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NEW YORK, DECEMBER 29, 1922

Price 7 Cents

WILD WEST WEEKLY.

YOUNG WILD WEST IN THE GOLDEN VALLEY.

By AN OLD SCOUT.
AND OTHER
STORIES



"Hold!" cried Arietta, rushing upon the
Scout. "The paleface boy must not be
harm'd. See! I have the sign of your
tribe and you dare not disobey me."
The chief saw the token.

WILD WEST WEEKLY

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Young Wild West in the Golden Valley OR, ARIETTA'S INDIAN SIGN

By AN OLD SCOUT

CHAPTER I.—Arietta and the Apache Princess.

One day late in the fall, a few days ago, a party of Apache Indians might have been seen in the act of pitching their camp in one of the wildest parts of the mountain range, known as the Sierra de la Nairl, in the southwestern part of Arizona. The afternoon was well advanced, and by the appearance of the band of redskins, they had traveled far and were pretty well exhausted. There were not more than two score in the party, nearly half of them being squaws and little children. The horses they had were bony, and seemed to have little life left in them, while the few mules and burros that carried the belongings of the band acted very much as though they could have scarcely gone much further over the rocky trail.

The male members of the party quickly turned loose their horses, that they might browse on the mesquite that grew in abundance in a little hollow through which the water from the rocky crevice trickled until it was swallowed up by the dry soil beyond. Then they threw themselves into easy positions, taking care to get into the shade, for the sun was very hot. The squaws, however, started in at work, for this seemed to be their part on the programme. There was one squaw among them who seemed to stand out in contrast with all the rest. She might have been called beautiful, as far as Indian beauty goes, for she was of medium height, straight as an arrow, well formed and had a distinguishing bearing, which no doubt caused the contrast.

She might have been a little more gaudily attired than the rest, for the strings of beads she had about her bronzed neck were far more elaborate than those worn by the others, while the bracelets that entwined her wrists sparkled in the sun, as she tenderly placed her papoose in a reclining position in the shade of a high rock. The babe was asleep, and after looking at it tenderly for a moment the mother turned to her work, which was gathering fagots. For probably ten minutes the squaws worked away, and then having finished her task the mother started for her papoose. As she neared the sleeping infant, she suddenly stopped still in her tracks, while an expression of terror showed upon her face. No wonder, for coiled upon a stone less than three feet from the sleeping papoose was a monster rattlesnake ready to spring and sink its fangs into the innocent babe. The squaw stood as if paralyzed.

Then it was that a scream left the lips of the squaw, and she sprang forward to seize the child. As she grasped the frightened papoose in her arms and pressed it to her bosom, a young and beautiful girl, with a wealth of golden hair hanging almost to her waist, appeared upon the scene, a smoking revolver in her hand.

"I was just in time, I think," the girl said, speaking in a cool and pleasant way. "The rattler would have made its spring in another second, I am sure. But I shot its head off, and your papoose is safe."

"Ne-to-wah thank the paleface maiden. She has saved her papoose, and Ne-to-wah will never forget."

By this time the braves had got upon their feet and were hurrying to the scene. The golden-haired maiden still held the revolver in her hand, and that was enough for them to guess what had caused the death of the snake.

"I am very glad that I came here, Ne-to-wah," the girl said, as she flashed a glance at the Indians, who had now almost surrounded her. "I knew you were here, and I came to have a look at you. As I was creeping through the bushes I saw the sleeping papoose and the snake. Then I shot the snake and saved the child from sure death. I am very glad, indeed, that I came to look at your camp."

"Ugh!" exclaimed Little Bull Tail, the chief of the band. "Where paleface maiden come from?"

"I have plenty of friends here, chief," the girl answered, quite at her ease. "But they do not want to make war with the Apaches. You need not be afraid."

"Ugh!" and the chief drew himself up proudly. "Little Bull Tail no afraid of the palefaces. Me heap big chief. Me hate the palefaces."

"Well, I am sorry to hear you say that."

"Let me take the little one for a minute," she said, and without the least hesitation Ne-to-wah handed her the infant.

It could not have been more than six months of age, and when it looked up into the face of the fair white maiden and smiled the face of the squaw lit up with an expression of pure joy. Finally she handed the papoose to Ne-to-wah, and then smiling at her, she said:

"I must go now. My friends are waiting for me. I am very glad I was able to shoot the snake."

"Wait, paleface maiden," cried the squaw sud-

denly, while a peculiar light shone from her dark lustrous eyes, "Ne-to-wah must give you something. You have saved her papoose, which has no father. Running Elk, my husband, died three months ago. His people live somewhere in these mountains, and it is to them that Ne-to-wah is going now with the Apaches you see with her. The paleface maiden will find great danger in these mountains, so Ne-to-wah will give her the Indian sign. Then she can go with her friends where she pleases and she or they need not fear. Watch, paleface maiden. This is the Indian's sign."

The squaw quickly pulled from her bosom a small oblong box that was covered by deerskin. Then she gently deposited the papoose upon the ground, and raising the little box in her left hand, she threw out her right, and the fingers extended.

"You will take this, paleface maiden," she said, as she handed the box to the white girl "When you meet Indians you do as you see me do, and they will be your friends. You know the sign I give. What is in the box is the token of the Lost Tribe."

"Thank you, Ne-to-wah," and the girl bowed, never once paying the least attention to the Indians standing about, who were now looking on in dismay, rather than in anger.

"Will the paleface maiden tell me her name?" the squaw asked, as she leaned forward eagerly.

"Arietta is my name," was the reply.

"Arietta," repeated the squaw, nodding with satisfaction. "Ne-to-wah, the Apache princess, will not forget. Arietta can now go. She has the thanks of the mother of the papoose she saved from the rattlesnake."

As the girl turned to leave Little Bull Tail, the chief started as though to detain her, but a quick wave of the hand from Ne-to-wah caused him to stop. She spoke sharply in her own language, and the result was that the braves started slowly back to the camp. The white girl glanced over her shoulder, and finding that she was not to be molested, she started around a point of rocks, and came face to face with two boys and a tall man, all of whom had rifles in their hands, and had evidently been listening and watching all that had taken place.

"Well, Et," said one of the boys, whose handsome face and athletic form told that he was something above the average boy of the West, "I reckon you have quite a little adventure."

"Yes, Wild," was the reply. "I never expected anything like that would happen when I insisted on creeping forward to have a look at the Indian camp. But I am very glad that I chose to be a spy just then, for I certainly saved the life of the papoose."

"Yes, you did that all right, Et. I was not looking in that direction at the time, but when I heard the shot I came here in a hurry, and I was in time to see just about what had happened. So the papoose belongs to an Apache princess, eh? Well, that seems rather odd; and she has presented you with an Indian sign that will take you safely through the mountains, too. Well, I call that pretty good luck, though I had no idea that there were many bad Apaches in this section."

The boy brushed back his long light chestnut

hair as he said this and smiled. Right here we may as well state that he was no other than Young Wild West, commonly known as the Prince of the Saddle and Champion Deadshot of the West. The other boy was Jim Dart, and the man was Cheyenne Charlie, an ex-government scout. The two were known far and near as the partners of Young Wild West, and the many exciting adventures and perils they had gone through could hardly be enumerated. As we find them, Young Wild West with his partners and the "girls," as Arietta Murdock, the young deadshot's sweetheart, Anna, the wife of Cheyenne Charlie, and Eloise Gardner, Jim Dart's sweetheart, were called by the three, were taking a horseback ride through Southern Arizona, in search of adventure, fortune, fun, or anything else they might come upon.

"Let's go back and tell Anna and Eloise about it," said Wild.

The four now started along the rough mountain trail and a couple of minutes later they came in sight of the scout's wife and Jim's sweetheart, who had dismounted and were standing near their horses. Close to them were Hop Wah and Wing Wah, the two Chinese servants, who invariably accompanied them on their trips over the mountains and plains. The latter were brothers, and looked much alike, though that was as far as it went, since Hop Wah was a clever magician, a professional card sharp, and was very fond of practical joking.

"Who fired the shot?" the scout's wife asked, as the four reached the spot.

"I did," Arietta answered quickly. "I met with an adventure, too."

Arietta quickly related the whole circumstance, not forgetting to show them the token she had received from the squaw as a present for having saved the life of her papoose.

"There's something rather strange about all this, I think," declared Anna, looking serious. "So the princess is looking for the people of her dead husband? And they are supposed to be located somewhere in these mountains? You say she spoke of them as belonging to the Lost Tribe."

"Yes," answered Arietta.

"Which means," spoke up Wild West, nodding his head in a matter-of-fact way, "that they, no doubt, live here alone and are following up the ancient customs of their forefathers, the Axtecs."

CHAPTER II.—Jeremy Jordan Appears on the Scene.

Young Wild West and his partners had taken in about all there was to be seen in the vicinity of the spot where the Indians had formed their camp. One thing they had noticed particularly was that there was a stream of water there.

"Boys," said the young deadshot, after Arietta's adventure had been pretty well threshed out, "I reckon we must find where the water comes from we saw trickling from the rocks at the Indian camp up there. I have an idea that if we should go around to the right for half a mile, and then ascend toward the top of the peak,

we might come across it. I think it's well worth trying, anyhow."

"That's right, Wild," Cheyenne Charlie answered promptly, for he always agreed with anything the young deadshot said, even though he was fully ten years the boy's senior.

As all agreed with what Young Wild West said about searching for water, they mounted their horses and soon started in the direction he had suggested. They had all been pleased when they found they were nearing a part of the mountainous country where so much vegetation abounded.

Young Wild West and his pretty golden haired sweetheart headed the line as they advanced up the rather steep ascent. The two Chinamen brought up the rear, leading the loaded pack-horses in their usual style, the other two couples riding between. What seemed to be a trail wound its way around the cliffs, all the while continuing upward.

However, so long as it answered their purpose, our friends kept on, and at the expiration of probably ten minutes they had reached a point that was easily a hundred feet higher than the spot where the Indians had camped. They could see them plainly from where they were, and as they halted and took a short look at them they saw that they were observed.

As our friends started to go on Arietta saw Ne-to-wah come out of the brightest and neatest looking of the tepees that had been erected at the foot of the little cliff. The Apache princess quickly looked that way, and then acting on an impulse Arietta turned in the saddle and made the sign that had been given her. Ne-to-wah promptly bowed her head and waved her hand. Wild, who was watching sharply, noticed that the chief of the band shrugged his shoulders and then appeared to be talking to the braves sitting near him.

"I reckon Little Bull Tail don't like it very much because the young squaw gave you the Indian Sign, Et," he observed, with a smile. "But it seems to be all right and he has got to let it go as it is. I am quite satisfied that he has strong belief in that sign, and that he would not attempt to harm any of us now. But I don't mean to give him a chance, for you never can trust an Indian, especially an Apache who has a hatred for the white race, which he certainly has."

"You're right, Wild," the girl answered, skaking her head. "But I am firmly convinced that the sign the princess gave me will carry us through safely."

When they had proceeded on a little further they caught the glimmer of the trickling stream in the rays of the declining sun. Young Wild West called a halt, and dismounting he climbed to a high point of rock near at hand and took a good look around. It was not long before he found where the stream came from, and running his eye along in the direction he saw probably a quarter of a mile above them a glimmer which certainly came from running water.

"There is where we want to go," he exclaimed, pointing his finger in the direction. "We ought to get there in ten minutes, unless we find some sort of an obstruction."

He slid down from the rock and quickly mounted his horse and then they set out.

They kept on riding slowly, the most of the way though when the opportunity afforded they pushed forward at a canter. It must have taken all of fifteen minutes for them to reach the spot they were heading for, but they all considered it well worth the trouble when they found the clear cool water that came from a big rock that was split from top to bottom nearly in the center. Tin cups were quickly brought forth, and then all hands partook of the refreshing, life-giving fluid.

"Well, I reckon we've gone about far enough for to-day," said the young deadshot, after he had taken his fill of the sparkling water. "I hardly think we could find a better place to pitch our camp than right here, so we will stop here until morning."

He then ordered the two Chinamen to unload the pack-horses and put up the two tents that were carried with them to protect them at night from the rain, though there was little danger from that source in that region.

So many times had Hop and Wing unloaded the pack-horses and put up the tents, that they had it down fine and it took but a very few minutes for them to pitch the tents. As soon as this was done the girls turned in and helped to make things comfortable, for they always believed in having a camp as home-like as possible. They could not see the Indian camp, which must have laid a mile distant, and something like three hundred feet below them, because a ridge of high rocks intervened.

"Wild," said Arietta, as she cast a sweeping glance around her, "the green trees and hushes up here are what we saw this morning. The scene looked very blue where we were, but I was satisfied that there was vegetation here. As we rode along the scene was shut off, on account of the peaks that lay between, but, you see, I am right in what I said at the time."

"That's right, Et," the boy answered. "I hardly agreed with you, for I had no idea that we were going to find soil with anything but castus growing upon it. But it seems that the further we get up here the better the soil is, and consequently, the more vegetation we find. I won't be surprised if we find something worth shooting a little further on."

"Well, if we do it will be all the better, for we haven't much in the way of fresh meat just now. But the hot climate here would not permit us to carry anything fresh very long, you know."

"Well, I reckon we could get along for a week with what we have got. We have plenty of smoked bear-meat and venison, and our supply of other things is quite abundant. The pack-horses have had all they could carry it over this rough country, anyhow."

"Yes, they've been loaded pretty well, especially with the water kegs. We must have water, and a big quantity of it, too, when we start out."

"Well, that is something we won't worry about now, for a while, anyhow," and the boy turned and nodded toward the trickling stream.

Meanwhile Wing Wah was busy with the supper. He was humming a sort of outlandish tune to himself as he worked away, while his brother, who had finished his work, was sitting near at hand busy with some square pieces of paper and string.

"It looks as though Hop is getting ready to have some fun with the Indians, Wild," Arietta observed, as she looked toward the Chinaman. "I see he has a powder flask there, and a bottle that contains some explosive he always has with him."

"That's right, Et," was the reply. "I reckon he must be making some fireworks. Well, Hop is a great hand at that sort of business. He says he worked in a factory where fireworks were made before he left China; but whether that is the truth or not, he certainly knows how to do it."

The two arose and walked over to where the Chinaman was working away.

"Whattée mattée, Master Wild?" said Hop, looking up and acting as though he were surprised.

"Nothing," was the reply. "But what are you making?"

"Me allee samee makee some fireclackers, Misler Wild."

"I thought so. I suppose your supply has about run out."

"Me gottee thlee, four big ones, but me thlinkee me bettee makee little oncs, so be. Maybe me allee samee havee lille fun with um ledskins before velly long."

"I thought so. Well, don't you go to having any fun with the redskins unless I know something about it beforehand. You hear what I say, Hop?"

"Me hear, Misler Wild. Me undelstand, too, velly muchee. Me allee samee goodee Chinees. Me no do anything whattée Misler Wild no wantee me do."

Our hero knew quite well that after having once told him the Chinaman would not do anything in that line without first letting him know of his intentions. He watched Hop as his nimble fingers went ahead with his work until Wing announced that the supper was in readiness. Then all hands promptly responded to the invitation to eat, and even though it was very warm upon the mountain-side, their appetites did not fail them. They had just about finished the meal when the unmistakable sounds made by a horse's hoofs reached their ears. Instantly all hands were on the alert.

"Somebody is coming," Wild West said, nodding to his companions; "and you can bet that it is not a redskin, either."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when a horse and rider appeared around a sharp corner of rock a few yards above them. Then it was that the boy's companions found that he had guessed rightly, for the newcomer was a white man. The horse he rode was a bony mustang with drooping head.

"Hello, friends," called out the newcomer, pleasantly, and acting as though he was not at all surprised to find them there. "I saw the smoke from your fire and I thought I would come down and make a call upon you. I am not too late for supper, I hope."

"Well, stranger, I reckon we've got enough to give you all you want to eat," Young Wild West answered. "Come right on. You're welcome, I'm sure."

"Good! That's the way I like to hear folks talk. You're the first people of my color that

I've seen in about three weeks, and it does my eyes good to look at you now."

The horseman rode up and dismounted in a rather clumsy fashion. Then he took off his hat and bowed to the girls, after which he put out his hand to our hero and said:

"I'm Jeremy Jordan, the Celebrated Naturalist. Again I say I'm much pleased to meet you."

CHAPTER III.—Our Friends Decide to Join in the Search for the Golden Valley.

It was easy for Young Wild West and his friends to see that the man was a rather quaint character. Wild was not long in letting Jeremy Jordan know who he was, and then he quickly introduced the other members of the party. The naturalist bowed politely to the girls and shook hands with our hero and his partners. Then the young deadshot invited the naturalist to take a seat upon a stone over which a plank had been thrown while Wing got something for him to eat.

"I was on my way to our camp when I saw the smoke from your fire," Jordan explained, as he watched the cook with no little interest, as he thrust a piece of venison into the hot coals. "Not knowing that there was any one in these parts I decided to ride down this way and see who you were. I am very glad I did so, too, I assure you, Young Wild West."

"Well, we are very glad to see you, Mr. Jordan," the boy answered. "So you have a camp somewhere in these parts, have you?"

"Yes, it is in charge of my two men. I suppose they will be surprised when I don't get back in time for supper. But that's all right. It is not more than half an hour's ride from here, and after I have remained with you for a while I'll leave. I will have no trouble in finding our camp, for my horse knows the way pretty well by this time. I have been among the mountains here for three days now, and have been very successful in finding rare specimens among the rocks. I am satisfied these mountains are full of copper and gold. There is plenty of silver here, too, and I have some very rare specimens in the way of minerals that will astonish the civilized world when I get back to Washington, D. C."

"You are in the employ of the government, I suppose?" queried our hero.

"Oh, no. I am out here on my own hook, as you call it. I am very much interested in science, and anything I can do to benefit mankind I am only too pleased to accomplish. Of course, I will admit that I have an idea that I may find gold in these mountains to more than pay me for the expenses I have incurred in coming here. But I am here on my own hook, Young Wild West. The government is not back of me at all, though I fancy it will be ready to receive me with open arms when I go back to Washington. You never heard of there being a golden valley somewhere in these mountains, did you?"

"No," and our hero shook his head. "I've never heard of such a thing, Mr. Jordan."

"Well, I have, you see. I might as well say that I am looking for it, too. In fact, the Golden Valley is what brought me here. I managed to

pick up some information that led me to believe that such a valley really existed, and that it was once occupied by a race of Indians known as the Cliff Dwellers. If what I have heard is true the cliffs that surround this valley are filled with openings like doors and windows, and that at one time the Indians made their abode in the caves from which these openings showed. The story goes on to say there is untold wealth in this valley in the way of gold, so you see it will be well worth finding. I hardly intended to say anything of this to any one I met, but seeing that you seemed to be such fine people I have no hesitation in letting you know all about it—as much as I know about it, anyhow."

"Thank you for the confidence you place in us," Wild answered, with a smile. "But I assure you that we will in no way interfere with you in your search for the Golden Valley. If we should happen to come upon it of course we will enter it and look around."

"I should like to have you accompany me, Young Wild West," said the naturalist suddenly, as he arose to his feet and looked earnestly at the boy.

"Very well, sir. As we are in these mountains in search of adventure I don't see why we can't help you in your search for the Golden Valley. We have nothing else to do just at present, anyhow. But, Mr. Jordan, are you aware that there is a band of Indians located not far from where we are now?"

"Are they bad Indians?" the naturalist asked, looking rather nervous.

"Well, I am inclined to think they are a little bad, though they have a young squaw among them who is a sort of princess, and she seems to be all right."

Since Jordan had been kind enough to relate what had brought him to the wild range of mountains in that almost undiscovered region of Arizona, Wild thought it no more than right to tell him all that had happened since Arietta had saved the life of the papoose by shooting the rattlesnake. He related the incident rather briefly, and Jordan listened with rapt attention.

"Remarkable, remarkable!" he exclaimed, shaking his head. "I have an idea that this widowed squaw is heading for the Gold Valley. It may be that some of the tribe her husband belonged to are still living there."

Jordan talked for over half an hour on the subject that most interested him, but he could give little or no information more than he had already done on the start, since he knew nothing of the locality of the supposed valley, but was simply trusting to luck to find it. He explained that he had a very good outfit, and that he had come well supplied with canned goods and other provisions.

Jordan had been eating his supper the cook had prepared for him while he talked, and as he had finished now, he seemed anxious to leave them.

"You don't know how good it makes me feel to be your guest," he declared, as he arose to his feet. "You have given me as good a meal as one could wish for, and I am much obliged to you for it. I shall be glad to return the compliment later."

"That's all right, professor," Wild answered,

with a smile. "A stranger is always welcome to a meal with us when we have got anything left to eat."

"Don't yer think it would be a good idea for us all to go along with ther professor?" spoke up Cheyenne Charlie, nodding to the young dead-shot, as the professor made ready to mount his horse and leave them.

"Well, I don't know about that, Charlie. We are pretty comfortable here, so we may as well stay here until morning. It will only be more work for all of us, and I reckon Professor Jordan won't have any trouble in finding his way back."

"Oh, no, I won't have a bit of trouble. My horse will take me right there," the naturalist declared.

Charlie was satisfied with the decision Wild made, so after a conversation of a few minutes Jordan mounted his bony mustang and left them with the assurance that he would wait until they came along the next morning. By this time the sun had gone down and it was beginning to grow dark.

"I don't know as there is any use of keeping a watch on the Indians," said our hero, shaking his head. "All that is necessary is to keep the regular watch during the night. I hardly think they will bother us, since the Apache princess gave Arietta the Indian Sign."

"I had a little notion of climbin' up ther rocks over there an' takin' a peep at 'em, Wild," the scout retorted.

"Well, if you feel like going to that exertion, you can do so."

The scout at once set out. He was gone for half an hour and when he came back he was pretty well tired out.

"I had ter go further than I thought I would," he explained. "But I made up my mind I was goin' ter have a look at 'em, anyhow, so I kept on until I got where I could see their camp. Everything looks mighty peaceful down there, so I reckon there ain't nothin' to expect from 'em to-night."

The evening passed away, and finally it came time to turn in for the night. Then after settling upon the usual watch that was to be kept, they all turned in but Jim Dart, who was to do the first turn. Wild was quite right in thinking that they would not be disturbed, for the night passed and morning came, the sun rising brightly. They had a rather early breakfast, and then after filling everything they had that would hold water, the packhorses were loaded, and they set out for Jeremy Jordan's camp.

He had told them the direction to follow, so it was an easy matter for the horses to proceed, and when just about half an hour had expired they reached the spot they were heading for. They found Jordan and his two men just eating their breakfast, and as they rode up the professor sprang to his feet and gave them a very cordial greeting. The men he had in his employ were natives of New Mexico. He had offered them good wages to accompany him, and Young Wild West quickly came to the conclusion that he had picked out two very good men for the purpose, since they both had the appearance of being honest and willing. Their names were Gordon and Little, and both declared that they had heard of Young Wild West and his friends several

times, and were more than glad to become acquainted with them.

"Have you eaten breakfast?" Jordan asked, after he had greeted them all.

"Oh, yes," Wild answered, quickly. "We were up with the sun, you know, and it did not take us very long to get through with the morning meal. We have a cook who works lively, you know."

"I suppose you intend to move right on as soon as you are through with your breakfast, professor," Wild observed.

"Oh, yes, we'll not bother to unload our pack-horses."

It did not take long to get ready to move, and when Wild advised that they should leave nothing there at all the naturalist agreed. While they had been talking our hero had been looking around quite sharply. While he had no idea which way they should go it struck him that it would be better to strike to the right and ascend to the top of the range. It might take them more than a day to do this, but he felt that once at the top they might find a valley at the other side. He spoke to the prospector about going in that direction, and received an affirmative reply, and then they all set out.

CHAPTER IV.—Hop Has Some Fun with the Professor.

Gordon and Little, the two men in the employ of the naturalist, informed Wild that they had traveled in that direction the day before, but had only proceeded until noon. They continued on their way until noon, not meeting with any Indians or seeing any signs that would indicate that there was any one else in the mountains but themselves. The spot they chose to stop for the noon rest was about as good as any they could expect to find, though it was very dry and arid. All signs of vegetation had been left behind, and naught but the bare rocks that received the full force of the hot sun lay around them. But it was easy to find shady places, so it was quite comfortable when they sat down and waited for Wing to cook the noonday meal.

While this was in course of preparation Hop strolled leisurely to where Jeremy Jordan was sitting, and took a pack of cards from his pocket.

"You wantee havee lillie gamee dlaw pooke, professor?" he asked, smiling at the man.

"No," was the reply. "I never gamble. But say! I believe you said you were a magician."

"Lat light, professor. Me velly smartee magician, so be. Um empelor of China gives me velly muchee money to showee him magic ticks."

The professor smiled at this.

"Hop," said he, for he had learned the clever Chinaman's name, "I am of the opinion that you are inclined to prevaricate."

"Whattée lat?" Hop asked, innocently.

"I mean that I think you are not averse to telling lies."

"Me no tellée lie, so be," and Hop placed his hand upon his heart and looked very solemn.

The Chinaman knew that he had a learned man before him, but he never once doubted that he could surprise him as well as he could Gordon

and Little. The fact was that he had been able to surprise about every one he had ever performed before, and this no doubt gave him the utmost confidence now.

Cheyenne Charlie winked at Hop and received a nod in return. Hop knew what the scout meant. He wanted him to play a joke upon the professor while he was performing his tricks. The big straw hat the naturalist wore to shield him from the rays of the sun lay upon the ground close beside him, and picking this up in an absent-minded way Hop turned it over and peered inside it. He saw there was a big bandana handkerchief and some leaves that had pretty well withered by this time in the crown. He proceeded to pull the leaves out one at a time, and lay them upon the ground, and the professor and his two men watched him sharply. When the leaves were all out the clever Chinese drew forth the handkerchief and placed it upon the ground also.

"Well, I hope you're satisfied now," said the naturalist, smiling at the Chinaman.

"Me velly muchee supliséd, pofessor," was the reply.

"Surprised at what?"

"Me no know how you havee so many thlings in your hat."

"Why, I don't know as a handkerchief and a few leaves are a great many things."

"But lookee here, pofessor."

Then Hop pulled a wriggling snake from the hat and held it close to the face of the man.

"Murder!" cried Jeremy Jordan, falling over backward. "Take it away. I hate snakes."

"Velly funny," declared Hop. "You no likee um snakee, but you allee samee keepee one in your hat."

Gordon and Little were as much surprised as their boss, for they thought it was surely a live rattler the Chinaman had taken from the hat. But it was simply a rubber imitation that the Chinaman invariably carried somewhere around his person, and was so cleverly made that it was bound to make almost any one believe that it was the real thing. Hop kept the piece of rubber wriggling for a few seconds, and then he calmly placed it in his pocket.

Hop took another look into the top of the straw hat and then he coolly drew forth a baby's garment and shook it out before the eyes of the spectators.

"Whattée lis, pofessor?" he asked, looking very innocent. "You allee samee gottee lillie baby?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" the naturalist laughed. "That's one on me, Hop. Go ahead. You're a sleight-of-hand performer, sure enough."

The Chinaman carefully folded the garment and placed it upon the ground. Then he thrust his hand into the crown of the hat again and drew forth a whisky bottle that was about half full. He removed the cork and took a good pull at the bottle, smacking his lips as he finished.

"Velly goodee, pofessor. You velly nicee judgee of tanglefoot."

Putting the cork back in the whisky flask he transferred it to a pocket on the side of his coat. The next thing he drew from the hat was a fancy striped stocking that was nearly a yard in length.

"Glacious!" he exclaimed, making out he was

very much surprised. "You allee samee wear velly funny stocking, pofessor."

Gordon and Little fairly roared with laughter, while the professor looked rather sheepish. While he knew very well that the articles the Chinaman was taking from the hat were not his, he no doubt felt that his two hired men thought that way.

"He is a very clever magician," he said, turning to them. "Of course he puts those things in the hat and takes them out. His sleight of hand enables him to do this, and of course he is quite able to deceive our eyes."

"That's all right, boss," Little declared, shaking his head and grinning broadly. "But I'm sartin he never put them things in that hat. You had 'em there all ther time. It's funny to me that they never dropped out afore this."

Hop looked very solemn now as his eyes turned toward the interior of the hat again. The next thing Hop drew forth was a fat looking wallet.

"You cally you money in you hat, too, so be," observed the Chinaman, blandly. "Me lookee see how muchee you got."

He opened the wallet and drew forth a big roll of bills. As he leafed them over the lookers-on could see that there were hundreds and fifties in the roll, and the eyes of Gordon and Little opened wide in amazement.

"You gotttee plenty money, so be, professor," declared the Chinaman, as he put the money back in the wallet and then thrust it into one of his pockets. "Me keepee lis for my trouble."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Gordon and Little, for they thought this the best joke of all.

But the professor only smiled. He knew quite well that the Chinaman had told the truth when he said he was a sleight-of-hand performer. Hop now turned the hat over and showed that it was empty. He held it in his left hand, while with his right he drew forth a cigar and lighted it.

"Now len, you watchee um hat allee samee go uppee," he remarked, as he stepped back.

All three fixed their eyes upon the hat, and Cheyenne Charlie stepped a little closer to see what was going to happen. He knew very well that something was going to happen by the way Hop had spoken. He did not have to wait more than a couple of seconds before there was a loud report and the hat went high into the air, a cloud of smoke following it.

The Chinaman had cleverly placed a firecracker under the hat, lighting it from his cigar as he did so, and the result was that when the hat came down it was not fit to be worn any longer. The chances are Hop would not have done this if he had not heard the naturalist declare that he would not wear the hat again. But he certainly would not now, anyhow.

"I suppose this concludes the performance," the professor observed, doing his best to appear pleased.

"Lat light, professor," declared the Chinaman, bowing to him. "Me velly smartee Chinee."

"You are, indeed," was the reply. "Shake hands, Hop. I will admit that I doubted you, but I am sorry for it. You are the most clever Chinaman I ever met."

By this time Wing had the dinner ready, so all hands turned their attention to it. The meal was finished, and then after a rest of nearly an

hour, the party set out, this time with Wild in the lead. They kept on riding all the afternoon, and just before dusk they came to an altitude where the air was exceedingly cool.

"I am satisfied we will get to the highest part of the mountain by to-morrow noon," said Wild, as he pointed out the spot to the professor.

"Good," was the reply. "I only hope we find water there."

After the camp had been put in order Wild selected a high rock that was near at hand and climbed to the top of it to take an observation.

As they had seen nothing of the Indians during the day he thought it high time to take a look for them now. He had scarcely got to the top of the rock and looked back over the trail they had followed when he saw smoke rising from behind a little peak not more than two miles distant.

"Ah!" the boy exclaimed, as he gave a nod of satisfaction. "The redskins are following the same course we have taken. That settles it. If there is such a thing as a golden valley among these mountains we are taking the right direction."

He could tell by the smoke that more than one fire had been kindled, so that made him perfectly satisfied that it was Little Bull Tail's band that was camped there. It was impossible to see any of the Indians, so after remaining upon the rock for about five minutes he descended and told what he had seen.

"Everything is all right, professor," he declared, as he nodded to Jeremy Jordan. "The Indians are coming this way, and as they are looking for the Golden Valley, too, we have struck the right course. You can depend upon it that by to-morrow night this time we will be there."

CHAPTER V.—The Valley Is Reached.

As there was nothing growing about the spot where Young Wild West and his companions had pitched their camp it was necessary to feed the horses from the supply of mesquite and oats they had brought with them. The young deadshot always took good care of his own horse, and looked after the others, as well. A couple of bags of oats could be carried quite handily along with the rest of their supplies, so he always kept some for the animals when there was nothing else for them to eat.

But he was satisfied that once they got over the highest part of the range they would not be long in striking a place where all sorts of vegetation grew in abundance. When it grew dark Professor Jordan grew very uneasy. He kept walking around and peering on all sides, as though he thought the Apaches might be near at hand.

"What is the trouble, professor?" Wild asked as he stepped to the man's side and touched him on the arm. "You seem to be worrying about something."

"I am worrying a little, Wild," was the reply. "I can't get out of my head but that those Indians will be creeping upon us while we are asleep to-night."

"Well, you need not fear anything like that. I reckon they won't get very close to you, anyhow. We always make it a point to keep a watch

during the night, no matter whether we know danger threatens or not. You can never tell just when something is going to happen, you see, so it is best to always be prepared for it."

"I am glad to hear you talk like that, Wild. You make me feel easier already."

"Well," laughed the boy, "you just take it easy. Whenever you feel like turning in for the night go ahead and do so. I'll give you two men a chance to split up the watches with the rest of us, and that will make it easy for all hands."

Before the evening was very far advanced Hop took a seat beside the professor who was talking with Jim Dart, as he watched the boy repairing a bridle.

"Me likee showee you some more magic ticks, professor," the Chinaman observed, blandly.

"Never mind to-night, Hop," was the reply. "We will wait until we get to the Golden Valley. I am not in the humor for such things now."

The Chinaman was about to press the subject further when Wild nodded for him to let up."

That settled it, for Hop always obeyed the least word or sign from the dashing young leader of the party. It was about nine o'clock when the girls decided to retire to their tent for the night, and not long after that the professor bade the rest good night and went to his. Wild quickly arranged the watches, both Gordon and Little being quite willing to take turns. As there were five of them, not counting the Chinaman, Wild fixed it so it would be but an hour apiece for each to do duty as a guard, and when ten o'clock came they all turned in save the young deadshot himself.

Not long after the camp was wrapped in silence Wild started to take a walk around more to break the solitude than anything else. He made a complete circuit of the camp, and then started in the direction they had come from. The boy had not gone more than a couple of hundred yards when his quick ear caught the sounds of faint footfalls approaching.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, under his breath, as he crouched behind a rock that happened to be handy by. "Somebody is spying upon us, I reckon. I'll see who it is."

He remained perfectly silent for the space of a few seconds, and then he saw the outlines of a human form coming forward in a crouching position. It was an Indian. He could tell that at the first glance.

"One of Little Bull Tail's braves has come to spy on us," he thought. "Well, I will let you take a good look and then I will give you a surprise."

The Indian, for it surely was one, came on, and waiting until he had passed the spot where he was hiding, Wild stepped after him with a cat-like tread. The redskin went right on, pausing now and then to listen. At length he was within fifty feet of the camp, and then he paused and took a good look.

A lantern was burning dimly upon the ground near the tents, and it gave forth just enough light for the redskin to take in the surroundings quite well. Wild had paused less than a dozen feet from the spy, and he stood waiting to see what the next move would be. Presently the Apache decided to go a little nearer and moving off to the left he gradually went on around, at the same time getting closer to the camp. Wild was

right after him with the stealth of a panther and when the prowler finally halted again he was so close to him that one leap would have permitted him to seize the redskin by the throat. He saw that the spy was counting the horses, for he was moving his fingers as he looked at them and nodding his head at the same time.

"He has been sent here to find out how many there are of us, I suppose," muttered the young deadshot under his breath. "Well, I wonder what that means? Can it be possible that Little Bull Tail is going to work against Ne-to-wah, the princess? If he is it shows plainly that he is a traitor to her, and that means that he must expect to take advantage of her in some way. Maybe he has heard about the Golden Valley and has decided to make a raid when he gets there and leave with as much gold as he can carry. Well, so long as he don't bother us it will be all right. But I don't like this spying business. I reckon I'll have to call this fellow to account."

He waited until the Indian turned to leave, and then he suddenly thrust out his left hand and caught him by the throat in a vise-like grip.

"Hold on, redskin!" he exclaimed, in a low tone of voice, at the same time pressing the muzzle of his gun against the fellow's forehead. "I reckon you have got to give an account of yourself. Just come with me into the light."

Taken completely by surprise the brave was not long in submitting.

"Me no come to fight the palefaces," he began in a hoarse whisper. "Little Bull Tail send me to see how many palefaces are here. Little Bull Tail heap much big chief. He no want to fight palefaces. He want to know what they come here for."

"Well, when you go back you tell Little Bull Tail that they didn't come here to be interfered with by him or any of his braves. Do you understand what I say?"

"Injun understand pretty well," came the reply.

"All right. Now you just sit down a while. I would have done the right thing if I had put a bullet through you instead of making you a prisoner. When a redskin comes sneaking about the camp of white people in the dark he is deserving of being shot. You know that pretty well, redskin, don't you?"

"Me no want to come, but Little Bull Tail say for me to come and see how many palefaces here," replied the Indian, shaking his head.

"Well, I believe that all right. But Little Bull Tail knows very well that one of our party was given the Indian Sign by Ne-to-wah. That means that we can go where we please and no redskin will bother us."

"The sign the princess gave the paleface maiden is for the Injuns who live here in the mountains," answered the redskin, again shaking his head. "Little Bull Tail no care for the sign or the token. But he no want to fight the palefaces. He think the palefaces want to fight the Indians who live in the Valley of Great Things."

"So he calls it the Valley of Great Things, does he?" and Wild gave a nod and smiled. "Well, we have heard it called the Golden Valley. There is gold there, isn't there?"

"Me no know," declared the brave. "Ne-to-wah knows of it. She want to come here and

Little Bull Tail come with her. Ne-to-wah will stay with the tribe. Running Elk came from. Then Little Bull Tail and his braves and squaws and their papooses will go back to where they came from."

"But when they go back they will probably take something with them that's worth their while, I suppose."

The brave shook his head. Satisfied that the redskin had really meant no particular harm in coming there, Wild decided to let him go his way without waking his sleeping companions.

"Well, redskin," said he, after a pause, "I reckon you can go now. You tell Little Bull Tail that Young Wild West says that he has got to be mighty careful of how he behaves himself. If he shows the least sort of treachery toward the palefaces he will get a bullet through his heart. You hear what I say, redskin!"

"Me hear," was the reply.

"All right, then. Now you can go."

"Young Wild West heap much brave paleface," declared the Apache, as he obeyed in a humble fashion. "Me say good night to Young Wild West."

"Good night, redskin."

Then the Indian stalked away silently and was soon lost in the darkness. Wild was well satisfied that he would not return again during the night, so he sat down to pass away the time until he would be relieved. It was tedious waiting there in the silence of the desert-like place, but after a while the time came for him to arouse Cheyenne Charlie. He told the scout what had happened during his watch, and advised him to be continually on the lookout, though he did not fear that they would be bothered again by the Indians.

This appeared to be the case, for the long night passed without any one showing up in the vicinity of the camp again. As soon as it grew daylight our hero was up and stirring. He aroused the two Chinamen and the work of getting the breakfast ready was at once started. In a few minutes all hands were up, and then after seeing to the horses they sat down to the breakfast that Wing had not been long in preparing. The meal over with, Wild advised Jordan and his men to get ready to leave the spot at once.

"We want to make the highest point by noon, professor," he said, as he looked at the objective point and nodded his head. "I am sure we can do it, for I consider myself to be a very good judge of distances."

"I hope we do, Wild," was the reply. "I shall certainly do my best to bring it about."

It was not long before the pack-horses were loaded, and then they promptly set out on the upward climb to the gold that lay ahead of them, for gold was what they called it just now. Though they kept looking behind them occasionally, they saw nothing of the Apaches, and a little before noon they came to the top and were able to look down upon the other side of the high ridge. Sure enough, far below them they beheld a square of ground that lay snugly nestled between towering cliffs.

"That must be the Golden Valley," said Wild, as he nodded to his sweetheart. "What do you think of it, Et?"

"I can't see very well, Wild," was the reply.

"There is just enough of a haze hanging above it to shut off the view."

"That's right, but you can see the green all right, can't you?"

"Oh, yes, I am sure that is green, Wild."

"Well, it looks to be but a small place from here, but I will warrant that it is two or three miles square."

"Probably it is. Do you think we can make it by sunset?"

"Yes, and before that, too. We will take dinner up here in the thin air, and then after a short rest of the horses we will go on down."

This plan was carried out, and at length they were making the descent. It was rather tedious traveling, however, since they came to many rough and dangerous places that had to be crossed. But the horses were well used to this sort of thing, and they kept on. Every now and then the valley was shut from their view by the cliffs and small peaks that had to be passed. But each time it came to their eyes afresh it showed up bigger and more inviting. A little past the middle of the afternoon they reached the top of a cliff and saw the verdant valley lying about a mile below them. If they could have gone on down in a straight course they would have reached it in short order. But this could not be done, for they must follow the winding, natural trail that led to it.

Trees and plants of a tropical nature could be seen growing in abundance, and as they kept on drawing nearer to the level below they finally were able to see beautiful flowers of every hue and color showing in patches here and there. When they were yet about a mile from the level of the valley they caught sight of a glimmering stream of water that flowed across one end of it. As yet they had seen nothing that looked like the habitation of a human being, but a few minutes later saw a figure emerge from a hole in the side of a cliff and descend a rudely made ladder. It was a squaw, as they could see by her dress, and she carried what appeared to be a pail.

"Cliff dwellers!" exclaimed Professor Jordan, opening wide his eyes. "Ah! we are on the eve of an important discovery. I knew it, I knew it."

Then the excited man clapped his hands and nodded his head several times to indicate how pleased he was.

"Blamed if they don't look like cliff dwellers all right," Cheyenne remarked. "I've heard about them kind of people, but I thought they was done away with hundreds of years ago."

"Well, Charlie, I have no idea that these are the direct descendants of the cliff dwellers," said Wild, smiling at the scout. "The chances are that a portion of some tribe of Apaches has drifted to this place, and seeing how things were they have tried to go back to the way their forefathers lived. There is nothing so very strange about it, when you come to think of it."

"That's right, Wild," admitted the scout, glad to have some one to correct him. "I reckon you know all about it, if no one else don't. You seem ter figure out everything, you do. It's your way, I s'pose."

By saying this Charlie showed that he took no stock whatever in what the professor said but relied upon the young deadshot's opinion. The

party continued its way, and a few minutes later they rounded a bend and then started down the last of the slopes. As they finally entered the valley a shout went up to the right, and turning their gaze in that direction they saw a score or more of Indians of both sexes looking at them and appearing much excited.

"Now then, Et," said Wild, turning to his sweetheart, "I reckon you had better get ready with your Indian Sign."

CHAPTER VI.—Arietta's Indian Sign.

Our friends promptly came to a halt and watched the Indians intently. While they appeared greatly surprised the inhabitants of the valley who made their dwellings in the caves of the cliffs did not show any sign of making a move toward the intruders.

"I am of the opinion that they are a peaceful tribe of redskins, Wild," Arietta said, after a rather lengthy pause. "They don't seem to be at all war-like in appearance."

"That's right, Et," was the reply. "The only thing I can see in the way of weapons are a few stout sticks some of them have in their hands. They don't look a great deal like the Apaches we are in the habit of running across so often. But they can't be trusted, so we must be very careful in what we do. I think we had better consult with the chief of the tribe."

"That's is the best thing, I think," spoke up Jeremy Jordan, nodding his approval. "This is certainly a great discovery we have made, and I am in hopes of turning it to good account when I get back to Washington, D. C."

"Mayeb yer won't git back there, professor," observed Cheyenne Charlie, a broad grin showing on his tanned and weather-beaten face. "S'pose these Injuns should take a notion to roast you alive or somethin' like that?"

"You don't believe anything like that, do you, Charlie?" the professor asked, looking much frightened.

"Well, I don't exactly believe nothin' like that, but there ain't no tellin' jest what they might do, yer know."

"Well, I hope they don't show fight against us, for we would stand a poor show with so many of them. While we only see about a score of them now it is quite likely that the cliffs are filled with them. Just see how many holes there are in them at different elevations, too."

"Well, if a family of Injuns lives in every one of them holes I reckon there must be quite a few of 'em," admitted the scout, though he did not seem to be much disturbed at the thought.

"Don't be alarmed, professor," said our hero, as he nodded to Jordan. "Come on. We will keep right close to the cliff on the right and ride on around until we meet that crowd. I don't see any one there who looks like a chief, but I suppose it won't be long before we can find the boss of the gang."

The boy now set out, Arietta riding close at his side. Close on their right rose a perpendicular wall of rock to a height of probably two hundred feet, where the rocks were bare and nothing like vegetation showed. Only the blue sky could be

seen. When they had gone probably half the distance to the spot where the Indians had gathered a startling thing occurred. A flexible lariat suddenly shot down from the ledge and a noose dropped directly over the head and shoulders of Young Wild West. The boy had been caught napping, for neither he nor any of his friends had been looking upward at the time. But the moment he heard the swish of the lariat the boy was on the alert for danger. However, he was not quick enough, and the next thing he knew there came a sharp jerk and he was lifted from the saddle.

As though half a dozen strong arms were at work then, he was pulled upward with astonishing quickness. Arietta uttered a cry of surprise and dismay, and then she plainly saw fully a dozen half-naked Indians upon the ledge. Several of them were pulling her young lover upward, and as she saw his face she noticed that it was pale but that it did not show any signs of fear. Cheyenne Charlie quickly swung his rifle to his shoulder, but before he could pull the trigger Wild called out, sharply:

"Don't fire a shot, Charlie. I reckon these fellows won't hurt me. They've just treated us to a little surprise, that's all. Take it easy, unless you see that they really mean to harm me."

As the last words came from the boy's lips he was pulled to the top of the cliff and drawn quickly out of sight.

"Oh, oh!" exclaimed Jeremy Jordan, wringing his hands and shaking his head in fear. "This is awful. To think that such a thing as this should happen just when we thought we were upon the eve of success. Oh, oh! I am afraid we shall never see Young Wild West alive again."

"Shet up, professor!" exclaimed Cheyenne Charlie, turning to him half angrily. "We don't want no croakin' around here. You heard what Wild said, I reckon, so that oughter make you understand that there ain't no danger. That boy knows when there's danger an' when there ain't. You kin bet on that, professor."

The naturalist wisely kept silent now.

"Come on this way," said the scout, motioning for them to ride away from the cliffs. "We'll go out here a little ways, an' then maybe we kin see somethin' of Wild."

The rest quickly followed him, and when they had got a couple of hundred feet away from the foot of the cliffs they came to a halt. But neither the boy nor an Indian could be seen upon the ledge. They had all vanished very quickly it seemed.

"By thunder!" exclaimed the scout, shaking his head, his dark eyes flashing dangerously. "I wish I had shot afore Wild said anything. I could sartinly have made them redskins drop him. He wouldn't have been hurt much by ther fall, either."

"Keep cool, Charlie," spoke up Arietta, whose face was very pale now. "I am confident that they mean nothing more than to take Wild a prisoner. We must have an interview with the chief of the tribe as soon as possible. I will give the Indian sign, and then Wild will surely be saved."

But all hands seemed to hesitate about moving from the spot. They kept their eyes fixed upon the ledge where they had last seen the young

deadshot struggling in the hands of his captors. They remained there for perhaps two minutes, and then a shout was heard further to the left. Instantly all eyes were turned in that direction, and then it was that they saw Wild being conducted along a ledge by several Indians. His hands were tied behind him and though he was a helpless prisoner he walked along with an elastic step, keeping pace with his conductors.

"Come on," said Arietta, quickly, as she started her horse forward. "They are taking him over to where the rest were waiting. I see one who looks to be a chief too. Hurry up!"

The girl did not wait to see whether she was being followed or not, but putting her horse at a gallop she rode swiftly toward the spot where there was now a large gathering of the Indians. As she reached the foot of the cliff she quickly dismounted. It was quite possible for her to ascend here, and without delay she started to climb up a steep slope. When she had gone a dozen feet upward she came to a ledge and then pausing she turned and motioned for the rest to remain where they were. The girl had drawn the box that had been given to her by Ne-to-wah, the Apache princess, and holding it in her left hand, she started to climb to the next ledge, which was just about the same distance above her as the first one was from the level of the valley. As she reached the second ledge she found herself face to face with her young lover, who was being held firmly by two Indians, while one who appeared to be a chief stood over him, a big, knotted club in his hand.

The girl realized instantly what was about to happen. The chief surely meant to dash the boy's brains out with the club. The brave girl did not hesitate a moment.

"Hold!" cried Arietta, rushing upon the scene. "The paleface boy must not be harmed. See! I have the sign of your tribe, and you dare not disobey me."

The chief saw the token. Guttural cries went up from the Indians, some of whom had turned to march along the ledge, as though they did not care to witness the execution of the paleface boy. The chief stood looking at her in amazement, for a few seconds, and then he threw the club to the ground and bowed his head. Arietta quickly thrust the little box into the bosom of her dress, and then pulling her hunting knife she stepped forward and deliberately cut the bonds that held Wild's hands behind his back.

"Just in time, Et," said Wild, coolly, as he arose to his feet and looked at her smilingly. "I had no idea that they meant to kill me. But I saw you coming, and something told me that you would be sure to save me. I will say that I was frightened."

"Oh, Wild!" the girl cried, as she threw herself in his arms. "If that club had descended upon your head it would have been all up with you. I am so glad."

"I reckon we're all glad, Et. But brace up. We'll have a talk with the chief now. I heard the braves call him Loud Thunder."

The braves who had been holding the prisoner when Arietta appeared upon the scene had moved aside and stood with bowed heads as though awaiting orders from their chief.

"Well, Chief Loud Thunder," said Wild, turn-

ing to that individual who was standing as immovable as a statue, "you certainly caught me neatly. But I reckon you now understand that you have made a mistake. We didn't come here to make war upon you, so I hope you will have no ill feelings toward us at all. The paleface maiden has the Indian sign of your tribe, so you will see that everything is all right."

"Loud Thunder understands," came the reply, in a low but solemn tone of voice. "The paleface maiden brings the Indian Sign to the Valley of Gold. Where did she get it?"

"Ne-to-wah, who was the squaw of Running Elk, gave it to me for saving the life of her child," Arietta answered, quickly. "Chief, you know of Ne-to-wah?"

"Loud Thunder knows of Ne-to-wah," came the answer.

"Well, then, we are not to be harmed by Loud Thunder and his tribe."

"The Indian Sign is great and the palefaces will not be harmed."

"Thank you, chief," said Wild, in his cool and easy way. "I am sure you will have no cause to regret the way you are acting in this case. As I told you before, we did not come here to make war on your tribe. When we have remained here a while we will go away and you shall be as you have been before, for we will tell no one how to get to the Golden Valley."

The chief looked pleased at this. He had been watching the boy intently as he spoke, and it was evident that he believed his words.

"Well, Loud Thunder," the boy said, as he turned to take the arm of his sweetheart to assist her to the foot of the cliffs, "when you get ready to hold a pow-wow you can send one of your braves to us. We will camp somewhere in your valley."

"Wait!" called out the chief. "The paleface boy will tell me his name."

"I am Young Wild West."

"It is good. Loud Thunder will hold a pow-wow with Young Wild West and the paleface maiden. But not now. He will send a messenger when he is ready."

Then Loud Thunder made a bow, and without waiting any longer, Wild took Arietta by the arm and led her down to where the rest were anxiously waiting.

"Well, this is what I call certainly great," declared Cheyenne Charlie, as he seized the young deadshot by the hand and shook it heartily. "I didn't take a great deal of stock in that Injun Sign of Arietta's first off, but now I'm satisfied it's all right. That galoot of a chief was sartin' goin' ter smash your brains out with that big club, Wild. But don't you think he would have done it, even if Arietta didn't show her Injun Sign. I had him covered, an' I was jest goin' ter pull ther trigger when she ran before him an' put up her hands. Still, I s'pose it's a lot better ther way it turned out."

"It certainly is, Charlie," replied Wild, as he assisted Arietta to mount her horse. "Now, then, I reckon we'll find a nice place to pitch our camp in. The chances are we will remain here a few days, so we might as well be sure of locating in the best possible place we can find."

"There's plenty of 'em here, Wild," declared the scout, nodding approvingly.

The boy quickly swung himself upon the bank of his sorrel stallion, and then after taking a look through the valley he selected a place that lay probably half a mile distant, where flowers and trees seemed to abound in abundance, and a cascade could be seen glimmering in the sunlight. Probably the most uneasy one in the party was Jeremy Jordan. He acted as though it all seemed more like a dream than a reality. But when he found they were being molested by the inhabitants of the valley he condescended to talk a little.

"This is certainly wonderful," he declared, nodding to Jim Dart, who was riding at his side. "We have surely found the Golden Valley."

"Well, we have found some kind of a valley, that's sure," Dart answered, with a smile. "But I see nothing that looks like gold as yet."

"That will be found later. You can rest assured on that," asserted the professor, nodding his head in a way that was meant to be convincing.

"Well, it won't make a great deal of difference to me whether we find gold here or not. It is certainly remarkable that such a fertile valley could exist in the heart of such bleak mountains as these are. But it is not the first time we have found such things. The unexplored parts of Arizona and Mexico conceal wonderful things, no doubt."

"And just think how I will astonish the world when I get back to Washington, D. C.!" exclaimed the professor. "Why, I shall write a book of my travels and explorations, and that will more than pay me for all the trouble and privations I have endured to make such a discovery."

"No doubt, professor."

They had struck a sort of beaten trail now, and following this along they soon came to a little waterfall. There were no openings in the face of the cliff near this, so they were quite sure that the inhabitants of the valley did not make this part of it their abode. As Wild brought his horse to a halt he took a good look at the surroundings. Then he gave a satisfied nod of his head and said:

"I reckon we couldn't find a better place if we wanted to," he declared. "Here is everything we need right at hand, and that alcove there with the rocks lying before it will furnish us with a retreat that we could hold indefinitely against an attack. There must be plenty of game here, too, for it is surely a fine place for all kinds of animals and birds to be found. Come on, everybody. We may as well start right in to make ourselves at home in the Golden Valley."

"By the way things look one would be apt to think we could stay here indefinitely," observed the professor, as he glanced about the beautiful surroundings. "Of course there must be game here as you say, Wild. But if I am not mistaken I see a field of growing corn over there. Just take a look and see what you think of it."

The young dead-shot looked in the direction indicated and gave a nod of assent.

"That's a corn field, sure enough, professor," he exclaimed. "It looks as though it is about ready to cut, too. I reckon that must be a late crop for this part of the country. Who would think of finding corn growing here in this part of Arizona?"

"Well, it shows that the Indians here must be a thrifty sort, anyhow. And it also shows that there is plenty to eat here."

"Yes, there is no mistake about that, professor. But since you spoke about game I reckon I'll take a look around and see if there is any to be found near at hand. It strikes me that there ought to be quail and partridges on that slope a quarter of a mile beyond."

"Let me go with you, Wild," spoke up Arietta, her eyes brightening.

"All right, Et," was the reply. "Since there is quite a large party of us to eat you had better take a shot-gun."

"Why, certainly. Hop will go along to pick up the birds. Come, Charlie, you may as well take a hand in this, too."

"Right yer are, Wild," answered the scout, who was evidently expecting the invitation.

Leaving Jim in charge of things, the party at once set out, heading straight for the spot our hero had indicated. They were not long in reaching it, and then the boy found that he was not mistaken in his idea of game being there. A flock of quail was started immediately, and the rifles and shot-guns banged away at a great rate. Hop showed himself very apt at picking up the fallen birds, and when about a dozen shots had been fired he declared that they had all they wanted for the present. Wild expected to see some of the Indians coming that way to find out what all the shooting was about, but nothing of the sort happened, and when they were ready to return after only being out half an hour, he felt that Arietta's Indian Sign had made such an impression upon them that they felt themselves duty bound to let the white invaders of the valley alone. But just as they got back to the camp Jim Dart called their attention to the spot they had paused at before starting to make the descent into the valley. As Wild looked in the direction pointed out by Dart he saw the band of Apaches they had met the day before slowly making their way down the winding path.

"Well, Little Bull Tail has got here at last," said the boy coolly, as he nodded to his partners. "Now then, boys, I reckon there will be trouble brewing. While Ne-to-wah will do her level best to keep things straight the old chief will certainly want to make trouble for us. It may be that Arietta's Indian Sign will have to be brought into use again before very long. But I reckon we'll stay here until we get ready to leave, just the same."

The face of Jeremy Jordan now became very grave again.

"It is too bad that someone has got to come here and interfere with us," he declared. "I am quite sure that trouble is brewing. Those Apaches are jealous of us for coming here, no doubt, and in spite of anything the princess may do they will surely try to kill us."

"Well, let them try, professor," retorted Wild, coolly. "That don't say that they'll do it, you know. I reckon we are quite able to take care of ourselves."

They watched the Indians until they saw them finally reached the level of the valley. Then as many as a hundred of the Cliff Dwellers suddenly appeared and marched toward them in a body.

"Looks as though there might be a fight, Wild," observed the scout, smiling grimly.

"No," was the reply. "They'll not fight. The Apache princess is with the newcomers, and she will quickly make herself known. You can depend upon that, Charlie."

It did not take them very long to find out that Wild was correct in his view of the matter, for the result was that the two parties met, and after a sort of pow-wow that lasted a few minutes, they all marched toward the caves in the cliffs.

CHAPTER VII.—What Happened at the Pow-wow.

The sun was still pretty well up, though it no longer shone upon that part of the valley where our friends had located. The game Wild and his companions had shot was turned over to Wing, the cook, and when Gordon and Little offered to help him pluck and prepare them for cooking he readily assented. The professor's two men had taken turns at preparing the meals, but since they had fallen in with Young Wild West and his friends they had been relieved of this work, as Wing was quite capable of arranging meals for three more. Jim Dart had seen to it that the tents were properly erected while the others were out shooting, and when Wild saw that everything was in proper shape he gave a nod of satisfaction and took a seat beneath the shade of a wild orange tree. It was not long before Professor Jordan joined him. From where the two were they could see pretty well the cliffs where the cave dwellers lived, and when the young deadshot saw that the professor's eyes were turned in that direction about all the time he readily guessed that the man was not a little worried over the prospect.

"Take it easy, professor," he said, with a smile. "You must remember that we have not had our pow-wow with Loud Thunder yet. After that takes place we will know something about what is likely to happen."

"I wish the old chief would hurry it, then," was the reply, with a shake of the head. "I am anxious to do a little exploring in this valley."

"Well, I have an idea it won't be very long before we receive word that the chief wants to talk with me. He might want all of us, but I am quite positive he will want me, anyhow. If he does only want me I shall make it a point to take Arietta and Hop with me when I go."

"Don't you think it would be rather a risk to do that, Wild?"

"Oh, no. Arietta has the Indian Sign, you know, and the little box has never been opened yet. We tried to find the way to open it three or four times, but it seems to be a sort of puzzle. She will take that with her, of course, and when she asks for the Apache princess she no doubt will be permitted to meet her. Then she can find out more about the Apache token."

"Well, it might be a good idea to let Miss Arietta go with you. But what do you want to take the Chinaman for?"

"Because if it becomes necessary he can mystify the Indians by means of his sleight of hand."

"Oh, I see. Well, you know best, anyhow, Wild."

"Well, I don't know whether I am right in the way I think or not, but anyhow, I am going to do it that way."

Things went along quietly and at the end of half an hour the quail were all picked and ready for broiling when supper time came. It was just about then that a solitary Indian came stalking in view. He carried a long stick to which was attached a dirty white rag, and when he saw he was observed he raised this and waved it a few times over his head.

"Come on, redskin," Wild called out, as he took a few steps toward him. "It was not necessary for you to bring a flag of truce. I have already told your chief that we did not come here to make war on your people."

"Ugh!" answered the Indian, shaking his head. Then he quickly added something in the Indian tongue. Wild could understand enough of what he said to know that he was not able to speak the language of the white man, so he motioned for him to come forward. This the fellow did, and he promptly handed the boy a folded piece of paper.

"Ah! a note, eh, redskin? Well, we'll see who it is from, and what is wanted."

He quickly unfolded and read the following, in a fairly good hand:

"Loud Thunder, chief of the tribe of the Golden Valley, wants Young Wild West to come and hold a pow-wow with him at once. Young Wild West must be careful, as Little Bull Tail is here. The beautiful paleface maiden will come with Young Wild West, and she must be ready to show the Indian Sign if danger threatens.

"Ne-to-wah."

Wild gave a low whistle as he read the communication, and then stepped over and handed it to Arietta. The girl quickly read it aloud, all hands listening to every word with great interest.

"To be forewarned is to be forearmed, Wild," said his sweetheart, nodding her head approvingly. "Ne-to-wah is a very good princess, I am sure."

"That's right, Et," was the reply. "Well, I reckon we'll take Hop along for the forearmed part of it. Come on, Hop. We are going right away."

"Allee light, Misler Wild," the Celestial answered, cheerfully, as he came hurrying toward them.

"Have you got all your belongings with you?"

"Me gottee lillee of evelytling, Misler Wild," was the assuring retort.

"All right; the chances are you will be called upon to perform a little magic before we get back."

Then the young deadshot turned to Cheyenne Charlie and added, in a low tone of voice:

"I think it will be a good idea for you and Jim to follow along unobserved by the messenger, or any of the Indians, Charlie," he said. "Little Bull Tail no doubt means to act the part of a traitor. I have an idea that he would like to have my scalp, and that he is very much opposed to us being here. He will no doubt try to poison

the mind of Loud Thunder, and if he should happen to succeed there is likely to be a lively time of it for a while."

"All right, Wild, I understand," was the reply. "We'll be around putty close by when this pow-wow takes place, an' don't you forgit it."

The boy now stepped to the messenger and nodded to him to indicate that he was ready to follow him. The Indian seemed pleased, and promptly started off. But when he looked back and saw that Hop was coming with the boy and girl he stopped and looked a bit puzzled. He pointed to the Chinaman and then snook his head.

"That's all right, redskin," Wild retorted, and then he motioned that Hop was to accompany them, anyhow.

Apparently satisfied, the messenger started ahead. The three walked along with him and rapidly neared the part of the valley where the caves in the cliffs were located. In a few minutes they climbed to the top of a ledge and then walked along until they came to a very wide spot. Here they found a large congregation of the Indians, and when they saw that Ne-to-wah was there they promptly waved their hands and nodded to her. The Apache princess came forward and greeted them in a very friendly way. She had her papoose with her, and permitted Arietta to take it in her arms. When the girl kissed the infant the princess promptly knelt at her feet and made a *curtesy*. Then she insisted on kissing the white girl's finger-tips, after which she arose to her feet and turned to the Indians who had formed themselves in a semi-circle to make up the council of Loud Thunder. Wild had been looking this crowd over pretty well, and when he found that Little Bull Tail was one of them, and that the chief looked in anything but a pleasant mood he decided that there was going to be a disagreement in the pow-wow.

Two bear-skins had been thrown upon the ground, one at either end of the semi-circle, and Loud Thunder now motioned Wild to take a seat upon the right while Ne-to-wah led Arietta to the left. This left Hop standing alone, so he promptly bowed to all hands and said:

"Me likee sittee down, too, so be."

He received a scowl from the Indians of the council for this, but that did not disturb him in the least, and he answered it with a pleasant smile. Finding that there was nothing in the way of a skin for him to sit upon, the clever Chinaman squatted upon a flat rock that was near at hand. Then he coolly drew a cigar from his pocket and struck a match and began puffing away just as though he was at peace with the whole world. He had seen the big pipe with a long stem that lay upon a rock near the chief, and he knew perfectly well that this was to be used in the pow-wow. But the pipe would only be passed from mouth to mouth for a whiff or two, and acting as though he was a little above that sort of thing, he puffed away at his cigar.

"Chinee heap much fool," ventured Little Bull Tail, scowling at him and then directing his gaze upon the chief of the valley tribe.

"The Chinee is our servant, chief," answered Wild, quickly. "I reckon we have a right to fetch him with us, if we want to. It happens

that we did want to, so here he is. He won't interfere with you unless you bother him."

"Ugh! Little Bull Tail no afraid of Chinee. Chinee heap much talk."

"Me allee samee velly smartee Chinee, Misler Chief," spoke up Hop, smiling at him, just as though he took what was said more as a compliment than anything else. "Me showee you nicee liliee tlick pletty soonee, so be, maybe."

Wild shot a warning glance at the Chinaman, and Hop said no more. Loud Thunder now picked up the pipe which was filled with tobacco, and then clapped his hands twice. Almost instantly a young brave appeared carrying a blazing fagot. The chief lighted the pipe, and after he had got it going pretty well, he passed it around the semi-circle. Each Indian solemnly took two or three puffs, and then it came to Wild, who promptly followed their example. The chief took the pipe, and then looked at Arietta and shook his head. The girl could not help smiling, for she could not help thinking that probably he was going to offer it to her. But this he did not do, and then setting the pipe upon the ground he made a short address in his own language to the members of his council, and then came over and squatted on the skin with our hero.

"What the palefaces come to the Golden Valley for, Young Wild West?" he asked.

"Well, Loud Thunder," answered the boy, in his cool and easy way, "we didn't know there was such a place as the Golden Valley in existence until we got here in the mountains. We have a way of going about all parts of the country looking for anything we can find. We never came here for the purpose of finding the Golden Valley, though. You have my word for that, and my tongue is not crooked."

Then Wild and Arietta noticed that Loud Thunder cast something that was like a look of triumph at Little Bull Tail. The latter shook his head as though he did not believe the boy's statement, and then Loud Thunder again turned his eyes upon Wild and said:

"Young Wild West is the hated enemy of the Apaches of the country up there," and he motioned to the northeast.

"Well, I don't know about that, either, chief," was the reply. "I have never yet done anything to a good Indian. I suppose Little Bull Tail has been telling you a whole lot about me. But my opinion is that Little Bull Tail is a bad Indian, and that he has come here to make trouble for you and your people."

The chief looked very grave as these words came to his ears, and slowly turning his gaze upon the man our hero accused, he noticed that his face was distorted by a scowl.

"You can see that Little Bull Tail don't like me," went on the boy, quickly. "I don't know just why it is, since I never saw him until yesterday. I am sure I never did anything to him. But since he seems to be an enemy of mine, I advise him to get up and state why it is he don't like me. If he feels like fighting it out with me he will find that I am ready at any time."

It was quite evident that all the members of the council could understand English quite well, and when they heard this from the boy they looked at him with something like admiration. Then it was that Little Bull Tail became very angry.

He leaped to his feet and promptly began to execute a few steps of the Apache war-dance. Being unable to resist the temptation to having a little fun, Hop Wah quickly arose and began to imitate his movements. Little Bull Tail drew a hatchet from his belt and began flourishing it over his head. Then Hop quickly pulled the old-fashioned pistol he usually had with him from under his coat and flourished that. The Indians looked on in sheer amazement, for this performance was something they had not expected to witness. Whatever the rascally chief's intentions might have been, he did not attempt to put them into execution, for the big pistol in Hop's hand no doubt warned him to keep within bounds. Finally he stopped dancing and cast a look at the Chinaman that was meant to wither him. But it had no such effect. The Chinaman smiled blandly, and then he politely offered Little Bull Tail a cigar.

"You havee lillie smoke, Misl'er Chief?" he said, bowing. "You velly nicee man, so be. Me likee you velly muchee."

Wild was pretty certain that it was a trick cigar the Chinaman was offering the chief, and though he knew it might turn out rather badly for all three of them, he could not help letting him go ahead and play the joke. Little Bull Tail's expression at once softened. It was not very often he had the chance to smoke a cigar, and being fond of tobacco, he quickly accepted it. Hop quickly found a match, and striking it for him held the flame to the end of the cigar. Then he stepped back a pace or two and folded his arms, all the while smoking placidly at his own cigar. Loud Thunder seemed much pleased at the change in affairs, and when he observed that the chief of the visiting Indians was about to resume his seat in the semi-circle he gave a nod of approval. Little Bull Tail had no sooner taken his seat when the cigar he was smoking exploded with a report that was almost as loud as a small cannon. As he fell over backward, yelling in fear, the council was broken up, for the Indians were running in every direction now.

CHAPTER VIII.—Hop Shows That He Is A Great Medicine Man.

Wild and Arietta could not help laughing at the result of Hop's joke, though they both felt that it would not better the situation any. They remained right where they were, however, and so did the clever Chinnee, who still puffed calmly at his cigar. The only red-skin who had not fled entirely from the scene was the victim of the loaded cigar. Wild saw him lying on the ground, trying hard to shield himself from view behind a big stone. After watching a few seconds the boys walked over to him and said:

"Get up, Little Bull Tail! The Chinnee is heap much medicine man. But he has not hurt you any. That's what you get for lying to Loud Thunder. It always pays to tell the truth, you know, redskin."

The frightened chief did not rise right away, but he turned his eyes upon the young deadshot and looked at him in silence for a moment. Then as he started to get upon his feet, he said:

"Chinee heap much fool. He put powder in cigar and give it to little Bull Tail."

"Oh, you understand how it was done, then, do you? Well, all right. But the Chinnee is not a fool, Little Bull Tail. He is a great medicine man."

"Little Bull Tail kill Chinnee," and the chief shot an angry glance at the smiling Chinaman.

"No, you won't, either. Don't you try anything like that, or you will get killed yourself. You hear what I say, chief! If you try to do any crooked work here you will never go away from the Gold Valley alive. I know what I am talking about, so you had better see to it that you behave yourself."

"Ugh!" and Little Bull Tail looked scornfully at the boy.

"You're putting up an awful bluff, I know," said Wild, nodding his head, "but look out that you don't go too far. I am not in the mood to stand any trifling from you at all. I am satisfied that you are nothing more than a sneaking scoundrel, and at the first sign of treachery from you I will put a bullet through your heart. Don't think that I am afraid of the Indians here, for I am not. I have a way of taking care of myself, as you ought to know, since you claim to have heard of me, and seem to hate me so."

"Young Wild West heap much paleface brave."

As the chief said this he bowed slightly and acted more humble. It must have been that some of the Indians saw Little Bull Tail standing there talking with Young Wild West, for they began to show themselves now. Finally they approached the spot and gathered about our friends and the Indian Chief. The explosion of the cigar must have been a great puzzle to them, for they all seemed to be frightened a little. Presently Loud Thunder, the chief of the valley tribe, approached. He bowed first to Wild, and then to Arietta, and then he turned and did the same to Hop.

"Great Chief," said Wild, nodding to him, and speaking in a solemn tone of voice, "the Chinnee is a great medicine man. He know that Little Bull Tail has a crooked tongue, so he punished him by making the cigar explode. The pow-wow was broken up, of course, but I hardly think you could have come to any settlement with Little Bull Tail in regard to our being here in the valley, so it's all the same. Now then, if you wish to know just what a great medicine man the Chinnee is, I will let him show you. You need not be frightened at anything he does, for he will not harm you or any of your people."

"Young Wild West heap much pale face brave; Chinnee heap much medicine man. Loud Thunder says that Young Wild West and the palefaces with him can stay in the Golden Valley for six suns. Then they shall leave and go back to their own land."

"Thank you, chief. That is quite satisfactory. And when we go away I assure you that it will be in peace, for, as I said before, we did not come here to make trouble for you and your people."

As Wild said this he turned and motioned to Hop, who promptly stepped forward. The clever Chinnee knew what was expected of him, so he lost no time in beginning operations. What he meant to do just then was to perform some clever

trick that would mystify the redskins. Selecting a smooth piece of rock near at hand, he carefully brushed the dirt from it, and then drew forth two little vials from one of his pockets. One contained a brownish powder, while the other was white. The powders were chemicals of the explosive sort, and when put together a drop of water would be sufficient to cause quite an explosion. Hop bowed right and left, and then emptied a small quantity of the white powder upon the smooth surface of the rock. Next he put some brown powder there. He mixed them carefully together with his finger, and then turning his gaze upon the chief, he said:

"Me likee havee lillee watee, Misler Chief. Me showee you something velly nicee."

Loud Thunder hesitated a moment, and then turning to one of the Indians near him, he commanded him to go and fetch some water. The brave promptly started away, and it was not long before he returned with a gourd filled with pure water. Hop accepted it from him with a bow, and then dipping his fingers into the water he sprinkled a few drops upon the powder upon the rock. There was a mighty puff, and then a cloud of smoke went up. There was much coughing and sneezing for the next few seconds, but a slight breeze quickly wafted the smoke outside, and then the Indians could be seen crouching and standing like statues, their eyes staring at the spot where the explosion had occurred.

But Hop had disappeared. The clever Celestial had taken advantage of the thick smoke to creep quietly behind a clump of rocks near at hand, and there he stood watching the surprised Indians with no little satisfaction. Wild and Arietta had seated themselves upon one of the skins, and they looked upon the scene in an unconcerned way.

"You see, chief, the Chinese medicine man can make smoke without fire. You never saw water make fire before, did you?"

Loud Thunder shook his head.

"Heap much medicine man," he declared, solemnly. "But where Chinees go?"

"Well, I suppose he must have gone up in the smoke, chief. He sometimes does that, you know."

Instantly the eyes of the Indians were turned toward the sky. Just then Hop applied the lighted end of his cigar to a quantity of powder he had dropped upon the ground. There was a bright flash and then a smoke that was far more dense than that which had appeared before enveloped the scene. Having measured the distance to the place he had disappeared from, it was easy for the Chinaman to get there, bowing right and left and smiling placidly.

"Velly nicee day, Misler Chief," he said, nodding to the surprised chief of the tribe. "Me velly muchee medicine man, so be."

It was quite evident that the Indians feared the smoke and fire greatly, for it was some time before they began to act anything like calm. But Hop was bound to get them in a good humor, so he drew forth his big yellow silk handkerchief, and taking the chief by the arm, led him to the flat rock.

"Now len, you watchee, Misler Chief," he said. "Me showee you nicee lillee tick, so be."

He drew forth a seed which might have been

taken from a pumpkin or something similar, and invited Loud Thunder to examine it. The redskin took it rather gingerly, but satisfied himself that it was really a seed.

"Now len, me makee um velly nicee flower glow velly quickee, Misler Chief," declared Hop.

He scraped up a handful of dirt, and placing the seed upon the bare rock quickly covered it and packed it down. Then after showing the handkerchief to all hands, he leaned over the rock and quickly let it drop over the covered seed. This done, he proceeded to carefully arrange the handkerchief until he had it standing up something in the form of a pyramid. Having fixed it to his full satisfaction, he stepped back and proceeded to make some mysterious passes with his hands over it. Now and then he looked at the sky, and then he would close his eyes and beat his hands against his breast, as though he was working a charm. The Indians watched him in an awesome way, and probably the most surprised one of the lot was Little Bull Tail, who no doubt not only feared the Chinese magician, but Young Wild West as well. After waiting about a minute Hop beckoned to Loud Thunder to come to him. The chief hesitated, but finally obeyed.

"Now len, Misler Chief," he said, blandly, "you takee up um handkelchief. Let me see lat um seed allee samee havee glowed into um nicee lillee bush with um flower on it. Take upee um handkelchief, Misler Chief."

As though it was something of a very delicate texture and needed careful handling, Loud Thunder reached down and lifted the handkerchief from the rock. A simultaneous cry of surprise and admiration went up from the assembled redskins. A little bush about a foot high stood there, and upon the top was a bright red rose. Probably none of the Indians took pains to look at it closely, for if they had done so they would have seen that it was nothing but a paper rose and that the bush was but a twig that had been broken from some tree. But it struck them all as being a wonderful performance, and from that moment Hop was considered to be a person far above the order of the average human being.

"Ugh!" exclaimed Loud Thunder, as he dropped upon his knees before the rock. "Chinee heap much medicine man. Loud Thunder will send for Okkee Chema, the medicine man of his tribe."

"Allee light, Misler Chief. Me likee see um ledskin medicine man, so be. Hullu upee. Make him come light away."

The chief arose and promptly instructed one of his braves to go and fetch the medicine man of the tribe. In a very few minutes the messenger came back accompanied by an Indian who was attired in a very gaudy, not to say outlandish costume. The skull of a buffalo adorned his head, while strings of beads were wound about the upper portion of his body. A necklace of golden nuggets hung about his neck, and his wrists were encircled by bracelets of gold, that had been rudely pounded into shape. He carried a short stick in his hand, and this was adorned with a bunch of fancy ribbons. At any other time the medicine man might have made an imposing picture, but just now he seemed to be rather timid, which was a little out of place for

one of his kind. Loud Thunder pointed to the little bush containing the rose and spoke hurriedly in his own tongue to Okee Chema, as he called him. Then the medicine man shook his head and acted as though it was nothing that the Chinaman had done, and that he did not believe there was anything great about him. After a while he turned his gaze upon Hop and then said:

"The Chinees make the bush grow from the seed."

"Lat light, Misler Medicine Man," was the rejoinder.

"If he can make the bush grow from the seed he can make the bush go back to the seed."

"Lat light," and Hop nodded again, this time in such an assuring way that the bystanders fairly trembled at his wonderful power.

Of course it was easy enough for Hop to make them believe that he could do as the medicine man suggested. He quickly flitted the handkerchief over his head a few times and then let it drop upon the little bush. He carefully arranged it right before their eyes, but while he was doing it he managed to take the little bush from beneath it and put it under his coat. This was not seen by anyone, of course. The handkerchief being of silk remained standing in the form of a pyramid, and having accomplished his purpose, the clever Chinees arose to his feet and went through the mysterious passes he had used before. This done, he clapped his hands sharply, and then nodding to the medicine man, exclaimed:

Okee Chema boldly did as requested. The bush and rose had disappeared and there was the handful of dirt the Chinaman had packed over the seed lying before his eyes. Hop reached over and scraped the dirt aside. There was the seed, just as it had been when he had showed it to Loud Thunder.

"How lat stlike you, Misler Medicine man?" he said, grinning at Okee Chema.

The Indian, who was naught but an impostor, shrugged his shoulders and said nothing. It was altogether too much for his understanding, and he now feared the Chinese medicine man as much as any of the rest.

"Me velly smartee Chinees, so be," observed Hop, blandly. "You havee um cigar?"

Wild shot a warning glance at the Chinaman as he said this, which meant that it was not to play any more tricks. But Hop did not intend to. He insisted upon the medicine man taking a cigar, and then he handed one to Loud Thunder. When they had smoked for a minute or two, and found the cigars were all right, they appeared to be pleased.

Wild arose, and Arietta followed his example. "Great Chief of the Valley Tribe," Wild said, addressing Loud Thunder, "we are your friends. You need not fear that we will make trouble for you. We will go to our camp now, and any time you want to come and hold a pow-wow with us we will be pleased to have you."

He bowed and promptly started from the spot, followed by Arietta and Hop. As they reached the level of the valley below they saw the Indians standing just as they had left them.

CHAPTER IX.—Little Bull Tail's Treachery.

Young Wild West and his sweetheart walked leisurely back to the camp, followed by the clever Chinees. Before they had gone very far Cheyenne Charlie and Jim Dart overtook them. The two had been very close to the scene that had been enacted upon the ledge, though the Indians were not aware of it. A broad grin showed upon the scout's face as he joined them near the camp.

"Wild," said he, "that heathen is gittin' smarter every day he lives, blamed if he ain't."

"Well, I don't know about that Charlie," was the reply. "But Hop certainly knows his business."

When they got back to the camp they found those waiting for them eager to learn what had happened. Wild was not long in telling them all about it, and even Jeremy Jordan laughed heartily.

"So it's all settled, then, that we are to stay here for six days?" he inquired.

"Yes, that's right, professor. But I have an idea that Little Bull Tail won't let us remain in peace and quiet if he can help it."

The fact was that our hero was more than satisfied with the way things had turned out, so when supper was ready he sat down with the rest and talked and laughed about what had happened since their arrival in the Golden Valley. The broiled birds tasted fine, since they had not eaten anything except smoked and salted meat for the last day or two, and as there was plenty for all hands, no one got up from the meal hungry.

"Now then," said Wild, as he watched the red glow in the west gradually disappear, "I reckon we'll keep the usual watch to-night and the first thing in the morning we will strike out and make a tour through the valley. It is called the Golden Valley, so the chances are there must be some gold here."

After it grew dark fires could be seen burning upon the ledges in the distance, which told them plainly where the Cliff Dwellers had their homes. A strict watch was kept during the night, but they were not molested with, and shortly after daylight they were up and stirring. Wing prepared an early breakfast for them, and then Wild nodded to Jordan and said:

"Now then, professor, I reckon we will start out to look for that gold you expect to find here."

"I am only too glad to go with you, Wild," was the reply.

"Well, you and one of your men can go, and I will take Charlie, too. The rest can stay here at the camp. I hardly think it would be advisable to all go and leave things unprotected. I don't fear that anything would happen as far as the natives of the valley are concerned, but the chances are that Little Bull Tail and some of the braves might come here and clean us out."

So it was arranged that Wild, Charlie, Jordan and Little were to go out prospecting, as it were.

The four soon left the camp, taking with them a pickax, shovel and two or three pans. Of course they were armed in the usual style, even to three rifles. They had not been gone more than half an hour when a squaw carrying a papoose was seen picking her way cautiously toward

the camp. Hop was the first to see her, and he quickly called Arietta's attention. It did not take the girl more than a second to recognize the Ne-to-wah. The squaw came on, acting as though she feared she might be observed by someone behind her, and presently she reached the camp.

"Good morning, Ne-to-wah," said Arietta, as she put out her hand.

The Apache princess seized it eagerly and pressed it to her lips. Then as Arietta took the infant she said:

"Ne-to-wah has come to warn you of danger. Where is Young Wild West?"

"He has gone to take a look about the valley, Ne-to-wah," Arietta answered. "But come and sit down and tell us all about it."

When she was seated before one of the tents Ne-to-wah took the papoose from Arietta and then related her story, which was to the effect that after our friends had left the presence of the Indians the afternoon before, Loud Thunder had called a council of his own braves and decided that Little Bull Tail and his followers must go away from the valley the following morning. He had become satisfied, so he said, that they were bad Indians, and that they had come with the Apache princes to the Golden Valley for the purpose of gain, more than anything else. Since Young Wild West had declared that Little Bull Tail had a crooked tongue, and was a bad Indian, neither he nor his followers would be permitted to remain in the valley. It had been decided unanimously that the party must take their departure in the morning, but Little Bull Tail was not apprised of it until a short time before Ne-to-wah left the caves. She stated that she had heard the villainous chief talking to some of his braves, and that after hearing that they must leave the valley they planned to first wreak vengeance upon Young Wild West and the rest of the palefaces who had interfered with them. The squaw had managed to listen to all that was said, and she had learned that they purposed to submit quietly to the edict of Loud Thunder, but that they would first seek the palefaces and attack them and then they would make their escape from the valley.

"How many braves will Little Bull bring with him to kill us?" Arietta asked, not showing a great deal of anxiety.

"He has but sixteen," was the reply. "The rest of the party are squaws and papooses."

"Well, we need not be afraid, then. I hardly think that seventeen Indians can do so much harm here. They can't get here without us seeing them, Ne-to-wah."

"They all have rifles, have they not?" Anna asked.

"Only seven have guns," Ne-to-wah answered, quietly. "Two of them have pistols."

"Well, don't be worried about them," spoke up Jim Dart, who had been listening to all that was said in silence until now. "There are enough of us here to keep them off, I reckon. But when the firing begins Wild and the others will soon be here, you can bet. Let them come as soon as they like, I say."

"Ne-to-wah appeared to be relieved at the confidence shown by those in the camp. She now arose and said:

"Me now go back to the people of my husband.

Ne-to-wah will stay here in the Golden Valley until she dies."

The words had scarcely left her lips when a rifle shot sounded, and a bullet clipped a feather from her hair.

"Everybody down!" exclaimed Jim Dart, quickly. "I reckon that shot was meant for Ne-to-wah. Little Bull Tail and his gang have crept upon us."

Even the girls seized their rifles, and Arietta quickly forced the Apache princess into the tent.

"You stay there with your papoose, Ne-to-wah," she said. "We will take care of the bad Indians. Maybe they would kill you, because you have come here to warn us."

"Ne-to-wah no afraid of Little Bull Tail," declared the squaw, shaking her head.

"You do as I say, Ne-to-wah."

"The paleface maiden must be obeyed, for she saved the life of Ne-to-wah's papoose," was the humble retort, and then she sat down and bowed her head in silence.

Meanwhile Jim Dart and Jordan were keeping a sharp watch in the direction the shot had been fired from. When five minutes had elapsed they suddenly caught sight of an Indian creeping along among the rocks. Jordan quickly put his rifle to his shoulder and fired. The bullet went true to the mark, for the Indian uttered a sharp cry and then rolled over upon the ground.

"I don't like an Injun, anyhow," the man declared, shrugging his shoulders. "After they once fire a shot my way I generally make it my business to shoot 'em down as fast as I kin."

It must have been that when they saw one of their number fall the rascally Apaches lost their usual caution, for the next minute they came running toward the camp, hiding as much as they could behind the rocks. They did not utter the savage yells that came so natural to them in such times, and this showed that they probably did not want to let Loud Thunder know what they were up to. But they began firing at the rocks as they came forward. Their bullets were wasted, however, for the party were too well shielded to be hit. Jim Dart now opened fire upon them, and joined Jordan in the task of thinning them out. It was not necessary to take part in the shooting at all, for when a dozen shots had been fired more than half the attacking party had gone down, while the rest had disappeared from view. Satisfied that they had been badly beaten and would not return very soon, Arietta went to the tent where the Apache princess sat with her papoose and said:

"The fight is over, Ne-to-wah. Little Bull Tail has been badly beaten. Over half his braves have been killed."

The squaw said nothing for the space of a few seconds, and then bowed her head as though she felt that it was but just that such a fate should have befallen the villainous chief she had engaged to conduct her to the Golden Valley. Arietta now led her outside and finding that the papoose was asleep, she took it and laid it upon a blanket. She now led her outside and finding that the papoose was asleep, she took it and laid it upon a blanket. She now thought of the little box that had been given to her by Ne-to-wah, so producing it she said:

"How do you open this?"

The Apache princess shook her head.

"I don't know," she declared. "I have never seen it opened. It belonged to Running Elk, and he said it had been handed down from his forefathers. There is no way to open it. Yet inside is a token of the Lost Tribe."

"So this is the Lost Tribe here in the valley, then?"

"Yes. Many generations ago a band of Apaches and their squaws came here to live as the Aztecs had lived before the Spanish came to make war with them. Once in fifty years a brave left this place and came to live with the Indians that were making war upon the palefaces. Running Elk was one of them, and he was so tall and so handsome that Ne-to-wah find that she love him right away. Running Elk love Ne-to-wah, too, so they get married. Then one day Running Elk get sick and die. Ne-to-wah say she want to go to his people, so she come and she bring the token and Indian Sign with her."

"Well," said Arietta, "I would like to know very much what is inside this little box, but since you say that it has never been opened, I will not attempt to do it. You have given it to me, but I suppose that you should have it back again."

"No," declared Ne-to-wah, positively. "I am here with the people of my husband now, and I don't want the token of the Lost Tribe. The paleface maiden will keep it; Ne-to-wah wants it that way."

"Well, just as you say, Ne-to-wah. I shall always keep the box in remembrance of the Apache princess."

CHAPTER X.—Conclusion.

Young Wild West and his companions had not walked more than half a mile from the camp when they came to a beaten path. This led along the foot of the cliffs that were almost perpendicular at that side of the valley, and when they had followed it a short distance they suddenly found that it led into a large cave, the mouth of which was nearly concealed by the big rocks that were scattered about.

"I reckon this must be the gold mine, if there is such a thing here," said Wild, smiling at the professor. "I suppose we may as well go in and investigate."

The boy stepped around the rock and boldly entered the cave. As he looked around him he saw a number of torches resting upon a ledge at the left, some of which showed signs of having been lighted. Selecting one of these he struck a match and applied the flame to it.

"Now, then, we'll soon see what sort of a place it is in here," he observed, with a nod of his head. "Maybe one of us had better stay here and keep on ther watch for ther injuns," suggested Little.

"Well, if you feel like doing that you can," Wild answered.

"All right; I'd jest as lief stay here while ther rest of you looks around."

This being settled, Wild, Charlie and the professor walked back into the dark portion of the cave. It was a large one, for it seemed to extend back many feet. Holding the torch over his head, so they could see their way, Young

Wild West walked briskly forward. In about two minutes the back of the big cave was reached. This seemed to be a veritable honey-comb, and as the boy held the torch closer to it he could see shining particles in all the apertures before him.

"I reckon I made no mistake in saying that this must be the gold mine, professor," he said, not showing the least bit of excitement or surprise. "There is quite enough for you, I reckon."

"Is it gold, Wild?" Jeremy Jordan gasped.

"It certainly is, if I am any judge. Go ahead and help yourself to some of it. You will soon find out then."

"But have we a right to touch any of them?"

"I don't see why not. Chief Loud Thunder did not tell us not to, did he?"

"No, that is true."

Charlie, who was carrying the pick, now stepped forward and struck a blow into one of the little openings. A big piece of rock was broken off and it fell to the ground at their feet with a thud.

"Here yer are, professor," the scout said, as he lifted the chunk which must have weighed twenty or thirty pounds and handed it to the professor. "Jest feel the weight of that, will yer?"

"Why, this is more than half pure gold, I do declare," exclaimed the naturalist, as he looked at it closely. "Just to think of all this wealth being here."

Wild now made an examination of the place the piece had broken from, and he quickly found that there was nothing but soft rock there.

"I don't believe the gold that is here would be worth a smillion dollars," he declared, after a pause. "Still, there seems to be a lot of it, but it does not extend very far back, professor. There is nothing more than a thin layer."

The professor clung to the lump of gold, while Wild now walked along the wall to the cave to the left. He soon found that the gold bearing part did not extend a distance of more than twenty or thirty feet.

"This is a lode that has become exposed to view by some freak of nature," he declared. "This might have happened a thousand years ago, or longer than that. But here it is, just the same."

Wild started to make a circle of the cave. He kept following the wall which ran in irregular fashion, and presently they were nearing the entrance. Just before they reached it they came to a place where the light was admitted in some manner from above. The young deadshot quickly made his way to the spot where he found a rudely constructed furnace. They found themselves looking at a big pot that was made of baked clay. It had been built so it rested over the top of a fire-place, and just how the Indians managed to get heat enough to melt the gold no one could just then conjecture. An examination by aid of the torch showed that there was considerable gold in the big pot, which had hardened and lay at the bottom. Wild pried a piece from the mass and found it to be virgin gold.

"That's the way to find it, professor," he said, with a smile. "If we could get all we could carry of such stuff as this I reckon we would be more than paid for coming to the Golden Valley."

"Wouldn't we, though!" exclaimed the delighted man.

"Here's a heap of fire wood here, too," said Charlie, as he looked around. "I reckon everything is ready for us to go ahead and melt up all the gold we find. Shall I start a fire, Wild?"

"Not now," was the reply. "I think it will be a good idea to consult with Loud Thunder before we do anything like that. There is no use in making them think that we came here to rob them. I have no doubt but that they will be quite willing to give us all we can carry away with us. I am sure of that, in fact."

"I hope he is willing," and Jeremy Jordan shook his head and looked hopeful.

Wild now walked to the entrance of the cave and told Little to come in and see what they had discovered. The man fairly danced with delight when he realized that he was in a veritable gold mine with a smelter attached. The four remained in the cave for perhaps half an hour, and then taking the lump of gold and a piece of that Wild had broken from what was in the big pot, they started to return to the camp. It happened that the shooting had occurred while they were in the cave, so it did not reach their ears, and when they reached the camp they had no knowledge of what had happened during their absence. Ne-to-wah greeted him in a very friendly way, and then she stood quite still while Arietta related how the attack had been made upon them. The bodies of the Indians lay where they had dropped, and when Cheyenne Charlie had looked them over he came back and seemed very much pleased.

"That's what I call mighty good work," he exclaimed. "But I noticed that galoot of a Little Bull Tail ain't among the dead. That means that it ain't their last we're goin' ter see of him."

"That's all right, Charlie," Wild retorted. "That fellow has a grudge against me, and I reckon it is for me to fight it out with him. So he has been ordered to leave the valley, eh? Well, I hardly think he will do it in a hurry, even though he may have promised to do so."

After talking it over for a few minutes Wild turned to Ne-to-wah and said:

"So you intend to remain here with the Indians, do you?"

"Yes," she answered. "I shall never go back among the palefaces again. I am going now to the home that Loud Thunder has provided for me."

"Well, I will go along with you, because I want to have a talk with the chief. Arietta, you can come, too."

"Me go, too, so be," spoke up Hop.

"All right, come on, then," Wild answered, giving him a nod.

They soon set out, and as they were about half way to the cave of the Cliff Dwellers a shot sounded from a ledge above them and a bullet whistled past our hero's ear. Looking up he saw Little Bull Tail and some of his braves crouching there, ready to shoot them. The chief was in the act of taking aim with his rifle again when Wild whipped out his revolver and fired quickly. Little Bull Tail uttered a cry and pitched from the ledge, falling within a few feet of our friends. Then the others fired two or three shots, and Arietta opened fire with her rifle. The result was that only two or three of the braves of the band who had escorted the Apache princess to the Golden Valley escaped with their lives.

They no doubt fled to the top of the cliffs, where the squaws and papooses were waiting for them.

Anyhow, Young Wild West and his friends saw no more of them. Some of Loud Thunder's Indians now came to meet them, and one of them being able to converse in English soon learned what had happened to the rascally band of Apaches. He seemed much pleased, and when he conducted our friends to the chief, he told him all about it. This time the pow-wow passed off in an entirely different fashion, for it resulted in the Indians connected with it doing Young Wild West and Arietta the greatest of honor. They did not forget Hop Wah, either, and when the medicine man came forward and kissed his feet, the conquest of the Golden Valley was completed. It is not necessary to tell all that transpired during the time that our friends remained in the place; but suffice it to say that the Indians who were living the same as the Cliff Dwellers had many, many years before, were very liberal, and they even offered to assist them in taking out and melting gold that was in the cave. It was but natural that Young Wild West and his companions should want to take as much as they could carry of the precious metal. When it came time for them to leave Loud Thunder and Ne-to-wah visited them at their camp.

"Young Wild West," said the chief, in an impressive voice, "you now go away from the Golden Valley. Loud Thunder wants you to make a promise."

"All right, chief; what is it?" came the reply.

"Me want you to say that you no tell any palefaces or bad Indians about the Golden Valley, and that you will no come back here until a year has passed."

"All right, Loud Thunder, I give you that promise. I will guarantee you that none of my companions will say a word to anyone about it, either. Does that satisfy you?"

"Loud Thunder is satisfied, Young Wild West."

"All right, chief. You are one of the best Indians I ever saw, which is saying a whole lot. I bid you good-by."

It was an affectionate parting that took place between Arietta and Ne-to-wah, and the little papoose figured strongly in it. But our friends finally rode away, and the last they saw of the curious tribe of Cliff Dwellers the latter were waving them adieu.

"Now, professor," said Wild, when they had left the Golden Valley behind them, "I reckon it's a long journey between here and Tucson, but there is the place we had better head for."

"I shall leave it all to you, Wild," was the reply.

"Well, I reckon we can arrange it so we will have plenty of water to last us during the trip."

This proved to be the case, and one day the party rode into Tucson, all hands being in the best of health and their horses in remarkably good condition. Jeremy Jordan remained with them a few days, and then he started for the East, taking with him his share of the gold, which amounted to the value of several thousand dollars.

Next week's issue will contain "YOUNG WILD WEST'S MARKED MUSTANG; or, TRAPPING THE HORSE THIEVES."

CURRENT NEWS

DEEPEST MINE IN THE WORLD

The deepest mine in the world is at Morro Velho, Brazil. It has reached a vertical depth of 6,426 feet below the surface of the earth. This great depth is attained not by one shaft, but by a series of five, staggered to follow the 45 degree pitch of the lode with which it is connected by crosscuts. In India there is a mine in which a depth of 5,400 feet has been reached, and in Michigan there is a copper mine which is one mile deep vertically. In South Africa there is a mine where the engineers are planning to sink a shaft to a depth of 7,000 feet.

CLAY PROFITABLE

Clay beds covering several thousand acres near McCool, Crisman and Crocker, and about ten miles from Gary, Ind., have netted the land owners more than \$1,000,000. It is estimated the clay has netted the farmers approximately \$4,500 an acre and they still own the land.

The clay is shipped to Chicago and to the Calumet region. Carloads of it have been used by the industrial plants in the Calumet district for lining furnaces. It is also used for making lawns, tennis courts and race tracks. Trainloads of the clay have been shipped to Gary for use in the blast furnaces in the steel plants and for making

football and baseball fields and for covering Gary sand.

Clay for covering the grounds of six new public school buildings now under construction in Gary is being hauled from the Porter County deposits. Engineers estimate about 6,000 tons of clay are obtained from an acre and the clay sells for 75 cents a ton.

PRICKLY PEAR JUICE USED FOR GASOLINE

A new motor spirit made from prickly pear juice mixed with other chemicals has proved so successful in tests, according to a report to the Department of Chemistry, that a company with \$500,000 capital has been organized to exploit it. This new product was invented by A. C. De Villiers, a lawyer in the Orange Free State, and the formula is a secret.

The spirit has been tested on various makes of cars and is said to be equal to or better than gasoline in power and flexibility, a mileage of 22.4 being obtained in a six-cylinder car. The cost of production is said to be 18 cents per gallon, and it is figured that the retail price will be about half that of gasoline. All the ingredients are obtainable in inexhaustible supplies in South Africa. The prickly pear grows wild in many parts of the country and in fact has become a pest, devastating thousands of acres of farm land.

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Charlie, the Chauffeur

— OR —

THE LUCK OF A WORKING LAD

By DICK ELLISON

(A SERIAL STORY)

CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued).

"Then this Turner will surely sell me out to him. I think we better go direct to the mine and see my boss."

"Who is your boss?"

"He is a Mr. Stringfellow; he is also very rich, and with money one can do most anything, you know. I only see one objection."

"What's that?"

"This car may belong to some one at the mine and I may be arrested for stealing it. Do you know who it does belong to?"

"No, I don't."

"You know the road to the Hiawatha, though, I suppose?"

"Yes, every inch of it. I can show you just how to go."

Thus they talked as Charlie made the dangerous ascent.

Jen further informed him that her mother was dead and that her step-father was a professional gambler and kept drunk almost all the time.

"Again and again I've tried to get away from him," she added, "but he has threatened to kill me if I left. To-day he struck me in the face and it was all I could do to restrain myself. Oh, Charlie, he is a dreadful man."

"But where will you go? What will you do?" asked Charlie.

"I have an aunt in Denver if I can only get there," she replied. "She is my mother's sister and I am sure she will receive me. I am willing to work at anything rather than to go back to my step-father."

"I will see what can be done for you. Have you any money?"

"That's the trouble. I haven't a cent, so I can't pay my fare either on the stage or the railroad," sighed Jen.

"Oh, I'll fix that!" said Charlie. "I've got plenty of money. I don't see anything of them. Perhaps they have no spare tire. If that's the case, we are safe."

"If we don't meet Judge Gladwin."

"But even so, he won't know me and you can keep out of sight. It will be just a question of passing another car."

By this time they had come up out of the valley and soon they hit the mountain trail and reached the scene of Charlie's capture.

What had become of Mr. William? Charlie asked himself. He could not believe that his kind-hearted boss would simply desert him in his trouble. Probably he has gone on to the mine, he told himself, and there he might in some way get a clue to what it all meant.

But all this was guess work, of course, and as the car whirled on Jen continued to talk. She was telling Charlie her whole life history, and she was speaking of her mother when the car came to a standstill.

"What's the matter?" demanded Jen, anxiously.

"I don't exactly know," replied Charlie. "There's something wrong, and I'm afraid it's serious."

He jumped out, and, taking one of the lanterns, crawled in under the car where he remained until poor Jen lost patience, and got out herself.

"Can't you fix it?" she asked.

"Yes, but it will take time," replied Charlie, throwing off his coat. "I will go right at it."

"How long do you think it will take you?"

"As much as half an hour, I'm afraid."

"And Judge Gladwin may come along any time."

"Well, there's room enough for him to pass us. You better keep inside out of sight."

"It's only about eight miles to the mine from here and there is real danger that you may get yourself into trouble for stealing the car. Suppose we abandon it and walk?"

"Eight miles is a long walk, Jen."

"I know it, but don't you think yourself it would be safer? We can hide if we meet the judge."

"Oh, I don't know. We can abandon the car say a mile away from the mine. I want to see my boss about this business just as quick as ever I can."

Jen yielded, and Charlie got on the job, which proved even a slower proposition than he had imagined.

He was pounding with a hammer and making a lot of noise, when he heard Jen scream:

"Look out, Charlie. There's a car coming from the direction of the mine."

"Let it come," Charlie called back. "I'll stick to my job. You keep out of sight, that's all. They'll go right by."

But the car in which sat two men did not go by. It stopped, to Jen's disgust, and she saw that the passenger was Judge Gladwin.

"Surely, that's the car Rankin took out," she heard him say, and then he got out, and coming forward, peered in.

He did not seem to recognize Jen, as he asked what the matter was.

"We have broken down, that's all," she replied.

"Who is that working under the car, Joe Rankin?" he asked.

"No, sir."

Charlie had stopped pounding now, and he heard the question put and crawled out.

"What is it you want?" he asked, suspecting from the question who he was talking to.

"To know about this car. It belongs to a friend of mine. Who are you?"

"Oh, I'm nobody, boss. Mr. Rankin told me to run this car to the Hiawatha and turn it over to Judge Gladwin," answered Charlie, deciding on the spur of the moment that this was the best thing he could say.

"I am Judge Gladwin. Who is this young woman?"

"Mr. Noakes's daughter, sir. Her father is sending her to Gordon. I was told if I met you to say that they have got the boy."

(To be continued.)

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST

SEEK BOY SCOUTS TO FARM NEW SOUTH WALES

A project holding many possibilities toward settling New South Wales with desirable immigrants has been formulated by local Boy Scout authorities and is approaching consummation.

The plan, which has received encouraging support from the Imperial headquarters, is to bring hundreds of Boy Scouts from England and place them upon farms in New South Wales.

SQUIRRELS DAMAGE HIGH VOLTAGE LINES

From Rochester comes word of the trouble that has been encountered with squirrels who will persist in becoming acquainted with high-voltage conductors, reports the Scientific American. Short circuits have resulted in the high tension lines as the result of squirrels playing about the wires, with especially disastrous results for the squirrels. Now it is recommended that large tin collars be placed on the poles for the purpose of preventing the squirrels from reaching the wires above.

MONTE CAHLO FLY COST BANK \$25,000.

A fly with a gambling instinct cost the Casino \$25,000 a few days ago, according to a Monte Carlo newspaper. The fly alighted on No. 13 at a time when the gamblers had suffered a long run of ill luck. In a few moments the "middle dozen," that is to say, the number 13 to 24, was liberally covered with stakes.

Then an elderly gambler arose and plied napoleons round the square on which the fly had alighted, thus backing the numbers from 10 to 17.

Less confident players staked small amounts on the "transversales." The ivory marble was sent spinning round the roulette wheel, there was a moment of suspense, and then the croupier announced the winning number, 13.

But, what is far more extraordinary, the same number came up three times in succession.

FIREMAN RESCUES QUICKSAND VICTIM

Patrolman James Slambowski heard cries from the swamp off River avenue, near State street, Camden, N. J., in the midst of which is a pool of mud and quicksand. He ran to the swamp and crawled out as far as he could get to the pool without being engulfed. He saw a man, later partially identified as Richard Collins of New York, up to his waist in the quicksand and sinking quickly through his very efforts to free himself.

The policeman shouted to the man to lie as still as possible, and then he ran for help. A police ambulance, with Sergeant Naylor and Patrolmen Anderson and Stanton, could not help the man because of the darkness and the great danger of going out into the swamp. So the po-

licemen sent for a fire truck, and Deputy Fire Chief Patterson and others responded.

By this time the man was into the quicksand almost to his armpits, and it was apparent that he could not be rescued unless it were done quickly. He had become delirious, too, from terror and the frightful sucking of the sand as it drew him deeper. His cries became incoherent and then ceased altogether. A searchlight showed his head had slumped forward onto the swamp.

The firemen brought planks from the lumber yard of the Victor Talking Machine Company, and Fireman Dyer volunteered as life saver. Laying boards in front of him, Dyer crawled carefully along toward Collins, his comrades directing him with the searchlight. He found Collins in a condition of utter collapse. The sufferer lay quietly while Dyer dug into the sand with his hands and with a hand ax. Finally the rescuer was able to get a rope under the man's arms and other firemen pulled, Dyer, with his hands, loosening as much as possible the sand about the body of Collins, who finally was dragged out and to safety.

He was sent to the Cooper Hospital, where surgeons said that his condition is serious.

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A Strange Case

By COL. RALPH FENTON

I was on a mission at Chillington, and my headquarters were at Melcham Court during the time. I was not sure of being a welcome guest, but for this I did not care, since it was the public I sought to serve and not a single individual.

Joab Melcham was reputed wealthy. He was master of Melcham Court, and lived in a style becoming the blue-blooded aristocracy from which he sprang. He was also president of Chillington Bank, and a stockholder in various other enterprises of importance. Among the common people he was not liked. He chilled and repulsed them with his frown, and people will not overlook such things.

At the time of which I am writing Andrew Mayne was cashier of the bank of Chillington, and he was in difficulty. It was a difficulty that promised to land the cashier in state prison for a term of years. It was his wife's tears and earnest protestations of her husband's innocence that induced me to look into the matter at all. Perhaps the reader will wonder why, since I am a detective, and at home in case of crime in its every phase.

The reason was simply this: Andrew Mayne was in jail, charged with appropriating money not his own to the amount of forty thousand dollars, and he admitted his guilt with the coolest indifference, seemingly, as to his fate.

And yet his wife positively assured me that Andrew was innocent.

I of course received her assurance with a large degree of allowance.

"Your husband, madam, must be a queer man to confess guilt if he is really innocent. I have read of cases of this kind, but have always considered them myths. In my own experience I never met with such a case. I cannot see how Andrew Mayne can remain long outside of prison. If he is the man he admits himself to be, the state prison is the place for him!"

I fixed a cold glance on the wife's face while I talked. It was possible, I thought, that she knew her husband was guilty, but hoped in some way to save him from merited doom.

There was that in the pale face and pleading eyes, however, that assured me that whatever Andrew Mayne was, his wife was an honest, earnest woman and devoted wife, and really a believer in the innocence of her unfortunate husband.

"How do you explain your husband's confession?" said I at length. "I cannot reconcile it with a theory of innocence."

"I know, sir, how strange it seems; but Andrew never took the money. There's a conspiracy somewhere to ruin Andrew."

"And he lends himself to it—for his own destruction?" I remarked, with an incredulous look.

"It does seem strange. You will not attempt to ferret out the robber, sir?"

There were tears in the comely little woman's eyes as she put the question.

"I will see your husband, and if there is any

chance for work, you may depend upon it I will not shrink from the task."

With this assurance I left the Mayne cottage and repaired to the city jail. I found Andrew Mayne in anything but a pleasant mood. His haggard face and sunken eyes did not serve to prepossess me in favor of his innocence. His whole demeanor was that of a man laboring under some great mental trouble.

"I am guilty. The sooner the farce is over the better."

This was his answer to my inquiries.

"Why did you take the money? You had a living salary, with none but your wife to support beside yourself."

"Don't ask me. I plead guilty; I can say no more."

With those words ringing in my ears I left the jail.

Surely there was no chance for a case here. I had best return home at once and let the law take its course. When I uttered these words mentally, the pale, tear-wet face of Mollie Wayne came suddenly to haunt me, and to shake my faith in things visible both to the eye and ear.

After pacing up and down for a time I concluded that I would look into the matter a little further, and if I could find the least excuse for remaining on the case, I would do so. Court would not convene for four weeks, and this would give me ample time to investigate.

My next move was to interview the president of the bank, Joab Melcham. Since Mr. Melcham was one of those most interested in the defalcation, and, as I was, as a detective, no respecter of persons, I did not make the visit in the shape of an officer of justice. I wished to make the acquaintance of the wealthy owner of Melcham Court without reserve. As a detective I would be received graciously as a matter of course.

I learned that Melcham Court was minus a butler, the man who had filled the position for many years having departed this life very suddenly but a few weeks before the opening of this narrative. It was for the vacant place I applied. I had recommendations without number. I was always careful to supply myself with such necessities when needed, and they come in good stead just now.

While the banker read my credentials, I mentally reviewed him.

He was rather a handsome man, with silky beard and bright blue eyes, and not far from forty. His every movement was quick and energetic, showing great nervous force.

I was made up for the occasion, with mutton-chops and the dress of one who had seen better days. In fact, I represented myself as a broken-down English gentleman, who had sought America for the opportunity of regaining a portion of my lost fortune, etc. I will not tire the reader with repeating my story here.

Joab Melcham cast a keen glance into my face, over my person, and then said:

"You will do."

That was sufficient, and I was installed as butler at Melcham Court.

It was an English house, and its master was English. I learned the weak side of the bankruptcy—love for all things English—and at once ingratiated myself. Soon gentleman and butler

were on an extremely friendly footing. Melcham had no family, save a family of servants. He was a widower, and I did not wonder that I often found him indulging a fit of blues.

What was I to gain by all this?

One morning something occurred that set me to thinking deeply. I always delivered the banker's mail, morning and evening, usually to him in the library. On the morning in question, however, Melcham was late in rising, and I, having received several letters from the postman, went to the banker's chamber. The hour was late. The chamber door was slightly ajar, and as I had on cloth slippers, my feet made little noise. I came to a halt at the door, held for a moment by a strange sound from within—a deep groan, that seemed to come from the heart of one in terrible mental agony.

I stood rooted to the spot.

"Heavens! if this is true, and Andrew Mayne hears of it I am ruined. He must never know it—never!"

In husky accents came the words to my ears, and I knew they fell from the lips of Joab Melcham.

I waited a moment at the door, when, hearing a servant in the hall approaching it, I at once pushed open the chamber door and advanced into the room.

"Ah, it is you, John? Mail? Oh, yes, I am glad you brought it. I will be down soon."

He took the letter from the salver and I noticed that his hand trembled as he did so. I was fully convinced that Joab Melcham was laboring under some terrible excitement. He possessed great powers of self-control, however, and rapidly became calm.

It was after twelve when the banker came down. Partaking of a hasty lunch, he left the house and walked briskly toward the bank. Nothing but a slight paleness indicated the recent excitement that had possessed him.

After he was gone I again visited his room. I found nothing of the Morning Chronicle, yet I knew the paper had been taken to his room that morning. Evidently the banker had taken the paper with him; in this there was nothing strange, however. It was an easy matter to secure another from a passing newsboy, and I was soon examining its contents with lynx eyes.

I could discover nothing that could in any possible way cause the banker such excitement. I was on the point of laying down the paper, when my eye caught a familiar name. It was under the head of "Obituary." "Charles J. Mayne, a highly-respected citizen, died very suddenly at his home in — street, Montreal. Heart disease is supposed to be the cause. Mr. Mayne was nearly seventy, and a citizen of worth. He has relatives in the States."

That very day I sought an interview with Mrs. Mayne, the prisoner's young wife. I showed her the obituary notice and questioned her regarding it.

"Charles J. Mayne was my husband's father," she said. "They have not met for some years. I think Andrew will feel even worse than he does now when he learns the truth. Would it not be best to keep it from him for the present?"

"I will see."

Nevertheless, I repaired at once to the jail

and sought an interview with the prisoner. Of course, I had discarded the role of a butler at this time. I knew the banker would not return to Melcham Court until night, so did not worry about his discovering my absence.

When I showed the obituary notice to Andrew Mayne he came near falling under the blow.

"It has come at last," he said, in a voice husky with emotion. "Does Mr. Melcham know of this?"

"I am not able to state," was my evasive reply.

"Would it affect him in any way if he did?"

"I wish to send a written word to the banker. Can I trust you to take it, Mr. Sharp?"

This was his answer to my question. He was deeply excited, and trembled not a little. I tried to get the fellow to confide in me what he wished to say to the banker, his late employer, but he persistently refused. At length I consented to be the bearer of a sealed letter to Joab Melcham. Paper and envelope were obtained of the jailer, and Andrew was permitted to write a note to the banker.

Joab Melcham came in late that night. I placed Andrew Mayne's letter in his hand and stood back respectfully while he perused it. I watched him narrowly, and saw that his face paled, and that he looked deeply annoyed.

Soon after Mr. Melcham vanished, and his carriage wheels rattled away.

I was determined on a bold move, and made it.

When Joab Melcham stepped upon the platform of the little way station, I was not far behind him. He did not buy a ticket—he was too cunning for that. In ten minutes the train would be due.

"Mr. Melcham."

The fleeing banker turned and faced me quickly. He looked into the muzzle of a revolver.

"Not Canada, but a prison, my friend," I said coolly. At the same time I produced a pair of steel bracelets.

"The young fiend has peached!"

On the following day Chillington was astounded at the intelligence that the banker, Melcham, was under arrest for embezzlement. The case was plain enough after that.

Andrew Mayne had made no statement, but I knew that he had warned the banker of what he might expect, and it was not the young cashier's fault that Melcham had not escaped.

On learning of the bank president's arrest, Mayne did make a statement.

The cashier had taken upon himself the crime of which he knew Melcham was guilty, in order to shield his old father, who, some years before, would have gone to prison for the misappropriation of a few thousands, had not Melcham, then a young man, fled from the place in order not to testify against one who had befriended him. When Andrew Mayne caught Melcham in the act of robbing the bank of which he was himself president, Melcham pleaded for mercy, and reminded him of the elder Mayne's case, which the banker said was not too old to be resurrected. To save his father, Andrew Mayne consented to shoulder his employer's villainy.

Andrew Mayne was set free. Melcham confessed his guilt and threw himself on the mercy of the court. He got ten years in the penitentiary, nevertheless.

WILD WEST WEEKLY

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

AMERICA'S LARGEST HORSE

The largest horse in America is Silton, owned by C. W. Van Wickle of Geneva, N. Y. Silton, weighing 2,450 pounds, has won the first prize in the three-year-old class in competition against stallions from all parts of the world.

TREASURE IN CANTON WALLS

When the ancient walls of Canton, China, were razed to make room for a street railway, contractors offered to do the work for whatever treasure the walls might contain. The work was divided among several applicants, every one of whom discovered such quantities of ancient coin and ornaments hidden away in the walls that the work, though done without other payment, was profitable to him.

INTOXICATED HOG ESCAPES

A stray hog, reeling drunk, staggering down a cove on Higgins Creek in Carter County, Tenn., the other morning, was followed by Sheriff Shelton and a deputy to a forty-gallon moonshine still where the porker had been getting his alcoholic swill. The distillery was destroyed, but the hog resisted arrest and escaped through the underbrush.

THINKS IT AMBERGRIS

The Chemistry Department of the State College is engaged in the examination of a lump of an unknown substance found on the sands at Hampton Beach and thought to be ambergris. The finder of the substance is Miss Josephine Paige of Gooffstown, N. H., a teacher at the Lincoln Street School in Manchester. The ambergris, if it turns out to be ambergris, is so very valuable that the small piece of it she has, it is estimated, would bring at present quotations about \$5,000. So far the ambergris has fulfilled the tests required of it.

HOW BILLIARD BALLS ARE SHAPED

Out of each tusk only five of these cubes can be cut. This is the case because the upper part of the tusk is hollow to allow the nerve to enter,

while the lower part tapers to a point and is consequently too small.

The blocks of ivory, after they reach the Chicago factory, are allowed to stand for months, so as to be properly aged, and are then turned by hand.

A machine process capable of turning out absolutely spherical balls has never been devised, according to H. F. Davenport, secretary and general manager of the Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company, and it is therefore necessary to employ men of surprising skill.

A block of ivory, nearly spherical, or at least so it seemed to an unpracticed eye, was being rapidly spun about in a lathe.

With uncanny skill the workman was guiding a chisel back and forth against the surface of the spinning sphere—back and forth with an easy motion. Now and then he stopped to hold the point of a pencil against the revolving ivory. Then back to the chisel again.

It takes 20 minutes, on an average, to turn out a perfect billiard ball—that is 20 minutes after two years of aging, at London, Hamburg, and in the Chicago warehouse.

LAUGHS

Nervous Visitor—Will your dog bite me, little boy? Eager Little Boy—If you want to see I can sic him on you.

Employer—Do you know the duties of an office boy? Office Boy—Yes, sir; wake up the book-keeper when I hear the boss coming.

"Don't you think that young man is afflicted with a swelled head?" "No," answered Miss Cayenne, "he's not afflicted with it; he enjoys it."

"Look here; if you want anything to eat, get busy and chuck some wood in the cellar." "Now, madam, I may be a beast, but I'm no woodchuck."

Autoist—I haven't paid a cent for repairs on my machine in all the ten months I've had it. Friend—So the man who did the repairs told me.

Papa—Charley, please hand me that book on the table, there. Charley (aged nine)—There he is, papa. Papa—No, my son; you should not say "there 'he' is," but "there 'it' is." Charley—Why, papa, it's a hymn book, isn't it?

Teacher—A rich man dies and leaves a million dollars—one-fifth to his son, one-sixth to his daughter, one-seventh to his wife, one-eighth to his brother, and the rest to foreign millions; what does each one get? Little Willie Brief—A lawyer.

Deacon Hasbeen (laying down his paper)—I have just been reading that alcohol will remove grass stains from the most delicate fabric. Mrs. Hasbeen (severely)—There you go again, Jason, trying to find some excuse. Just remember that you have no grass stains in your stomach.

GOOD READING

USING CACTUS AS FODDER

In those parts of the country where, in the neighborhood of sugar factories, wide areas of land overgrown with cactus are available, the slicing machine and the pulp dryer at the sugar works may be used for converting the cactus into a fodder, according to the *Journal of Industrial and Engineering Chemistry*.

The cactus is exposed to a torch to burn the thorns away and then carried to the slicing machine with specially formed knives. These slices are then dried, and if desired they may be ground to a coarse powder. During the slicing, part of the juice is pressed out and may be collected separately. It can be converted to a substitute of gum arabic, which is probably a salt of the meta-arabic acid. The yield of dry material is about 11 per cent. of the raw cactus.

POISON IVY NOT THE ONLY HARMFUL PLANT

Although poison ivy is one of the worst offenders, it frequently is blamed for poisoning caused by other plants. The Department of Agriculture has a list of more than 100 of such plants that grow in this country, and it is probable that there are others that may be poisonous to some persons. Not all of these plants are equally poisonous, and too there is great variation in the susceptibility of persons.

Because some of these common plants are used for ornament in the homes is no reason to fear them, as most persons are not affected by them and in the great majority of cases the irritation of the skin is mild. This would probably hold true of such plants as the tomato geranium, daffodil and many others that are known to cause skin poisoning. Such plants, though, as the nettles, are irritating to most persons.

In the long list of plants having these toxic properties are the following, which are well known, but not all of them generally known to be poisonous: Aconite, ailanthus, asparagus, cat-alpa, dog fennel, lady's slipper, wild carrot, hop, lobelia, oleander, nightshade, ox-eye daisy, parsnip, pokeweed, smartweed, primula, buttercup, poison elder or poison dogwood, bloodroot, mullein, Socklebur, and the mustards.

The pollen of the Easter lily has been known to cause irritation of the skin, but this is probably as rare as poisoning by leaves of the geranium or the carrot. Some of these plants are poisonous when taken internally, but the list has been made out on the basis of being irritating to the skin.

BLOCK TACKLE USED IN BURIAL OF GIANT

The largest and best loved giant of American childhood was laid to rest the other day when George Auger, circus performer, was buried in Holly Grove Cemetery at Woodlawn.

Lifelong friends of Mr. Auger, many of whom were associated with him in circus life, attended the funeral at No. 164 Manhattan avenue. The

midgets, Ernest Rommell and Addie Frank, who have played with the giant in a vaudeville sketch, "Jack the Giant Killer;" Carrie Holt, the fat lady of the circus; Lentini, the three-legged man; Mr. and Mrs. Joe Short, midgets; Louis Graham, Ringling side show manager; Mr. and Mrs. Fred Warrell and William J. Conway of the circus organization, were among the mourners.

The eight and one-half foot coffin of mahogany was so large that it was necessary to lower it through the window to the street with a block and tackle. It was so long the doors of the hearse could not be closed.

Over a thousand persons, mostly children, stood in the rain an hour while the funeral services were in progress. Capt. Auger's little bulldog "Ringling" stood whining beside the coffin throughout the ceremony, which was conducted by Elks Lodge No. 1, Manhattan. The crowd became so great during the lowering of the casket from the window that police reserves were necessary.

The grief of the midgets with whom the giant had been so long associated was touching to witness. Capt. Auger had been accustomed to carry them in his arms to the train when the circus was playing in rainy weather in small towns throughout the country. A sister, Mrs. James Prendergast of Fairfield, Conn., was present. Capt. Auger is survived by his wife, Mrs. Prendergast and a brother and sister in England. His parents, who were of normal size, are both dead.

MYSTERY OF A LIGHT

The mystery of the light that has been kept burning thirty-two years in the vestibule of the old Walters mansion on Mount Vernon Place, Baltimore, Md., may be cleared up by the death recently of Mrs. Jennie Walters Delano, aged 70, at her home, 39 East Thirty-sixth street, New York City. She was the daughter of the late William T. Walters, millionaire founder of the Walters Art Gallery, which is connected to the residence, in front of which the light burns day and night. As the story goes, Walters objected to his daughter's marriage to Delano and in his will cut her off. But the "perpetual light" made its appearance soon after her wedding, and it was said by those professing intimate knowledge of the family's affairs that it represented repentance on the father's part—a repentance which he would not put into words.

It was said Mrs. Delano's brother, Henry Walters, of New York and Baltimore, gave her one-half the vast fortune left by their father. Members of the family have denied the disinheritance story.

The aged caretaker at the mansion refused to discuss the mysterious light the other day, and it still burns. The mansion, magnificently furnished with costly bronze front doors, has not been occupied for years.

Another explanation given years ago concerning the light was that it would continue to burn as long as a member of the Walters family lived.

INTERESTING NEWS ARTICLES

LACE BARK TREE

The lace bark tree grows in Jamaica. It is rather a small tree and has thick, glossy, green leaves. It stands about 20 feet high and is 6 inches in diameter. Its bark looks something like the bark of a birch tree. When the natives want a necktie or a dress or curtains or various other material is needed, they cut down one of these trees. Having cut down their tree, three strips of bark about 6 inches wide and 3 feet long are taken from the trunk and thrown into the water.

Then a man takes a strip while it is still in the water and with the point of his knife separates a thin layer of the inner bark from the end of the strip.

He then takes the end and pulls it gently. It comes off in an even sheet of the entire size of the strip of bark. Twelve sheets are taken from each strip of bark and thrown into the water.

Next the man takes one of these sheets and slowly and carefully stretches it sidewise. The sheet widens gradually. From a piece of material closely woven, about 6 inches wide, it becomes a cloud of lace over 3 feet wide, snow white and delicate as a cloud. It wears well and stands repeated washing.

DIAMONDS GO AT SACRIFICE

The annual Brooklyn sale of diamonds, seized during the preceding year by the Federal authorities, chiefly from smugglers, was held in the Grand Jury room in the Federal Building, under the auspices of United States Marshal Jesse B. Moore. About 250 persons, chiefly jewelry merchants, including four women, gathered in the small room, crowding it to capacity, and leading the auctioneer, Harry Hyams, Jr., to forbid the taking of the stones away from the small table on which they were exposed.

Checks were received for payment, but 25 per cent. of the price had to be paid down in cash to secure the sale. No stone could be taken away until the end of the sale.

The entire lot had been appraised by the Government at \$26,000. The largest stone was a twelve-carat diamond, appraised by the Government at \$3,200. No sentimental or other special interest attached to any of the stones, it was said. Indeed, the authorities did not know to whom the jewels had belonged.

Most of the stones sold up to noon brought less than the appraised value. The first lot offered was a lady's small gold watch, sold for \$9, and the next was a pair of earrings, appraised at \$500, and sold for \$325. Then the diamonds, mostly unset, were offered. A large inset diamond, appraised at \$1,000, sold for \$570, and two pair of twin diamonds, valued at \$2,000 a pair, sold for \$725 and \$600 a pair respectively.

The total proceeds of the sale were about \$20,000. The twelve-carat diamond was sold for \$2,500, or \$600 less than the appraised value. The sale was in charge of Chief Deputy United States Marshal August Ferrand.

HISTORY OF NEW YORK PORT

At the recent American Marine Association's Exposition in the Grand Central Palace, Manhattan, the Port of New York Authority emphasized the international pre-eminence of the Port of New York and the necessity of preparing for its mission in the future handling of an even greater proportion of the nation's and the world's commerce.

The Port Authority, by charts and other means illustrated the program which has been adopted by the States of New York and New Jersey and approved by Congress for the coordination and extension of port facilities. The Commissioners are now actively engaged on the first steps in consummation of that plan, after a long series of conferences with the representatives of all interests doing business within the port.

At the same time the Port Authority is seeking to arouse special interest in its display through the use of models and photographs of the old style ships which helped to make so interesting the history of the port. In this connection, one of the posters gives some illuminating facts about early New York history, from which the following is quoted:

The first vessel built in the Port of New York was launched about 1614 and said to be 44 1-2 feet long and 16 tons capacity.

The earliest known manifest of a vessel clearing from the port, in 1626, shows a cargo of 7,246 beaver skins and 1,000 skins of other animals, together with oak timber and hickory, valued at \$25,000 to \$50,000.

Peter Minuit brought about the construction of the New Netherland, of a little over 600 tons, which proved too large for the traffic, and Minuit was recalled as Governor for his extravagance.

In 1694, more than 600 of the 983 buildings of the City of New York were devoted to trade in flour, the export of which greatly helped in the early upbuilding of the port. At that time 128 vessels hailed from the Port of New York; in 1678 there were only 15.

The first northern-built clipper, the Rainbow, was built in 1845, on the East River in what is now Greenpoint, and soon thereafter made the fastest voyage to China, around the Horn, in 92 days and returned in 88 days. This famous vessel was wrecked in the treacherous waters of the Horn in 1848.

The last of the famous New-York-San Francisco packets, the Sarah, was also lost in the early fifties, along with the noted clipper, Reporter.

The monarch of all the clippers, the Great Republic, was built in 1853, and of 4,565 tons capacity. She carried over 20 sails.

Another of the Port Authority's posters pictures New York's foremost place as the most concentrated market in the world. It shows the great metropolitan zone with more than 8,000,000 population and 105 municipalities, headed by New York City.

Led by a monster bull, a herd of several thousand seals from Ano Nuevo Islands, off the California coast, passed Cape Flattery recently on their annual pilgrimage to Pribilof Islands, Bering Sea, where the pups will be born.

According to the lighthouse keeper at To-toosh Island, the seals when sighted were travelling rapidly in a dense formation, now and then one leaping almost out of the water to regain lost positions.

After sojourning in the Bering Sea rookery for two months the herd will return to Ano Nuevo Islands for the entertainment of the Winter tourists. This year the famous herd is from three to five weeks later than usual in beginning the run for the Arctic mecca, which gives rise to many prognostications regarding the weather for the late Summer. Some are led to remark that it will be a warm late fall with much Indian haze, others that the midsummer months are to usher in a heated period of great intensity with many forest fires.

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