheart. The two Chinamen who traveled with them in the capacity of servants were brothers, named Hop Wah and Wing Wah. The former was kept in their employ more because he was a born entertainer and was an exception to his race. Hop was really a very clever magician, and as full of fun as he could be. So

many times have Young Wild West and those making up his party been described that it is not necessary to go into any further details concerning them. Suffice it to say that the young deadshot and his two partners had struck it rich when Wild, as he was called, was scarcely sixteen years of age, and since that time they had been able to go where they pleased and they had been putting in their time riding by horseback all over the vast section known as the Wild West. As has been stated, they had struck the little mining camp by accident, and knowing it was going to rain, they lost no time in putting up the two tents. As a matter of courtesy to the proprietor of the hotel, our hero had asked permission to camp in the vicinity. If the man had refused to give permission he would have stopped there, anyhow, for that was his way. But Slicer Bill, the proprietor of the shack that was called a hotel, had readily assured them that they were welcome to stop where they pleased. The camp had been quickly got into shape, and some little time before darkness set in supper was cooked and eaten. As soon as he had finished eating, Hop Wah, who was generally known as Young Wild West's clever Chinee, came to the young deadshot and said:

"Misler Wild, me like takee lillie walkee, so be."

"All right, go ahead. I reckon there are plenty of chances to walk around here. I suppose you are tired from being in the saddle all day, and you feel like taking a ten-mile walk."

"Me no wantee go lat far, Misler Wild," and there was a twinkle in the Celestial's eyes as he said it.

"He jest wants to go over to the whisky mill, Wild," Cheyenne Charlie, the scout, spoke up, as he came over and looked at the Chinaman in a sneering sort of way. "Why don't he come out an' say what he wants? He couldn't go more than a day without a drink of tanglefoot, an' he knows it."

"You velly muchee mistakee, Misler Charlie," Hop retorted, blandly. "Me velly goodee Chinee. Me no gittee dlunk."

"You had better not git drunk to-night, anyhow. Wild said a little while ago that if it was clear in the mornin' we was goin' to strike out, 'cause it sorter struck him that there wasn't much around here to bother with."

"Allee light, Misler Charlie," and then without saying anything further the clever Chinee turned and headed straight for the shanty hotel. So far our friends had not talked with any of the miners. As near as they could judge there could not be more than forty or fifty men in the entire camp. As far as women and children were concerned, there were none.

It was simply a spot where some prospectors had found gold, and others had been drawn there to try their luck.

Wild and Cheyenne Charlie were standing a little way from the campfire, and they now turned and saw the girls busy putting the finishing touches to the smaller of the two tents which they occupied as a sleeping-quarters.

"What are you doing, Et?" the young deadshot asked his sweetheart, as he saw her carrying an armful of boughs that had been cut from a fir tree by Jim Dart.

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"Jim thinks it might rain pretty hard, and that the dampness would make it unpleasant for sleeping," Arietta answered. "We are going to raise it up a little bit under the tent. I think it would be advisable for you to do the same in your tent."

"Oh, I don't know about that, little girl. The ground is pretty high here, and if it should rain pretty hard the water wouldn't reach us."

"Well, we are going to do as Jim said, anyhow."

"Suit yourselves about that, then. Do you want any help?"

"No; Jim has cut all the boughs we want."

The scout's wife and Eloise came along just then, each carrying an armful of the boughs. Then the three girls removed the blankets they had stretched under the tent and arranged things to their full satisfaction, while Young Wild West and Cheyenne Charlie took seats on a rock near the glowing fire. It was growing dark now, and they all knew that in a few minutes the camp would be shrouded in gloom, for the clouds were so heavy that there was no chance of the stars showing. Rain might come at any minute, for every sign indicated it. Just as the girls got through with their preparations for the night and came and took seats by Young Wild West and the scout, Jim Dart, who had gone to look at the horses and see if they were all right, came back and said:

"There's a man coming up this way, and he seems to be a little bit timid about it."

"Tell him he needn't be afraid, and to come right along," Young Wild West answered, quickly.

As Jim turned and walked back a few steps a miner approached through the gathering darkness and called out:

"Hello, strangers! I hope I ain't intrudin'?"

"Not at all," Dart answered. "Come right along."

"I heard who it was camped here, an' I made up my mind to make a call on ver. But I'm one of the kind of men what don't like to shove himself in, especially when there's ladies around."

Even though the man spoke in a rough fashion, the tone of his voice was somewhat pleasant, and to judge from it he was a pretty good sort of fellow. Jim waited for him, and then conducted him to the fire.

"How do you do?" the miner said, as he tipped his hat, and then acted rather nervous.

"We are doing pretty well just now," Young Wild West answered, as he arose to his feet. "I suppose you belong in Hungry Hollow?"

"Yes, I've been here for about six weeks now, an' I'm beginnin' to wish that I didn't belong here. Gold-dust don't pan out much, an' I'm thinkin' of makin' for some other location. But are you Young Wild West?"

"That's just who I am, my friend."

"I'm awful glad to meet you, then. My name is Jack Sullivan—Happy Jack they call me, 'cause I'm one of the sort of fellers what never looks on the dark side of things. So long as I kin git what grub I want to eat, an' my share of a little tanglefoot occasionally, I'm putty well satisfied. But things is goin' mighty bad here jest now. I had about three hundred dollars' worth of gold-dust in a leather bag hid in my shanty, but some thief got in ther the night afore last an' took

it. I ain't been able to find out jest who done it, though I've got my suspicions."

"There are thieves in Hungry Hollow, then?"

"Thieves, eh? I should reckon so. There's all kinds of people here, from the best to the worst, I s'pose. I don't call myself one of the best, but I do know that there's as many as eight or ten good honest men here, an' that they would go their whole length to do a good turn for any one what was deservin' of it."

"How many miners are living here, anyhow?"

"About forty-five, or somethin' like that. I reckon."

"And you say there are perhaps eight or ten of them who are strictly honest?"

"Yes, that's about the size of it."

"The rest are rascals, then?"

"Well, I don't want to say that. Most of 'em is what you might call indifferent. But there's a few what's got the name of bein' mighty bad."

"And you think it's some of the latter who stole your bag of gold-dust?"

"Yes, I can't help thinkin' that way, though I ain't got no proof of it."

"I suppose you're hard up for money just now, then."

"I am for a fact.. But I'll pull through. I've got friends enough to help me along. I didn't come over here for anything like that, Young Wild West, so don't go to offerin' me anything. If you do I won't take it. I would go right straight back. I heard 'em talkin' over at Slicer Bill's about you folks, an' as I had heard tell of you afore I made up my mind I was comin' over here an' have a talk with ver."

"All right, Mr. Sullivan, take a seat."

"Don't call me Mr. Sullivan. Happy Jack is my name, an' that's good enough for me," was the reply, as the miner kicked a stone over with his foot so it would form a seat, and then sat upon it.

Wild thought it advisable to introduce him to the rest of the party, and when he had done so Happy Jack became more at his ease, and soon he was talking away at a great rate. He told them all about himself, how he had been gold-hunting for years, and of his ups and downs, until finally he had drifted to Hungry Hollow, only to find that there was nothing there for him.

"But I'm goin' to stick it out," he declared, as he drew his story to an end. "If I take care of myself an' nothin' happens to me, I've got a few years to live yet. Maybe the time will come when I'll be able to go back to the old home in Iowa, rich. I've heard from there quite often durin' the years I've been away. Mother is dead, an' so is father, but I've got brothers an' sisters there, an' most likely they would be glad to see me if I was to come back loaded down with gold."

"But you'll never be able to do that if what little you wash out is stolen from you," our hero said, a smile on his face.

"No, that's right. But there was only about three hundred dollars' worth, as I said, an' if I kin run into a streak of good luck for a few days I'll make up for it."

"Yes, but you would like to get back what was stolen from you, wouldn't you?"

"I sartinly would. But how am I goin' to do it?"

"I think we can help you. We always like to

render an honest man a service. You see, it is a sort of second nature to us to get after thieves and such fellows. You just tell us who you think the man are who robbed you and we'll try and make them return the gold-dust to you."

"Well," and the miner hesitated for a moment, "there's Hornet Harry an' his gang what's most likely stole my gold-dust."

"Hornet Harry, eh? That's quite a name."

"Yes, he calls himself Hornet Harry, an' when he sits a little too much but-juice in him he gits on his high horse an' vells it out to every one that he's a regular hornet, an' that any one what feels his sting won't live more than a few seconds."

"A bad man, eh? Pretty good on the shoot, too, I suppose?"

"Yes, an' mighty quick."

"How many has he in his gang?"

"Well, there's four what sticks to him, an' I s'pose you could call them his gang. Most everybody here is afraid of Hornet Harry, too, an' I s'pose if it was to come to a showdown about two-thirds of the miners would take his side."

It began to rain just then, and all hands arose to their feet, while the girls quickly sought their tent.

"I reckon I'll go on back to my shanty," Happy Jack said. "It's goin' to come down putty lively in a few minutes. Not that I'm afraid of gittin' wet, but I don't want to bother you folks any more."

"You are not bothering us any," the young deadshot assured him. "But if you'll stop at the hotel, as the sign says it is, we'll go over by and by and have a further talk with you. Then perhaps you can point out the fellows you think are guilty of stealing your gold-dust."

"All right. That's where I'm goin' to stop. There ain't no other place to hang around, an' a feller's got to be somethin' to keep himself amused. It's work all day an' sleep at night, an' if there wasn't somethin' lively in between I don't know what we would all do in a place like this."

Then he took his departure, and went away at a quick walk, until he had disappeared in the darkness. The rain kept falling fast, and Young Wild West and his partners took to the shelter of the larger of the two tents, which was quite waterproof. When they had waited there some little time, Cheyenne Charlie became very anxious to go to the shanty hotel and see how Hop was making out. They had rubber coats and blankets, and when Charlie made ready to go out into the rain the young deadshot followed his example.

"I'll stay here and keep a watch until you come back," Jim Dart said. "The girls, especial-ly Eloise, will feel more comfortable if I do."

But this was a habit of Jim's anyhow.

Wild and the scout walked rapidly toward the shanty hotel. But they had not gone more than a few yards when they heard shouting there, and then the sounds of hurried footsteps. Several men came rushing out, and, thinking that something was wrong, our two friends quickly ran to the spot. Slicer Bill was standing in the doorway and, stepping up to him, Wild said:

"What's the trouble here, boss?"

"One of them heathens what come here with you has cleaned out Slick Bill, the card-shard."

an' Bill's chasin' him, swearin' that he's goin' to have his monev back or kill the heathen," was the quick reply.

"I told yer Hop would git into trouble, Wild!" the scout exclaimed. "I reckon we've got to git him out of it."

"He run up that way," a miner spoke up, as he pointed toward a slope that was almost directly opposite to where the camp of our friends was located. "Slick Bill is after him like a shot, too, an' he means business."

"Come on, Charlie!" the young deadshot said, and then the two started through the darkness on a run.

### CHAPTER III.—The Placard.

It happened that Hornet Harry's tent was not more than a couple of hundred yards from the shanty hotel. But it was located at the foot of the cliffs above, and the path that led to it was rough and rocky. In the darkness, Young Wild West and Cheyenne Charlie were at a little disadvantage. But they could hear footsteps ahead of them, so they kept right on, and just as they reached a level spot and could see the smoldering fire that was before the tent, a loud report sounded and they saw a streak of red-fire shoot through the darkness.

"It's a wonder he never thought of doin' that afore, Wild," the scout said, as the two paused for a moment. The card-sharp must mean business, or he wouldn't chase him out in the rain. But there's a tent there. Most likely the blamed heathen got turned around an' thought he was runnin' for our camp. Hello! There's four or five men standin' there."

"That's right, Charlie, and there's the fellow who was chasing Hop, too. Hello! there goes Hop right into the tent!"

The two lost no time about it, and in a few seconds they reached the scene. Hornet Harry and his gang were standing in the rain, talking with the gambler who had chased the Chinaman there. But when the two newcomers arrived the conversation ceased instantly and all eyes were turned upon them.

"My friend," said our hero, in his cool and easy way, as he stepped over and touched Slick Bill on the arm, "I reckon you needn't bother about chasing the Chinaman any further. If he has cheated you at cards I'll see to it that he gives you your money back."

"All right," was the quick reply. "That's jest what I want. But I want every one to know that if I ketch anybody skinnin' when I'm plavin' draw poker with 'em they've got to give me back my monev or die. I know who you are, young feller, 'cause I seen yer when you struck the camp afore dark. You're Young Wild West, the Champion Deadshot, an' I don't want no trouble with you. That heathen was with ver."

"Whattee mattee, Misler Wild?" called out a voice from the tent, and then Hop stepped out, smiling blandly and still holding the big revolver in his hand.

"I reckon you know what the matter is better than I do," the young deadshot retorted. "Just give this man the monev that belongs to him."

"Misler Wild," Hop said, earnestly, as he came forward. "lis man velly muchee cheatee. Me see

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how he cheatee; len me gittee four lille aces and winnee um biggee not. Me no wantee givee um money back, so be."

"Never mind about that. I don't doubt in the least that he was cheating you. But give him his money."

"What's that you say?" the gambler spoke up, sharply. "You don't doubt in the least that I was cheatin'?" "What do you mean by that?"

"Just what I said, Slick Bill."

"You know my name, eh?"

"Yes, I heard it mentioned just after you started after our Chinaman."

The gambler hesitated for a moment, and then, shaking his head, turned to the five villains who were standing in silence.

"Hornet Harry, did you ever know me to cheat in a game of cards?"

"No, I didn't," was the quick reply.

Young Wild West gave a start as he heard the man's name called.

"So you're Hornet Harry, are you?" he asked, looking at him sharply.

"Yes, that's who I am. You're Young Wild West, ain't ver?"

"Exactly."

"All right. I'm glad to know ver."

"I'm glad to know you, too. But since it is raining so hard I reckon we'll go back. Probably I'll see you later, Hornet Harry."

"Most likely you'll either see me or hear from me between now an' daylight," was the meaning reply.

"Ah! is that so? All right, I'll be on the lookout for you, then."

The clever Chinee did not need to be told again, but he quickly counted out some money and handed it to Slick Bill, who immediately counted it and then turned down the slope. Wild and Charlie went along with him, and Hop followed on behind. Instead of being angry at what the boy had said, Slick Bill talked rather pleasantly as they hurried down the rocky path.

"It ain't no more than right for you to stick up for your Chinee, Young Wild West," he said finally, just as they were nearing the shanty. "Most likely you thought he told the truth when he said I cheated."

"I certainly do think he told the truth."

"Then I'm a cheat?"

"See here, Slick Bill, you are not looking for trouble, are you?"

"No, I ain't, but I don't like to be called a cheat."

"Don't you make a living by gambling?"

"What if I do? That don't say I cheat, does it?"

"It certainly does. No man ever made a living by gambling who didn't cheat. It would be impossible to do it."

"Oh, if you're lookin' at it that way I don't suppose there's any use of me sayin' anything more."

"There is no use whatever." Wild now hurried into the big barroom of the shanty. Taking off his rubber coat, he hung it on a nail which seemed to be there for the purpose, and then quickly glanced over the assemblage. The miners looked to be about the same as are usually found at such places, so he quickly let his eyes rest upon Happy Jack Sullivan, who was standing at the little bar, expectantly, and said:

"Well, we got here after a while. I am glad we were in time to save the life of our Chinaman."

"So am I," the good-natured miner answered.

"But the heathen would sartinly have given him the money back afore he would let anything like that happen."

"I didn't mean to shoot him, anyhow," the card-sharp spoke up. "But you all seen him cheatin', didn't ver?"

"I didn't." Happy Jack retorted. "All's I seen was that he had four aces ag'in the four kings you held. You said he cheated to git 'em."

"That's the way it was," a man sitting at a table spoke up. "No one seen the heathen cheatin', but it sartinly looked that way."

"It was quite enough to satisfy me," Slick declared, shrugging his shoulders. "But it's all right now. I've got my money back. Jest to show you all that I ain't got no grudge against the heathen, I'll treat him. Come on, Hop Wah, which you said your name was. Have a little drink."

"Allee light, Misler Slick," the Chinaman answered, a bland smile on his face. "You velly nicee Melican man. You play dlaw pokée velly gleat. Me play dlaw pokée pletty well, too, so be."

"I reckon you do, but you ain't goin' to play no more with me, so don't think you are."

"Allee light. Me shakee dicee, len."

"I'll do that. But wait till you have a drink with me, first."

It was the same old thing now.

The interior of the shanty was just about the same as they found at every mining camp they stopped at, and Young Wild West and Cheevine Charlie merely took their places near the little bar and watched the crowd as it surged forward to witness the dice throwing. Our hero had sized up those present pretty well, and his conclusion was that there were not very many of the villainous sort there. There might be one or two who would steal if they got the chance, but the rest seemed to be miners of the honest sort. The boy knew where the gang Happy Jack had spoken of were at the time, so he satisfied himself that the five at the camp on the hill were the most to be feared, and that they had no doubt stolen the miner's gold-dust.

"Happy Jack," the boy said, smilingly, "I reckon we'll manage to get back what was stolen from you before tomorrow night."

As the boy said this all eyes were turned upon him.

"It happened that our Chinaman ran right to a tent on the hill," Wild went on, in his cool and easy way. "There were five men there at the time. One of them, I believe, is called Hornet Harry. A pretty fine sort of man he is, I reckon."

The miners looked more surprised than ever, while Happy Jack became a trifle uneasy.

"He said he was glad to see me," Wild continued, "and told me that I would either meet him again or hear from him by to-morrow morning. I wonder what he meant by that? Does any one know?"

No one seemed to know, for no answer came.

"Never mind what he meant," the boy said, laughingly. "But it will be all right to-morrow. Happy Jack. You'll get your gold-dust then."

We are not going away from here until we clean up the thieves."

He now turned his attention to Hop, who was preparing to shake dice with the gambler.

"Hop," said he, rather sternly, "if you happen to win money from this man he'll accuse you of cheating. I now tell you that if you do win you must give it back to him. He is a hard loser, and even though he admits that he makes his living by gambling, there isn't much of the sport about him."

"Don't say that, Young Wild West," Slick Bill spoke up in an injured tone of voice. "If he beats me chuckin' the dice he's welcome to what he wins. I'll watch him an' see that he don't cheat." Our hero knew quite well that Hop Wali always carried trick dice with him. He carried lots of other things, too, but whenever he got the opportunity he would work in the dice, which were exactly like those in general use, as far as size and shape went. It was the spots upon them that made the difference. Instead of them ranging from one to six, there were but fives and sixes, so that no matter how the dice rolled a five or six was bound to be up. In counting, nothing less than five would be upon each of the dice, making it impossible to throw less than fifteen, while with the regular kind as low as three could be thrown. Of course, this game could not be worked very long, for some one would be bound to notice it. No doubt Slick Bill was quite a shrewd sort of fellow, or he would not be engaged in the profession he was following.

"What's it goin' to be for, heathen?" he asked, as he rattled the dice in the cup the proprietor had handed over to him.

"You makee thlow and me bettee ten dollee me beatee you."

"You will, eh? All right, it's a go." Then Slick gave the dice an extra rattle and rolled them out upon the level board that covered the top of the bar.

"Sixteen!" he exclaimed, triumphantly. "There, you beat that an' you're welcome to my ten dollars. If you don't beat it I'll sartinly take yours." It was a very high throw, and Hop knew that he had but two chances to beat it. However, he quickly decided not to try this time, but to let the man win his money. Then he used the regular dice and rolled out but nine.

"Hand over the ten dollars, heathen," the gambler called out, with a laugh. "Chuckin' dice is a square game, an' I reckon I stand as much show as you do."

"Allee light," was the reply, and Hop promptly drew a roll of bills from somewhere on his person and gave him ten dollars.

"You tly some more?" he said. "Me bettee you twenty dollee lis timee lat me beatee you."

"It's a go," said Hop, and he gathered up the dice and began rattling them in the box. He seemed to be pretty lucky at throwing, for this time out they came, showing fourteen. Hop shook his head as though he had his doubts about it, but he really did not, for this was the time he meant to work in the trick dice. He had them in his left hand, all ready, and as he reached over and picked up the others he quickly made the change.

"It's twenty dollars this time, heathen," Slick

said, as though he was afraid the Chinaman might back down.

"Allee light. Me makee fifty dollee if you winee."

"You will! Put up your money so there won't be no dispute about it. I'll take the bet." Hop gave a nod and soon counted out the required amount. Then Hop rolled out the dice and three fives came up.

"Fifteen, as I live!" exclaimed Slick Bill, the proprietor. "He's got you this time, Slick."

"It seems so," was the reply. "Well, it's only luck, anyhow, so I ain't goin' to kick." Hop picked up the money and stuffed it in his pocket.

"You wantee thlow dicee some more?" he queried.

"Yes, I'll bet you fifty dollars I kin beat your throw. Go ahead."

"Puttee uppee you money."

"Oh, I'll do it all right. Put up yours." The money was soon up, and then Hop, using the trick dice, rolled out seventeen.

"Lat velly goodee thlow, so be," he said. The gambler uttered a cry of amazement, and then, shaking his head, said:

"There ain't much use in me tryin' to beat it, 'cause I've got ten chuck out three sixes to do it, but I s'pose I can try." Hop reached out as though to push the dice over to him, but knocked one of them upon the floor. Then he got the other two and quickly picked up the one on the floor, managing while doing so to make the exchange, so the regular dice could be used by the gambler. It had not been that Hop was a clever sleight-of-hand performer he could hardly have done this. But such things were really easy for him. Slick succeeded in throwing twelve, but that was not quite enough, and, with a sigh, he shook his head and exclaimed:

"That settles it. You have won ninety dollars from me. I reckon I'll quit."

"You shouldn't have begun throwing dice with the Chinaman," Wild spoke up, as he smiled at the victim.

"There wasn't no cheatin' in this dice game, was there, Young Wild West?" Slick asked, showing no little surprise.

"I think there was, so Hop will give you back your ninety dollars. Turn it over to him, Hop."

"Allee light, Misler Wild," and the Chinaman gave a nod, just as though he had expected to do it, anyhow, and quickly produced the required amount, pushing it to the astonished gambler.

"Well, I swan!" exclaimed the proprietor. "I can't see where there's any cheatin' there."

"Well, there was a whole lot of cheating, just the same," our hero said. "But I am not going to tell you how it was. I hardly think it is necessary for me to advise any of you not to gamble with the Chinaman. You should know enough for that without being told. I will say that no matter what sort of game you try he'll get the best of you, and if you stick to him long enough he'll take every dollar you have." The clever Chinee shook his head, sadly.

"Misler Wild," he said, "me goodee Chinee. Me no cheatee."

"That will do, Hop. Don't say any more about it." Hop was about to say something more in spite of what the boy said, but just then in came two men who seemed to be pretty well soaked

## YOUNG WILD WEST AND THE MINER'S TRAP

from the rain. One of them was Hornet, and the other the fellow called Razor Jim.

"A mighty wet night, boys," the leader of the rascally gang of minors called out. "I wouldn't have come down the hill if I didn't have a little business to attend to. I thought I might have to go a little further than Slicer Bill's, but I see now that I ain't." Then he took from under his coat a placard that was about twelve inches and, stepping over to the wall, quickly fastened it to a nail. Having done this he stepped toward the bar, while all eyes were turned upon the placard to see what it read.

"Young Wild West is warned to get away from Hungry Hollow the first thing to-morrow morning, or something will happen to him." That was all there was to it.

### CHAPTER IV.—A Double Ultimatum.

Young Wild West and Cheyenne Charlie had read the placard as quickly as any one in the room. But neither of them said a word, and watched the expression that came upon the faces of the miners, as well as keeping an eye upon the two villains who had just entered. Hornet Harry stood near the bar, looking about him in a triumphant sort of way for the space of a few seconds, and then, turning, he brought his fist heavily upon the bar and exclaimed:

"A little liquor, Slicer. Me an' Razor Jim is goin' to drink." When he had poured out his drink the leader of the gang pointed to the placard and then, addressing no one in particular, said:

"What do you think of it, boys? I heard tell that this camp was to be reformed, so I thought it a good idea to invite the reformer to git out as soon as possible. Then we won't be fillin' up our little cemetery so fast. I ain't in the humor to shoot everybody what comes along, especially when they're nothin' but boys. Reform might be all right in some places, but in Hungry Holler it won't go." Wild was as cool as ever, and stepping over to the miner, he said:

"Who told you any one had come here to reform this here camp, you measly coyote?"

"What are you talkin' about?" came the angry retort, and Hornet Harry quickly reached for his gun.

"You take your hand away from that piece of hardware or I'll chuck you outdoors in the rain!" the scout cried, for his blood was now up and he stood ready to make good his threat.

"Hold on a minute, Charlie!" our hero said, as he coolly stepped over to them. "I reckon I'm the one that Hornet Harry is after. Just let me take care of him. You can look after his pard, if you like, and if any more of his men happen to come in you can look after them, too." Hornet Harry did not seem to be a bit frightened. Instead, he gave a nod as though things were going just about the way he wanted them to. He had not taken his hand away from his gun, but Wild did not seem to notice it, or if he did he did not care.

"You just said that some one had come here to reform the camp, and that is why you put up that placard, I believe," the young deadshot exclaimed.

"That's jest what I said, kid."

"My partner asked you who told you that any one had come here to reform the camp. You haven't answered that question."

"I don't know as I've got to answer it, either," and the villain made a move as though to pull the gun from the holster. Still Wild did not seem to notice the movement, but he was so close to the man that he could easily grab him and prevent his shooting.

"You don't have to answer, eh? Well, all right. We'll let you have it that way, but I am going to tell you and every one here that I didn't come here to reform the camp. Neither did any of my companions. We struck a trail and followed it until we got here, and didn't even know the name of the camp. Just why you have got it in your head that we were after you and your gang I don't understand. But since you have got it that way, I'll tell you right now that we are after you, and we'll get you all before sunset to-morrow, too. Now then, Hornet Harry, go ahead with your game. You have got your hand on your gun. Let me see you pull it from the holster." The villain had not expected anything like this, but he was not what might be called a coward. Far from it, in fact. Challenged to go ahead, he prepared to do so. He took one backward step, as though to get out of reach of the boy.

As quick as a flash, Wild sprang upon him and gripping his wrist so he could not shoot, he struck him in the face with his right fist. If it had not been that Wild was holding him the villain might have gone to the floor. But the boy did not intend to let him have a chance to shoot, so he held fast to his wrist. But he gave it a sharp wrench, and with a yell of pain Hornet Harry let the weapon drop to the floor. Another twist, and he went back against the bar with force enough to almost upset it. Wild coolly picked up the gun and was standing before him in a twinkling.

"Hornet Harry," he said, in his cool and easy way, "since you have started things going I may as well keep them going. I have reason to believe that you stole a bag of gold-dust from one of the miners, who is in this room now. I have promised him to get it back, and I mean to do so. Now, then, the best thing you can do is to tell where it is, and when you have done so, get together all that belongs to you and hit the trail for some other parts. You had better take the four men who make up your gang with you, too, for from what I can understand none of you are wanted here any longer." Razor Jim had not made a move, for the instant Wild started at his companion, Charlie had drawn a revolver and he was holding it so it pointed straight at the villain. The miners who had been gathered there had drawn back to a safe distance, and only Hop and the gambler were standing at the door. The latter seemed to be a badly scared man, and he acted very much as though he would have to pass the four who were the members of the stirring scene that was being enacted. Hornet Harry must have realized that he was helpless, for he said nothing and waited to hear what the boy had to say further.

"What are you going to do, anyhow?" Wild demanded, his eyes flashing, for he did not like the silence the villain kept.

"You're doin' it, so go ahead," was the rather cool retort.

"You want me to go ahead and treat you to what you deserve?"

"You have got it all your own way, so I can't stop yer." Wild paused for a few seconds, and then taking the man by the collar of his shirt, pushed him over toward the placard. Still holding the villain's gun in his hand, Wild motioned for those in the room to get out of the way. Then he pushed Hornet Harry back against the wall, so his head just touched the card.

"You stand right there and I'll see if I can't cut the four corners from the card," he said, coolly. "Don't you move, for if you do I might make a mistake and put a bullet through your head."

Hornet Harry and Razor Jim were amazed at the wonderful coolness our hero displayed. Neither of them stirred, however, for they knew it would not be wise for them to do so. Wild raised the revolver he had in his hand, and, stepping back, he fired a shot at the card. The bullet hit the upper left-hand corner, about an inch from the outside.

"I think I can do better with my own gun," he said, and then changing the weapon to his left hand he pulled one of his own revolvers and fired at the opposite corner. The bullet cut a piece off as neatly as it could be done.

"Now, then," he said, nodding his head to the villain, whose face was as pale as death by this time, "you keep perfectly still, because I am going to come pretty close to your head now."

Up went the revolver, and the boy pulled the trigger. Crack! As the third report sounded the card became dislodged from the nail and tumbled to the floor.

"Pick it up, Hop," the young deadshot said, with a smile. "I want to show them that I took off the lower left-hand corner."

"Allee light, Misler Wild," was the reply, and the clever Chinee quickly did so.

Sure enough, it was just as our hero said. Hornet Harry made a move as though to sit down in a chair which was close at hand.

"Stop where you are, you sneaking coyote!" the boy exclaimed, with flashing eyes. "I am not done yet. Don't you know that there is still a corner to be shot off the card?"

Then he took the placard from the Chinaman's hand and walking over to the scoundrel, placed it upon his head so it leaned against the wall, the corner yet remaining being within an inch of his hair.

"Don't you move now," was the command, and then back the young deadshot stepped.

Crack! He fired for the fourth time, and the card fell again. As the Chinaman picked it up the last corner was missing.

"There! I reckon that will be about all!" the young deadshot exclaimed. "I mean the target-shooting, gentlemen. The rest of it will probably take place to-morrow morning. Hornet Harry has ordered us to leave Hungry Hollow, and I have ordered him to do the same thing. We'll see who goes and who stays. If you are all satisfied with this arrangement we'll let it drop until to-morrow morning comes."

"Boys," spoke up Happy Jack Sullivan, as he stepped from a corner of the room, looking more serious than any one had ever seen him before.

"I can't help makin' a proposition right now. I've always been called an inoffensive sort of galoot, an' 'cause I'm generally lookin' on the bright side of things I've been nicknamed Happy Jack. But now I'm goin' to propose to give Young Wild West three rousin' cheers. Take off your hats an' whoop her up!"

Every man in the place, including the gambler and the proprietor, opened their mouths and cheered as Happy Jack led them. Of course, by every man we do not mean the two villains. They certainly did not feel like cheering, for Wild still held two guns and Charlie had his pointed at Razor Jim.

Livid with rage, the leader of the villainous gang stood against the wall, forced to take everything that was heaped upon him. But he really had sense enough not to resent it, and by a great effort he gradually cooled down. Finally he dropped into the chair he had tried to reach before.

"Going to sit down a while, eh? All right, here's your gun," the young deadshot said, and stepping to him he handed over the weapon.

The villain took it in a mechanical sort of way and promptly dropped it into the holster that hung at his side.

"Charlie," Wild said, nodding to the scout, "maybe the other fellow wants to sit down, too. He looks as though he's tired standing in one place so long."

"I reckon I don't want to sit down," Razor Jim answered, shaking his head. "I'm goin' to my shack an' turn in."

"All right, go ahead. Don't wait a minute, or something might happen to you."

The miner shot a glance of hatred at the boy, but said nothing, and quickly left the place. Wild stepped to the door after him, and he was just in time, for Razor Jim had pulled his gun and had turned to fire a shot before taking his departure. But he never had a chance to pull the trigger. The boy's left fist shot out, catching him on the chin, and down he went upon the muddy ground. Wild dropped on top of him, too, and quickly took the gun from him.

"Come along, Hop," he called out. "This fellow tried to get me, but he wasn't quite soon enough. Just help me drag him inside again."

The Chinaman quickly responded, and cries of surprise went up from those inside when Razor Jim was hauled into the room.

"Gentlemen, you didn't see what happened, so I'll tell you," the young deadshot said. "I had an idea that he might turn to take a shot, and that is why I stepped over to the door so quickly. I was right, and if I had not hit him just as I did, I suppose a bullet would have come my way. Here's his gun, which I took from him. Now, then, I am going to give him another chance."

But all the fight had been taken from the villain now, and he arose to his feet and stood humbly before the crowd.

"Here's your gun," the young deadshot said, placing it in his hand. "Now, then, make another start. I'll bet you won't turn to try to get a shot at me this time."

Razor Jim shot one glance at his leader, who was still sitting on a chair, and then, accepting the revolver, turned and walked out of the place without a word. Wild did not follow him to the door this time, but Hop was standing there, and

when he saw him disappear in the darkness and could hear his footsteps keeping right on, he called out to those inside:

"He no comee backee lis timee. He gottee plenty enough."

"I reckon I'll chuck this feller out, too, an' he kin go along with him," the scout declared, for he was still itching to make good the threat he had uttered at the start.

But Wild would not listen to this.

"No, Charlie," he said. "Let him alone. When he has slept over it he may change his mind, and probably he will bring back the stolen gold-dust to the owner and then hit the trail for some other place. There is nothing like giving a man a chance, even though he is a very bad one. Hornet Harry may have had an awful sting, but I reckon the stinger has been clipped off, and he is harmless now."

At this the villainous miner arose from the chair and stepped slowly toward the door.

"I'm goin' now," he said, addressing the miners and not looking at Young Wild West at all. "You fellers think it lots of fun now, but jest wait till my turn comes. Some of you what's been laughin' will feel more like ervin' afore I git through with you. As for you," pointing his finger at Happy Jack, "you'll git your dose as sure as you're livin' now. You told Young Wild West that I stole your gold-dust."

"Git out of here!" Cheyenne Charlie cried, angrily, as he pointed a gun at him.

Hornet Harry turned in a startled way, and then, without another word, darted from the place.

#### CHAPTER V.—Hornet Harry Makes An Attack.

Young Wild West and Cheyenne Charlie remained at Slicer Bill's for about half an hour after the two villains had left the place. Then as there was nothing going on out of the ordinary, they decided to go back to the camp and join Jim and the girls. Hop and the gambler were on pretty good terms now, and after our hero and the scout left the shanty the clever Chinee proposed that they play some more poker. So in a little while Hop, Slick and the proprietor, Slicer Bill, were deep in the game.

Just as the game was about to wind up there was a sudden commotion outside the shanty, and the next instant in rushed Hornet Harry, followed by the four men who constituted his gang.

"Where is Young Wild West?" the villain roared, brandishing a revolver. "We've come back to clean him out. Is he here?"

"He ain't here, Harry," Slicer Bill answered, rather coolly, as he arose from the table. "If you want Young Wild West you'll have to go over to his camp."

"We will, eh? Well, we'll go there mighty quick. But, hello! here's that smart heathen of his. I reckon we'll hang him to a rafter by his pigtail an' then shoot him full of holes. Come, boy," and a rush was made for the clever Chinee.

Young Wild West's clever Chinee knew that he was in a tight place. If he tried to get out of the shanty the chances were that he would be shot at. Hop could think quickly and act accordingly.

"Hip hi!" he shouted, and then he made a dive under the card-table. As he did this he thrust his

hand in a pocket and drew forth a handful of loose gunpowder, which the pocket contained.

"Git out of the way!" roared Hornet Harry, as he started for the table. "The Chinaman is our meat, an' we're goin' to git him. We'll show Young Wild West a few things that he never knowed afore we git done here. We'll hang the heathen to the rafters by his pigtail an' shoot him full of holes. Then the fresh kid kin git an idea of what will be comin' to him. Come out of there, heathen."

The villainous miner kicked at the table and partly succeeded in turning it over. As he did so, Hop struck a match and then turned a back somersault to get out of the way. There was a quick puff of smoke and a jar that shook the whole building, and then the inmates of the room could no longer see each other, for the lights had gone out in a jiffy. Hop had placed the powder on the floor and set it off at the risk of being injured himself. But he had moved so quickly that he escaped without injury, though when he got upon his feet he was dazed and confused and hardly knew where the door was. Luckily for the Chinaman, he went in the right direction, and finding the door, he darted outside into the rain and made a beeline for Young Wild West's camp. Cheyenne Charlie heard the hurried footsteps, and he was not long in guessing who it was, though he could not see Hop in the darkness. As the Chinaman presently appeared, all hands recognized him. But no one said a word until he reached the tent, where a lantern was burning.

"What's the matter, Hop?" Young Wild West asked, coolly, for he could tell that the Chinaman had met with some sort of narrow escape by his looks.

"Um bad Melican man wantee killee me, Misler Wild," he answered, as he recovered his breath. "Me gittee outtee velly muchee quickee. Makee lillie explosion and len me finde um door and lun likee um Old Hally."

"The bad men wanted to kill you, eh? You mean Hornet Harry and his gang?"

"Lat light, Misler Wild. Ley allee comee in and wantee you. When ley no see you lere, len ley wantee me."

Hop quickly became calm, and then he told of the fun he had had playing cards at Slicer's Bill's, and how, just as he had won the game of euchre, the interruption had come.

"Me no gittee um two dollee me winnee," he declared, shaking his head. "But me gittee fivee' dollee flom um boss. Evelythling allee light. Me no care."

"You can go to sleep, Hop," Wild said, after a pause. "It is a little early, but I reckon it will do you good. We may need you early in the morning, for we have got quite a job on our hands, I suppose. Hornet Harry has ordered us to leave the camp the first thing in the morning, and I have ordered him to do the same thing. It is simply a case of seeing who wins out."

"You winnee outtee, allee light, Misler Wild. Me knowee lat," and the clever Chinee smiled blandly.

The usual watch was kept, but for reasons of their own the villainous miners did not bother the camp that night. Just before daylight the rain ceased falling and before sunrise the storm

cleared entirely. By the time the sun rose, Wing, the cook, had the breakfast ready. All hands ate breakfast just as though there was nothing at all wrong, or that they had been ordered to vacate the premises. Just as they had about finished a miner was seen hurrying to the spot. It was Happy Jack Sullivan, and he appeared to be anxious to reach them.

"Good morning, Happy Jack," Young Wild West called out, cheerily. "You seem to be in a little hurry this morning."

"I reckon I am, Young Wild West," the miner answered, and then he shot a hasty glance over his shoulder. "I thought it wasn't safe to stay around my shanty, 'cause I seen Hornet Harry an' his gang gittin' ready ter do somethin'. Three of 'em has got rifles, an' they come down the hill a few minutes ago an' went into Slicer Bill's by the back way. They sartinly mean to try an' make you folks leave here. I thought if they got sight of me they might take a notion to shoot, an' I don't feel jest like dyin' yet, nor I don't believe it's right for me to try to put up a fight ag'in five of 'em."

"But you have plenty of friends, haven't you? I thought there were quite a few who were going to stick to you."

"That's right, too, but I didn't happen to see any of 'em around."

"Well, all right. I think you'll be safe enough here. So you think they mean to come over here pretty soon?"

"They sartinly do. Most likely they've stopped in Slicer Bill's to git a few drinks, so they'll git up courage."

"They are simply wasting their money if that's what they are going to do, then. I don't care how many drinks they take. They'll find out that courage is out of the question in this case. Why, we wouldn't care if there were twenty of them instead of only five. We are not in the habit of being driven away from a mining camp, or from any other place, for that matter."

"I reckon you ain't. But I do wish you would win out, an' make that gang git away from here. I don't care so much about the bag of gold-dust they took from me, but I'd jest like to git rid of 'em. Then I'd feel easier, an' a whole lot more would feel the same way."

"You will all have a chance to feel easier, then, for those five villains have got to vacate Hungry Hollow, and they'll do it inside of an hour, too."

Happy Jack again looked over his shoulder. This time he gave a violent start.

"They're comin', I guess," he said.

Wild looked toward the shanty hotel, and when he saw five men walking slowly past the front of it he gave a nod and said:

"That's the gang all right. They must have gone out by the back way and come on around to the front. All right. I reckon we had better get ready for business. Happy Jack, you needn't say a word or do a thing. Just get back there by the girls and the two Chinamen. Charlie and Jim will give me all the assistance I need."

"Oh, I'll fight all right, Young Wild West," the miner declared. "I ain't afraid to do that when it comes to the point. I reckon it's come to the point now, so if I get killed it will only be what's bound to happen to me some time, maybe."

"You get back there among the rocks with the girls," was the reply, and Young Wild West threw out his hand to make him understand that he meant what he said.

The miner gave a nod and then promptly obeyed. The girls knew pretty well what to do, so they walked around behind the tents and took their places behind some rocks that were there.

Meanwhile, Hornet Harry and his gang kept moving slower and slower as they approached, and presently they came to a halt about two hundred feet distant. The leader had a rifle, and he took pains to show that he was ready to use it.

"When are you goin' to leave here, Young Wild West?" he called out, suddenly.

"When we get ready," was the reply.

"Is that so? You seem to have forgot what I told yer last night. You remember the placard, don't yer?"

"Yes, I remember it, and I think you do, too. You also must remember what I told you. Now then, Hornet Harry, since the time has come to act, I'll tell you again that if you are anywhere to be seen around this mining camp in one hour from now you will be riddled with bullets. I reckon that's sufficient. If you don't turn around and get away from here before I count three I am going to shoot."

Hornet Harry said something to his companions, which could not be heard by our friends, and then all started as though to go back toward the shanty saloon. But instead of doing so they turned behind a clump of rocks and were quickly lost to view.

"It's fight now, boys," our hero said, in his cool and easy way. "There is no need of letting them have a chance to shoot at us without being able to see them. Get to cover!"

The boy had scarcely spoken when a rifle cracked and a bullet sped past his ear, flattening against a rock a short distance away. But Wild and his partners knew exactly where they wanted to get, and before another shot could be fired they were concealed from view behind a couple of big rocks that were pretty close together.

"It's shoot to kill, ain't it, Wild?" the scout asked.

"I suppose so, Charlie. Hornet Harry certainly tried to get me just now, so he will have to take his medicine, that's all."

The shot that had been fired attracted the attention of every man in the camp, and from behind the rocks the three could see miners hastening toward Slicer Bill's shanty.

"It looks to me as though they're gittin' the best of yer, Young Wild West," Happy Jack said, as he crept around to where the young deadshot was crouching.

"You think so, eh? Well, wait a while. One of them will try another shot pretty soon, even though they don't see what they are shooting at. Then we'll see what will happen."

The words were scarcely out of the boy's mouth when a rifle cracked and Happy Jack, who had unconsciously raised his head a little too high, gave a sharp cry and grabbed for his hat. A bullet had passed through the crown, and his face turned very white as he dropped to the ground and found himself still alive.

"You want to be a little careful, Happy," our

hero said, with a smile. "I wasn't watching just then, or I certainly would have fired a return shot. I knew you were the target, so I had my eyes on you, thinking that perhaps you had been killed."

"That's about as close as I want to come to bein' killed, anyhow," the miner retorted, with a shake of his head, and then he looked at his hat rather ruefully.

Crang! Another shot rang out, and the bullet chipped off a piece of rock close to them.

Crang! The echoes had scarcely died away when Cheyenne Charlie fired, and the result was that a sharp cry of pain sounded.

"I touched one of the galoots, anyhow, Wild," the scouf exclaimed, jubilantly. "But what's the use of all of us stayin' here? I kin sneak around to the left an' git sight of them fellers. Shall I do it, Wild?"

"I was just thinking about something like that, Charlie," was the ready. "You go to the left and I'll go to the right, while Jim will stay right here."

"An' I'll stay with him," Happy Jack spoke up.

"Of course, I don't want you to leave the spot. Don't put your head up too high, either."

The next minute Young Wild West and Cheyenne Charlie began creeping away from the little camp.

#### CHAPTER VI.—The Villains Are Caught Dead to Rights.

Even though Hornet Harry was a bluffer, to a certain extent, he certainly meant business when he took the placard to Slicer Bill's shanty saloon.

What happened after he did so should have been quite enough to teach the man that he stood no show with Young Wild West. But it failed to do so. Instead it made him all the more determined to carry out his point, and after leaving the shanty he got his four men together, knowing that he could depend upon them to do anything he said.

Our hero was right again when he thought the villainous miner had no idea of finding him at the saloon when he came there, and that it was merely a bluff he made as he entered with his gang. But Hornet Harry was greatly pleased to find Young Wild West's clever Chinkee there, and he really meant to tie the Chinaman to a rafter by his queue. But he was dealing with a Chinaman who was somewhat unlike the general run of his race, as far as clearness goes. When the powder exploded and the room was filled with smoke there was not a man there who was more frightened than the leader of the gang, and after it was all over he had no thought of following the heathen.

There was considerable talk about it, of course, but those of the miners who were of a sort of timid nature did not come back into the place again, but retired to their respective abodes. Thus it was that Hornet Harry and his men had things their own way at the saloon, and they remained there for quite a length of time. When they parted for the night it was understood that they were to meet at sunrise and make preparations to exterminate Young Wild West and his two partners, in case they refused to leave the mining camp. When they did meet the following morning the sun was just showing in the east. Razor Jim

was the first to get to Hornet Harry's tent, and his first words were:

"I reckon it's goin' to be the toughest time of our lives, Harry."

"Don't say that," was the reply. "All's you've got to do is to stick to me. I know I kin win out. When Young Wild West finds that I don't intend to give in he'll have to give in. But here comes Shifty Pete an' Joe Lamb."

"Yes, that's right," and as Razor Jim turned he caught sight of the other members of the gang coming from a different direction.

"There's Humpy Jake, too," he added.

"Good! I knowed none of you would go back on me. Now the thing we've got to do is to git a couple of more rifles, or if we kin git one more apiece. Young Wild West an' his pards has got rifles, an' good ones at that. The gals with 'em has got 'em, too. But we ain't got nothin' more than ordinary guns, an' they wouldn't do much damage, unless we was putty close when the firin' commenced."

"You think there's goin' to be any fightin'?"

"I sartinly do. Young Wild West ain't the kid to give in easv. We've got to kind of siege 'em a while, an' then they'll be mighty glad to quit. Of course, I don't want to hurt none of the gals they've got with 'em, but if they're in the way when we're shootin' they'll have to take what comes, that's all. It won't be our fault. We're in a strictly honest business now. We've found out that Young Wild West has come here to interfere with the way things is goin' on in Hungry Holler, an' it's our business to make 'em git away as quick as possible."

The others soon reached the spot, and they all seemed to be perfectly satisfied that Hornet Harry was right in what he was doing, and that he would surely win out.

"Have you all had your breakfast?" the leader asked, after a few words had been passed between them.

They answered that they had, so there was nothing to hinder them from going right ahead.

"All right," Hornet Harry explained. "Now, then, let's see about gittin' some rifles. We'll go on down the hill, an' go into Slicer Bill's by the back way, 'cause if we go around to the front the kid an' his gang kin see us, if they happen to be lookin' that way. I think Slicer Bill will fix us up with the rifles. I know he's got two or three in his place what's been left there by sartin ones what died sudden when they was stoppin' at the hotel."

They were not long in going down the hill, and were cautious about doing it, for they feared to let any of those belonging to Young Wild West's camp see them. They did see several other miners on the way, but said nothing to them. They managed to get back by the back way, but found Slicer Bill absent from the place and his man in attendance. However, it happened that the man was quite ready to help them—all he could, and when their wants were made known he soon procured three pretty good rifles for them.

"We're only borrowin' 'em, you know," the leader said, with a laugh. "We'll bring 'em back ag'in after we git through. I s'pose you know what we're goin' to do."

"Yes, I've heard all about it," the man retorted. "I wish you luck, boys. But look out for Young Wild West an' his pards. Every one of 'em is

deadshots, an' if they happen to git a bead on ver it will be all up with ver."

"An' if I happen to draw a bead on one of them it will be all up with him, too. I'm somethin' on the shoot with a rifle, or I used to be, anyhow. I reckon I ain't forgot all about it. Jest let me have a chance. Young Wild West is the one I want to take a crack at."

The man in charge of the place furnished them with the necessary cartridges, too, so after having two or three drinks and talking a while they went forth, going out by the back way again and walking around to the front of the shanty saloon. Then they marched slowly toward the camp they meant to attack, as has already been told. But the closer they got the more uneasy they became, and finally all but the leader was ready to cave in when Young Wild West challenged them.

He managed to hold them together, however, and get them behind the rocks, and then the shooting began.

"They can't hit us here, boys," Hornet Harry declared, as they were all crouching close together behind some rocks. "Jest keep your eyes peeled, an' shoot whenever you git a chance. They don't dare to leave where they are. See how quick we made 'em git to cover. I'm mighty sorry that shot of mine didn't bring Young Wild West down. I meant it for him, all right."

"An' I meant it for the galoot who got his hat touched," Humpy Jake added. "I was restin' my gun at the time, an' if he had only waited about a second longer I'm dead sure I'd have put a bullet straight through his head. I reckon I knocked his hat off, anyhow, 'cause I sorter seen it go."

They kept on watching straight ahead, never once thinking that any one would leave the camp and try to approach them from the sides. The villains were certainly alert, but not in the proper direction. Five minutes passed, and then they became very uneasy.

"What keeps 'em so still over there, anyhow?" Shifty Pete whispered, as he shrugged his shoulders.

"You oughter know that easy enough," the leader answered. "They're waitin' for us to come out an' show ourselves. But I reckon they'll wait a good while."

"How are we goin' to drive 'em out of Hungry Holler if we don't git after 'em?" Razor Jim asked.

"You jest leave that to me. We'll wait here long enough for them to show up. Then we'll do the shootin'. If the gals don't want to quit the camp after Young Wild West an' his pards has gone down, I reckon we'll take care of 'em. We kin do that all right, boys, can't we?" and the villain gave vent to a fiendish chuckle.

They all declared that they thought they could, and then they waited for a couple of minutes more. But everything was so still and not seeing any one move at the camp of Young Wild West, they grew so uneasy that finally one of them shifted his position.

"What are you up to, Shifty?" Hornet Harry asked.

"I feel as though I oughter move around a little."

"I feel as though you oughter stay right where you are. Don't you know if you show the least

part of your body that a bullet will come singin' your way?"

"I know that, too. But I can't stand this any longer."

"Hello, there!" came a voice right near them. "I reckon you fellows are about done. Hold up your hands!"

The five turned as though each of them had been stung simultaneously by a bee. Within ten feet of them stood Young Wild West, a revolver in either hand. A footfall sounded almost immediately, and then from behind a rock came Cheyenne Charlie. He, too, had a brace of revolvers, and Hornet Harry and his gang were certainly caught dead to rights.

"You heard what I said?" our hero called out, sharply. "I believe I ordered you to put up your hands. I don't want to have to tell you it again, for if I do perhaps some of you will never be able to lift your hands."

The leader lost no time in raising his hands above his head, the others following his example instantly.

"Now, then, just get upon your feet and stand in line," the young deadshot said, in his cool and easy way, as he stepped forward, keeping the revolver in his left hand pointed toward them, and swinging the other carelessly with his right hand.

"We got tired of waiting for you to come over and clean us out, Hornet Harry," the boy said, with a mocking smile. "Cheyenne Charlie wanted to come over here and see what was the matter, so I told him to go ahead to the left, while I went to the right. We got there just about the same time and found you right in shape to be shot down. But we don't do business that way. I always see to it that a man has a fair and square show. But I'll tell you what I'll do with you. You don't seem to be inclined to leave the camp. Now, then, if you really feel like fighting it out I'll give you a chance. There are two of us here, and there are five of you. We'll step over behind that big rock there and you can get behind any of the rocks here. Then when I count three we'll run out toward each other and shoot for all we're worth. Are you willing to do that?"

"No, I ain't willin'," came the quick reply from Hornet Harry. "I know mighty well that you wouldn't miss. You're only wantin' to git a chance to shoot us down in what you call self-defense. But I ain't goin' to risk my life. You have got the best of us now, an' if it comes to the worst I s'pose we'll have to pack up our duds an' sneak away from Hungry Holler."

"I ain't in favor of lettin' anything like that happen," Cheyenne Charlie spoke up. "What I want done is to take ver over to the shanty hotel an' have a trial. You're put down as thieves, an' it's about high time that all thieves in this camp or any other camp was lynched. I'm for hangin' the whole kit an' boodle of ver."

This did not sound very well to the ears of the villains, and all but the leader began to plead and declare their innocence of any wrong. But Wild and Charlie did not pay much attention to what they said. The scout, of course, did not really mean that he wanted them lynched, though it is doubtful if he would have objected at all if Young Wild West had made the proposition.

"Just form a straight line there," the young

deadshot said, commandingly, as he made a threatening move with his revolver. "Line up properly now, or I'll begin to shoot the heels from your boots. I am going to march you over to Slicer Bill's. After I have made an example of you I'll give you half an hour to gather together your belongings and quit Hungry Hollow for good."

The five formed as straight a line as they were able to do, and, with a nod of satisfaction, Wild stepped back a little and called out:

"Left face! Forward, march!"

The scoundrels obeyed the commands given them in about the same fashion as the awkward squad of a company of soldiers might have done. Not one of them dared to lower his hands, and they looked pitiful, not to say comical, as they filed out from behind the rocks.

"Hooray!" came a shout from the little camp on the hillside, and then Happy Jack Sullivan came running toward them, followed by Jim, the girls and Hop Wah, leaving Wing in charge of the camp.

But that was not all! As Wild turned his prisoners straight toward Slicer Bill's shanty, miners came running from all directions, which told pretty well that they had been hiding close at hand to keep out of range of the bullets. At first Wild thought that some of the miners might want to interfere, but he soon decided that this was not the case. If there were any there who sympathized with the five scoundrels they did not show signs of it just then. Straight to the front of the shanty saloon Young Wild West headed his prisoners.

Jim Dart had run up and taken his position at the left of the file, while Charlie kept at the right. The five were all armed, as has been said, but not one of them probably thought of such a thing as trying to lower a hand to grab a gun to shoot. The fact was they had been caught dead to rights, and they all knew it, no doubt feeling that they still had a chance if they were permitted to leave the camp. The crowd of miners shouted and jeered, and more than one scowl was cast at them by the rascally gang.

When they drew up close to the door of Slicer Bill's place, Wild called out, sharply:

"Halt!"

The five obeyed with the greatest of precision.

"Right face!"

They turned rather awkwardly and stood in a line facing the shanty.

"Now then, gentlemen," the young deadshot said, addressing the crowd, "I reckon we'll teach these fellows a little lesson and then let them have half an hour to leave the camp. I am pretty well satisfied that you all will be very glad if they do this. But before they can go everything they have stolen from you must be returned. That is understood. Now, then, the performance will begin."

#### CHAPTER VII.—The Miner's Trap.

The five villains were a sick-looking lot, to say the least, as they stood lined up close to the door of the shanty saloon. No doubt it was rather tiresome to keep their hands above their heads in that way, but they dared not take them down, especially now as there were so many there ready

to open fire on them should they offer to put up a fight.

"Slicer Bill," said Young Wild West, in his cool and easy way, "I reckon you had better bring out five drinks."

"If you say so I'll do it," was the quick reply.

"All right, do it, then. You know about what these fellows would take if they came inside and ordered a round."

"Whisky straight," was the reply, and then the keeper of the place quickly went inside.

In a very short time he came out with a rusty old tray containing five glasses that were nearly filled with liquor. Wild knew pretty well that Slicer Bill was rather friendly with the villainous miners, so he thought he might as well make him take a small part in the performance.

"Bill," said he, as the man paused before the prisoners. "I want you to put a glass on each of their heads. See to it that you don't spill the liquor, either."

"What's that you say, Young Wild West?" and Slicer Bill looked surprised.

"Put a glass on each of their heads. I reckon they'll stand still enough to let you do it."

"What's that for?"

"I'll show you as soon as you have done it. You didn't suppose I was going to let them drink the whisky, did you?"

"I don't know what else you ordered it for."

"I'll soon show you why I ordered it. Do as I say."

"Maybe you had better do it yourself, an' then you'll be sure it's done right."

"No, you can do it all right."

"Well, it's a funny way to do things. I must say. "I s'pose, though, you're goin' to shoot at the glasses after I put 'em on their heads. If you do I reckon I'll expect pay for the glasses."

"You will be paid all right. Now go ahead. Hurry a little, please."

Some of the miners standing about were grinning broadly now, while others looked on in amazement. Young Wild West and his partners were very cool, especially the boy himself. He was always trying to think of some way to surprise a crowd, and since he had the title of Champion Deadshot of the West, it was not strange that he should do a little shooting, as a rule.

Slicer Bill was not long in putting the glasses where he had been told to.

"Keep your hands up and don't move your heads!" the young deadshot commanded, as he looked at the villains sharply.

They stood very still, no doubt fearing that if they moved they might be shot for it. Then Wild coolly raised a revolver, and leveling it at the glass that was on the head of the man on the left, pulled the trigger. Crack! As the report rang out the glass was shattered and the contents streamed down over the man's face. Crack! The next one got the same dose. Wild kept on firing until all five of the glasses had been shattered.

"There you are, you scoundrels!" he said, as he lowered his revolver. "I reckon that will be about all the whisky you'll take before you leave the camp. The next thing in order is to return the gold-dust you have stolen from the miners here. Now then, Hornet Harry, I'll ask you to tell where Happy Jack's dust is?"

"I don't know nothin' about it," was the trembling reply. "If you accuse me of stealin' anything from Happy Jack, you're mistaken, Young Wild West."

"No, I am not mistaken. I'll give you two minutes to tell where the gold-dust is. Now, then, you had better hurry up if you ever expect to get away from Hungry Hollow alive."

"I 'spose there ain't no use," the fellow said, shaking his head sadly. "I'll admit I took it. The bag of gold-dust is in my tent. It's in a hole that I dug in the ground an' covered over with some dry grass an' a blanket. If you want it send somebody to git it, or else I'll go an' git myself."

"I reckon we had better send some one, for I am not quite ready to let you go yet. You can put your hands down now, all of you, if you like."

Glad to do this, the five promptly lowered their hands, though they took care to keep them away from their revolvers.

"Happy," our hero said, nodding to the good-natured miners, "take a couple of men and go up to Hornet Harry's tent and see if you can find the stolen gold-dust. We'll wait until you come back."

"All right, Young Wild West," the miner answered, quickly, and then he was not long in selecting a couple of men to go with him.

They at once started off, and in less than ten minutes came back with the bag of gold-dust.

"No trouble to find it at all," one of them declared. "There's a lot more stowed away there, too, but you only said to git Happy's."

"Good! If any of the rest can be identified those who had lost it will have it returned to them."

"What's there is in a big leather bag."

"Has any one lost a big leather bag?" Wild asked, as he looked at the crowd.

No one answered, so he took it for granted that the bag must belong to Hornet Harry, though the gold-dust in it might have been stolen. Some of the miners then came forward and made statements of what they had lost in the past month or two. But there was really no way to satisfy them, unless the accused villain told the truth about it. Wild was pretty sure now that the five would be only too glad to leave the place as soon as possible, so he presently turned to the leader and said:

"Well, Hornet Harry, would you like to have another drink of whisky before you go?"

The man shook his head, but made no verbal reply.

"Maybe you would like to dance a little, then?"

"Let us go. We've had enough," said the villain, quickly.

"All right," and the boy took out his watch.

"It's now ten minutes to eight. I'll give you until twenty minutes after eight to get away from here. Go on."

The five miners did not wait to be told a second time. They turned and marched away at a quick step, dividing and heading straight for their shanties or tents. Somebody proposed three cheers for Young Wild West and his partners and they were given with a will. Hornet Harry turned and shook his fist as he heard the cheering.

"I'll git square with Young Wild West yet," he

muttered, and then he went on up the hill toward his tent.

He had not told his companions what he intended to do, for he really had not had time to think of a plan of action. They all knew they had to leave Hungry Hollow, and no doubt they would expect to go together. The first thing the scoundrel did after entering the tent was to look for the leather bag that contained the gold-dust, most of which had been stolen from the miners at different times. It was all he could do to lift it from the hole, and he shook his head as the thought struck him that it would be difficult to get away with it.

"Well," he muttered. "I've got half an hour. So I reckon I'd better see about gittin' a horse. There's a few in the camp here what kin be bought, I reckon. I'll go an' see Dick Mudder, an' maybe he'll sell me his. Dick always could be depended on a whole lot, an' I often thought he would be a good one to take in with us. But it ain't likely he'll want to get in trouble now. Maybe he'll be glad enough to let me have the horse, anyhow."

He went to look for Dick Mudder, as he called him, and, as luck would have it, soon found him going toward the claim he was working. The miner shook his head when asked to sell his horse, but finally agreed to do it when he was offered a price that was more than double the animal's worth. He soon got the horse and led it to the tent, where Hornet Harry had preceded him. Then a guess was made of it and a sufficient amount of gold-dust to cover the price was turned over to Dick Mudder.

"Now, then, if you want to do me a favor you kin tell the boys to meet me in the narrow part of the ravine up here. I'll wait for 'em there."

"I'll tell 'em if I see 'em," was the reply, as the man started off.

Hornet Harry had an object in going to the narrow part of the ravine, as he called it. It had occurred to him that he might be able to set a trap for Young Wild West and put him out of existence if he caught him. Having been to the place many times, he knew exactly what was to be found there, and what he could probably do in the way of making a trap. When he had taken all his belongings and put them upon the horse he had purchased, he took the animal by the bridle and started for the ravine, which was not more than a couple of hundred yards distant. Finding a good place to descend, he went on down, and then led the horse along until he came to a part that was so narrow that only one horse at a time could pass through it.

Two gigantic rocks reared themselves on either side, and across the bottom lay a fallen tree. Whenever a horseman came that way it was quite easy to leap over the tree. But now Hornet Harry decided to remove it from the ground. But this was not so it would make it easy to pass through. He had another object in view. He had a rope, of course, among his possessions, and tying it close to the end of the dead tree, which had been broken off when it fell, he climbed up the rock and placed the other end of the rope completely around it. Having done this, he came down at the other side and then started to pull, hoping to raise the heavy tree. He could just about move it a little bit from the ground, but was unable to hoist it any further. "I reckon I've got to have some help," he

thought, as he shook his head. "I hope Dick Mudder will tell the boys what I told him. If we kin only git this tree so she's standin' up putty nigh straight, then let Young Wild West come along. When he gits right under it we'll let it drop, an' it'll throw him an' his horse to the ground. If it don't kill him he won't be able to do any fightin' an' I kin finish him in a hurry. This is the trap I'm goin' to set, an' it's a mighty good one, too. I'll call it the miner's trap."

It happened that Mudder did tell the rest of the gang, for he met them on the way to his claim. They had been coming up to ask advice from their leader, but at receiving the message they turned and went back to gather up their belongings.

Two of them managed to get hold of horses, but the others were unable to do so. The two left out were Razor Jim and Shifty Pete, and fearing that they would stand no show if they left the camp, they decided to go back to Young Wild West when the time was up and tell him to shoot them if he wanted to, but they could not attempt to go away on foot. They came along with the others, however, and when they reached the narrow part of the ravine and learned what Hornet Harry was up to they did not change their minds any. They lent their assistance and the fallen tree was raised until it stood all but perpendicular. Then Hornet Harry took a few turns about a stump close by and gave a nod of satisfaction. "There she is," he said. "Now I'll tell you what I'm goin' to do. When the half hour is up I'll climb up on the rock here an' wave my hat until I'm sure Young Wild West sees me. Most likely he'll come over right away to find out why I ain't gone. He'll find out all right, when he tries to ride through here. I'll jest let the three go down, an' that will be the end of Young Wild West."

"It's a mighty good trap you have set, Harry," Razor Jim said, with a shrug of the shoulders. "You an' Joe an' Humpy Jake kin git away all right, 'cause you have got horses. But what about me an' Pete?"

"Why don't you git horses, then?"

"We can't git 'em, 'cause nobody will let us have 'em."

"Steal 'em, then."

"That will only be goin' from bad to worse. You know as well as I do that a horse-thief don't stand no show around here."

"Well, you won't stand no show if you don't git away. You'll have to go it on foot, then. You had better go on ahead. When we come along maybe we kin give yer a lift by takin' turns at it."

"Yes, that's all right. But we could never git very far afore Young Wild West an' his pards an' a whole lot of others would come along an' clean us up. You kin go ahead an' set off your trap if you like, but I ain't goin' to have nothin' to do with it."

It was Razor Jim who said this, and Shifty Pete at once nodded his head to show that he thought the same way.

"All right. If you're goin' to quit us, go ahead. But you don't think I'm the sort of a feller what will go away from here without gittin' revenge, do yer? We've been drove out of Hungry Holler, an' Young Wild West is the one who has drove us.

Maybe if he was out of the way we kin come back again. I reckon there ain't any of 'em what's got enough sand in 'em to make us go if we don't want to. I mean, of course, if Young Wild West an' his pards is out of the way. They took the rifles away from us, but we've still got our guns. After we've ketched Young Wild West in my trap it are most likely his pards will come riding along, too. They may be with him at the time, which is most likely. We kin lay right here behind the rocks, for that matter, an' shoot 'em down, 'cause they'll be so surprised when they see that tree fall that they won't know what to do. I don't want to leave the camp any more than the rest of you do, an' I figure that the only way for us to stay here is to do what I say."

"You kin count me out, anyhow," Razor Jim declared. "I've had enough, an' I'll take my chances of gittin' on my knees afore Young Wild West an' tellin' him that I'm goin' to be honest hereafter."

"Me, too," Shifty Pete declared. "You fellers was lucky enough to git horses, so you had better go right on an' quit the camp for good. We'll stay here, an' if they lynch us they kin do it. But I don't think Young Wild West would allow anything like that."

The two turned to go back to the camp.

"Hold on," said Hornet Harry, pulling a revolver. "I reckon you ain't goin' to do nothin' like that. You have gone back on us, an' now I s'pose you'll go right straight to Young Wild West an' tell him about this here trap. But you ain't goin' to do it, Jim, an' Pete, don't you think of movin' away from here. If you do, I'll drop you as quick as I would a skunk."

Both men declared they had no intention of telling Young Wild West about the trap. But it would not work.

"You have got to stay right here or else go on ahead," was the verdict of the leader. "Now, which will you do? I know if you start through the ravine you have got to go putty nigh a mile afore you kin git a chance to get out an' go back. By that time we'll have Young Wild West, an' maybe his pards, too. What are you goin' to do about it?"

"We'll go on ahead," was the reply.

The two villains had as much as they could carry of their belongings, and without saying anything further they walked along through the ravine.

"Boys," Hornet Harry said, turning to Joe Lamb and Humpy Jake, "I reckon you had better ride along after 'em an' make sure that they don't git out of the ravine an' git back to warn Young Wild West. Go on. I'll run this here thing. As soon as you're gone I'll git up on top of the rock, an' I'll try an' make Young Wild West come this way afore the time is up. I'll shake my fist an' make threats with my gun, an' that oughter bring him here."

The two men who had horses acted as though they were glad of the opportunity to leave, and without saying much about it, they mounted and started off at a walk. Then Hornet Harry climbed to the top of the larger of the two rocks and got ready for business.

## CHAPTER VIII.—Arietta To the Rescue.

Just why it was that Razor Jim and Shifty Pete had changed their minds so suddenly cannot be said. However, it might have been due to the fact that they awoke to a realization of their wrongdoing, and the punishment that had been inflicted upon them by Young Wild West had the effect of causing the change. Anyhow, as they hurried away up the ravine they talked it over in whispers, and the further they went the more they felt that they should warn Young Wild West of the danger that threatened him. When they heard Joe Lamb and Humpy Jake coming behind them they became a trifle uneasy.

They went on for perhaps three or four hundred yards, when they came to a spot where they judged they would be able to climb out of the ravine and make a short cut back to the mining camp. They came to a halt, but did not attempt to climb the rocky ascent, for they could see the two horsemen coming a short distance away. It did not take the latter long to reach them.

"Goin' to stop here?" Humpy Jake said, with a sneer.

"Yes," answered Razor Jim, sharply. "You ain't goin' to try to make us go on, are yer?"

"Well, Hornet Harry told us to see to it that you didn't try to git out of here an' go back to the camp."

"He did, hey? Well, jest try it an' see what will happen to yer."

As Razor Jim spoke he jerked a revolver from the holster and turned it toward the two horsemen. Shifty Pete pulled his gun quickly.

"You went back on us," he said, "an' jest 'cause we feel like reformin' don't say that you have got a right to stop us. Now, then, you kin go on if you want to, or you kin fight it out."

"I reckon we'll fight it out!" came the quick reply, and then both villains started their horses forward, at the same time pulling their guns. Three shots were fired in quick succession, then, and the result was that the two horsemen dropped to the ground. Razor Jim and Shifty Pete had been ready for them, and their aim had been pretty true.

"There! We've gone an' done it," Pete said, with a shrug of his shoulders. "If any one had told me yesterday that this here thing was goin' to happen I would have laughed at him. But when your own pals goes ag'in yer, like they did, nothin' else kin be expected. We couldn't git no horses, an' Hornet Harry laughed at us 'cause we couldn't. He wanted us to hoof it along, while he an' the other two could ride away an' make their escape. Now, then, we'll git out of here quick an' try an' be in time to save Young Wild West from gittin' into the trap."

A faint cry came from one of the men who had fallen, and he attempted to rise to his feet. But it was his last effort, and he fell back dead.

As they started to clamber upward, Razor Jim laid his hand on his companion's arm and said:

"If we wanted to change our minds ag'in here would be a good chance. There's the horses Joe an' Jake was ridin'. They're down there nibblin' at the grass. But I for one ain't goin' to change my mind. I'm goin' to warn Young Wild West."

"Me, too," was the reply. "Let the horses stay there. When a man makes up his mind to do the right thing he oughter stick to it. I'll stick to it if I die for it. Come on."

Then they resolutely set at work, and were not long in climbing out of the ravine. Once upon the high and rocky ground they made a short cut for Young Wild West's camp. They came to three miners who were talking on one of the claims, and seeing who they were one of the latter called out:

"I reckon you fellers ain't got much more time. The half hour is putty nigh up."

"Never mind," Shifty Pete retorted. "We ain't goin' to leave. We want to find Young Wild West. We've got somethin' to tell him."

"Huh! You had better keep away from Young Wild West after what he told yer. He give yer half an hour to git out of Hungry Holler."

Neither of the reformed fellows said anything further, but hurried along. They noticed that the majority of the miners had proceeded to their work, but a few could be seen grouped in front of the shanty saloon. However, they did not go down there, but continued on and soon came to the camp of our friends.

"Young Wild West ain't there," Shifty Pete said, with a shake of his head. "There's only the Chinamen and the gals. Most likely the kid an' his pards is down at Slicer Bill's yet."

They were about to turn to go down there, but a girl suddenly sprang out and told them to halt. It was Arietta.

"What are you two scoundrels coming back for?" she demanded, as they walked slowly toward her.

"We've come back to warn Young Wild West that he's likely to git into a trap," was Razor Jim's reply.

"What?" and the girl looked surprised.

"Where is it? What sort of a trap do you mean?" Arietta demanded.

Pete quickly explained. The girl's face turned pale.

"Are you telling me the truth?" she asked, looking at the two sharply.

They crossed their hearts and bowed, declaring that they were, and she believed them.

"Hop, you and I must go and save Wild. If that villain succeeds in attracting his attention he surely will ride over and try to go through the ravine to catch him. The time isn't exactly up yet, but that won't make any difference."

"Lat light, Missee Arietta. Misler Wild, he takee Spitfire and go over to um saloon. Misler Charlie and Misler Jim takee lere horses and go, too. Ley allee thlinkee maybe um bad Melican men no go very far, and ley wantee ketchee."

Shortly after the five men had taken their departure from Slicer Bill's, Wild and his partners had come back to the camp and saddled their horses. They took them with them and went back to the shanty saloon, dismounting and waiting to see what would develop. Wild had thought it over, and his conclusion was that even though Hornet Harry went away he would not go very far, but would wait for a chance to get revenge.

Resolved upon driving him from the camp for good, he was ready to give chase and convince him that he had better go. Our hero had heard

that three horses had been sold to the villains, but that two were unable to purchase any. Even this did not satisfy him that they intended to leave for good, and he was simply waiting until the time was up before starting on the trail. Arietta had been told just when the half hour would elapse, and now, after hearing of the miner's trap, she looked at her watch.

"Hop, we only have five minutes," he said. "If these men will show us where the trap is we'll go over there and try and catch Hornet Harry napping. I would like to do this, just to give Wild a surprise. The two have been shot, because they were opposed to these two reforming. If they have told us the truth I am sure Wild will be pleased to let them go."

"We've told you the truth, miss," Razor Jim declared, "an' we'll take you right over to where the trap is. But you must look out, 'cause Hornet Harry is a desperate man. He would jest as lief shoot you as he would me."

"I'll see to that part of it," the girl declared, as she picked up her rifle. "Come on, Hop."

Both Razor Jim and Shifty Pete were eager to lead the girl to the ravine by the shortest possible cut. They were certaintly sincere if men ever were in their lives. Straight across the hollow that lay back of the group of shanties and tents they went, Arietta and Hop following close after them. The girl carried her rifle, and she certaintly meant business. It was not more than a quarter of a mile they had to go, but the way was rather rough, and they were compelled to pick their way before they were half to it. Razor Jim was trembling with excitement now, and Shifty Pete was in a state somewhat similar, though he seemed to be the cooler of the two.

"Hornet Harry will shoot us as sure as anything the minute he sets eyes on us," the latter declared. "If you think it's all right, miss, you kin go ahead. It ain't likely he would shoot a gal, not unless he knowed he had no chance."

At that moment the form of a man suddenly appeared upon the top of a rock at the opposite side of the ravine.

"There he is!" exclaimed Razor Jim, as he seized his partner's arm and pushed him back behind some rocks. "Look out, miss. He'll see you comin'!"

Arietta stepped back, too, and from a point behind the rock she watched the man to see what he was up to. Sure enough, Hornet Harry had climbed to the top of a rock, and he stood there waving his hat defiantly toward the mining camp.

The girl stepped from behind the rock and, keeping a high point between her and the miner, who was still standing upon the rock, she hurried forward. Hop went along with her, as a matter of course. While he could not do anything much at fighting, he was always handy to have near at hand. When the girl and Hop had disappeared from view, thinking they had gone but a short distance, Razor Jim looked at his companion and shook his head.

"Pete," said he, sorrowfully . . . . . said we're cowards. We hadn't oughter let that poor gal go ahead like that. You know as well as I do that Hornet Harry ain't got no heart in him. If he found that the gal was after him he would shoot her."

"Let's go on an' help her out of it, then. A feller can't die but once, anyhow."

"That's jest what I say. We'll foller on behind, an' if we see him actin' as though he's goin' to shoot her, we'll open fire on him. That's the only way out of it that I kin see."

One of them took a peep just then, and saw Hornet Harry get down from the rock.

"He's goin' to be ready to set off the trap. Young Wild West must be comin'," Shifty Pete exclaimed.

"Yes, and there goes the gal scootin' along to the left. Maybe she will be there in time to warn the kid of his danger."

"Let's climb up here an' see if Young Wild West is comin' or not," was the suggestion of the other.

"All right, come ahead."

Up a steep bank they clambered, reaching the top in about half a minute. From where they were they could see the whole camp quite plainly, and the trail that led to it. Riding along the trail was Young Wild West mounted upon his sorrel stallion, Spitfire. He was going like the wind, too, and not far behind him followed Cheyenne Charlie and Jim Dart. The two villains who had reformed under such peculiar circumstances shrugged their shoulders and looked at each other in silence for a moment.

"The kid will sartinly turn into the ravine," Shifty Pete said. "I wonder if the gal will be able to see him. There's quite a bend there, you know."

"She'll see him all right," was the retort. "If she don't she will shoot Hornet Harry afore he kin let the dead tree fall."

The two remained where they were until they saw Young Wild West turned into the ravine. His two partners were easily a hundred feet behind him, and they felt certain that should Arietta fail the young deadshot would surely be killed. Then as his partners rode forward they would be shot down before they scarcely knew what had happened. It was a terrible revenge the villainous miner was seeking, and the two who had reformed almost trembled as they thought of it.

"Come on. I reckon we might as well git a little closer an' see what happens," suggested Razor Jim.

His companion nodded, and then down they went and, regardless of the fact that they might be heard approaching, they hurried on until they came to another elevation, from which they were able to see Hornet Harry. They could see nothing of Arietta or the Chinaman, however, and they wondered what had become of them. The clatter of hoofs now reached their ears, and they watched expectantly down the ravine.

Suddenly they saw Young Wild West riding swiftly along the narrow trail. He was approaching the spot where the trap was set for him. But he could not see it, owing to the fact that there

as a bend between. The fact was that if he continued on as he was going he would scarcely have time to bring his horse to a halt before the tree would fall. The faces of the watching four were very pale now. They could see Hornet Harry holding hard upon the rope, and in an attitude of listening. Suddenly around the bend came Young Wild West.

"Look out!" cried Shifty Pete, excitedly, as if

the boy was close enough to hear him, and then he slipped and went rolling down the hill.

But Razor Jim stood right there. What he saw thrilled him more than anything that had ever transpired in his whole life before. Arietta and the Chinaman appeared on the opposite side of the ravine, and the girl was in the act of placing a rifle to her shoulder. The miner was ready to let the log fall. Wild was almost to it when the sharp report of a rifle rang out. The rope was cut by a bullet and, as Spitfire reared back, the log dropped. It was a great shot.

#### CHAPTER IX.—Hornet Harry Meets His Fate.

Arietta had found it difficult to get to the ravine, and had it not been for Hop's sharp eyes she might not have arrived in time. They came to a wide cleft, but the Chinaman quickly discovered that it narrowed down sufficient to permit them to leap across. It took some little time to climb over the rocks in order to reach the narrow part, however, but finally Arietta boldly made the jump, and then she hurried forward to the highest part that overlooked the ravine.

She had heard the clatter of hoofs and knew that Wild was approaching. She had also seen the two excited miners standing on the bank some little distance further up. It was easy for her to guess that they saw what was happening.

"Come on, Hop," she said, holding her rifle ready, and then the next minute she rounded a sharp turn and reached the edge of the steep bank.

Crouching below at the other side she saw Hornet Harry holding tightly to a rope. Knowing just what the trap was, she realized instantly that should the villain let go the rope the heavy tree would fall. But the brave girl did not utter a cry. She glanced to the right and saw Wild riding like the wind, and just as he was in danger of falling into the trap she fired.

As the rope parted and the tree went crashing to the ground, Arietta gave vent to a cry of joy. She saw that the sorrel stallion had reared back and stopped in time to escape, though ten feet further and the trap would have been a success.

"Lookee outtee, Misler Wild!" shouted Hop, for he was watching closely and he saw the villainous miner leap back and pull a gun.

Young Wild West saw him, too, and just as he was going to shoot the weapon from the man's hand, Arietta's rifle spoke again and it fell to the ground.

"Surrender!" she cried. "You're my prisoner, Hornet Harry."

Baffled and confused, the villain hardly knew which way to turn. But he saw the girl and the Chinaman standing above and Young Wild West right before him. He was not going to give in, and, stooping, he picked up the revolver and then darted away among the rocks. Meanwhile, Cheyenne Charlie and Jim Dart arrived upon the scene.

"Where is he, Wild?" Jim cried.

"He's got behind the rocks," was the reply. "We've got to look out for him. Dismount, and we'll get around him."

"Be careful, Wild," Arietta called out from above. "I should have broken his arm with the bullet, but I merely shot at the revolver."

"That's all right, Et," came the reply. "You saved my life at the first shot you fired. I can see it all now. Never mind about the second one. We'll get Hornet Harry all right."

"Come on an' git me," a voice called out from the rocks ahead. "I reckon afore you do git me some of you will be hurt."

The villain had done the very thing he should not have done. By calling out he let them know exactly where he was. Leaving their horses standing in the ravine, close to the fallen tree, Young Wild West and his partners started back and did not stop until they found a way to get to the higher ground above. Once there they moved along cautiously, and it was not long before they got sight of Razor Jim and Shifty Pete, who had descended from the spot they had been watching from.

"There's two of the sneakin' coyotes now. Wild!" the scout exclaimed, as he raised his rifle.

"Don't shoot, Charlie," Arietta called out, for she could see them plainly. "Those two men have repented, and it is due to them that I learned of the miner's trap."

The scout was greatly surprised, but he quickly lowered his rifle. Razor Jim and Shifty Pete did not come much closer, but both pointed to the spot where they had last seen their late leader. Arietta waited until she could no longer see our hero and his partners, and then turning to Hop, she said:

"We'll go around this way, and perhaps we may be able to help catch the man."

The two hurried on, and soon reached a place where the bank was more sloping. Then they started to descend, though they could not see the exact spot where the villain had taken refuge. Presently they caught sight of moving forms in the close vicinity. They were Wild and his partners. Hop took the risk of going up to the top of a pile of rocks, and as he peered over he caught sight of Hornet Harry crouching in a hole and watching through an opening, his revolver ready to open fire at an instant's notice.

"Lookee, Missee Alette," he whispered.

The girl stepped to his side and quickly saw the miner. She half-raised her rifle as though she meant to shoot him, but as she lowered it again Hop said:

"Me fixee, Missee Alette. Me make um bad Melican man comee outtee velly muchee quickee."

Then he quickly produced one of the home-made firecrackers he usually carried with him, and broke off part of the fuse. Arietta knew what to expect now. Hop had a fondness for playing with fireworks, and very often he brought them into play at that. The clever Chinaman struck a match, and then touched the flame to the end of the fuse. There was a hiss and a sputter, and then he hurled the cracker downward. A loud yell of fear sounded, but there was so much smoke that Hornet Harry could not be seen. Wild and his partners did not know what the Chinaman was up to. But they were not greatly surprised when the loud report sounded. They saw smoke pouring through an opening less than ten feet from them, and the next moment out came the villain they were in search of. He ran about, rubbing his eyes, for the smoke had blinded him, and with wonderful quickness Wild leaped over a boulder and reached him before he knew it.

The fellow still clutched his revolver, but before he could think of using it, Cheyenne Charlie sprang forward and took it from him. Arietta and Hop came running to the spot. The girl was elated at what had happened, and she waved her hat and cheered loudly. Hop joining in his shrill, treble voice. Hearing the cheering, Razor Jim and Shifty Pete ventured to show themselves.

"Come on," Arietta said, waving her hand to them. "You needn't be afraid of Hornet Harry now, and I'm sure Wild will not harm you. You are going to stay at Hungry Hollow just as long as you want to, provided you behave yourselves and have really reformed."

"Thank yer for sayin' that, Miss," Pete answered, quickly. "I ain't goin' back one bit on what I said. I've reformed if ever a man did in his life."

"Me, too, miss," Razor Jim added, quickly. "I feel as though an awful load has been lifted from me. I can't bear to think of the awful trap that Harry set for Young Wild West. It's been a great mornin' for me an' it will take me some little time to git over it. I'm sorry I had to do any shootin', 'cause two of our old pards went down when me an' Pete turned our guns on 'em. But they meant to kill us, so I s'pose we hadn't oughter worry about it. They did git in one shot, an' the bullet come mighty near to knockin' me over. I could hear it sing as it went past my ear."

Hornet Harry listened to this while Jim Dart was tying his hands behind him. As the two men who had turned from him came forward he raised his head, and a flame of anger flashed from his eyes.

"You sneakin' dogs, you!" he hissed. "You spoiled my game, didn't yer? I'll fix yer both yet. Young Wild West has got me now, but that don't say that he's goin' to keep me. I'll git away from him, an' when I do I'll shoot the pair of yer the first thing. What happens after that I don't care. You—you—"

His rage was so great that he could not utter anything further, and he fairly frothed at the mouth. But Cheyenne Charlie gave him no gentle slap upon the back of the head, exclaiming as he did so:

"None of that, you sneakin' galoot! You don't stand no more chance of gittin' square with them two men than a lame coyote does by climbin' an oak tree. Now jest keep your mouth shut, or I'll make yer bite a piece of your tongue off."

At this the villain suddenly broke from them and fell to the ground, writhing in a fit.

"Let him alone, Charlie," Wild said, in his cool and easy way. "He'll soon get over it. When he does he'll feel all the better."

The boy was right. In less than a minute the prisoner became quiet, though there was still a savage gleam in his eyes, while he kept gnashing his teeth occasionally.

"Get up," the young deadshot said, sternly. "No more of this. We are going to take you back to Slicer Bill's. It seems that from what I have heard two of your men got shot, and the other two have reformed. That leaves you alone to deal with, for I certainly shall excuse these two fellows for having been the means of saving me from your trap. Now, then, come on."

At first Hornet Harry refused to get upon his feet. But Charlie was not long in persuading

him to do so, for he kicked him in anything but a gentle way.

"Et," said the young deadshot, nodding to his sweetheart, "you're the bravest girl in the whole world. It was a great shot you made, and I'll never forget you for it. Now, then, just take Spitfire and ride back to the camp and lead the other horses with you. We'll march this fellow in on foot."

Arietta was not long in doing as her young lover told her, and then the rest started through the ravine with the prisoner, each riding ahead with a horse. As they came to the regular trail that led to the camp they were met by a crowd of miners, some of whom had seen the girl shoot from the top of the cliff. But, of course, they did not know what she was shooting at.

All sorts of questions were asked, and Wild and his partners were busy answering them until they reached the front of Slicer's Bill's shanty. There were only two men standing there when the crowd came up. One of them was the bartender, and the other Slick Bill, the gambler. The latter's face was very pale, and when he saw the prisoner being marched in he gave vent to a sigh of relief.

"Got him, eh?" he said, as he stepped forward and took a close look as though he wanted to be doubly sure. "Young Wild West, that man is the only one I was afraid of. I sorter felt as though he was goin' to clean me out some time. an' I'm awful glad you have brought him back. I knowed he didn't intend to go away from the Holler an' stay away."

"I reckon he'll never leave the Holler now, unless some one comes along and digs him up some time," the scout said, laconically.

"Hold on, Charlie," Wild said, cheerfully, as he saw what he did. "You know as well as I do that there's going to be no lynching if I can prevent it."

"Maybe you can't very well prevent it, Wild," was the reply, as the scout walked away.

"He ain't goin' to try to," Slick Bill spoke up. "Come in here, Young Wild West. I want to treat yer to the best what's in the house."

Then as if it had been prearranged, half a dozen of the miners rushed forward, and before Wild knew it he had been forced to enter the saloon. A yell sounded outside, and the boy drew his revolver and attempted to get back. But Arietta appeared in the doorway just then.

"Don't go out, Wild. There is no use. The miners are not in the mood to be interfered with now," she said.

"All right, Et," and he gave in instantly. "I suppose if ever a man was deserving of it, Hornet Harry is the man."

It is not necessary to state what happened to the villainous miner who had set the trap for Young Wild West. Our friends returned to their camp a few minutes later, and they saw nothing of the man. But a crowd of miners were slowly coming back from the saloon. There was much merry-making among the crowd after that, but our friends did not participate in it. Having had quite enough of Hungry Hollow, Young Wild West and his companions left it right after they had dinner at the camp.

Next week's issue will contain "YOUNG WILD WEST AT ACE HIGH FAIR; or, THE LIVELIEST TIME ON RECORD."

## CURRENT NEWS

## TELESCOPE MARVEL

Sir Frank Dyson, Astronomer Royal, while testing the big telescope at Greenwich Observatory turned it on London. He observed a menacing crack at the base of a church steeple. He measured the crack with the instruments used to determine lunar distances and was convinced it was dangerous. It was difficult to find where the church was, because the magnification was so great only the steeple showed in the telescope's field, but with the aid of a large scale map and instruments Dyson placed the church.

## ISLAND NEAR PANAMA RESEMBLES NOAH'S ARK

Barro Colorado Island was formed when the valleys about it were flooded by the impounding of the waters of the Chagres River to form Gatun Lake.

It resembles Noah's Ark in that there gathered as the waters rose nearly every form of animal life in the vicinity, seeking escape from the rising flood.

Despite that it is only two miles from the Panama River, it has been found to harbor amphibians of new and strange habits as yet unstudied and innumerable species of insects never described, as well as many strange and exotic plants, numbering 2,000 or more.

It abounds with anteaters, sloths, armadillos, peccaries, tapir, agoutis, coatis, the ocelot, the jaguar, many species of bat, monkeys of various kinds and the famous Black Howlers.

## SURNAME

Surnames as family names were unknown before the middle of the 11th Century, except in rare cases where a family "established a fund for the deliverance of the souls of certain ancestors (Christian names specified) from purgatory," although some philologists claim that surnames began to be adopted in England about 1,000 A. D., coming mainly from Normandy, and it is now known that a few Saxons had surnames originally designating occupations, estate, place of residence, or were based upon some particular event that related to the person or on personal peculiarities, as William Rufus, John Lackland, Edmund Ironsides, Robert Smith, or William Turner, and were consequently derived from mere epithets. Another class of surnames is patronymic, indicating of whom the person bearing the name is a son. In this latter class belong the numerous names like Johnson, Thompson, William, etc. This form of surname prevailed and survived in Denmark until the middle of the 19th Century, when it was replaced by the system of family names.

## UNIQUE FLOATING TOLL-ROAD ACROSS THE EVERGLADES

A private toll-road fifty-one miles long has just been built through the Florida Everglades under conditions that are unique from an engineering

point of view. Except where drained, the Everglades lie under water and the soil is soft, spongy, vegetable muck, not capable of sustaining the weight of heavy vehicles. But underneath this quaking muck there lies at a depth varying from five to twenty feet a marl which hardens in the open air and makes an excellent road-bed or foundation when dug up, dried and spread out. The road is built of this marl so that, in one sense, the road actually floats on the underlying muck.

A great deal of grading of this remarkable road was actually done under water, as the level of the neighboring Lake Okechobee was then very high. The road even had to be protected from the waves of the lake by means of the dense water hyacinth which takes root in the lake and rapidly spreads, breaking up the waves quite effectually. Marl for spreading out on top of the muck as a solid road-bed was obtained by means of dredges which dug it up from the bottom of the St. Lucie Canal. This canal was already there when the road was begun. To make a roadway over the muck this material was piled up four feet high and about thirty feet wide.

## INDIANS THE BEST CANOE BUILDERS

The North American Indians have brought the canoe to its highest state of perfection. With the most frail material, birch bark, they construct a craft so light that it may be carried by one man, and yet so strong and buoyant that it will carry a very considerable load. A framework of light but tough wood is covered with sheets of birch bark, which are sewed together, the seams being waterproofed with resinous gums. They are propelled by means of a single-bladed paddle, which is dipped on one side only (a slight twist correcting the tendency to swerve from a straight line), or alternately on either side. The use of the birch bark canoe by the Indians of the United States is rapidly becoming a thing of the past, asserts the *Seattle Post Intelligencer*, but the art of building them has been preserved by their construction as a pleasure craft.

A form of canoe of recent invention is used solely for pleasure. About 1865 John Macgregor, impelled by a love of adventure, sought recreation on the rivers and fords of Europe as well as on the waters of Egypt and Palestine. He developed his model from the Esquimaux kayak, and evolved a clinker-built craft of cedar, about 14 feet long and 2 feet in beam, entirely decked over with the exception of a "well" in which the canoist sits. This is propelled by means of a double-bladed paddle, but a short mast enables the carrying of a sail. In a canoe of this type, which he named the *Rob Roy*, Macgregor cruised on the Danube, the Jordon, the Nile, the Seine and on Norwegian fjords. From this early model other forms have been evolved, notably the *Nautilus* and *Shawod* types. Watertight compartments insure permanent buoyancy. Centerboards counteract leeway when under sail or wind. The interior space is so arranged as to provide a sleeping place for the cruiser.

## FIGHTING FRED FAY

— Or, —

## A Yankee Boy in the Big War

By DICK ELLISON

A Serial Story

## CHAPTER XI.—(Continued).

“Halt!”

Suddenly two, armed German soldiers stepped directly in their path.

“You are our prisoners,” said one. “What brings you here?”

“Hist! This is special duty,” breathed Fred. “Let me whisper.”

He stepped up to the speaker and suddenly dealt him a crushing blow right between the eyes with his left hand.

The man toppled backward and fell.

At the same instant Captain Coventry, divining Fred's intention, struck the other down.

They then took to their heels, running north instead of forward.

Immediately a shout went up.

“That was immense,” breathed the captain; “but all the same I'm afraid we can't escape.”

“We are being followed, all right,” replied Fred. I don't know what started me to do it. I acted on the spur of the moment.”

“You did just right. We must escape. Yes, they are coming. Here, let's hide among those bushes. It's our only chance.”

They crouched among the bushes, scarcely daring to breath.

Not two soldiers but four went past.

“We must be right up against them,” whispered the captain.

“I'm going to take these infernal wrappings off my right arm,” breathed Fred. “We may have to fight for our lives.”

“I advise you to,” replied the captain, and Fred did it.

Breathlessly they waited.

After a while the four soldiers returned growling at their ill-luck.

When they had passed out of hearing Fred proposed to Captain Coventry that he steal forward alone and see how close to the German troops they actually were.

“There is less danger for me in this uniform than for you,” he said. “Before we go any further we ought to know what we are up against.”

“Go then, but be most cautious,” replied the captain. “Don't let even a twig break under your feet.”

Fred had not gone far when he came to the edge of the woods. Right beyond lay the German camp. There were tents and sleeping soldiers outside of tents as far as the eye could reach.

“We have missed our way. We are right in the midst of them,” he told himself, and with the utmost caution he made his way back to the captain.

“We must strike to the north,” he said. “This is surely not the way I came.”

They advanced cautiously for half an hour and then struck the edge of the woods again, finding the coast clear, though they could see the lights of the German camp at no great distance.

“This seems to be the end of their flank,” said the captain. “Look! Those are our camp lights over beyond. Now is our time to strike across the open.”

They hurried across the fields unchallenged and at length came upon the English lines.

As luck would have it this was the camp of Captain Coventry's own regiment, and the man recognizing him, all was well.

Day was now just breaking.

“I suppose I ought to report to General Spencer,” said Fred.

“And I, also,” replied the captain, so they made their way to headquarters.

The general was in bed, but he immediately received them and warmly congratulated Fred on his success.

“Leonel, my dear boy, open my desk,” he said. “You will find the key in my trousers pocket. Bring me my cash-box. I want to reward this brave boy.”

“Nothing for me, sir,” said Fred firmly.

The general continued to urge, but Fred remained firm in his refusal.

“Have it your own way then,” was finally said. “You have shown great courage and I am under infinite obligations to you.”

He shook Fred's hand warmly, as did Captain Coventry.

It was the last time Fred ever saw the young officer.

It would have been better if he had been let alone to go to his German prison.

That day there was a sharp engagement in which Fred took part. The Twenty-second was badly cut up, and poor Coventry was shot dead at the very beginning of the fight.

Fred was present at his burial, standing by the general's side.

Such is the fortune of war!

During the week which followed the fighting was practically continuous.

Fred found himself in the thick of it.

Many a brave fellow went down around him, but he remained unharmed.

During that week the German lines were forced back several miles, but the week following the tide turned, the allies were crowded back toward Reims and the shelling of the city began.

It was an unfortunate week for Fred, for on Friday he and his chum Joe Stoddard were taken prisoners.

For a day and a night they were kept in the open, without food, under guard.

On Sunday morning the prisoners were fed, and shortly after being lined up the march began.

Where were they to be taken? Fred asked himself.

As long as he could keep fighting army life had not been so distasteful to him, but this was an experience which made him heartily wish he was back in his native Chicago.

(To be continued.)

# Charlie, the Corn King

OR

## WAKING UP THE BOARD OF TRADE

By R. T. EMMET

### CHAPTER XXI.—(Continued).

"No?" replied the stranger. "Well, I don't usually stop to tell my name to the office boy—that's what you were then."

The tone was as rasping and insolent as had been the former remark.

Charley instantly pulled himself together.

He felt instinctively that this man was an enemy, and that he needed all his nerve and shrewdness to deal with him, rough and uncouth as he looked.

"Did you want to see me on business?" he asked. "If so you had better step into me private room."

"Yes, I want to see you," was the reply. "My business is rather important, I fancy. He, he, he!" Charley led the way into the private office, and closed the door.

"Sit down," he said, seating himself by his desk.

"Huh! you are mighty fine here," chuckled the man. "Things didn't used to be this way in 'Old Corns's time. No, no! He, he!"

"I'd be obliged to you if you would give me your name and tell me what you want," said Charley. "My time is valuable, whatever yours may be."

"My name is Dan'l Dingleman," replied the man. "I'm Simon Kornahrens's only friend on earth. You know that, and you know where I belong. So my business won't surprise you. Where is 'Old Corns'?" Have you killed him or has he killed himself with rum, dropped into the lake, landed in a lunatic asylum, rounded up in Joliet? Where, which, what? Boy, why don't you speak?"

"You seem to be doing all the talking at present," replied Charley. "All I have to say is that Mr. Kornahrens went away on one of his periodicals three months ago, and hasn't been seen since."

"Just so," said Mr. Dingleman. "That's the newspaper talk. But have you seen him? That's what I want to know."

"No, I haven't," replied Charley, sturdily, for he felt that the reflection in the glass did not count.

"Yes," said Dingleman, "you have been doing a whole lot on your own account since then."

"Since when?"

"Since the old man vanished."

"Will you kindly get down to business?"

"Surest thing, if you are ready. How much corn do you hold?"

"It's nonsense for you to expect me to tell my private business to you, Mr. Dingleman."

"It is, hey? Well, I say no. Look here, young feller; you think yourself almighty smart, and I

am willing to admit that you are some pumpkins, but I've come to Chicago to know your little game."

"Sir!"

"Oh, you hear and you understand, too. I'm a knocker—Dingleman, the knocker. You think you hold the corn market by the throat, but you don't. I'm the one. I'm it! I'm the man who is going to knock your game."

There came a knock on the door then, and the office boy—a bright lad—looked in.

"I think you had better take a look at the tape, Mr. Sharp," he said.

Charley sprang to his feet and hurried to the ticker.

Corn was off three points.

While he held the tape it dropped two more.

Was the end of the great corn speculation in sight?

Was this the work of Dingleman, the knocker?

Charley stepped back into the private office much disturbed.

If the corn market was actually about to break then there was a lot of work to be done, and no time to spend in talking to cranks.

On the other hand, if "Dingleman, the knocker" really held information of importance, that was something which had to be learned, too.

Charley started out in his usual business-like way to settle the problem.

"Mr. Dingleman, what is it that you really want?" he asked. "I have important business to attend to, and can't give you any more time."

The man eyed him keenly.

"It's a case of buy or sell," he said. "I've got some corn. You knew that Kornahrens owned all the elevators of the — Elevating Company down my way?"

"I have heard him speak of the property, yes. He foreclosed a mortgage on it. The elevators are all dropping to pieces. There has been no business done down there for several years."

"So you say. I happen to be manager of those elevators. We have been doing a little business of late. Before 'Old Corns' went into this deal he ran a large quantity of corn into those elevators. As he was the principal owner in our railroad he was able to do this secretly. My orders were to hold the corn for orders. As I was made an equal partner in the deal I am empowered to act. I control that corn, Mr. Boy Corn King, and I think a good time to let it loose on the market is just about now."

Charley's heart sank.

Here was the unexpected getting ready to happen.

Nothing of this sort had even been dreamed of by our hero.

It only went to show that however smart a boy may be, business experience is also a necessary factor of success.

But Charley kept his head, and showed by no outward sign the disturbance he really felt.

"How much corn have you got, and what do you want for it?" he asked, in the most business-like way possible.

"I'll write the amount of my holdings on this card," replied Dingleman. "My price is the market price. I'm no hog. I only want to play fair."

(To be continued.)

# INTERESTING RADIO NEWS AND HINTS

## A BETTER SIMPLE VERNIER

To keep the rubber-tipped pencil from moving away from the dial drive a phonograph needle through the panel at the edge of the dial. The rubber in the pencil can be forced onto the needle and then on the dial. It cannot slip and good vernier control will be obtained.

## USES A "HUSHAPHONE"

A new type of microphone, known as a hushaphone, is used by W J Z to radiocast prizefights and other athletic events. It is designed to keep out of the broadcast the shouts of the crowd and other outside disturbance. In tests, phonograph records played just a short distance from this new microphone did not disturb the microphone and did not go "on the air." It is a tubular affair with the regular microphone inside the tube. A small aperture allows the speaker to actuate the microphone.

## SMOKE ABSORBS RADIO WAVES

The smoke given out by a factory chimney or any other large and hot fire usually contains many electrified particles of the kind called "ions" and is a fairly good conductor of electricity. This means that if you try to operate a radio set in the shadow of a lot of smoking chimneys you may have trouble, due to the absorption of the radio energy by the smoke cloud in much the same way in which energy is absorbed by a steel building. The small amount of smoke given off by a house chimney is not enough, however, to have any perceptible effect.

## NOISES

The limiting factor in present-day reception is noise especially atmospheric noise. This is especially true in the case of superheterodyne sets. If it were not for the fact that tube noises and atmospheric disturbances hold us to a practical limit, we could keep on amplifying indefinitely. It is, therefore, of the utmost importance that our intermediate-frequency amplifier should amplify this type of interference as little as possible. It should be a pure radio-frequency amplifier and should not pass audio-frequencies with increasing volume. The higher the wavelength which is used the lower the frequency becomes, gradually approaching an audible frequency. Accordingly, the higher the wavelength to which the amplifier is tuned the greater is its tendency to amplify audio-frequency noises. In fact, a radio-frequency transformer which is designed for wavelengths of 6,000 meters or greater is a fair audio-frequency transformer, and a three-stage audio-frequency amplifier, even if its efficiency per stage is not great, can build up quite a volume of sound. Hence, it will be noted how we are limited in the development of still more sensitive superheterodyne receivers.

## THE THERMIODYNE

This four-tube receiver is claimed to possess the following advantages: The dial settings are absolutely predetermined. If the wavelength of

a desired station is known, the operator can instantly tune in the signals of that station. The thermiodyne can be used with an outside, inside or even a loop antenna, and the signals come in at the same point on the tuning dial regardless of the type of antenna or external conditions. Under favorable conditions the receiver can be used without an antenna. The thermiodyne is free from squeaks, squawks or howls, no matter how it is handled. It will not distort broadcast music. As many stages of tuned radio-frequency amplification as may be desired can be placed before the detector. If properly constructed, this circuit is said to be as selective as a wave meter. Any number of thermiodynes can be operated from a single antenna, each receiving from a different station without interference. This circuit is the invention of Carl E. Trube, who worked with Professor Hazeltine in the development of the neutrodyne receiver. Because of the surprisingly uniform tuning of the radio-frequency stages in the thermiodyne circuit, it has been possible to group these tuning operations for a single control—three stages of so-called thermiodyne frequency, detector and two stages of audio-frequency, all tuned with but a single control.

## HOW TO READ DIAGRAMS

A great deal of confusion is experienced by new fans in reading the schematic diagrams of radio circuits.

The aerial is represented by two joined triangles. The aerial connects to a spiral marked "pri," which is the primary winding of a tuner. The ground, represented by six lines in the shape of an inverted pyramid, is the water pipe.

The secondary coil is represented by a long spiral—means turns of wire. Two short, vertical lines is the symbol for a fixed condenser.

Across the terminals of the secondary is connected the variable condenser the symbol of which in the schematic drawing, is an arrow crossing two short, heavy, horizontal lines.

In schematic drawing, the vacuum tube socket is shown with the terminal marked "G" for grid, "P" for plate and "F" for filament leads. Two short, heavy vertical lines in the wire running to the "G" post represent the grid condenser. A short, wavy line drawn above the grid condenser is the tubular grid leak.

On the filament terminal is shown another wavy line tapped midway by an arrow terminating at the positive side of the "A" battery. This wavy line and arrow mean that it is a variable resistance called a rheostat. An "A" battery symbol shows one short heavy line and one slightly longer lighter line. The heavy line is the negative side and the light line is the positive side.

The "B" battery symbol is a series of alternate heavy and light lines representing a number of coils connected in series.

At crossing points lines break into 6 short curves which indicates that these two wires must not touch. Dots show where one wire joins another.

## GOOD READING

## ERIE'S FISH

Lake Erie yields a larger annual catch of fish than any other body of New York State water. Two years ago licensed fishermen took nearly 5,000,000 pounds of fish from it.

## CAMEL GOING WITHOUT WATER

An ordinary camel will carry a pack 25 miles a day for three days without water, while there are some camels that will go without water 50 miles a day for five days. It is possible for a camel to go without water for seven days, no doubt, but in practice the above periods are about the maximum. A specially trained camel will carry its rider 100 miles a day. It lifts its legs on the same side at the same time, like a pacing horse. A mature camel will carry a load of 1,000 pounds. The animal is not fully grown until its 16th or 17th year.

## ODORS OF METALS

Experiments have been made to prove that metals have odors composed not of the atoms of the metal but of the products of their chemical changes. At ordinary temperatures the odors frequently could not be detected or were almost imperceptible, but became more pronounced as the metal was heated, and then disappeared after the heating had been continued for a considerable length of time. The experimenters also have succeeded in isolating the odorous matter.

## EARTH'S MOTION CAUSES WATCHES TO OSCILLATE

Railway men on the speedy trains in service are instructed from headquarters to leave their watches in their vest or trousers pockets at night and never hang the garment on the wall, but place it on a chair or stand.

The danger of hanging the watch on the wall is made plain, as the earth's movements cause the walls to change position, and that causes the watch to oscillate, and that gives the delicate balance wheel of the watch a contrary motion, making the timepiece unreliable for the important service expected.

## DEATH VALLEY

Death Valley is probably the most unique natural feature in California. It is located in the southeast corner of Inyo County, and is inclosed by the Panamint Mountains on the west and the Funeral Range on the east. It is seventy-five miles long, and at its narrowest point but eight miles wide.

At one time, most probably, it was the bed of an ancient river. The lowest depression is 299 feet below sea level, but above this rises Telescope Peak, 11,000 feet high, of the Panamint Range, and directly opposite the Funeral Peak, which reaches an altitude of 8,000 feet. During the winter these peaks are covered with snow.

This remarkable valley was discovered in 1850 by a party of immigrants, many of whom lost their lives in the attempt to cross it. The name

has clung to it, also, as being the scene of numberless tragedies. Early in its history traditions of gold and silver deposits of wonderful richness within its boundaries persuaded many adventurous persons to undertake the hazardous experiment of its exploration. The number who have lost their lives in this desolate field is undoubtedly great. Pursuing the mirage of rich deposits of precious metals, these adventurous prospectors succumbed at last to the intolerable heat and the agonies of thirst.

The range of the thermometer is probably much greater in Death Valley than elsewhere in the western hemisphere. In winter the temperature is way below zero, while in July and August the thermometer ranges for weeks at 137 degrees above, frequently rising several degrees higher. For weeks at a time the lowest temperature observed exceeded 100 degrees. The daily heat burns every vestige of vegetation. The Spanish bayonet, a plant that flourishes under the most arid conditions, here barely survives, while the mesquite, with its long roots penetrating deep into the earth in search of scanty moisture, just manages to exist.

It is in the months of greatest heat that the sand storms of Death Valley are most deadly. They rage with intense fury, obliterating the landscape and dimming the light of the sun, withering the scanty vegetation and covering the trails deep in powdered dust. At all times the aspect of the valley is superlatively desolate. No spot on earth surpasses it in aridity or tophet-like heat.

The belief that the borax marshes are the remains of the vast lake which once filled the valley is supported by traces of water-line found six feet above, on the mountainsides.

In general appearance, all borax marshes are alike. They are located at the point of greatest depression, and from a distance look like deposits of salt or snow. Under the surface is common wet clay or water of varying depths. These deposits are generally circular in form and appear as though once they were craters. Borax was created by contact of boracic acid in gaseous form, with the lime and soda of the surface. At Teels Marsh, Nevada, borate of lime appears in the form of balls embedded in clay along with soda, salt, etc., but at Columbus these are found in sandy soil. Sometimes these balls are decomposed, underlying the soil, which is removed and the borate shoveled out. Deposits of crude borate of soda are found in Nevada and in Death Valley at the Monte Blanco mines.

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## FROM ALL POINTS

## DENVER MINTS \$62,677,900

Although more than \$20,000,000 more precious metal bullion was coined in the Denver Mint during 1924 than in 1923, not a single silver dollar was turned out, Frank E. Shepard, Superintendent of the Mint, announced recently.

More than 3,000,000 double eagles were minted. In silver the following pieces were turned out:

Quarters, 3,112,000; dimes, 6,770,000; nickels, 5,252,000.

A total of 2,500,000 copper pieces were produced.

The total bullion in gold and silver converted was \$62,677,900. Colorado mines contributed \$5,016,214.84, compared with \$4,892,476.17 the previous year.

## THE 20-MULE TEAM

Users of 20-mule team borax will be interested to know that nowadays the twenty-mule team is only a prosaic sixty-horsepower tractor of the tracklaying or tank type pulling six or seven broad-tired wagons behind it. The borax is the same, however, even though the old mules have been paid off and discharged.

Recent years have seen an increase in the number of commercially important discoveries of borax found. The importance of these may be judged by the fact that over 120,000 tons of borax is now being produced every year. Borax is not merely used to soften wash water, however, for it now goes into the manufacture of glass, enamel, household and toilet preparations, preservatives, fluxes, and various chemicals.

The borax deposits of the West are confined to Southern California and Nevada.

## MORE CAREFUL WITH PINE

Southern pine lumbermen are employing more economic methods of using forest materials than were used in the early days of lumbering in the South. A greater proportion of the trees is being used, and there is less waste of wood than formerly, the Alabama Forestry Commission concludes, after a survey of lumber manufacturing conditions in that state. The announcement of the

Alabama Forestry Commission's findings sets forth some of the reasons why close utilization of forest materials was not practiced in the early lumbering days. The statement says:

"Two decades ago forests were so extensive that the public refused to accept lumber material other than the best grades cut from trees of the most desirable species. As a result of this feature of the demand, lumbermen were obliged to leave in the woods much material that would have been medium and lower grades of lumber, provided that the buying public would accept it.

"With the diminution of the forests, however, the public has realized that the choice grades of lumber can no longer be obtained at low prices, and builders and other consumers are becoming accustomed to the use of material that formerly no one would buy.

"Complete utilization is one of the principles of forestry. A market for the lower grades of lumber and for what formerly were regarded as inferior species of trees makes it possible now for timberland owners to practice forestry."

## LAUGHS

**Impecunious Nobleman**—Sir, I understand you have a peerless daughter? Old Moneybags—Yes, and you might as well understand first as last that she is going to stay peerless, as far as your fortune-hunters are concerned.

**Minister**—So you go to school, do you, Bobby? **Bobby**—Yes, sir. **Minister**—Let me hear you spell bread. **Bobby**—B-r-e-d. **Minister**—Webster spells it with an a. **Bobby**. **Bobby**—Yes, sir; but you didn't ask me how Webster spells it. You asked me how I spell it.

"Things will be changed when the women vote." "Yes, I suppose they will. Probably they will insist on having rugs on the floors of all the polling places." "I wasn't thinking of that. They will probably want to add postscripts to their ballots after they got them marked."

**Abby**, the littlest girl of the family, was seated at the breakfast table one morning. As usual, eggs were served. Either she was not hungry or she had grown tired of the inevitable bill of fare, for very earnestly and soberly she remarked, "I do wish hens would lay something besides eggs."

**The Drug Store Clerk**—Gee whiz! I have kept that woman waiting for half an hour. I forgot all about her prescription. Shall I let her have the medicine at half-price as compensation? **The Proprietor**—Certainly not! Charge her double in order to make her think you had a lot of trouble in mixing it up.

**Mr.**—I wonder what that painting represents? The youth and maiden seem to be in such a tender mood. **Mrs.**—Oh! don't you see, dear? He has just asked her to marry him and she is accepting him. **Mr.**—Ah! that's so. The title is very appropriate, too. **Mrs.**—I don't see any title. **Mr.**—Why, that card at the bottom, which says, "Sold!"

## FROM EVERYWHERE

## BIRDS SEEK OLD HAUNTS

Interesting data on how birds of a feather flock together and how they return year after year in the course of migrations to any port that will provide them with protection and food in a storm has been obtained by Jack Miller, naturalist, at his bird sanctuary, Kingsville, Ont.

Mr. Miller caught seventeen wild mallard ducks in a net and ascertained that six of the older birds had already been marked with his aluminum tags bearing various verses of Scripture. One bird was at least six years old, having been marked in 1918. All the birds were supplied with new 1924 tags.

## ONE HOUSE ON FOUR MAPS

There is one man in the United States, says *American Forests*, who is living in four different states at the same time. At the intersection of the four-square boundaries of Utah, Colorado, Arizona and New Mexico stands his ranch house. Therefore, he goes into Utah to sleep; when he gets up he washes in Colorado; next comes breakfast for which he goes over into Arizona; while if he finds any spare time he sits on his porch in New Mexico and has a smoke. His windmill pumps water for his stock from a well in New Mexico, but the trough from which the cattle drink is in Arizona.

Is this man a wag, or did he get his ideas from seeing the record play, "Lightnin'?" To which state does he pay his taxes, and does he claim voting residence on a basis of the part of his house in which he sleeps or the part in which he smokes?

## RECENT EXCAVATIONS IN NEBRASKA REVEALS REMAINS OF IMMENSE INDIAN CITY

In Eastern Nebraska, along the banks of the Loup and Platte Rivers, excavations made last summer revealed that a great group of Indian settlements with at least a million population existed in the locality before the Pilgrims came to America. E. E. Blackman, curator of the Nebraska State Historical Society, has just made extensive excavations in this region and has established that the large settlements were in existence at least as far back as 1541.

Following the clue given in an ancient document in Paris, which described the massacre in 1720 of a Spanish expedition of several thousand persons, Mr. Blackman set out to dig for implements and other articles the Indians would have captured from the Spaniards. He found parts of Spanish plate armor and brass chains from the bits of Spanish cavalry horses.

Digging near Genoa, Nance County, Nebraska, on the site of a large, low Indian mound, Mr. Blackman found evidences that a large settlement had once existed there. Heated underground rooms, circular in shape and as much as sixty feet in diameter were found. Under the former earth floors of these rooms were ashes, human

remains, flint implements, broken pottery and other relics. In the same locality the remains of an Indian city of hundreds of thousands of inhabitants were discovered by means of a trench dug across an extensive Indian mound. Wooden posts which had entered into the construction of these houses had rotted away but the pockets in the earth where they had stood remained still open.

This ruined Indian city evidently dates from about the year 1541, reference to it having been made in the records of Colorado's great expedition of that date. Other indications tend to show its age to be at least two centuries older than this. Evidences that systematic agriculture was practiced by the Indians of this time and locality is shown by the discovery of many corncobs. Corn was raised in fields outside the settlements.—*New York Times*.

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## ARTICLES OF INTEREST

## THEFT ENDS X-WORD SESSION

John Sankowski and Edward Segar of Lynn, Mass., are ardent cross-word puzzle fans. Early the other morning they were seated in a restaurant working out a puzzle, when a stranger, who apparently knew more about puzzles than they did, invited them to a room in a hotel to continue their solutions.

A few hours later Sankowski and Segar reported to Police Headquarters that the cross-word instructor had robbed them of their overcoats, two gold watches, a fountain pen and the cash they possessed.

## VALUE OF THE PORPOISE

In this hastening age of ours, when even seconds count in business life, it may sound paradoxical to say that we owe our punctuality and time saving to the playful porpoise. And yet such, indeed, is the fact, for watches, clocks and still more dignified chronometers would not run month in and month out with regularity but for the lubricant obtained from its jaws. This oil has the unique property of being able to retain its fluidity summer and winter, and there is an authentic record of the lubricant doing its work at a temperature of quite 100 degrees below the freezing point.

A variety of other oils have been tried for the same service, but all of them have proved far less reliable. In a watch or chronometer the oil must stay where put—it must not "creep" over the mechanism and thus steal away from its proper post of duty. Therefore, it ought not to run away in the presence of considerable heat. Neither should the oil oxidize, evaporate or grow rancid. These exacting requirements are met in their entirety only by porpoise jaw oil, and it is no wonder that the stuff when refined sells wholesale in the neighborhood of \$25 a gallon. There are many other mechanisms that are best cared for by using porpoise jaw oil, such, for instance, as talking machines, delicate recording apparatus, etc.

## VALUABLE FACTS WE ALL SHOULD KNOW

Breathing.—Breathe through the nose, as this method will warm and moisten and purify the air. Breathing through the mouth will not. Colds (so-called) are contracted by mouth-breathing. The air we breathe must be moistened to prevent "colds." Keep a pan of water on your heating stove and breathe through the nose all the time, indoors and out.

Poison Ivy.—Steep the seeds of cardamon. Apply the lotion cold.

Doctor Nature.—Doctors, medicines and money are failures as cures for the ill person. Correctly eating the right amount of the right food is the only sure way of preventing and curing disease. "Gorging," says Dr. Moras, "is suicide." Diet or die.

Drowning.—Lay the body face downward, face turned to one side so as to prevent breathing. Extend arms above the head. Kneel astride the buttock, place your hands on the short ribs, and alternately press down with the weight of your

shoulders and release, twelve to fifteen times to the minute. Do this for an hour if necessary. When natural breathing is restored, rub legs and body toward the heart to stimulate circulation.

Fish Food for Fat People.—Don't take fat-reducing medicines if you are too stout. Cut down your diet, get out of doors exercise, and you will assume normal lines and weight. Avoid sweets, eggs, cream, fat meats and especially potatoes.

Fishbone in Throat.—A raw egg swallowed will detach a fishbone in the throat.

To Stop Bleeding.—The worst case of bleeding can be stopped by cold water.

Tobacco.—"Smoking good tobacco is good for the health."—Dr. J. Gardner Smith, New York.

Insomnia.—Drink a generous quantity of water, then, half an hour later, eat, slowly, a paprika or red pepper crustless sandwich with butter, half an hour before bedtime. It will draw the blood from the head to the stomach, stimulate the stomach and rest the brain.

## LONG KEY FISHING CAMP ATTRACTS ANGLERS

Long Key Fishing Camp, Florida, headquarters for big game fishing and one of the world's famous fishing resorts, has come to rival British East Africa as a goal for sportsmen. Anglers come from all parts of the world seeking to establish new record catches. The present season promises to surpass the attendance of all previous years.

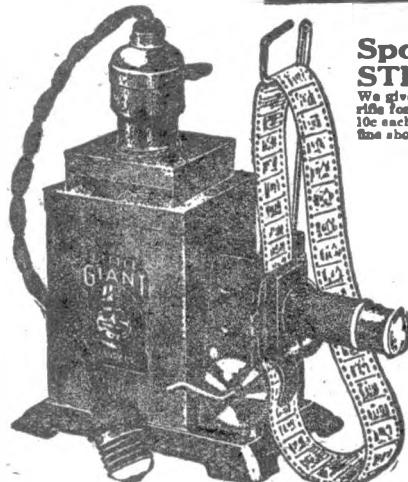
Scores of visitors, numbering some of America's leaders in social, financial and industrial affairs, may be seen bringing in beautiful catches along the railway viaduct. The large fleets of fishing launches built for deep sea sport give every nimrod a chance to get out upon the reefs daily.

So popular has big game fishing become with the tourists that those who stopped over there on their way to Cuba and Key West have almost invariably made a return visit. Indeed, one can readily account for this not only because of the beauty of this picturesque key, but the thrilling sport of landing the great leaping game fish is never to be forgotten. George Schutt, manager of the camp, says it is like a disease and comes back every year. The sail fish is the prized catch. This gleaming fighting monster, who sometimes walks the water on his tail, provides one of the most spectacular thrills to be found in these waters. The tales of the Northern visitors in the evening center entirely around their fishing experiences of the day and past week. Sail fish that come up almost to the stern of the boat and critically look at the bait and then, seemingly dissatisfied, swim away; barracuda that bite in half other fish that have been just hooked were described. Amberjack can be lured right up to the side of the boat. One of the sportsmen at Long Key took a piece of mullet out of the bait box, trailed it in the water and soon Mr. Amberjack himself grabbed and bit off a portion of the bait. The bone fish is a curio to the visitors. They are surprised when told that it lives on crabs and shell fish and its mouth and tongue are covered with teeth.

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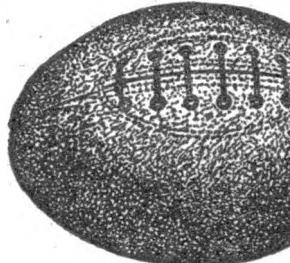


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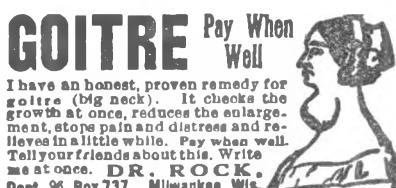
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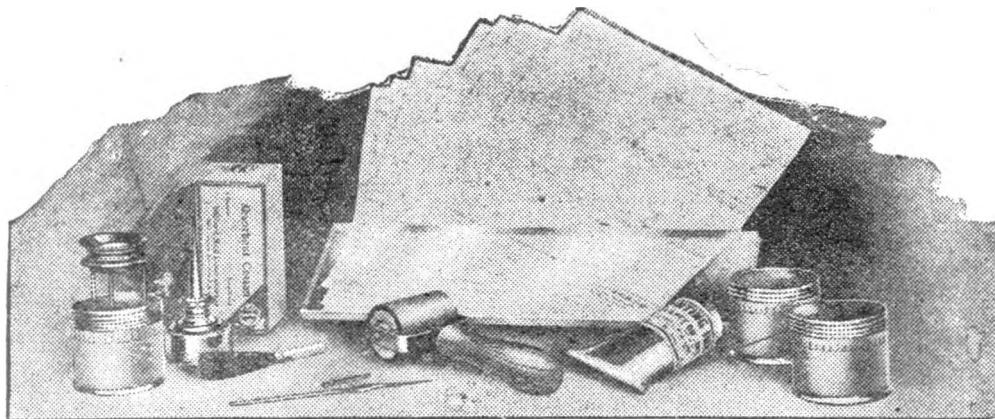
### THIEVES STEAL COPPER FOR GOLD

Eight river pirates, evidently looking for a consignment of narcotic drugs brought here on the White Star liner *Olympic* and destined for various drug firms, held up three watchmen on Pier 59, North River, at the foot of West Eighteenth street, and stole ten heavy boxes of copper, which they apparently mistook for gold.

Michael Malloy, a watchman, was making his rounds when he saw two men in the dim light. He started toward them and, half way across the pier, was seized from behind. He was forced into the waiting room where he was tied up and guarded by two of the thieves.

Five minutes later Charles Campbell, another watchman, missed Malloy and started out to find him. As he passed a bale of jute, he was knocked unconscious and thrown behind the bales. The next victim was James Duffin, roundsman of the watchmen, who was trapped by a sack thrown over his head, disarmed and carried to the waiting room.

Some time later the sound of a departing motor boat told the two in the waiting room that the pirates had gone. Duffin got free of his bonds, and untied his companion.



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 1128 " Scrimmage with Sioux; or, Arletta and the Renegade.  
 1129 " Racing the Cowboys; or, Saving a Doomed Ranch.  
 1130 " Biggest Panout; or, Arletta and the Lost Prospects.  
 1131 " Saving a Hundred Thousand; or, The Shot That Stopped the Train.  
 1132 " Fall Round Up; or, Arletta and the Rustlers.  
 1133 " Over the Rio Grande; or, The Hunt for the Stolen Stock.  
 1134 " and the Redskin Spy; or, Arletta's Clever Decoy.  
 1135 " Gunning for Gold; or, Outwitting the Mine Plotters.  
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