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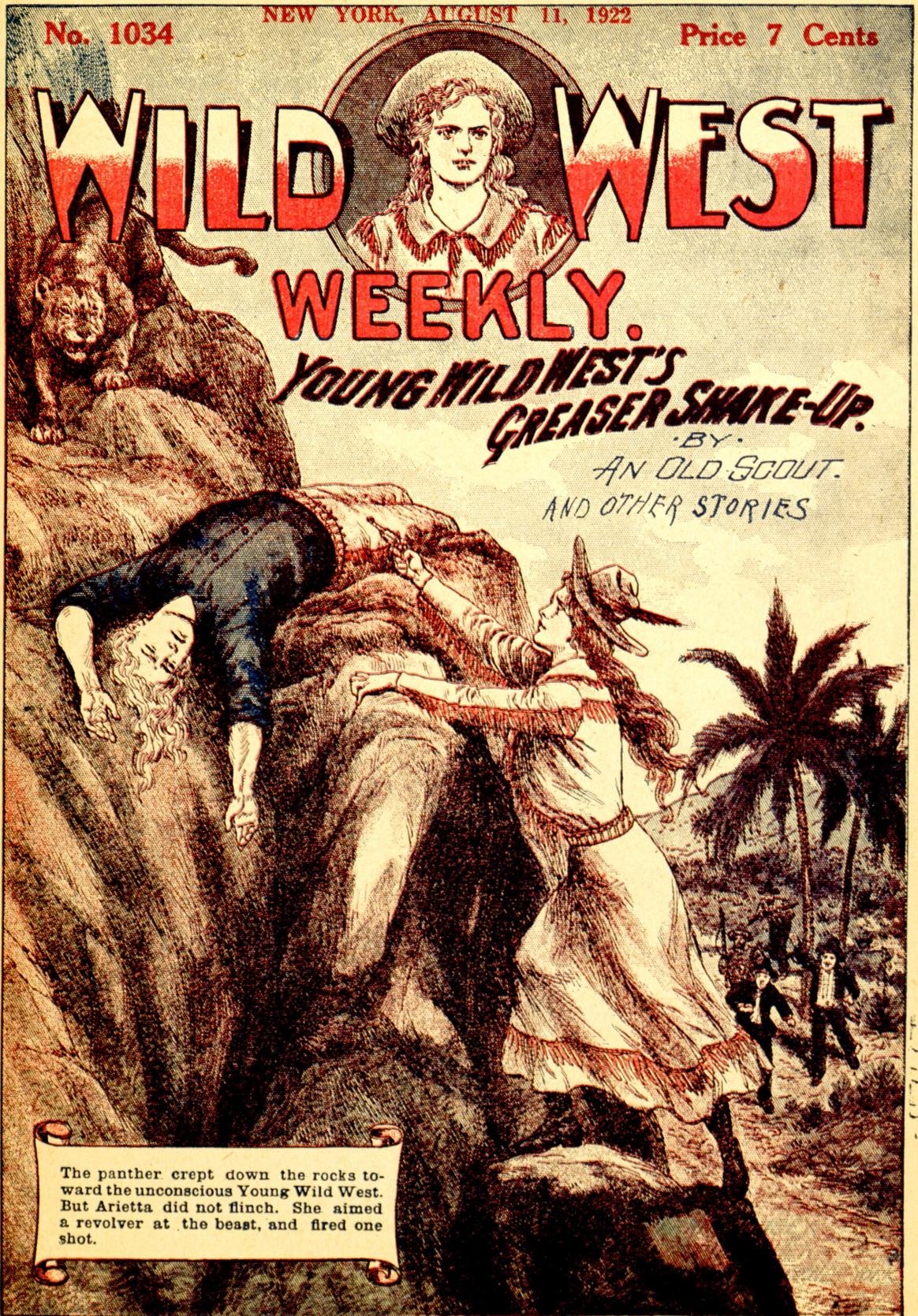
Price 7 Cents

WILD WEST

WEEKLY.

*YOUNG WILD WEST'S
GREASER SNAKE-UP.*

BY
AN OLD SCOUT.
AND OTHER STORIES



The panther crept down the rocks toward the unconscious Young Wild West. But Arietta did not flinch. She aimed a revolver at the beast, and fired one shot.

WILD WEST WEEKLY

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Young Wild West's Greaser Shake-Up

OR, ARIETTA STANDING THE TEST

By AN OLD SCOUT

CHAPTER I.—Young Wild West and the Greasers.

Crang! The sharp report of a Winchester rang out clear and distinct. It was early in the morning, and the almost deathly silence of the mountains had been suddenly broken. A handsome athletic boy, who was attired in a fancy hunting suit of buckskin, emerged from a thicket and clambered over the rocks toward the fallen young buck.

"That was a fine shot you made, Et," he called out, as he glanced over his shoulder, and then from the thicket a charming, golden-haired girl appeared.

"Well, I only just caught a glimpse of him, Wild. But I knew I had him covered, so I pulled the trigger."

The two quickly made their way to the fallen animal, and then the boy, who was no other than Young Wild West, the Champion Deadshot of the West and well-known Boy Hero, proceeded to use his knife and bleed the buck that his sweetheart, Arietta Murdock, had brought down with her rifle. Young Wild West is so well known to the boys of America that it is hardly necessary to give a description of him. Suffice it to say that he had won the title of Champion Deadshot of the West when he was but sixteen years of age, and since that time he had been able to hold it against all comers. Cheyenne Charlie, the ex-government scout, and Jim Dart, a boy about the same age as our hero, always traveled with him, and were known as his partners. Cheyenne Charlie's wife, Anna, had insisted about three years before the opening of this story on becoming one of the party, so that made it possible for Arietta Murdock, Young Wild West's sweetheart, and also Eloise Gardner, the sweetheart of Jim Dart, to go with them on their dangerous and exciting trips on horseback.

The last mentioned were at the camp, half a mile away, and with them were the two Chinese servants who traveled with the party in the capacity of cook and handy man. These two were brothers and were named Hop Wah and Wing Wah. They were typical of their race and looked much alike, both having a very innocent and childish appearance. But neither of them was innocent, more especially the one called Hop. He was the handy man, but his services were really not needed in that capacity, since one Chinaman could surely do all the cooking,

as well take care of the horses and the outfit in general. But Hop had become a fixture to Young Wild West's party, and all because he had on several occasions been the direct means of saving their lives. He had not done this by fighting, for he was anything but a fighter. But more of the Chinaman later on.

Young Wild West was not long in removing the skin from the slain deer and cutting the meat they desired to take with them to the camp from the carcass. He had just about done this when a footstep sounded near at hand. Instantly the dashing young deadshot turned his gaze in that direction. Then a fancy-attired Mexican stepped into view and walked toward them, bowing and smiling.

"Good-morning," he said, in a rich baritone voice and in excellent English. "Where does the senior and seniorita come from so early in the morning?"

"Our camp is located a little distance back here, senior," our hero answered, quickly, as he sized up the man and came to the conclusion that he was one of the crafty villainous type of Mexicans he had often met with in his travels. The peculiar smile on his rather handsome face told the boy that plainly enough. Wild had made a study of reading character in a person's face, and he seldom made a mistake in his judgment.

"Oh, you have a camp not far away," and the Mexican acted as though he was surprised. "How many are there of you, senior?"

"Not many," was the reply.

"Seniorita, you are the prettiest American girl I ever saw," said the Mexican, suddenly, and the expression of his face told that he plainly meant what he said.

Arietta flushed at this and looked sharply at her dashing young lover.

"I should like very much to kiss you, fair seniorita."

As these words left his lips our hero leaped to his feet as quick as a flash.

"Maybe you would like to kiss this, you insulting greaser!" he exclaimed, as he whipped one of his Smith and Wesson cavalry revolvers from the holster and covered the man.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Mexican laughed just as though the revolver was of no consequence at all.

"Did I offend you, senior?" he asked, mockingly. "Well, I am sure I had no intention of doing so."

Probably the greatest of all Young Wild West's accomplishments was his wonderful coolness. He never got excited, no matter what turned up, though sometimes he did grow somewhat nettled.

"Light out, you sneaking coyote," he said, as calmly as though he were merely asking the Mexican a favor. "You have got just one minute to get out of my sight. I knew you were no good the moment I laid eyes on you. Light out, I say!"

There was a ring in the boy's voice as the last words were uttered, and just a shade of paleness crossed the rather handsome face of the Mexican dandy. But he made no move to obey the command. Instead he gave a low whistle. Then there was a trampling in the bushes close at hand, and the next moment three swarthy looking fellows of his own race came running to the spot. Arietta gave a sharp cry of alarm, but the dashing young deadshot never once flinched. He did not lower his revolver, either, and the muzzle of it was pointing directly at the heart of the insulting Mexican.

"You heard what I said, you sneaking coyote?"

"Catch the senorita and take her away," said the Mexican, who seemed to be almost as cool as our hero.

He acted as though he was not one bit afraid of the gun that was leveled at him. Arietta, who had recovered from her surprise by this time, now held her Winchester ready to open fire on the villainous companions of the man who had insulted her.

"Why don't you come and catch me, as your boss told you to do?" she asked, a ring of sarcasm in her voice.

The three who had last appeared upon the scene hesitated.

"Senor," said Young Wild West, never taking his eyes from those of the man who was standing before him so coolly, "the minute I spoke of is about up, but I'll extend it thirty seconds. If you do not light out in that time I am going to shoot a piece from your right ear."

Still the man did not make a move to obey. The half minute was just up when suddenly the revolver in the hand of the boy shifted slightly. Crack! As the report rang out the villain uttered a cry of pain and clapped his hand to his left ear.

"Move, you sneaking coyote," came the command of the boy. "The next time I shoot it will be to kill."

"Caramba!" hissed the scoundrel, and then he turned and skulked away like a whipped cur for the shelter of some rocks a few feet away.

The three men started to follow him, but Young Wild West sharply called out:

"Hold on there, greasers! I reckon you have got to be made an example of before you get out of sight. Et, just shoot the spurs from their heels."

The girl nodded quickly, and then her rifle began cracking as fast as she could throw the lever back and forth. The three Mexicans executed a dance that might have seemed rather comical to one at a safe distance. They yelled in fear, but the girl fired six shots and all but one of them had lost his spurs, or portions of them. The one still had one intact, and as he ran for the rock close at hand Young Wild

West's revolver cracked. The dashing young deadshot always made it a point never to pull the trigger of a firearm unless he was absolutely certain that he had his target covered. His judgment did not fail him this time, and the result was that all three of the greasers were minus their spurs. He knew very well that the leader of the gang of greasers might take a shot at him from behind the rocks, so he motioned to Arietta to follow him, and then started quickly for the rock the last of the Mexicans had made for in order to conceal himself.

As the boy and girl rushed behind the rock they found the greaser crouching there with a revolver in his hand. A quick kick from Wild sent the weapon flying from his hand, and then seizing him by the collar he turned him around and let go another kick, which started him on a run from the spot. It was wonderful to see how fast the fellow ran. He was soon lost to view, however, and then Wild and his charming sweetheart kept watch to see what would happen. It was not long before a rifle shot rang out and a bullet chipped a piece from the rock above our hero's head.

"I reckon they've begun operations, Et," he said, coolly. "Just keep your eyes open. Don't lift your head too high, though. It might be that they would mistake you for me and fire. I doubt if any but the leader can shoot straight. But a chance shot sometimes does the business."

Half a minute later Wild saw a bush moving over to the left. The boy never took his eye from the bush he had seen move, and it was not long before he saw the barrel of a rifle sliding from it. There certainly was a man behind the rifle, and he took a quick aim with his Winchester and pulled the trigger. Crang! As the report rang out a yell of pain sounded, and then one of the Mexicans sprang from behind the bush and ran from the spot, his right arm dangling at his side. Wild could easily have dropped him, but he did not do so. Five minutes passed after the man got out of sight, and then hurrying footsteps sounded from the direction of the camp. The next minute Cheyenne Charlie and Jim Dart came into view, the scout leading. He was a tall, athletic man, with a bronzed face and long black hair and mustache, typical of a genuine native of the Wild West.

Crang! A rifle shot sounded and a bullet must have come close to his head, for he involuntarily dropped to a crouching position and swung his rifle to his shoulder. Crang! It was Cheyenne Charlie's weapon that spoke this time, and a gasping yell sounded from behind the rocks fifty yards away.

"I got him, Wild," he called out, as he hurriedly crept in the direction of our hero and his sweetheart. "He come mighty near gittin' me, but his aim wasn't good enough. What's all this about, anyhow?"

"Greasers, Charlie," was the reply. "Most likely bandits."

"Good enough!" and the scout really seemed to be delighted at receiving the information.

Jim Dart quickly followed him, and soon the two were behind the rock with Young Wild West and his sweetheart. It did not take our hero long to explain matters.

"Why didn't yer kill ther galoot?" asked Char-

lie, who was one of the impetuous sort and always declared that a man who showed himself to be a scoundrel was better off dead than alive.

"Well, I did not want to do that, Charlie. It is bad enough to have to do it when necessity demands it."

As the dashing young deadshot ceased speaking the clatter of hoofs sounded and as they looked in the direction they caught sight of the Mexicans riding away at full speed. Over the back of the horse lay the body of one of them, while the other three were riding as though they expected every minute to be shot.

"I reckon that will be about all, for the present," said Wild, in his cool and easy way. "Now then, we will take our venison and go back to the camp."

CHAPTER II.—The Greasers Return to Look for Revenge.

Cheyenne Charlie brought up the rear as our friends started back for the camp. Young Wild West and Jim Dart each carried a haunch of the venison, while Arietta walked along with them. The scout took care to keep a watch behind him. Every few seconds he would turn and look back among the rocks. It was evident that he thought the Mexicans might change their mind and come galloping back to look for satisfaction. But no such thing happened, and a few minutes later they reached the spot where the scout's wife and Jim Dart's sweetheart was anxiously waiting. The rapid shooting had told them plainly that something besides the killing of game was going on, and when they saw them all coming back safe and sound the two girls were delighted.

"Breakfast allee samee leddy, Mislter Wild," said Wing the cook, as our hero threw down the venison he had been carrying. "You gettee backee allee samee just in timee."

The Celestial spoke just as though there had been no cause for alarm. But that was Wing's way. He went along with his work, and paid little attention to anything else, unless the camp was attacked by outlaws or Indians, or something like that. The cook served up the breakfast in great shape, and Young Wild West and his friends ate with as much relish as though there had been nothing to occur to disturb them. The spot where they were camped was in a very wild part of the range of mountains known as the Sierra Hacheta. It was in the extreme southwestern part of New Mexico, and if they should take the notion to go east or south it would be many miles that they would have to travel to get into old Mexico, while directly west lay the border line of Arizona, a little further way.

Young Wild West and his friends were heading for Texas, where the dashing young deadshot owned a ranch; but they were in no hurry to get there, and were looking for whatever there was to be found in the way of adventure or excitement on the way. Any one but Young Wild West would have got away from the spot as quickly as possible. But young as he was, he had figured in so many such adventures that he knew quite well that they would be just as safe at the camp as they would be if they started to leave it.

"Well, boys," said our hero, as he turned to his two partners when he arose from his breakfast, "I reckon there isn't anything in the way of habitation around these parts—not very close at hand, anyhow. That means that the Mexicans must be hanging around here for some purpose. If they are bandits probably there is a trail somewhere near by which we did not happen to strike. I think we had better fix things about the camp and make up our minds to stay here for a day or two. Hunting down bandits is just to my likin', and it don't make any difference to me whether they are greasers or rascally Americans. That fellow who acted so coolly when he showed up before Arietta and me certainly struck me as being of the real type of Mexican bandits. He had a way about him that would win out in most cases. But I picked him out for just what he was, so I was ready for him. I certainly made him take water."

"I reckon if a galoot wouldn't take water from you he would be somethin' that ain't to be found very often," Charlie answered, with a laugh.

"Jim," said Wild, after a pause, "I reckon it would be a good idea if you were to climb up to that hill over there and take a look around. You can stay there a while and keep your eyes open. While you are there Charlie and I will get the Chinamen to help us and fix up the camp a little. It may be that there are more greasers around than those we saw, and when the leader gets them together the chances are that he will come looking for us. I reckon we'd better have things arranged so we can give them a mighty warm reception without running any danger of getting hurt ourselves."

"All right, Wild," Dart answered, and picking up his rifle he quickly started for the hill, which was but a few yards from the camp.

Then the rest set to work rolling up the big stones they could handle, and in less than half an hour they had formed quite a barricade about the camp. Jim Dart could see when his friends had finished the work of putting the camp in shape for an attack, as well as keep a watch on the surrounding country. He had seen nothing of the Mexicans, and probably after three-quarters of an hour had elapsed he decided to come down. But he took one more look around, and as he was in the act of turning to go down the hill he caught sight of a man creeping along among the rocks and bushes something like a hundred yards distant. Instantly the boy dropped behind a rock. It happened that Young Wild West was looking up the hill at that very moment, and when he saw the sudden movement of Jim he knew right away that he had seen some one approaching. The young deadshot quickly grabbed his Winchester and then hurried along around the little hill to get to the other side.

Cheyenne Charlie and Arietta lost no time in getting their rifles ready, though they remained behind the rocks at the camp. Wild crept on around to the other side of the hill, and then he suddenly saw several mounted men coming through a narrow cut that ran through a cliff. The horsemen came along slowly, and the boy was not long in counting them and finding that there were nine of them. The boy watched them until they were lost to view in a hollow,

and then he arose to his feet and started to get to a point from which he might be able to see Jim and motion him to come down. It was just then that the report of a carbine rang out, and a bullet struck a rock within a very few feet of the boy. Wild turned as quick as a flash and was in time to see the smoke the discharged firearm had caused.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "I reckon there's one of them closer by. He has come ahead to spy upon us, I reckon. Well, old fellow, you just try that again and I reckon it will be about the last time you ever pull a trigger."

Then it was that the boy tried the old, time-honored ruse of putting his hat upon the muzzle of his rifle and placing it above the rocks. The greaser took the bait, for another shot sounded. This time his aim was much better than before, for the bullet grazed the crown of the hat. Wild jerked his rifle from under the hat as quick as a flash and threw the butt to his shoulder. Crang! The sharp report of his rifle rang out and then a gurgling cry sounded. Down a little bank rolled the body of a man, and then the boy knew his bullet had not gone astray.

"Come on down, Jim," he called out, loud enough for Dart to hear him. "The galoots are coming back here. That fellow must have come on ahead. But he made a mistake in shooting at me, I reckon. He will never shoot at any one again."

"I reckon not, Wild," Jim answered, and then he came down the hill in a hurry.

"We may as well go on to the camp now," said Wild, as he was joined by his partner. "There are nine of the galoots coming on horseback."

The two quickly joined those at the camp.

"Did yer git one of 'em, Wild?" the scout asked, eagerly.

"Yes, Charlie. I tried the old trick of showing my hat, after he had fired a shot at me and missed. He let another shot go, and then I located him and gave him his medicine."

"Good! They've started up their game, so now-it's for us to mow 'em down jest as fast as they show up. A bad greaser is almost as bad as an Injun, only they ain't half as smart."

Young Wild West and his friends were in it now, and they were of the sort who always stick to the finish.

CHAPTER III.—Newcomers on the Scene.

For reasons of their own the Mexicans did not choose to show themselves, though Young Wild West and his friends knew quite well that they were not very far away. Half an hour passed, and then the unmistakable sounds made by horses' hoofs as they came in contact with the rocky ground reached the ears of our friends. It was only natural that they should think that the greasers were coming, so they prepared themselves for a fight. But the next minute they found themselves mistaken. A grizzled old man, mounted upon a donkey, appeared in sight, and close behind him came two young men who had all the appearance of being hunters. A few seconds later a rather comical-looking individual, riding a donkey and leading two more which were loaded with a camping outfit, came

in sight. A broad grin came over the face of Cheyenne Charlie as Young Wild West turned and looked at him.

"A couple of tenderfoot hunters," observed the scout.

"Looks that way, Charlie," the young deadshot replied.

"An' they've got a Dutchman, as well as an old hunter with 'em," went on Cheyenne Charlie.

"Yes, that's right."

The man leading the two donkeys was no doubt a German, and one who was very partial to the peasant costume of the country he had been born and bred in. His short coat and cloth cap with a big button on the top surely looked out of place in that warm climate. The buttons on the coat of this individual were very large, and it seemed as though they had been placed there as much for a display as for holding the coat in shape. Not a word did any of our friends say until the party were within a few yards of the camp, and directly in front of it. Then our hero arose from behind a rock and called out:

"Good morning, strangers!"

The four turned as though they had been shot and looked at the boy in amazement. Then it was that the scout and the rest of the party showed themselves.

"Well, by thunder!" exclaimed the old man, who was surely one of the old-timers of the mountains and plains. "It it ain't Young Wild West, I'll eat my hat!"

"You know me, all right," Wild said, shaking his head, "but I can't exactly place you."

"Well, it ain't likely that you know me, 'cause I can't say as I was ever close enough ter you to speak ter you. But I seen you over in Silver City once, an' when I see a feller once I never forgits him. I heard a lot about yer there, too, Young Wild West, an' I must say that I'm mighty glad to have ther chance to talk with yer. My name is Ben Zimmer, an' my business is huntin' an' guidin' them as wants to take trips around through ther mountains. I know this range putty well, yer know. But I know ther mountains for a couple of hundred miles around, for that matter. I've lived in ther territory for nigh on ter forty years, so I oughter know somethin' about ther place, hadn't I?"

"I reckon you had, Mr. Zimmer. Well, I guess you had better stop right here for a while. It isn't safe for you to travel around this vicinity, just at present."

"Why, what do yer mean?" and the old guide looked at the boy sharply.

"Well, there are about nine rascally greasers within a short distance of here at this very minute. We had a little trouble with them this morning, and it became necessary for us to drop a couple of them. There are nine of them, as I just said, left, and they are looking for revenge, I suppose. The chances are that they would tackle you if they got the opportunity, so you had better stop here for a while."

"Much obliged to yer, Young Wild West," and Ben Zimmer quickly slid from the back of the donkey.

The two young men, neither of whom could have been twenty-five years of age, quickly followed his example, both showing no little anxiety.

Their German servant sat still in the saddle, however, and looked at Young Wild West and his friends in blank amazement. It seemed that it was taking him a long time to realize their presence.

"What's ther matter with yer, Dutchy?" Cheyenne Charlie asked, the grin on his face broadening. "Git down off that jack. There is no tellin' but what a bullet might come along an' make yer dismount in a hurry."

"By shimminy!" exclaimed the German, and then he lost no time in taking Charlie's advice. "I vas dink me dat ve vas got in troubles, already, and now ve vas, sure enough."

"Well, yer ain't got in no trouble jest yet, but I reckon if you had gone on a little further straight where yer was headin', yer would have."

Ben Zimmer then introduced the two young men as Harry and John Turner, two brothers from Nashville, Tennessee, who had come to pay a month's visit with a friend in New Mexico, but on arriving at the town where the friend had been living had found him to be dead. They had prepared themselves for a big hunt in the mountains, so had finally engaged Ben Zimmer to act as a guide for them and take them around where game could be found. So far they had met with no trouble from outlaws or bad Indians, and they were very thankful that they happened to come upon the camp of Young Wild West and his friends in time to prevent them from getting into trouble with the greasers who were so near by. It was not long before the horses and donkeys were relieved of their saddles and tied with lariats near the spot where the horses of our friends were peacefully grazing.

Then the strangers were not long in getting acquainted with Young Wild West and his companions. There was one present belonging to Young Wild West's party who was more interested than any one else in the German, though all were rather attracted to him by his comical appearance and funny way of talking. The one present alluded to was Hop Wah, Young Wild West's clever Chinaman. Hop was always looking for someone to play jokes upon, and the moment his eyes rested upon Hans Dinkel, or "Dutchy," as he chose to call himself, he decided to make him the victim of a joke as soon as possible. In a few minutes the newcomers were so settled at the camp that they were making themselves at home, so to speak.

"Now then, Charlie," said our hero, nodding to the scout, as he saw that everything was all right, and that there was no danger of anything happening to the strangers, "I reckon you can go with me on a little scout around through the vicinity. We want to find out where the greasers are, and what they are up to."

This seemed to be the cue for Hop to begin operations. Wild and Charlie had scarcely disappeared from view behind the rocks than he crept up to Dutchy, and speaking in a very friendly way, said:

"You allee samee velly nicee man, so be. Me likee you velly muchee."

"Is dot so?" and the German seemed to be much pleased. "You vas a very nice Chineee, already."

"Me velly smartee Chineee," corrected Hop. "Me gottee uncle in China whattee velly muchee

smartee, so be, and me allee samee likee my uncle. Me Chineee magician; me makee magic tlick."

"What vas dat magic trick?" and Dutchy looked at him wonderingly.

"Me showee you pletty soonee."

Then the clever Chinaman produced a cigar and striking a match calmly lighted it and began puffing away. When he saw this the German gave a nod and quickly felt in his pocket and brought forth a big pipe with a very crooked stem. There was a metal cover to the pipe, too, and when he had opened this and dumped the ashes the bowl contained upon the ground, he brought forth a blue package of tobacco and started to fill it.

"Waitee minute, so be," spoke up Hop, as he reached forward and took the pipe from Dutchy's hand. "Me gottee velly goodee tobackee, so be. You tly some of lat."

The German nodded, so Hop proceeded to fill the pipe. He had tobacco, all right, but he had something else hidden in the palm of his hand when he drew it from his pocket that no one but himself saw. He took his time about filling the big pipe, and when he had accomplished it he passed it over, making a very polite bow as he did so.

"Dank you," said Dutchy. "You vas a very nice Chineee."

"You havee lillee light?" queried the Chinaman, smiling in his bland style as he struck a match.

Dutchy nodded and accepted the lighted match. Then he began puffing away. Sudden a loud report sounded and the pipe went to pieces, while the astonished German uttered a yell of fear and fell upon his back. Jim and the girls had been expecting this very thing to happen, and because the German appeared to be so comical they did not interfere with Hop's practical joke. But the two young men were nearly as much surprised as the victim.

"What has happened?" asked Harry Turner, the elder of the two brothers, as he rushed to help the fallen German to his feet. "Did someone fire a shot?"

"I reckon there wasn't any shot fired," Jim Dart answered, quickly. "That Chinaman of ours has a way of joking with some people he meets with, you know. He must have put powder in Dutchy's pipe, as well as tobacco. That's an old trick of his. But he never lets a chance to play it escape him."

"Oh!"

Then the two brothers saw the joke, and the result was that they laughed heartily. By this time Dutchy had somewhat recovered from the explosion. He was sitting upon the ground staring about him in a startled way. The stem of the pipe lay upon the ground near him, and when he saw it he picked it up and looked at it curiously.

"Vat vas dot, anyhow?" he queried, looking at the Turner brothers.

"There must have been something wrong with the tobacco the Chinaman gave you, I guess, John answered, and then he burst into another fit of laughter.

"Vell, by shimminy! I never vas see tobaccer like dot before."

Then Dutchy put the pipe stem in his pocket, and looking at Hop, who was sitting upon the ground, as solemn as an owl, he added:

"Mister Chinee, you vas make a little mistake, already. You vas put powder mit der tobacco, I guess me."

"Me no undelstandee," declared Hop, shaking his head and looking more solemn than ever.

"I was lose my pipe, already."

"Me gottee velly nicee pipe; me givee you lat. Me velly muchee solly you pipe blowee uppee likee lat."

Hop had a pipe all right. The pipe was a common wooden one with a hard rubber stem. It was hardly worth as much as the one that had been destroyed by the explosion, but Dutchy seemed to be well satisfied. He accepted it with thanks, and when he had made sure that it contained nothing that could possibly cause it to explode he filled it with his own tobacco and applied a match to it. Hop then got ready to have some more fun with him. But just then Arietta, who divined his intention, called out, rather sharply: "You just let him alone, Hop. I think that is enough, for the present. Another thing, there is no felling just how soon bullets may be raining about us. We don't want to have our attention attracted to any of your foolish jokes."

"Allee light, Missee Alietta," answered the Chinaman, humbly. "Me undelstandee. Me velly goodee Chinee. Me no makee some more fun, so be."

"By shimminy! If dot vas fun you vas make mit me I'll lick you already!" exclaimed Dutchy, as it dawned upon him that he had been made the victim of a joke for the first time. "I vas lick any Chinee vat ever lived."

As the German sprang to his feet and began dancing about in a fighting attitude the sharp report of a rifle rang out and his cap fell from his head.

"Ther greasers are comin', I reckon!" exclaimed the guide, excitedly. "I wonder where Young Wild West is?"

"Lay low, everybody," said Jim Dart, as he seized the German by the arm and quickly pulled him behind a rock. "You can bet that Wild and Charlie will soon find out what is going on. They are not so very far away. Keep your eyes open, and don't fire a shot unless you are sure it is one of the greasers."

CHAPTER IV.—Wild and Charlie Make A Capture.

The Mexicans who had interfered with Young Wild West and Arietta lived in a sleepy little village at the foot of the mountains something like twenty miles from the spot where we first found them. They could not exactly be called bandits, though they were all villains, beyond the shadow of a doubt. The leader of this gang, which numbered exactly twelve at the opening of our story, but which had since been cut down to nine, was known as Bad Juan. He had the reputation of being a very cool hand, and many were his escapades. It happened that Bad Juan and his men were on their way back to the village, after having disposed of about fifty

stolen horses, when they saw the smoke rising from the fire at Young Wild West's camp. The leader of the gang selected three of his men to go and find out who were there on the mountain-side, and when they heard the report of Arietta's rifle they became very cautious and moved stealthily along until they came in sight of our hero and his sweetheart.

Then it was that the villainous leader of the greasers had taken it upon himself to show his villainy. But the result was hardly what he expected, and since that time he had been very bitter against the dashing young deadshot and his friends. As he rode away with his men he took pains to impress it upon them that they must make a turn and go back for the purpose of getting revenge, and also to rob the Americans.

"I never met an American that could get the best of me until this morning," he said in Spanish to his followers, as they finally came to a halt, after a turn had been made to the left. "That boy is certainly an exception to his race. He got the best of me—and he seemed to do it with the greatest of ease, too. But he shall suffer for it. He shot one of our good men, too. And Jose here has a bad wound in his arm."

"I should like to go home, Senor Juan," spoke up the man called Jose. "I am not fit to fight."

"Well, you can go," was the reply. "I'll bind your wound properly myself, and then you can start for home. I am sure the rest of us can take care of these Americans."

Then he dismounted, and the rest followed suit. Then it was not long before he had bound the wounded arm of the man and started him off for the village at the foot of the mountain. This done, the greasers mounted their horses again and set out to make a detour that would bring them around somewhere in the neighborhood of the Americans. As they got within half a mile of it one of them made the suggestion that it would be a good idea for someone to go ahead on foot and find out how the Americans were situated.

"Good!" exclaimed the leader, nodding his approval. "You will be the man to do that, then, Miguel."

The greaser seemed to be glad to have the privilege, so he dismounted and then started ahead on foot. Bad Juan and the rest of the villains waited until he had been gone about ten minutes, and then they mounted their horses and rode slowly along. They were pretty close to the spot where they knew the camp was located when they heard a shot fired. Then they came to a halt instantly. Another shot sounded, and then they were able to locate the direction it came from.

"That was Miguel," declared the leader, nodding his head, with satisfaction. "Maybe he has got a shot at the boy, or someone else belonging to his party."

But the words had scarcely left his lips when the crack of a Winchester sounded and then they heard the death cry of Miguel as he went tumbling down the rocks. This put a new phase on the situation. The greasers looked at each other in dismay. But Bad Juan possessed an unlimited supply of courage. He was quick to recover himself, too, and nodding to his men, he said:

"Never mind, boys. There are still nine of

us. I am more determined than ever to get the revenge we set out for. The two American boys and the tall man must die. The girl will be mine. There may be more of them at the camp, and if such is the case they must die, too. They surely must have money with them. That will pay us for our trouble, while we will be getting revenge for the two deaths that have occurred at the same time."

The words of their leader cheered the men somewhat. After thinking it over for a minute he decided to swing around to the right under cover of the rocks and trees, and try to get a view of the spot where the Americans were camped. Ten minutes later they reached a spot that gave them the chance they wanted. But they were fully half a mile from it, and as none of them possessed anything better than a twenty-inch barrel carbine, they did not deem it advisable to begin shooting. For some little time they waited there, now and then taking a look at the camp of our friends. After a while they were surprised to see four others appear near the camp, and when they halted there Bad Juan shrugged his shoulders.

"Caramba!" he exclaimed. "More Americans. But never mind, boys. We must not give up. We must have their lives and their money, too. We did well with the horses we took over to the ranch, and maybe we will do much better by robbing these Americans. It is all in our line of business, anyhow. But the American girl must be mine. I want you all to remember that."

His companions nodded assent to what he said, for they always did as their leader said.

"Now then, brave boys," he said to his followers, "we must manage to get as close as possible to that camp. Then we will dismount and go ahead on foot. We must not give them a chance to see us, for I am well satisfied that they know how to shoot."

His men nodded as though they were satisfied, too, for they looked at each other uneasily. But they were quite willing to follow the lead of Bad Juan, so they rode along behind him, their horses at a walk. Not until they were within less than a quarter of a mile from the camp of our friends did he come to a halt and dismount. The horses were tied in a little gully where they would not be likely to be discovered, and then the villains started forward on foot. With a carbine in his hands Bad Juan took the lead. He climbed to a small, rocky ascent, and when he found he was able to see those in the camp he gave a nod of satisfaction. It was he who fired the shot that took the hat from the head of Dutchy, and when he saw the man jump quickly out of sight and heard the yell he gave utterance to, he was satisfied that the bullet had hit the mark. But he did not deem it safe to remain too long at the top of the rocky hill, so he quickly made his way back to his waiting companions.

"Did you kill one of the Americans?" one of his followers asked, in the Spanish tongue, for he did not understand English as well as did his leader.

"Yes, I wounded one of them, I am sure," was the reply. "I could count but five there, and one of them seemed to be a Chinese. But I suppose I could not see them all, for they have piled up rocks to hide themselves from our view."

They remained there talking in low tones, never

once dreaming that two of the Americans were very near them at that moment. The fact was Wild and Charlie had been quite near the spot when the shot was fired. They could not see the villain who fired it, since the rocks and shrubbery hid him from view. Both Wild and Charlie understood considerable of Spanish, and when they found that the greasers were puzzled as to what to do they were more than pleased. They had not arrived in time to hear the conversation about Bad Juan's shot, so they did not know what the result of it had been. But both could not help feeling that it had amounted to nothing. Finally Bad Juan decided to creep to the top of the little hill again and take a look at the camp. When Wild saw him start to do this he touched the scout upon the arm and whispered:

"I reckon we'll get him, Charlie. Come on."

As Bad Juan reached the top of the ascent and shaded his eyes as he looked in the direction of the camp the two were less than thirty feet from him. Charlie had brought his lariat with him, as he always did on such missions, since he had learned by experience that a rope is a good thing to have at all times, whether in the saddle or on foot. Wild coolly took this from him and arranged the noose.

"I reckon that greaser will come down that hill a whole lot quicker than he went up, Charlie," he whispered.

"I reckon so," and the scout grinned.

The boy soon had the lariat arranged to his liking, and then he started around so as to get a little nearer in order to have a free swing with the rope. It must have been that Bad Juan saw one of those at the camp just then, for he raised his carbine to his shoulder to take a shot. Whiz! The rope whirled through the air, and hearing the sound of it the leader of the greasers involuntarily lowered his weapon. But he was not quick enough to escape the noose, and down it settled over his head. A quick jerk and his arms were pinned to his sides, while the carbine went flying from his hands. Then he pitched forward and came tumbling down the rocky ascent like a flash, out of sight of his waiting companions.

"Help, help!" he shouted, in Spanish. "The Americans have got me. Help, help!"

"Shut up, you sneaking coyote!" called out Wild, sharply, as he covered him with a revolver. "I reckon that's about enough of that. Let your gang come, if they want to. We will shoot them down just as fast as they show themselves."

The swarthy face of the Mexican turned a sickly yellow. He realized that he was in a bad position and that he had no chance.

"Let me go, senior," he said, coolly. "I meant no harm to you. I wanted to see where you were, that's all."

"Yes, I reckon that's what yer wanted to see, all right," the scout spoke up as he stepped up and disarmed the scoundrel, who was upon his knees at the side of a big rock. "You wanted ter see ther camp an' git another shot at somebody there. Yer done it once, but yer couldn't do it ag'in. Yer didn't have time ter do it. Young Wild West's rope got yer too quick for that."

"Young Wild West!" gasped the Mexican, his face turning paler than ever.

It was evident that he had heard of the dashing young deadshot.

"Yes, that's who I am, greaser," Wild retorted, in his cool and easy way. "Didn't you know that before?"

Bad Juan shook his head.

"I am an honest man, senor," declared the villain, shaking his head. "I may have made a mistake by talking to the lady the way I did this morning. But I am an honest man. I can prove that in the village where I live, which is twenty miles below us and near the border line."

Just then a rattling of dirt and stones told them that someone was approaching at the other side of the hill. Charlie gave a quick nod, and started to creep around. Less than a minute later the sounds of a scuffle were heard. Then the scout came around into view again, dragging one of the greasers by the collar, while he held his revolver pointed at his head.

"This galoot come up here ter see what had happened to his leader, I reckon," he said, smiling grimly. "I was goin' ter shoot him, but he wasn't lookin', so I remembered what you always say an' I jest clipped him on the head with the butt of my gun, an' then yanked him by the collar."

CHAPTER V.—Hop Shows Some of His Sleight of Hand.

Those at the camp waited anxiously for Wild and Charlie to return. Since the shot that had been fired at the German they had heard nothing to indicate that there was anyone about.

"By shimminy!" exclaimed Dutchy, when about ten minutes had elapsed. "Dot fellow vas try hard to kill me, I guess. I vonder vere he is, already."

He was going to climb up the rocks to take a peep, but Ben Zimmer, the guide, quickly seized him by his short coat and pulled him back.

"You stay right where you are, Dutchy," he said, sternly. "I know you're a fool, but there ain't no use of lettin' yer git a bullet through yer, I reckon."

"Duchy, you allee samee comee over here and me showee you sometling nicee, so be," called out Hop, from behind a rock a short distance away.

"Vot you vas show me, Chinee?" Dutchy answered, showing that he was interested.

Hop displayed a pack of cards. The German's face brightened right away.

"You vas play cards, already?" he queried.

"Me showee you nicee lillee tlick," was the reply.

Then Dutchy crawled over to the rock, taking care to keep well below the top line of the barricade as he did so. He was soon seated before the clever Chinee. Then Hop began shuffling the pack of cards.

"You allee samee cuttee um cards, Dutchy," he said, as he laid them on the ground.

"I vas do dot, already," was the reply.

Dutchy cut them and then waited to see what would happen next. Then Hop spread the cards out like a fan, and holding them before the German, smiled and observed:

"You takee um card and lookee at um, so you remember whatee it is, so be."

The German grinned, as though he had seen the trick done before. But he selected a card, just the same. It happened to be the jack of diamonds.

"You knowee um card when you see some more?" Hop asked, innocently.

"I vas bet you dot I vill," was the reply.

"Allee light. Now len, you watchee."

Out came the big, old-fashioned six-shooter Hop always carried with him. Dutchy looked frightened when he saw how carelessly the big weapon was handled.

"Me no shootee you," assured Hop, smiling blandly. "Me wantee you to put um card in um pistol, so be. You makee velly lillee and stick in um pistol. Len me showee you velly nicee lillee tlick."

"I vas understand," declared Dutchy, and he quickly rolled the card so it would pass into the muzzle of the big revolver.

He thrust it in and handed the weapon back to Hop, who quickly picked up a stick and rammed the card into a pulp.

"Now len," said the clever Chinee, "you watchee."

He looked around as though in search of something to shoot at, and presently his eyes rested upon a flat stone within ten feet of where they were sitting.

"You see lat stone, Dutchy?" he asked.

"Yes, I vas see dot stone," was the reply.

"Allee light. You knowee whatee card you lookee at?"

"I vas certainly know dot, Chinee."

"You puttee in um pistol?"

"You vas see me do dot, ain't it?"

"Allee light. Me no know whatee card you puttee in um pistol. Now len, you watchee."

Taking aim at the stone Hop pulled the trigger. The report that followed was not a very heavy one, which showed that the weapon was not loaded with a great deal of powder. But a streak of fire shot from the muzzle all the way to the stone, however, and the smoke was almost blinding. After this had blown away Hop nodded to the German and said:

"You lookee under um stone and you findee um card you lookee at, so be."

Dutchy crawled over to the stone and turned it over. There lay the jack of diamonds, just as though it had never been crumpled and forced into the muzzle of the weapon.

"Velly, by shimminy!" he exclaimed, as he picked it up and looked at it. "Vot is dot, anyhow?"

"Lat allee samee um jackee diamonds," declared Hop, innocently. "Me shootee um card under um stone, so be. Me velly smartee Chinee."

The German was puzzled, and so were the two hunters and the guide. They had been watching all that took place, though they were not within a dozen feet of the spot. But they had all seen the card the German had selected from the pack, and they were certain that he had placed it in the muzzle of the pistol, and that Hop had jammed it into a pulp afterward. To see it perfectly intact now was something that they could not quite understand, even though the Turner brothers had seen all sorts of magic

tricks performed. But they were certainly not looking for a display of sleight of hand in such a wild part of the country as this was.

"How in thunder did he do that?" asked Zimmer, as he came over to look at the card. "That beat anything I ever seen."

"Well, Hop is a magician, as you were told before," Jim Dart answered. "You must not be surprised at anything he does."

"Yes, but I don't see how he could shoot ther card from ther gun like than an' not blow it all ter pieces. Another thing, how did it git under ther stone? I'm sartin no one went there to lift it up."

"Well, maybe he can explain that to you," Jim said, smilingly, as he turned again to watch for some signs of the greasers or the return of Wild and Charlie.

The Turner brothers now crept over to the spot, too, thus leaving it to Jim to keep a watch alone. Hop was very much pleased at this, for he now had four for an audience. The trick he had performed had been a very simple one, indeed, since he had placed the jack of diamonds from another pack under the stone before he called Dutchy to come. His sleight of hand enabled him to tell just what card the German took, and it was not that card at all. That one had been blown to pieces when the pistol was discharged. Hop was going to show them something more when Jim called out that Wild and Charlie were coming, and that they had two prisoners with them. Then Hop put away his cards and all hands prepared to meet the two and find out what they had learned. Two or three minutes later our hero and the scout arrived at the camp with their prisoners. All hands now began studying the two greasers who had been brought to the camp by the young dead-shot and his partner. It did not take long to relate how they had managed to get them, and then Bad Juan and his man were bound about the ankles and forced to sit down.

CHAPTER VI.—The Prisoners Are Set Free.

"If you let us go, Young Wild West, I promise you that we will ride straight away and not bother you again," spoke up Bad Juan.

"If I thought you would keep your word I certainly would let you go, senor," Wild answered, quickly. "But I am certain you would not keep it. It is just as easy for you to tell a lie as it is to speak the truth. I can tell that by the general appearance of you."

"You wouldn't tell me I was a liar if I stood before you on equal terms," the Mexican retorted quickly, his eyes flashing.

"Oh, yes, I would. I would tell you that anywhere. Just to prove that I mean what I say I will untie you and let you stand before me while I tell it to you. You can have your weapons, too. How does that strike you, you sneaking coyote?"

Bad Juan was hardly prepared to hear this. But he quickly gathered his wits and retorted:

"All right, Senor Americano. You will find that I am no coward. You Americans have a way of fighting with your fists. I was educated at an American school and I was taught to

fight that way, too. While I am older and more powerful than you, you may be afraid to meet me that way."

"Oh, no. I reckon I am not afraid to meet you any way, senor. I don't care how old and how powerful you are; nor do I care how well you can fight with your fists. We will see what you can do in that line."

So saying the boy stepped forward and quickly severed the bonds that held the villain powerless. Charlie, Jim and the girls did not think anything strange of this, but the four who had accepted the invitation to remain at the camp were astounded. Bad Juan was certainly of a splendid physique, and he looked to be very active and powerful. It seemed foolhardy to them that Young Wild West should offer to stand before him in a fist fight. But Wild knew just what he was doing, as the reader also knows. He had trained himself to all sorts of fighting, and he made it a point to always keep himself in prime condition. He could hit as hard as a prize-fighter, and was as quick as a flash. Besides that, he had learned the tactics that were used by professional boxers. All these things had come to him when he was younger than he now was, and by considerable practice he had adapted himself to them.

"Well, senor," said Wild, as he stepped back and permitted the greaser leader to rise to his feet, "I never yet saw the Mexican I was afraid to fight in any sort of shape. You say you can fight as Americans do with their fists. Now then, you have the chance to show it. If you succeed in beating me I will give you and your companion the chance to go away about your business, and without exacting a promise of any sort from you, either. Does that satisfy you?"

"It does, Young Wild West," was the reply, while the Mexican's face lit up with extreme satisfaction.

"All right, then. Get yourself in readiness. I will show you how easy it is for an American boy to thrash a lying scoundrel of a greaser."

Bad Juan's brow darkened, and he trembled with rage at this insult, as he no doubt felt it to be.

"You will be called to apologize for saying that," he hissed, as he stepped forward and put up his hands in something like a boxing attitude.

"Well, if I do it will be the first time I ever made an apology for saying it," was the cool retort. "Say when you are ready, senor."

"I am ready."

Biff! Wild shot out his left with lightning-like quickness and caught the man on the ribs. Bad Juan gave a gasp and threw down his guard. Spat! A right swing caught him between the eyes and he went to the ground like a log.

"I thought you knew how to fight like Americans do, senor," said Wild, tantalizingly. "Get up and show what you can do."

"I—I was not quite ready," gasped the man, as he quickly recovered himself, showing that he could stand a pretty hard blow without being knocked out.

"Oh, that is it, eh? Well, be sure you are ready this time. I don't want to take any advantage of you."

Then it was that the greaser straightened up by a mighty effort. His hand flew to his side, showing that he was looking for a weapon. But there was none there. He had offered to fight with his fists, so Wild had not given him his weapons. It must have been galling to the villain, who had long considered himself an expert at all sorts of fighting. But he managed to stay his wrath sufficiently to make another attempt to land a blow upon the agile boy. This time Wild did not move back an inch. But he simply ducked his head, and the villain's passes hit nothing but the empty air. Then he sent him a quick uppercut that caught him under the chin. The blow almost lifted Bad Juan from the ground, and in order to keep from falling he staggered back a few steps.

"Caramba!" he again exclaimed, while his eyes fairly blazed with fury.

True to his promise, the dashing young dead-shot leaped forward and struck him on the chin with his left fist. Then his right came around with the force of a piston rod and caught him under the ear. Down went Bad Juan in an unconscious condition. Bad Juan lay motionless for nearly a full minute. Then he moved a little and finally raised himself to a sitting posture. He looked around in a blank way for a few seconds, and then said, in a humble tone of voice:

"I don't want to fight any more, Senor Young Wild West."

"Oh, all right, then. You have enough, eh?"

"Yes, I have enough."

"Well, maybe your friend would like to take a chance at it," and Wild looked at the other prisoner.

"No, senor," came the quick reply, in a scared tone of voice. "Me no want to a-fight. Me good-a-man; me no fight."

The fact was that Wild did not wish to keep the men prisoners. He knew if he let them go, however, that they would surely return and seek revenge. As he did not wish to remain there all day, he finally decided to let the two go, after exacting a promise from each of them that they would hasten away from the place without delay.

"Cut that fellow loose, Charlie," he said, nodding his head toward the greaser, who was still bound hand and foot.

"Yer ain't goin' ter let 'em go, are you, Wild?" the scout asked, as he drew his knife to obey.

"It may be that they are satisfied, and will go on about their business. If they don't go, and insist on interfering with us we will have to shoot them down, like the dogs they are, that's all."

"We'll not come back, senor," declared Bad Juan, shaking his head and acting very much as though he fully meant it. "We will go on to our homes right away. I will call the rest of my men, and you may see us ride off. You can follow us, if we like, and then you will know that I will keep my word."

"All right, senor. It makes but little difference whether you go or stay. You can take your choice. If you want to live you will go; if you want to die you will stay around here, that's all."

The other villain was quickly liberated by the scout, and then both arose to their feet.

"Now then," said Wild, "I reckon you don't need your weapons, so you can go on without them. We will keep them as souvenirs of our

meeting with about the worst gang of greasers we ever struck. But just let me tell you something before you go. If you hang around here there is going to be a genuine greaser shake-up, and don't you forget it. Maybe you don't know what shake-up means, but I will tell you. It means that hot lead will fly so fast that by the time you have been shaken up a little there won't be a live greaser to be found."

"I understand, Senor Young Wild West," Bad Juan retorted, in a voice that showed how cool he was. "But there will be no shake-up, as you call it. We will go right away."

"Well, go on, then."

The two lost no time in obeying, and when they were but a few yards distant Bad Juan placed his fingers to his mouth and uttered a shrill whistle.

"Hold on," said Wild, "I forgot to ask you your name, senor."

"Juan is my name," was the reply, as the villain came to a halt. "Some people call me Bad Juan, Young Wild West. But I am not bad."

"Oh, that's all right. Go on, Bad Juan. I expect to see you again, in spite of what you have promised."

The villainous leader of the greasers made no reply to this, but quickly walked away, followed by his companion.

CHAPTER VII.—The Greasers Come Back.

Never once did Bad Juan mean what he said when he declared that he would go straight away and not interfere with Young Wild West and his companions again. The very moment he disappeared from their view he began thinking of a plan to gain his revenge and get possession of the golden-haired girl he had guessed to be the sweetheart of Young Wild West.

"Petro," he whispered to the man with him, "we must gain our point without delay. We must strike while the iron is hot, as the Americans say, let us hurry and find our companions. Then we will make it appear that we are riding away for the American will be watching us. But as soon as we are beyond the reach of their eyes we will turn and make our way back to the thickly wooded hill that lies at the rear of their camp. Even though they distrust us they will not think it possible that we will come back so soon, and by doing it we will no doubt have the chance to carry out our desires. Come on! Hurry, Pedro. We must find our companions."

The greaser called Pedro nodded, showing he was in perfect accord with the feelings of his leader. The two then hurried in the direction of the spot where they had left their companions. They were not long in reaching it. They found them waiting there. The greasers were more than pleased to see the two coming back.

"Why did you not help us?" demanded Bad Juan, half angrily, as he looked at them.

"We were afraid we would get shot down, Senor Juan," one of them answered, shrugging his shoulders. "We didn't know how many there were of the Americans."

"Well, it happens that there were but two of them, so you could easily have killed them,

if you had but tried. But you didn't know, so it's all right, I suppose. I don't want any of you to take too much risk. But get yourselves in readiness. We are going after the Americans now."

The men seemed rather surprised when they heard this, but they quickly mounted their horses. The weapons from the men who had been slain had been taken care of by the villains, of course. This enabled Bad Juan and Pedro to arm themselves again. The villainous leader then told them of his intentions. He talked in a way that encouraged his followers greatly, and the result was that they were willing to do as he wanted them to. Leading the way out into the open so that Young Wild West might see them plainly, Bad Juan rode on toward the south, followed by his band. It was but a short distance they had to go before they would be lost to view among the rocks and timber. They all rode along as though they were very meek, since the leader had told them to go that way. But once out of sight Bad Juan turned to the right.

"We'll keep as far as half a mile from them and work our way around until we get directly opposite to the point where we were when Young Wild West and his partner captured me," he said. "Then I'll show you how easy it will be to shoot down the Americans. Besides the golden-haired girl I want to capture, there are two others there. One is a young girl about her age, while the other is a young woman who is no doubt the wife of the tall American who assisted Young Wild West in capturing Pedro and me. We must arrange it so we can take all three of the females. The others must die."

Some of the villains nodded to this, and others spoke out their feelings, showing great satisfaction. They made a circuit of nearly five miles before they attempted to ride in the direction of the camp of our friends. They knew quite well that their movements could not possibly have been seen from the camp. Unless they had been followed Bad Juan felt certain that his plan was going to work. But he hardly believed they had been followed, for Young Wild West had shown himself so indifferent. As the villain thought of the boy's words just a slight feeling of uneasiness came upon him. Young Wild West told him if he came back he would get his medicine, and he could not help thinking of the words. But he was so vengeful, and possessed such a determination to carry out his plan, that he threw the feeling aside.

"Young Wild West may be the Champion Dead-shot, and it may be that he has proved invincible to others; but this is the time he will fall. The bold American boy will never get away from these mountains alive. His sweetheart will become the bride of Bad Juan, the noted horse thief."

He seemed to be eased somewhat when he had given vent to these thoughts, and then it was that his manner indicated naught but boldness and determination. As his followers were watching keenly as they rode along they could not help but notice this, and it gave them courage. As Cheyenne Charlie had said, the greasers were cowards. That was pretty certain. There was hardly what might be called a brave man in the bunch besides the leader himself. Bad Juan had certainly taken careful note of the lay

of the land in the vicinity of the camp. Everything turned out just as he wanted it to, and in less than an hour from the time he had taken his departure, beaten and humiliated, from the presence of Young Wild West and his friends, he came to a halt in a little glen about a quarter of a mile from the high bank that overlooked the camp.

"Now then, Pedro," he said to the man who had been captured with him, "since we were caught before by the Americans, we will run the risk again. We must creep up until we are close enough to look down upon the camp. Then I will decide just what to do."

"All right, Senor Juan," Pedro answered. "I am ready to do as you say. Lead on."

"The rest of you will remain here," said the leader, turning and nodding his head to them. "Unless you hear shooting you will stay here until we come back. If you do hear shooting you will know that we are in trouble. Then you can show your bravery by coming to our rescue."

He noticed that the villains looked at each other uneasily, and knowing them as well as he did, he no doubt guessed that he did not expect much help from them if he did get into trouble with the Americans. But he felt it necessary to say something of the kind, for he was the leader and such was to be expected of him. A couple of minutes later Bad Juan and Pedro sallied forth. Each carried a carbine, as well as a revolver and knife.

"Pedro," said the villainous leader, when they had covered about half the distance to the hill they were heading for, "we can hardly expect our companions to ride to our rescue if we get into a fight with Young Wild West and his friends. That means that it is for you and me to go it alone. You have twelve shots in your carbine, and I have the same in mine. Is it not possible that we can shoot down all the Americans before they have a chance to hide themselves?"

"I can shoot very fast, Senor Juan," Pedro answered, nodding his head.

"Yes, you can shoot fast, but you must shoot true, too. It is that which counts, you know."

"I know," and Pedro shook his head in the affirmative.

"You can easily shoot straight at close range, Pedro," went on the leader in a matter of fact way. "We will get so close to them that we cannot fail to hit them. When our friends hear the firing they may come up a little closer. But even if they don't we will have a chance to get away in case we do not kill all of them. But you must remember one thing, Pedro."

He looked hard at his companion as he said this.

"What is that, Senor Juan?"

"You must be very careful not to hurt the two senoritas and the senora."

"I'll be very careful, Senor Juan."

"See that you do. We want them, you know."

"Yes, I know," and the evil look that shone from the eyes of Pedro at that moment told plainly that he was going to be sure that he'd not injure the girls, if he did any firing.

Of course all this conversation had been carried on in the Spanish tongue, for Pedro was

not very fluent in his English. But it was only natural that Mexicans should use their mother tongue, anyhow. After again impressing it upon the mind of his companion as to just what was to be done, Bad Juan started forward. The two worked their way along, showing that caution was a thing that was not entirely new to them. They had spent much of their time in the mountains, either trailing their enemies or hunting for game. Nearer and nearer they got to the spot they had set out to reach. Juan had marked well in his mind a jagged black rock that he knew to be but a few yards from the edge of the bank that overlooked the camp of the Americans and it was toward this he was now heading. It was anything but smooth traveling the two had. The ground was of a rocky formation, and the hills and hollows were numerous.

In some places they had to use all the skill they possessed in order to climb over obstructions, while in others they were forced to leap to avoid going around and losing time. But after a while they found themselves within fifty yards of the black rock. They paused here and listened. The faint sound of voices soon reached their ears, and then suddenly a peal of laughter sounded. Bad Juan frowned when he heard this.

"They are making merry," he said in a whisper. "But we will soon put a stop to that, Pedro."

"Yes, Senor Juan," was his companion's reply.

But it was quite evident that what little courage Pedro had possessed at the start was fast leaving him. The closer he got to the camp of the Americans the more he thought of what might happen in case he should become a target for them. He had no doubt that if such a thing did happen he would die instantly. Young Wild West had told them if they came back to interfere with them again they would surely die, and Pedro believed it as much as he believed anything. The leader must have noticed the uneasy look that shone from his companion's eyes, for he suddenly placed his hand upon Pedro's shoulder and said:

"We are going to succeed. Just bear that in mind. Don't think for a minute that we are not, Pedro. Remember what I told you. Don't make a miss when you shoot, and be careful not to hit the females."

"I'll do as you say," was the reply, as the man endeavored to throw off his feeling of uneasiness and fear.

"Come on, then, and all will be well."

The path before them was now an easy one to follow, so without making any noise that could be heard far away they crept along and soon reached the black rock. The sounds of voices and laughter were very plain to them now, and when the singing of a Chinaman reached their ears both Mexicans looked disgusted. The fact was that Hop was giving a sort of entertainment for the benefit of the hunters and the German. Bad Juan crept stealthily forward and soon reached the top of the bank. There was a clump of bushes there, as well as a thick growth of hanging vines, so he was able to obscure himself from view while he took a peep below. As he looked down into the camp he saw that Young Wild West and his two partners were not there. Instead of being satisfied at this he shrugged his shoulders and grew decidedly uneasy. It oc-

curred to the scoundrel right away that they had probably followed his trail for the purpose of finding out whether or not they intended to go on to their homes, as had been promised.

This had no sooner flashed upon Bad Juan's mind than he thought of his men who had been left nearly a quarter of a mile back from the glen. But he soon shook off the feeling of fear, for the girls were below him, and he did not fear the four strangers who had come to the camp so very much. They were but ordinary Americans, after all. Turning, he motioned for Pedro to come to his side. Rather reluctantly the villain obeyed.

"Get your carbine ready, and when I say the word begin firing. Make every shot tell."

Pedro nodded, and then lying flat upon their stomachs the two greasers made ready to open a murderous fire upon the unsuspecting ones below them. But just then the unexpected happened. The ground at the edge of the bank upon which Pedro was lying suddenly caved from under him and he went shooting downward!

CHAPTER VIII.—Wild Meets With An Accident.

The two Mexicans had not been gone very long when Young Wild West turned to his partners and said:

"Come, boys, I reckon it will be a good idea for us to follow the galoots. Of course they don't mean to go away. The chances are they will ride until they get out of sight at a safe distance, and then they will lay plans to come back and try and get the best of us. Since we have decided upon having a greaser shake-up around here, I reckon we may as well go ahead with our game."

"Right yer are, Wild," the scout answered, showing how pleased he was at what the dashing young deadshot said.

"That will be the very best thing to do, I think, Wild," Jim Dart hastened to say.

"Get your horses and come on, then," was the reply.

Two or three minutes later Wild had mounted his swift sorrel stallion, Spitfire, and was ready to leave the camp. Charlie and Jim were also mounted, and then after telling Arietta and the rest to keep a watch while they were gone, our hero led the way in the direction Bad Juan and his companion had taken. It was quite easy to follow the trail, but our friends did not hurry. Wild half expected to get sight of the entire band before long, so when they had gone to the edge of the open spot that lay beyond for a short distance, he came to a halt.

"I reckon we can see pretty well from here, boys," he observed. "Suppose we wait a few minutes and see if the galoots show up."

"A good idea," Jim Dart answered.

"Jest as you say, Wild," Charlie declared.

So they waited, and sure enough it was not very long before they saw the nine greasers riding slowly along at a distance of less than a quarter of a mile.

"They're either goin' away for good, or else they're makin' a mighty good bluff at it!" ex-

claimed the scout. "They act as though they're a lot of whipped dogs."

"Well, if I was going to bet on it, I would put up all I am worth that they are not going very far," Young Wild West answered. "But it makes little difference whether they do or not; we are going to follow them."

The three waited until the greasers had disappeared in a patch of timber beyond, and then they rode directly for it. It would be very easy to pick up the trail when they got there, as they well knew. They let their horses go to a walk until they reached the spot, and then the trail was discovered.

"Now then," said Wild, "we will soon see whether they are going away or not."

They had not gone very far when they found that the trail took a turn off to the right.

"I knew it!" exclaimed our hero, in a low tone of voice. "They are making a circuit that will doubtless bring them close to our camp. Come on, boys. But we must be careful not to let them know we are following them."

The three now rode at a little faster pace. In about five minutes they reached the end of an opening in the timber, and then it was that they caught sight of the greasers nearly half a mile ahead. They seemed to be heading almost directly for the camp, and when Young Wild West noticed this a grim determination came over his handsome face.

"I reckon it won't be so very long before the shake-up begins, boys!" he exclaimed. "The greasers had a chance to get away, but they don't know when they are well off. That galoot, who calls himself Bad Juan, is certainly a scoundrel, for fair. He is one of the sort who is never satisfied to let well enough alone. Well, let him go his full length. We will show them what Americans can do."

"You can bet your life we will, Wild," and the scout smiled grimly, as he gripped his Winchester.

As the greasers disappeared from view again they urged their horses to a faster pace. It was not long before they had crossed the open spot and found themselves riding over a very rough piece of ground. In some places the trail did not show, since the earth was not soft enough for the horse's hoofs to make prints upon it. But it was easy for them to pick it up, and, anyhow, they knew the direction the villains were taking. Keeping on, they finally again came in sight of the greasers. It happened that they were just dismounting at the little glen, which was not so far distant from the camp.

"Ah!" exclaimed Young Wild West, as he brought his horse to a halt. "Now then, boys, I reckon we have got to be mighty careful. The thing to do now is to get as close to them as possible, and then we will dismount and creep upon them. I would like to find out just what they mean to do before we start the shake-up going."

His partners nodded, and followed him as he turned to the left, so he would be able to keep the rocks between them and the villains. They went on around until they knew they must be

within a couple of hundred yards of the glen. Then they halted and dismounted.

"Boys," said Wild, "I reckon I had better go ahead alone, and find just how close we are to them. You wait here with the horses."

The dashing young deadshot started away without another word, and as he clambered over the rocks he was not long in coming in sight of the greasers. He was able to count them, too, and when he saw that there were but seven of them he readily guessed that two of their number had gone to spy upon the camp. He crept forward softly now, and soon he was within twenty yards of the group. The Mexicans were lounging around upon the rocks near their horses and talking in low tones.

Wild saw a chance to get around behind them, so he at once started to do so. In a few minutes he had reached a point that was less than twenty feet from them. A tree leaned over from the slope directly above them, and as the young deadshot saw it he decided to crawl out upon it and give the villains a surprise. He knew very well that if it came to the point he could shoot all of them before they hardly knew where the shots came from. But this he did not want to do. He wanted to find out what they meant to do, and who the two were who were missing.

He soon reached the tree and then began crawling out upon the trunk. When he had gone out a few feet he was able to see them all quite plainly, and so close were they to him that the very first glance told him that the two who were missing were no others than those who had been given their liberty but a short time before.

"Ah!" he thought, "so Bad Juan thought it wise to take the same man with him on his spying trip, eh? Well, it seems that the lesson given them did not amount to much, after all. Now then, to find out what they mean to do."

It happened that the Mexicans were talking about something else just then. But it was not long before the conversation changed to the topic Wild was anxious to hear. Though they spoke in Spanish the boy listened long enough to learn that Bad Juan and one of his men named Pedro had gone ahead to spy upon the camp from the bank above it. This was quite enough for the boy, so he crept back to the solid ground and hurried along to the spot he knew the villains ried along to the spot he knew the villains must be at. It happened that Wild did not go the same way as Bad Juan and Pedro had taken. He started in a direct line, and it happened that the traveling was much better.

The result was that he made his way along much faster than they had done. As he neared the top of the bank he suddenly saw a man appear and start on a run toward him. It was Bad Juan.

"What is the matter now?" the boy exclaimed, under his breath.

But just then a shout went up from the camp, and it came to him that the presence of the two villains had been discovered in some way. But he had no time to think about that just then. The leader of the greasers was rushing straight toward him and Wild made up his mind to stop

him rather suddenly. He crouched behind a rock and waited. Then as the Mexican came on he suddenly leaped out in front of him and aimed a blow at his breast with his clenched fist. But it happened that Wild's foot stepped upon a round stone, and instead of landing the blow as he expected to, he fell sprawling upon the ground.

Then it was that Bad Juan showed the coolness and tact he possessed. Instead of leaping over the prostrate boy and continuing his flight he threw himself upon him. Handicapped as he was from the fall, Wild could do nothing, and the Mexican falling upon him completely knocked his breath from him for the time.

"Caramba!" hissed Bad Juan, as he drew a dagger from his belt and raised it to plunge it into the body of our hero.

But he suddenly changed his mind, and dropping the knife he seized the boy by the wrists and pulled them around behind his back. It was a desperate struggle that Wild made, but strive as he might he could not get his hands free. The Mexican had them, and being a very powerful man, he managed to get a rope about them, and once he had done this it was quite easy for him to make the job complete.

Wild's wrists were not only tied together, but turns were taken about his arms below the elbows, while the rope was wound about his body several times. It was not until this had been done that he thought of shouting for help.

"Hello, hello!" he called out, at the top of his voice. "Come, boys, I am in trouble!"

"Shut up, you dog of an American!" exclaimed the greaser leader, and then he struck the boy upon the head with the barrel of his carbine.

Though the blow did not break the skin, it dazed Wild somewhat, and knowing that if he continued to cry out he might be badly beaten, or perhaps killed, he wisely kept still.

"I should have killed you, Young Wild West!" hissed Bad Juan, as he lifted the boy to his feet. "But I will wait. It will do me good to wait. You have got to die, and I want to find a way to kill you that will make you suffer all the longer. Come with me, you dog of an American."

"All right, senior," said the boy, coolly, for he had now recovered himself. "Go ahead with your game. I can die but once, so you will find that I will meet death bravely. I am not a coward."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The villain laughed in a peculiar way. It no doubt pleased him to hear the boy talk in that way.

"Your friends have got one of my men, Young Wild West," he said, as he dragged Wild along at the point of a revolver. "But even to save his life I would not give you up. I will let Pedro die at the hands of your friends, if they choose to kill him. But I mean to kill you."

"All right; I don't suppose anything else could be expected of you," was the cool retort.

"I am Bad Juan, the horse thief, Young Wild West," the Mexican went on, as he grew cooler. "I have a brave band of followers, too, and we have been very successful in stealing horses since we have been in the business. No one has been able to catch us, though it may be that we have

been under suspicion more than once. Stealing horses has been the worst crime we have committed since we have been banded together; but now we are going a little further. We are going to kill you Americans and take what money you have. But that is not all, Young Wild West."

The villain leered at the helpless boy in such a way that Wild could not help a chill running down his spine.

"The golden-haired senorita who is your sweetheart, Young Wild West, is going to be the bride of Bad Juan, the horse thief," went on the scoundrel, his eyes blazing fiendishly. "That must be pleasing for you to listen to, dog of an American."

"If I had my hands free you would not live a second, you scoundrel," retorted Wild, as his anger got the best of him for a moment.

"Oh, but your hands are not free, Young Wild West. I am not the fool you were when you had me a prisoner at your camp. I am not going to release you and give you a chance to fight me. Oh, no. Bad Juan is too clever for that. But come! I will soon find a way to kill you."

Then the greaser leader, holding upon our hero's collar with his left hand, and keeping a revolver pointed at him with his right, hurried along to join his waiting companions. A few minutes later our hero was conducted down into the little glen.

CHAPTER IX.—Hop Treats Pedro Rather Roughly.

The Turner brothers and Dutchy were seized with consternation when the Mexican came tumbling down the bank. The girls were used to all sorts of surprises, and such things were not entirely new to the two Chinamen, either. It was the same way, to a certain extent, with Ben Zimmer, the guide. While the two tenderfoots and the German stood looking in mute amazement the rest hastened to the spot where the greaser had landed in such an unceremonious manner. The guide had seen it was a man almost the moment he heard the stones and dirt come rattling down, and revolver in hand he now faced him. Pedro, though he had been pretty badly shaken up, was not hurt much.

"I reckon you come down in a hurry, greaser," said the guide, as he bent over him. "So you thought you would come back an' pay us another visit, did yer? You didn't take ther advice of Young Wild West, then."

"Mercy, senior!" exclaimed the frightened man, for he expected every minute would be his last. "Me no want to a-come down here; me fall down."

"Yes, I know you did," the guide answered, a smile coming over his face. "Boys, jest disarm this feller an' make him a prisoner."

Arietta had picked up her rifle and was running along the bank, looking for a way to get to the top. The girls did not attempt to call her back, for they knew full well that it would be useless, since Arietta was the sort of girl who usually had her own way about things. The only

one she would listen to was Wild, and he was not there now. She soon disappeared from view.

Meanwhile the Turner brothers had quickly disarmed Pedro and tied him hand and foot. For the second time that day he was a prisoner at Young Wild West's camp. Zimmer seemed to take it upon himself to act as leader in the absence of our hero and his partners, and shaking his gun before the face of the frightened greaser, he said:

"Now then, you sneakin' rascal, if you don't answer my questions truthfully, I'll put a hole through your heart. Young Wild West ain't here, so I'll take ther law in my own hands. How many was with yer, when you tumbled down from up there?"

"Bad Juan with me," came the quick reply, for the villain no doubt thought it best to tell the truth.

"Ther same galoot what was here with yer afore?"

The greaser nodded in the affirmative.

"What did yer come back for?"

"Me don't know."

The villain shook his head as he said the words, just as though he did not know.

"Here now, no lyin', greaser. You heard what I said jest now. I want yer to tell me what yer come back here for."

"We come back to shoot Young Wild West."

The speaker seemed relieved as he gave utterance to the words.

"Oh, you low-down, sneakin' rascal! You have got ther nerve to set there an' tell us that yer come back here to shoot Young Wild West, have yer? I've a notion to fill yer full of holes."

At this juncture Hop stepped up, his big revolver in his hand and ready for use.

"Me allee samee shootee um greaser," he said, smilingly, just as though it would be a huge joke. "You watchee me."

Then he deliberately pointed the weapon at the prisoner's breast and pulled the trigger. The report that sounded was hardly loud enough to be heard a distance of a couple of hundred yards, but the greaser uttered a yell of terror and rolled over upon the ground. All but Anna and Eloise thought surely the Chinaman had killed the prisoner.

"Thunder!" exclaimed Ben Zimmer, looking at the Chinaman. "What did yer do that for? Well, I s'pose it's all right. But I don't think it was a good plan to kill ther galoot that way. I s'pose he oughter have had a good show."

"Me fixe," retorted Hop, blandly, and smiling more than ever. "You lookee."

The guide quickly turned the Mexican over upon his back. A portion of his breast seemed to be covered with blood.

"I reckon yer fixed him all right," he said, shaking his head.

But just then Pedro opened his eyes and looked around in a frightened way.

"Why, he isn't dead," declared Harry Turner.

"No," his brother hastened to add. "He doesn't seem to be hurt any, either."

Then the latter bent down and looked for the wound. But there was no wound there. Some

sticky liquid of a red hue upon his shirt was all that could be seen. It was spattered all around, too.

"He isn't even hurt," declared the young man as he arose to his feet. "That is not blood, either."

Then Hop broke into a laugh.

"Lat allee light," he said. "Me makee um greaser allee samee think he dead for lilee while, so be."

"Thunder!" ejaculated the guide, who now seemed more surprised than he had been at first.

"What did yer do, anyway, heathen?"

Then Hop explained that he had placed four or five over-ripe berries in the muzzle of his pistol, and that as there was no bullet in the chamber the berries had simply struck against the man's breast and spattered the juice over his shirt.

"Well, that beats me," the guide declared. "What won't you be up ter next, heathen? You sartinly have a way of makin' fun out of every-thing, I reckon."

"Me allee samee velly smartee Chinee, so be."

This was said with a certain degree of pride, and the Chinaman began stalking up and down in the manner of a person of great importance. The two hunters now laughed. They could not help it, for the whole thing had such a comical aspect that it offset anything like danger.

"Hop," said the scout's wife, sternly, "you should not do such things. Don't you know that this is no time for fooling?"

"Lat allee light, Misse Anna," the Chinaman retorted. "Me likee havee lilee fun, so be; me wantee makee um greaser velly muchee flaid. He allee samee bigee coward."

Meanwhile Pedro had partly recovered from his fear. He realized that he had not been shot, so his hopes rose.

"You let me a-go?" he said, pleadingly, as he looked at Zimmer.

"Not much," was the retort. "I reckon we'll keep you right here till Young Wild West comes back. Maybe he'll let yer go, but I don't think he will."

"He'll hang him, most likely," spoke up John Turner, seriously, for he no doubt thought that was the way of doing things in that part of the country.

"And he is quite deserving of it, too," his brother chimed in.

Anna and Eloise said nothing to this, though they well knew that Wild never did a thing of that kind. He never took the law in his own hands, unless it was to save his own life, or the lives of others. Of course if a villain shot at him he would answer the shot and very often he shot to kill. But he always acted according to his judgment in the case. In spite of the fact that Anna had told him that he should not act that way, Hop was not through with the prisoner yet. He soon came over and sat down before him. Pedro had now lifted himself to a sitting posture, his back against a rock.

"Me velly much solly for you," declared the clever Chinaman, shaking his head and looking as solemn as an owl.

Then he coolly drew forth a small whisky flask from one of his pockets, and removing the cork drank about half of the contents. As he did this Harry Turner involuntarily felt in one of his pockets. A look of amazement crossed the young man's face the moment he did this, for the fact was he had possessed a flask of whisky that looked very much like the one the Chinaman now had. But it was not in his pocket now.

"Say," he said suddenly, "where did you get that flask, Hop?"

"Me havee lat for thlee, four days," was the reply.

"I must say I doubt you. That looks very much like one I had a short time ago. I guess you have been pretty close to me, haven't you?"

"Me no undelstand," and then Hop quickly placed the cork in the bottle and dropped it back in his coat.

Then he acted as though he had forgotten something, and quickly drew forth a flask that was about the same size and shape as the other. But it was not the same one, as Harry Turner could tell. His had a label pasted on it, and this was without one.

"Me wantee givee um greaser lillee dlink, so be," Hop said. "He feelee velly muchee bad, so be."

The cork was removed and Pedro thrust out his face willingly to get the drink. Hop placed his left hand behind his head, and then tipped the bottle. Gurgle-gurgle. The fluid went down the Mexican's throat in a stream. Then Hop let go his head and jumped back, while his victim uttered a gasping groan and then began to cough and strangle. He rolled upon the ground as if in agony, while Hop danced before him and laughed loud and long, still holding the flask in his hand. Harry Turner quickly stepped forward and took it from him. He placed it to his nostrils, and then a light broke upon his face.

"No wonder the greaser is nearly strangled," he exclaimed, turning to his brother. "That isn't whisky. It smells like red pepper."

"Lat light," spoke up Hop. "Lat allee samee watee and led peppee. Me fixee uppee for um greaser, so be. Me velly smartee Chinee."

"Let me see that stuff," said Ben Zimmer, a grin showing on his face.

The flask was handed to him, and when he had smelled the contents he, too, laughed heartily.

"Well, I reckon it serves the galoot jest about right," he said. "It won't kill him, anyhow. He's gittin' better now."

"Me know whattee he wantee," declared Hop, suddenly. "He wantee some watee. Takee um tastee flom um mouth, so be."

He quickly ran and got a bucket that was half full of water.

"You takee lillee dlink, and len you allee samee feelee allee light, so be," he said, as he held the bucket by the bottom with his left hand and placed it before the face of the prisoner.

Pedro was really burning up inside, so he opened his mouth to get a drink. Just as he had swallowed one mouthful Hop turned the bucket upside down suddenly and let it come down over his head. The villainous greaser was drenched

to the skin, of course, and he began shouting in Spanish as he rolled upon the ground in an effort to extricate his head from the bucket. The guide sat down and laughed, holding his sides with his hands.

"That is sartinly ther funniest thing I've seen in a dog's age," he declared, as the tears fairly rolled down his cheeks.

Of course the two hunters joined in with him, and even Anna and Eloise were forced to smile. The greaser was certainly getting bad medicine from the Chinaman. But Hop was simply taking advantage of Wild's absence. He knew very well that if the young deadshot had been there he would not have dared to do such a thing. The fact that Charlie and Jim were away, too, made him have full swing, so to speak. It was seldom he would listen to the advice of Anna and Eloise, and as for his brother Wing, he regarded him as absolutely nothing in that line. John Turner at length got up and removed the bucket from the Mexican's head. Pedro seemed much relieved. He had swallowed enough of the water to take the burning sensation from his throat. It now occurred to the guide that it might be a good idea to go and see what was taking place elsewhere.

"I reckon I'd better foller ther gal," he said, turning to the two hunters. "I s'pose I oughter have done it afore. I'll leave it ter you two to look out for ther camp."

He had scarcely spoken when two shots rang out in quick succession.

"There's shootin' goin' on," he added, quickly. "I'll leave right away. Jest look out for things, will yer?"

The Turner brothers declared that they would, and then quickly grabbing his rifle, Zimmer started in the direction Arietta had taken when she climbed up the bank.

"Um greaser shake-up allee samee begin, so be," observed Hop, as he quickly got himself ready to leave the camp. "Me go, too, so be."

He paused long enough to reload the chamber of his revolver that had been emptied when he played the trick upon the prisoner, and then started away. Hop was not a bit afraid to go, since he knew very well that Young Wild West and his friends must be very close by. They had set out to follow the greasers when they went away, and they surely had followed them pretty closely when they turned and came back toward the camp. As the Chinaman reached the top of the bank a dozen more shots sounded not far away.

"Um greaser shake-up allee samee takee place, so be," he muttered, as he smiled blandly, and nodded his head. "Me takee lookee, allee samee."

CHAPTER X.—Young Wild West's Deadly Peril.

Charlie and Jim waited patiently. After what seemed to be a long time, though it was really but a few minutes, they suddenly heard the voice of Young Wild West in a call for help.

"Great gimlets!" exclaimed the scout, leaping to his feet. "I reckon we're wanted, Jim."

"I reckon so," Dart replied, as he leaped to his horse and quickly swung himself into the saddle.

"Come on, Charlie. We'll take Spitfire with us."
"That's right," and Charlie gave a nod of assent.

Then the two started to ride straight for the spot the cry had sounded from. By doing this they went a little wide of the glen where the greasers were waiting for their leader and Pedro. They had not gone very far, however, when they found it impossible to proceed any faster than a walk. The extreme ruggedness of the ground caused this. But nothing daunted, the two kept bravely on. They knew their dashing young partner was in trouble, for they had heard his voice telling that much. They soon found it necessary to change their course, and after they had gone a couple of hundred yards the way became clearer and they set out at a gallop again, intending to ride around and try and reach Wild, who must have been caught napping by the greasers. But they had to go a longer distance than they expected, and the result was that it was fully twenty minutes before they got around near the bank where our hero had been captured by Bad Juan. Finding that they could not proceed any further with their horses, they dismounted and looked for footprints. They soon came to a soft piece of ground, and then they not only saw the footprints of men, but those made by a feminine foot, too.

"I'll bet Arietta has started to look for Wild!" the scout exclaimed, as he pointed to the ground. "Them is her footprints, all right, Jim."

"I guess you're right, Charlie," was the reply. "Come on."

The two hurried over the rough ground and soon they came in sight of the greasers just as they were riding away from the glen. But when they saw that they had both Young Wild West and Arietta with them as prisoners they were not a little surprised.

"Great gimlets!" exclaimed the scout, as he raised his Winchester to his shoulder. "They've got Arietta, too. I wonder how it was that they managed to git Wild, though? But it's all right. Jest wait till ther galoots git past that heap of rocks over there, Jim. Then I reckon we'd better sorter thin 'em out a little."

Jim gave a nod and waited. In less than a minute the villains showed up, riding along two abreast toward a high cliff that was perhaps a mile distant. Crang, crang! Both the scout and Dart fired instantly, and two saddles were emptied. Whether the villains saw them or not, it was not long before they fired a volley of shots. Our two friends could hear the bullets whistling past them, but none came near enough to do any damage. The fact was that they could not have been hit very well, anyhow, since they had ducked behind the rocks immediately after firing. But the greasers were out of sight now, so Charlie and Jim ran back to their horses. They saw a way to get around and stand the chance of intercepting the gang, and they meant to do it as quickly as possible. They had scarcely started when Ben Zimmer, the guide, appeared, running swiftly toward them.

"What is ther matter?" he called out, anxiously.

"Enough's ther matter, I reckon," the scout

answered. "Them greasers has got Wild an' Arietta. You had better go back an' git your horse, if you're goin' ter be of any help ter us. Fetch along one of ther others, too."

"All right," was the quick reply, and the guide turned and ran swiftly back in the direction of the camp. He met Hop just as he was going to descend the bank, and quickly told him what was up.

"Lat velly muchee bad, so be," declared the Chinaman. "Me go gettee my horse, too, allee samee."

Then both returned quickly to the camp, and after letting those there know what had happened, they mounted and started to ride around as Cheyenne Charlie had told Zimmer to do.

"One of you fellers kin come along, too," the guide called out, as he rode away. "I reckon you may be needed."

Harry Turner was the first to make a move to go, so that left it to John to remain at the camp with the girls and Wing. Soon they were following the direction Charlie and Jim had taken, all bent upon rescuing Young Wild West and his sweetheart as quickly as possible. Meanwhile let us see how it was that Arietta came to be captured by the greasers. The brave girl had seen evidences of a struggle when she got to the top of the bank and hurried along for a short distance. The trail was easy to follow, so rifle in hand, she proceeded on her way. But luck seemed to be against her just then, for it happened that two of the greasers had been sent back by Bad Juan to try and find out what had happened to Pedro. They saw her coming, and they hid behind the rocks and waited for her. The result was that she was quickly overpowered, and was unable to even utter a scream, since a hand was clapped over her mouth before she realized what had happened. The girl made a desperate struggle, but it was of no use, and her arms were bound to her sides. Then the two villains hurried her down and joined the rest. Bad Juan was delighted with the way things had turned out.

"Fortune is playing into my hands, boys," he said, in Spanish, to his followers. "Never mind about Pedro just now. I am sure they will not kill him. We have got Young Wild West and the girl. Let us get away to the high cliff over there and then we will be safe. Their friends will surely find our trail and come to try and rescue them. Then it will be easy for us to shoot them down as fast as they show themselves. Come on, my brave boys."

The villain spoke in such a confident way that his men were cheered up wonderfully. They hastened to obey what he said, and the result was that they were soon mounted and riding away with their two prisoners. But when the two shots fired by Charlie and Jim rang out and two of their number dropped to the ground, they did not feel quite so easy about it. They fired a volley, however, and then galloped on as fast as they could go over the rough ground. They had such a good start of our friends that in less than half an hour they had rounded the bad place which intervened between them and the cliffs they were heading for and reached the point Bad Juan was so anxious to get to. It was right upon the steen

side of the mountain where they finally came to a halt. There was a trail winding this way and that, all the while going upward, but when the villainous leader of the greasers reached a point that he thought was the right place to stop he did so. It was right at the edge of a perpendicular cliff that ran down for nearly a hundred feet to the jagged rocks below. Above them was a ledge that projected over their heads. This was probably fifty feet higher up. Bushes and vines grew from the face of the cliff here and there, and there were several projections of rock and similar ledges. As Bad Juan took all this in with a critical eye a sudden thought came to him.

"Young Wild West," said he, turning to our helpless hero, "I think the time has arrived when you must die. I would like to see you while you are going through that performance. Do you know what I am going to do with you?"

"I have not the least idea, senor," was the cool reply.

"Well, I will tell you," and the scoundrel fairly hissed the words. "I am going to have you taken to the top of the cliff and then thrown over. You will fall directly past us as you go down to your death, and I will have a chance to see the expression of your face as you are going. I think that will be torture enough to satisfy me."

"You fiend, you!" exclaimed Wild, his face turning pale.

He now realized that unless help came quickly it would be all up with him. But he was not the one to beg for his life. He knew it would be useless, anyway.

"Go ahead and kill me, you sneaking coyote," he said, in a voice that was very calm. "I know you will do it if you can. But be sure that you make a success when you try it. Look out that a bullet does not cut your life short before it is done, however. I have faithful friends near at hand."

"I hope you have," and Bad Juan laughed fiendishly. "We want them to be close at hand, for we mean to shoot them as fast as they show themselves. When it is done I will take your sweetheart home and send for a priest to marry us. She is going to be the bride of Bad Juan, the horse thief, Young Wild West! I told you that before. Now I tell it to you, knowing that it will be so."

"Never!" cried Arietta, her eyes flashing. "I'll die first."

"Oh, no you won't," and Bad Juan laughed, sarcastically. "You will soon change your mind. You will learn to love me, my fair senorita. Let me see, what is your name? I think I heard them call you Arietta, while I was a prisoner at your camp. Yes, that is it, Senorita Arietta. What a pretty name. What a blushing, beautiful bride you will make for Bad Juan, the horse thief."

Again the scoundrel laughed, this time in a way that showed how delighted he was at what he had succeeded in accomplishing.

"Do your worst, you fiend," the girl retorted. "But I will die before anything like what you say can happen."

"We will see about that, my fair senorita."

"Don't argue the question with him, Et," spoke

up Wild, who was reclining on a flat rock near her. "What he says amounts to nothing. Even now Charlie and Jim are close at hand. The first thing you know some of these galoots will be dropping right and left."

The words of the boy seemed to strike terror to the hearts of the greasers, with the possible exception of their leader. The fact was that Bad Juan was now worked into such a state of rapture from the success he had met with that he did not think of danger. His idea was that it would be impossible for anyone to reach them, and to shoot them from below seemed out of the question, for in order to do this the friends of the two captives must necessarily show themselves.

"Ha, ha, ha!" he laughed, fiendishly. "You're a very brave boy, Young Wild West. But in your own heart you know that what you are saying is not true. There is no hope there. You are simply trying to make a bluff, as you Americans call it. Your time has come. There is no power on earth that can save you now."

"All right, you scoundrel. You can have it your own way for a while. But I will have it my way before very long. You can bet on that."

"Enough of this," the fiendish greaser cried.

Then selecting three of his followers, he instructed them to carry the boy to the top of the cliff and hurl him downward toward the jagged rocks that lay so far below.

"Cut the ropes from him as you do it," he ordered. "I want to see him grasping and kicking in his mad efforts to catch upon something to save him as he goes down. Oh, but this will be a sweet revenge for Bad Juan, the horse thief. Think of it! The wonderful boy who is the Champion Deadshot of America is going to take a dive down to the sharp, cruel rocks so far below. He will not die from fright, that is sure, so he must necessarily feel it for the fraction of a second when he strikes. Good-by, Young Wild West. Ha, ha, ha!"

The three greasers now picked up the boy, and in spite of his struggles started to climb the ascent with him. They carried him along bodily, and in about five minutes they reached the spot that overlooked the deep chasm. Bad Juan could see them plainly as they came to the edge.

"Cut his bonds and hurl him over," he called out, his eyes flashing with fiendish joy.

Wild's state of mind at this moment can better be imagined than described. He turned his head and looked in every direction, but could not see anything of his friends. It seemed that his last minute to live had arrived. But he had always declared that he would never plead for his life, so he did not do so now. Two of the men drew their knives and stood ready to sever his bonds. The other held him insecurely, and one little push would send him rolling from the top of the cliff.

"It may be that you will kill me," Wild said, turning his eyes upon the scoundrels. "But you will surely die in a very few minutes, so it will do you no good. If you dare to throw me over the cliff, go ahead."

The villains paid no attention to the boy's words. The ropes were cut almost simultaneously, and then the boy made a desperate effort to

save himself. He succeeded in grasping one of the greasers about the ankle, and as the one waiting gave him a shove just then both went over the cliff, headlong.

CHAPTER XI.—Conclusion.

Arietta, her face pale as death, waited with wildly beating heart. She had risen to her feet now, and stood close to Bad Juan, her eyes turned toward the top of the cliff. As she saw Wild and the greaser come dashing down a shriek of agony left her lips. The yell of terror the Mexican uttered pierced the ears of those waiting below, and when they saw Young Wild West let go his hold upon the man's ankle, and then caught a glimpse of him as he went whirling past him on his swift downward course, even Bad Juan's heart ceased beating for the moment. Arietta had shut her eyes, for she surely thought her dashing young lover had gone to his death. But a strange cry came from one of the greasers, and she opened them quickly and looked upward. There lay Wild upon a sloping, narrow ledge less than thirty feet above them. A thrill of joy shot through the heart of the brave girl.

It seemed almost a miracle that the boy had landed there. But it flashed upon her that it must have been caused when he swung himself free from the greaser. The distance he had fallen might have been thirty or forty feet, but there was a possibility of his being alive. The face of Bad Juan was now a sickly yellow. It took him nearly half a minute to realize that Young Wild West had not fallen far from the top of the cliff. But to all appearance the boy was dead, for he lay there motionless.

"Cut my hands loose!" exclaimed Arietta, turning to the villain, who stood at her side. "I must go to him."

"No," was the reply. "He is dead. He died quicker than I thought he would. But he is dead, nevertheless. You must go with me, and be my bride, Senorita Arietta."

Just then a savage growl sounded above them. All eyes turned in the direction it came from, and then a monster mountain lion appeared. The animal had no doubt been startled from its lair by the sounds so near it, and with cat-like tread it was now approaching the unconscious boy who lay in such a precarious position upon the narrow ledge. If he was not dead already, it seemed that he surely would be in a few seconds.

"Cut me loose," shrieked Arietta, turning to the leader of the greasers. "I must save Wild."

"I will put you to the test, senorita," said Bad Juan, suddenly, as his eyes flashed. "If you dare go up there and face that mountain lion you will prove to me that you are indeed worthy of becoming my bride."

Then without an instant's delay he suddenly cut the bonds that held the girl's arms to her sides. With a quick movement Arietta seized one of his revolvers and whipped it from the holster. Then she darted forward and was quickly scrambling up the rocks. The fierce animal saw her coming, and paused, while the growl that came from it was enough to strike terror to the heart of an ordinary girl. Arietta knew what it was, for she had seen many of them. It was one of the larger species of the panther, fre-

quently called mountain lion or catamount. But the revolver she had taken from Bad Juan was of a heavy caliber, and fully realizing that it all depended upon her to save her dashing young lover from being torn to pieces by the animal, she struggled bravely upward.

A bullet from the revolver she had, if put in the right place, would kill the panther. She knew that. It all flashed through her mind in the fraction of a second. The training the girl had received now stood her in good stead. Hardly one out of a thousand would have thought of doing what she was trying to do, much less have started to do it. Though the sharp rocks cut her fingers as she grasped them to assist her to move faster, Arietta did not falter. Though it seemed to be a long time before she got near enough, it was really but a few seconds. The time had come for her to act, and act she did.

The panther crept down the rocks toward the unconscious Young Wild West. But Arietta did not flinch. She aimed a revolver at the beast and fired one shot. The bullet went true to the mark. It caught the panther squarely in the left eye and plowed its way into the brain. Uttering shriek that seemed almost human in its intensity, the beast reared into the air and then went crashing downward to the rocks below. It scarcely cleared the brave girl in its downward descent, but she paid no attention to it. She was now within reach of Wild, and that was all she thought of just then. Reaching out, the girl raised the head of her boy lover and then placed her ear to his heart. It was beating. A thrill of joy shot through her, and then she called out: "Wild, Wild! Open your eyes."

The form trembled slightly, and then as though he had heard and understood, the boy opened his eyes. As he saw the face of his sweetheart so close to his a smile showed upon his features. "Am I alive yet, Et?" he asked, feebly.

"Yes, yes. Oh, Wild," and the girl imprinted a kiss upon his forehead. "I am so glad that I know not what to do."

If it had not been that the boy's downward progress had been somewhat checked by coming in contact with the unearthened brush that grew out from the face of the cliff he would surely have been killed by the fall. As it was, he had simply been rendered unconscious, and badly shaken up. No bones were broken, though he would no doubt feel the effects of the bruises for days to come. As Arietta raised him to a sitting posture, and then pulled his feet downward so he might descend with her a shout sounded from further below that caused her to turn and look.

"Whoopee, whoopee! Wow, wow! Yip, yip, yip!"

It was Cheyenne Charlie's cowboy call.

"Caramba!" cried Bad Juan, as he turned to flee.

Crang, crang, cra-ang! The Winchesters were cracking merrily now, if such a term may be used. Arietta saw the greasers dropping right and left. All but the leader went down before the fierce volley. Young Wild West possessed such a strong constitution that since he had recovered consciousness it took but a minute or two for him to come to his old self again. He turned and looked to the

left and was just in time to see Bad Juan climbing higher toward the top of the cliff.

"Let me have that gun, Et," he said, quickly. "I am going to get that galoot. It will be a pleasure to me to shoot him."

He took the revolver from the girl's hand almost before she knew it, and then after getting a good footing, he started after the greaser leader. It seemed that all his strength had returned to him, for he went ahead with the agility of a mountain goat. Bad Juan kept on until he found it was impossible for him to get further up. Only the smooth wall of the rock was before him now. He must stand and fight. There was no alternative. As he saw the boy he thought had been surely killed coming toward him, his own revolver clutched in his hand ready to fire, a look of arrant fear shone in his dark eyes. But he had another pistol, and pulled it from the holster he prepared to open fire. But his finger never pressed the trigger. Wild knew it must be done, so he fired. Crack! As the report rang out Bad Juan straightened up and stood stock still for the space of a second. His arms dropped to his sides, and then he pitched forward and went rolling over and over down the descent.

"I reckon that will be about all," said our hero, coolly, as he turned to meet his sweetheart. "The greaser shake-up is over with. But I will confess that I have been shaken up pretty well myself. I can't say when I have had such an experience. But my usual luck was with me, Et. I was not born to be shot or killed by greasers, I reckon."

"Oh, Wild!" was all the girl said, as she threw her arms about his neck and leaned her head upon his shoulder.

Two minutes later Cheyenne Charlie and Jim Dart reached the scene. Then it was not long before Ben Zimmer and Hop appeared. They were closely followed by Harry Turner. As soon as they saw that there were no more greasers to interfere with them they broke into a rousing cheer that echoed over the mountainside. Why the greasers had failed to see the approach of Cheyenne Charlie and Jim Dart is easily explained. They had been forced to go around a little further to the right, and they had not struck the trail the greasers had followed when they came to the spot. Then they dismounted and had crept along under cover of the rocks until they were within about a hundred feet of the spot where the gang was located. None of them had seen Wild and the greaser go over the cliff, though they all caught a glimpse of the boy as he lay upon the narrow ledge, apparently lifeless.

They also saw the panther, and watched with bated breath as Arietta fired the shot that killed it. Then they did not wait a second, but opened fire upon the gang, with the result that had been told. Wild felt a little sore from the effects of his fall, as might be supposed. But a few minutes later he went on down to where the horses were waiting, and then mounting them they rode back to the camp. Cheyenne Charlie, who was a sort of surgeon in his way, took care of the bruises upon the boy's body, and by the aid of some liniment he had with him he eased his pain considerably.

"You will be all right ag'in in a couple of days, Wild," he said. "But that sartinly was ther closest call yer ever had."

"Well, I don't know about that, Charlie," was the smiling reply. "But I will admit that I thought it was all up with me when I felt myself going over the top of the cliff. But I made up my mind as I was going that someone was going with me. The greaser was less fortunate than I was. He went on down where Bad Juan had intended I should go. Well, I wasn't to be killed, that's all."

"You kin bet your life you wasn't, Wild. You ain't never goin' ter be killed in that fashion. I'm sartin of that."

"Hip hi! Hoolay!" exclaimed Hop Wah just then, as he began dancing about. "Me feelee allee samee likee um bully boy with um glassee eye. Me allee light! Evelybody allee light! Hip hi! Hoolay!"

Then he drew forth the whisky flask he had taken from one of the hunters and quickly swallowed the balance of the liquor it contained. The Turner brothers laughed at this.

"What are you goin' ter do with this galoot, Wild?" Charlie asked, nodding toward Pedro, who was sitting in a very dejected fashion upon a rock.

"Well," was the reply, "I reckon the greasers down in that village they came from won't know anything about the greaser shake-up if we settle him. I think we had better let him go, so he can see to burying the galoots. Then he can go down and tell his people the story. Maybe it will do them good to hear about our Greaser Shake-up, and How Arietta Strok the Test. I hardly think Bad Juan thought she would dare to try to save me, but she showed that she could do it, and that only proves that she is one girl out of a thousand. I think, in fact, that there is no girl living who would have done what she did."

"I would do the very same thing again, Wild," declared Arietta, blushing as red as a rose.

"I know you would, Et. You are all right," and then the dashing young deadshot kissed his sweetheart right before all hands.

There is not much more to add to our story. The events that had transpired were surely thrilling, but the greatest of all was when Young Wild West felt himself going over the cliff, and when Arietta stood the test by scrambling up among the sharp pointed rocks to save him from the panther. The hunters decided that they had had quite enough of it in that part of the country, so when our friends left the camping spot that afternoon they accompanied them.

"It vas better dot I get me back to New York, already," declared Dutchy. "I vas no like dem greaser fellers."

The next day they reached a mining camp, and then they settled down to take a few days' rest, since Wild needed it after what had happened to him.

Next week's issue will contain "YOUNG WILD WEST TRAILING A 'TERROR'; or, THE BANDIT CHIEF'S LAST CHANCE."

CURRENT NEWS

DISAPPEARING MONEY

In an effort to avert the small-change crisis France issued bronze-aluminum "jetons," or one-franc and two-franc tokens. These are disappearing at the rate of 800,000 a day—almost as fast as the mint turns them out. According to authorities these tokens, though intrinsically almost valueless, are going into the "woolen stockings" of the notoriously thrifty French to join the silver coins that vanished long ago. Means are being sought to force the people to disgorge the jetons.

NO OWNER FOR SILVER BARS

Bars of silver worth \$2,000 were returned by the police of Buffalo, N. Y., June 24 to Lewis Solomon, a street car conductor, who dug them up in a grove on the bank of the Niagara River in March. Several firms examined the bullion, but none could claim it as theirs, and the mystery of its ownership has not been solved.

Solomon came upon the treasure while digging for fishworms. It was wrapped in an old newspaper and a bag and apparently had been under the ground for many years.

NEW STAMPS ARE ON SALE

The new special delivery stamps, showing a messenger boy on a motorcycle delivering a letter at a colonial house, were placed on sale July 12 at the Philatelic Agency of the Postoffice Department and Postmaster General Work made the first

purchase. He will give the stamp to President Harding with a dye-proof prepared from the master proof of the stamp.

The second stamp went to Mrs. Irving Glover, wife of the Third Assistant Postmaster General, who is an enthusiastic philatelist.

In connection with the sale of the new stamps, the Postoffice Department announced that future issues of postage stamps will be in such designs and colors as to be "easily distinguishable and memorized."

A COFFEE POT FOR EARRING

A letter from P. Neyens, a New Guinea missionary, contains an interesting description of the natives of that island, known as the Kaja Kaja, says *Le Petit Parisien*, Paris.

These savages, who have a reputation for bravery and are powerfully built, paint their foreheads red or black, with white or yellow circles around the eyes. Their nostrils are frequently adorned with the claws of birds or prey or the tusks of wild pigs. From the lobes of their ears the most extraordinary variety of objects may be suspended, M. Neyens describing one warrior who wore an old coffee pot as an ear ornament.

The Kaja Kaja never bathe. Instead the body is rubbed with a variety of oils which give off an insufferable odor, augmented, it may be added, by the decomposing skins which they wear as arm decorations.

Big Value for 10 Cents

in the current

Mystery Magazine

It is filled with good summer reading matter that will help you to while away the hot summer days, and fill you with keen enjoyment. The number out today contains a startling feature detective story that will thrill you from start to finish. Then there are a number of gripping short stories of the mysterious kind that fascinate, and no end of short articles on odd subjects. The pages are splendidly illustrated, have handsome colored covers, and 64 pages of reading matter.

DON'T MISS IT!

GET A COPY!

Charlie, the Chauffeur

— OR —

THE LUCK OF A WORKING LAD

By DICK ELLISON

(A SERIAL STORY)

CHAPTER XII.

How Charlie Captured His Boss.

"I wish I could help you, but I've come a long way out of my road and—well, to tell you the truth, boy, I'm a jewelry drummer, and I really have no right to take any risk."

"I don't ask you to," said Charlie. "You've done enough as it is."

"Come," said Benson, "I'll tell you what I will do if you are determined to go over that wall exploring. I'll wait for you, and you can come back and tell me what you bunk up against. Then I'll take you to Barrian and we'll rout out a deputy sheriff. I happen to know one there. I'm inclined to think he'd take a hand in the game to oblige me. Whichever way you look at it, this is a high-handed outrage and I'd like to see those fellows punished."

"All right," said Charlie. "I'm sure you are just as kind as you can be. I'm going over the wall now."

"Look out for dogs," young Benson called, as he was dropping from the wall, which was easily climbed.

Charlie now found himself in a private park. He could see lights ahead of him, but whether they were the lights of the cars or came from some house he could not tell.

Just then the recollection of something which had occurred when he and Mr. Pendleton were starting away from home flashed across the boy's mind.

At the last moment the lawyer had opened his dress-suit case, and taking out a flat package, he placed it in the tool-box.

Charlie wondered what it was.

The thought made no particular impression on his mind just then, but it was to come to him again later on.

He stole forward among the trees and presently came in sight of a large square stone house. It was entirely dark. The lights Charlie had seen came from the two cars.

He was just in time to see two men half assisting, half dragging Mr. Pendleton through a side door, with the red-faced man following them.

No dog barked; after the door closed upon them all was still except for the chirping of insects and the hoarse croak of a treetoad.

Charlie crept on up to the house, where a light had now appeared in a certain window on the ground floor.

The night was intensely hot, and when Charlie got to this window he found it open. Thus he was

not only able to look into the room, but to hear every word that was being said.

Mr. Pendleton was sitting all hunched up in a chair looking very much distressed. The red-faced man stood facing him; the other two, still masked, stood near the door.

"This is a fine trick you've played me, Brower," the lawyer was saying. "I'm satisfied that you gave me knock-out drops. I wouldn't have believed it of you."

"The only trouble with you, Pendleton, is that you are a fool," the other replied. "I can scarcely imagine a man hitting the booze with such business as you had on hand to-day; but you're the same old Tom. It gets you every time. Now then, hand over that contract and send in your bill and it will be promptly paid."

"Never!" cried Pendleton. "Weak I may be, but crooked never! I leave that to you. You're so crooked that you could hide behind a corkscrew if it was big enough."

"Talk won't help you, Tom. See these two men? They are in my pay. Out of this you don't go till I get that contract. And why not? You get your fee just the same. Another thing I'll tell you, give up and I shall see to it that a whole lot of the railroad's law business comes your way."

"Never!" shouted the lawyer. "I drink occasionally, but I'm straight. I never sold out a client yet. But listen here, Jim. You are only wasting effort. I haven't got the contract anyhow."

"You lie!" snarled Brower, shaking his fist in the lawyer's face. "You simply lie. Give it up, or I shall take it from you forcibly. It is concealed somewhere about you. We know it's not in your pockets nor in your suit-case. We've covered all that ground."

"You'll get nothing out of me, Jim, and that's all there is to it," retorted the lawyer. "Of course, you may have decided to kill me. I don't know. It wouldn't be the first time you people have done murder to gain your ends, but if I ever do get my innings, look out for yourself—that's all."

"Bah!" cried Brower, snapping his fingers. "Just as though you dared to make a move against me. You know what would happen then. Now, then, give up, or I order these men to strip you to the buff and search you thoroughly. I guess the contract will turn up all right."

"Jim Brower, I haven't got that contract. You may do what you say, but you'll only be wasting time," the lawyer replied.

"Strip him!" cried Brower, and the two masks advanced upon Mr. Pendleton.

"What shall I do? What can I do?" thought Charlie, drawing away from the open window, for Brower was now coming toward it.

Just then he heard Mr. Pendleton speaking again, and he strained his ears to catch the words.

"Wait, Jim," the lawyer was saying. "Give me time to think. My head is anything but clear. Perhaps I can suggest a compromise."

"I am certainly open to any proposition you may have to make," replied Brower. "There's no better lawyer in the State of New York than Tom Pendleton. How much time do you want?"

"Half an hour."

(To be continued.)

ITEMS OF INTEREST

TURTLE SNAPS OFF HIS NOSE

Because he became inquisitive and wanted to see where a turtle put its head when it drew back into its shell, Gustive Gustafson, a Swede, of Pittsburgh, Pa., is minus his nose. The turtle popped out its head and snapped off the Swede's nose when he was peering into the head end of the shell. Gustafson purchased the turtle, an eight-pounder, from a fish dealer in Homestead, and was going home when the accident occurred.

FOUND LARGE SUMS, GOT SMALL REWARDS

"Honesty is the best policy—please have a banana!" Mrs. Sarah Kingscote said to the policeman who accompanied her to Blackburn's, the wholesale fruiterers. She found a wallet containing \$5,000 in notes, and took it to a policeman. Together they examined it and learned the name of the owner. When she returned the wallet he gave her one dozen overripe banana as her reward.

Her sentiment must have been shared by William Johnston, a Glasgow dairyman, who found two mail bags containing more than \$8,000 in cash a few weeks ago and returned them to the post-office. He has just received an official reward of thirty shillings.

A POWERFUL POISON

A poison, the most powerful known, is reported to have been extracted by a German chemist from the seeds of the ricinus, the familiar castor oil plant, and has been attracting much attention on account of its remarkable properties. Its power is estimated to be so great that a grain—about a thirtieth of an ounce—would kill a million and a half guinea pigs. If administered so as to cause severe illness without death, it gives immunity against a larger quantity, and the dose can be gradually increased until more than a thousand times as much can be endured as would kill an untreated animal. Though arsenic, morphine and other poisons can be taken in larger and larger quantity, says *Popular Mechanics*, nothing approaching this marvellous increase in dose can be borne.

SAW TREES IN 100 FATHOMS OF WATER

Among the achievements of the ill-fated Shackleton expedition, it is claimed, is the discovery that diamonds exist in Antarctica. It is reported that a small island was found near South Georgia, where the mineralogist of the Quest, Sir Ernest's ship, made a large excavation and panned the soil, declaring that it was the exact type of alluvial deposit which bears diamonds elsewhere in the world. Further investigations will be made by experts.

The expedition also discovered Gargentum marine forests. They found the tops of trees above the water, and when soundings were taken the depth was 100 fathoms. The explorers believe they have found the tallest trees in the world.

Reports received here are that the Quest found

fish so plentiful in the Antarctic that it was unnecessary for the members of the expedition to bait their hooks.

WALKING ON WATER

An Italian electrician has invented an ingenious form of water-shoe to which he gives the name of "hydro ski." Compared with so-called water-shoes or skis already on the market it differs in the method of propulsion. Unlike forms introduced in the past, the present shoes, which are canvas pontoons, are provided with two sets of cross arms or axles to which paddles are fitted to their extremities.

The paddle is fastened to one pontoon by means of an eccentric axle, explains *Popular Science Monthly*, and to the other pontoon by another eccentric axle. Three axles are not in alignment, so that by shifting the weight of the body from one shoe to the other alternately, the paddle wheel is turned at a fair rate of speed with very little effort. Steering is facilitated by the use of a double-bladed paddle, which also enables the operator to maintain his balance.

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By CHAS. F. OURSLER

HARRY E. WOLFF, Publisher, Inc.,

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New York City

"Moving Picture Stories"

A Weekly Magazine Devoted to Photoplays and Players

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166 West 23d St., New York

A Locomotive Hero

By D. W. STEVENS

Well, gentlemen, if you wish it, I'll tell you the story. When I was a youth of nineteen and lived with my parents in a Pennsylvania town, I had a taste for railroading, although I had been educated for loftier pursuits.

During my college vacation I lounged about the station almost constantly, making friends with the trainmen, and especially with a driver named Silas Markley. I became much attached to this man, notwithstanding he was forty years old, and by no means a sociable fellow.

He was my ideal of a brave, skilful, thoroughbred driver, and I looked up to him as something of a hero. He was not a married man, but lived alone with his old mother.

When Markley's fireman left him, I induced him to let me take his place during the remainder of my vacation. He hesitated for some time before he consented to humor my boyish whim, but he finally yielded, and I was in great glee. The fact was, that in my idleness and the over-worked state of my brain, I craved the excitement as a confirmed drunkard does liquor, and besides, I had such longing dreams of the fiery ride through the hills, mounted literally on the iron horse.

But there came a time when I got my fill of excitement. Mrs. Markley one day formed a plan which seemed to give her a good deal of happiness. It was her son's birthday; and she wanted to go down to Philadelphia in the train without letting him know anything about it, and there purchase a present for him. She took me into her confidence and had me assist her. I arranged the preliminaries and got her into the train without being noticed by Markley, who, of course, was busy with his engine.

The old lady was in high glee over the bit of innocent deception she was practicing on her son. She enjoined me again not to tell Silas, and then I left her and took my place.

It was a midsummer day, and the weather was delightful. The train was neither an express nor an accommodation, but one which stopped at the principal stations on the route.

On this occasion, as there were two specials on the line, it was run to telegraph; that is, the driver has simply to obey the instructions which he receives at each station, so that he is but as a machine in the hands of one controller, who directs all trains from a central point and has the whole line under his eye.

Well, we started without mishap and up to time, and easily reached the first station in the time allotted to us. As we stopped there a boy ran alongside with the telegram, which he handed to the driver. The next moment I heard a smothered exclamation from Markley.

"Go back," he said to the boy; "tell Williams to have the message repeated; there's a mistake."

The boy dashed off; in ten minutes he came flying back. "Had it repeated," he panted; "Wil-

liams is storming at you; says there's no mistake, and you'd best get on." He thrust the second message up as he spoke.

Markley read it, and stood hesitating for half a minute. There was dismay and utter perplexity in the expression of his face as he looked at the telegram and the long train behind him. His lips moved as if he were calculating chances, and his eyes suddenly quailed as if he saw death at the end of the calculation. I was watching him with considerable curiosity. I ventured to ask him what was the matter, and what he was going to do.

"I'm going to obey," he replied, curtly. The engine gave a long shriek of horror that made me start, as if it was Markley's own voice. The next instant we rushed out of the station and dashed through low-lying farms at a speed which seemed dangerous to me.

"Put on more coal," said Markley.

I shoveled it in, but took time.

I was alarmed at the stern, cold rigidity of the man. His pallor was becoming frightful. I threw in the coal. At least we must stop at Dufreme. That was the next halt. The little town approached. As the first house came into view, the engine sent its shrieks of warning; it grew louder—louder.

We dashed into the street, up to the station where a group of passengers waited, and passed it without the halt of an instant, catching a glimpse of the appalled faces and the waiting crowd. Then we were in the fields again. The speed now became literally breathless, the furnace glared red-hot. The heat, the velocity, the terrible nervous strain of the man beside me, seemed to weight the air. I found myself drawing long, stentorian breaths like one drowning.

I heaped in the coal at intervals as he bade me. I did it because I was oppressed by an odd sense of duty which I never had in my ordinary brainwork. Since then I have understood how it is that dull, ignorant men, without a spark of enthusiasm, show such heroism as soldiers, firemen and captains of wrecked vessels. It is this overpowering sense of routine duty. It's a finer thing than sheer bravery in my idea. However, I began to think that Markley was mad—laboring under some frenzy from drink, though I had never seen him touch liquor.

"Markley," I shouted, "you are running this train into the jaws of death."

"I know it," he replied quietly.

"Your mother is aboard this train."

"Heavens!"

He staggered to his feet. But even then he did not remove his eye from the gauge.

"Make up the fire, Jack," very quietly.

"I will not. You may murder yourself and mother, but you shall not murder me."

He looked at me. His kindly gray eyes glared like those of a wild beast. But he controlled himself a moment.

"I could throw you off this engine and make short work of you," he said. "But look here, do you see the station yonder?"

I saw a faint streak against the sky about five miles ahead.

"I was told to reach that station by six o'clock,"

he continued. "The express train meeting us is due now. I ought to have laid by for it at Du-frame. I was told to come on. The track is a single one. Unless I can make the siding at the station in three minutes we shall meet in yonder hollow."

"Somebody's blundered?" I said.

"Yes, I think so."

I said nothing. I threw on coal; if I had had petroleum I should have thrown it on; but never was I calmer in my life. When death actually stares a man in the face it often frightens him into the most perfect composure. Markley pushed the valve still farther. The engine began to give a strange, panting sound. Far off to the south I could see the bituminous black smoke of a train. I looked at Markley inquiringly. He nodded. It was the express! I stooped to the fire.

"No more," he said.

I looked across the clear summer sky at the gray smoke of the peaceful little village, and beyond that at a black line coming closer, closer, across the sky. Then I turned to the watch. In one minute more—well, I confess I sat down and buried my face in my hands. I don't think I tried to pray. I had a confused thought of mangled, dying men and women—mothers and their babies.

There was a terrible shriek from the engine against which I leaned. Another in my face. A hot, hissing tempest swept past me. I looked up. We were on the siding, and the express had gone by. It grazed our end carriage in passing. In a sort of delirious joy I sprang up and shouted to Markley. He did not speak. He sat there immovable and cold as a stone. I went to the train and brought his mother to him, and when he opened his eyes and took the old lady's hand in his I turned away.

Yes, gentlemen, I have been in many a railway accident, but I have always considered that the closest shave I ever had.

LEGEND OF SWEET'S TREASURE

The mysterious visit of a party of Cherokee Indians from Oklahoma to Wolfe county, in the hills of southeastern Kentucky, recently has revived speculation and interest with regard to the lost silver mine of John Swift. It has revived the old belief among the people who live in that section of State that the Cherokees have a traditional secret—handed down from generation to generation since 140 years ago. It was 140 years ago that Swift was killed by a party of Indians, who took the crude maps and charts of his discoveries from his body.

It is a fact that about thirty years ago another party of Indians—Cherokees, and beyond doubt progenitors of those at the present moment in the hills of Wolfe county—came, bringing maps. Moreover, they are said by men who lived then and who are still alive to have discovered a chest of silver coin. Hence it is the general belief now that the mine is in Wolfe county.

The Greenup *Independent's* report continues:

"At an early day, silver money was in circulation in the settlement of what is now West Virginia said to have been made by Swift. It was

free from alloy, and of such a description as to indicate that it had not passed through an established mint.

"A bar of pure silver was found some years ago near a small mill in Carter county which was thought to have been smelted from ore obtained from silver mines said to exist in that country. And within the past few days a piece of ore, which has every appearance of silver ore, and a small quantity of metal which is said to be silver, was shown by a gentleman of undoubted veracity, who testifies that he got the ore in the mountains of Kentucky, and with his own hands smelted the metal from ore he obtained in the mountains."

Yet, convincing as that is, there is more convincing evidence. From the papers of the late Wood C. Dollins of Mt. Sterling, Ky., are taken the following extracts:

"A memorandum of John Swift's journal has fallen into our hands, which is an exceedingly curious document. It describes with some minuteness the journeys of 1761-2-4-7-8-9, and alludes to three other trips of which he kept no account. This is a part of Swift's journal: 'On the 1st of September, 1769, we left between 22,000 and 30,000 dollars and crows on large creek running near a South course. Close to the spot we marked our names (Swift, Jefferson, Munday and others) on a beech tree, with compass, square and trowel. No great distance from this place we left 15,000 coins of the same kind, marking three or four trees with markers. Not far from these we left the prize, near a forked white oak, and about three feet underground, and laid two long stones across it, marking several stones close about it. At the forks of Sandy, close by the fork, is a small rock, having a spring in one end of it. Between it and a small branch, we hid a prize underground; it was valued at 6,000 dollars. We likewise left 3,000 dollars buried in rocks of the rock-house.'"

ABOUT LITHUANIA

How many people have know what Lithuania is, where it is, who the Lithuanians are, and what their history has been? Not many, and yet Lithuania has had a dramatic, if a rather unchronicled, record.

Lithuania is the northernmost barrier between Russia and Germany, a strategic position, which, if she is independent, shuts the gate between East Prussia and Russia, and if she is overwhelmed, opens the gate. Lithuania is north of Poland with a sea coast line of 100 miles on the Baltic Sea.

Lithuania has retained her national characteristics in spite of hundreds of years of attempted denationalization by Germans, Poles and Russians successively. Edicts against her language, her religion, her customs, political repression and economic tyranny have all failed to keep down the little nation of 7,000,000 people.

Lithuania's people are neither Teutonic nor Slavic, but are a separate branch of the Indo-European race, with a language closely resembling the ancient Sanscrit. In appearance, Lithuanians are large and powerful, with fair hair and blue eyes. They are an industrious, tenacious people, with a high appreciation of culture, a rare capacity for work, both manual and mental.

WILD WEST WEEKLY

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INTERESTING ARTICLES

BEE SWARM SETTLED ON SPARE TIRE

Humming like an airplane, a swarm of bees sailed over the main street of Corning, N. Y., and, seeking a point to park, volplaned to the spare tire of a car occupied by a touring party. A farmer borrowed a barrel and hived the colony.

TREE FULL OF HONEY

A large tree was cut by Frank Harris at the foot of the Tuscarora Mountain, near his home, at Charleston, W. Va. It was a large hollow pine and was packed full of honey. The largest comb was nine and a half feet long. In some places it was four inches thick. The tree contained nine large pails of choice honey.

DIES AT 134; HAD SON OF 7

Among the many mourners at the funeral of "Uncle" John Shell, 134 years old, were his two sons, William, ninety, and Albert, seven, it became known at Louisville, Ky., when news was received that the oldest white man in the world had died July 6 at his home at Greasy Creek.

Albert is the offspring of a second marriage, "Uncle" John's first wife, who is said to have been two years his senior, having died about ten years ago.

He is said to have been born in Tennessee Sept. 3, 1788, the son of Samuel Shell, a gunmaker.

In 1919 he took his first airplane ride. On his visits to cities "Uncle" John told newspaper interviewers that he remembered having seen Daniel Boone and recalled the general mourning that followed the death of George Washington. He said he was too old to enlist in the Mexican War.

TO DAM NIAGARA RIVER

After more than ten years' investigation the International Waterways Commission recommended through the President the construction of a submerged dam, or weir, in the Niagara River, to raise the level of Lake Erie and its upper waters. The commission stated the value of the proposed work to Lake Erie ports could hardly be estimated, and that it would result in extensive improvements to harbors and docks.

The cost of the weir and consequent works to avoid damage to property is estimated at \$3,500,000. The dam would raise the level of the Niagara three feet for a distance of one and a half miles. The commission suggested the construction of a levee to prevent damage to adjoining property. The commission reported that the plan would raise the mean level of Lake St. Clair .23 foot and that of Lake Huron .09 foot.

The commission also reported that the weir would eliminate any injurious effect upon the Lake Erie level of diversion of water at Niagara Falls for water power. It was pointed out that diversion of water to the Chicago Drainage Canal, to the Erie Canal and for power plant purposes at Niagara Falls had considerably reduced the level at Lake Erie.

LAUGHS

"What do you think? Mrs. Zizzel, who never goes to church, has won the first prize in the church lottery!"

The Pessimist—He drank himself to death. Alas! The Optimist—But not until he had spent his money. Hurrah!

Little Girl—I want a cake of soap. Chemist—Have it scented? Little Girl—No. I won't have it scented. I'll take it with me; we only live around the corner.

She—Are you sure that you've never been engaged to anyone before? He—Certain. Why do you ask? She—Because you kiss as though you had had a lot of practice.

Borroughs—Mr. Merchant's out, you say? Why, he had an appointment with me here. That's very funny. New Office Boy—Yes, sir; I guess he thought it was, too. Anyway, he was laughin' when he went out.

Friend—I understand your wife's family trace their lineage back to William the Conqueror. Mr. Meek—I guess that's so. Old William was a terrible fighter, wasn't he?

"What's worrying you?" "Motor car," answered Mr. Chuggins. "It either goes so fast that I'm held up for speeding, or so slow that I'm warned not to obstruct traffic."

Mother—Johnny, don't you know it is wicked to throw away that bread and butter? If you live to my age you'll see the time when you'll wish you had it. Johnny—That's just what Aunt Lizzie, Cousin Jane and grandma always tell me. What good would it do to me then if I ate it up now?

Housekeeper—Lookee here! You are charging me two dollars for that whitewashing job, and yet it isn't six months since you did the same job for half that. Colored Artist—Yes'm; but you know cheap wo'k is po' wo'k; an' I did dat job so bad de las' time dat it done took me twice as long ter do it dis time.

FROM ALL POINTS

DINERS PICK FRUIT DIRECT FROM TREE

If New York is the place for freak dinners of a rather arid ingenuity and magnificence, it certainly is in Paris that are born the prettiest inventions connected with dining. The latest is the complete fruit tree, sufficiently dwarfed to be placed upon the table with its fruit hanging from the branches. One would imagine that this would be a toy for millionaires, but you can get a plum tree of this kind for the equivalent of \$2.50. Whether the fruit so grown is really worth eating is another matter.

HEN MOTHERS RABBITS

"Jessie," two-year-old Rhode Island Red hen, is matron and foster mother at the only rabbit orphanage in Syracuse, N. Y. "Jessie," owned by Carl R. Cook, adopted six parentless Belgian red rabbits a month ago and has literally taken them under her wing since then.

"Jessie," protecting her adopted family, has come out a winner in several bouts with neighborhood cats and dogs, who, out of curiosity, have sought to gain admittance to the isolation pen at the Cook hennery.

Norman Brooks of New Castle offers the only rivaling case. Three infant ground hogs and three beagle puppies are living in harmony at the Brooks home as members of one family, under the care of the mother of the pups. The old dog shows no distinction between her charges, and rough treatment of the foster children on the part of her own meets with prompt action by the mother.

SAW PLENTY OF WHALE

The impression many hold, that the decline of the whaling industry is because of the scarcity of whales is unfounded, according to reports brought to this port by every arriving ship.

The fact is whales are to-day more numerous and are found nearer the whaler's home than in the heyday of the deep sea harpooner. Schools of these big animals, numbering from six to thirty or forty, are very common sights in the coastwise trip from California to Seattle, while from here to any of the Alaska towns more whales are seen than any other kind of sea life. In fact, one skipper wrote in his log book that from Vancouver Island to Queen Charlotte Sound three whales convoyed the steamer the whole distance, encircling the ship at times and sounding or diving repeatedly so near the screws as to endanger both propellers and rudder.

No very large whales are seen—it takes 100 years for a whale to attain full size—but youthful or medium mammals are so numerous as to more than make up for the lack of such giants as used to yield 100 to 110 barrels of oil.

Whale oil is so low in the world's markets and the by-products of the mammals in disuse to such a degree that large operations by whalers are unprofitable.

The question confronting shipping interests is the possible danger to ship hulls from collision

with whales. Many of the old-time wooden hulls withstand the hard whale skulls, but few steel boats have had vital experience with the big creatures.

MUD VOLCANOES

Eruption of mud volcanoes in the edge of Mexico near the southern California line, as reported from El Centro, Cal., has introduced these "little brothers of Vesuvius" to some persons for the first time, and may have left the impression that this portion of the country is subject to major volcanic outbreaks. A bulletin issued from the Washington, D. C., headquarters of the National Geographic Society explains just what mud volcanoes are and tells something of their wide distribution around the world.

"The term 'volcano' is in a way a misnomer for these little mounds of boiling mud—a fact that is recognized sometimes by calling them 'mud geysers,'" says the bulletin. "Most of them, in the matter of size, bear to true volcanoes the relation of the proverbial molehill to the mountain. And while 'volcano,' with the picture that it brings up of demolished and buried cities, naturally inspires something of awe, 'mud volcanoes,' when they are not mildly interesting natural phenomena, are little more than nuisances.

"Like geysers, mud volcanoes are usually found in regions that have been subject to true volcanic action within recent geologic times. But this is not always true, and 'recent' in this sense may mean many thousands of years. In the case of geysers, water gathers in fissures, a portion of whose walls are hot, steam forms after a time and the column of water is expelled. In the case of mud volcanoes, a much smaller quantity of water is involved. It is usually turned completely into steam which forces its way through fine material and forms hot mud. In typical mud volcanoes the soft mud is forced out with little violence through the top of a small mound and flows down over the sides. Occasionally, however, a heavy column of mud traps the steam for a considerable period, which is ended by a geyser-like eruption that may throw the soft material and chunks of the hardened cone high in the air.

"Mud volcanoes are much more common than geysers. The only places in which geysers exist in appreciable numbers are in Yellowstone National Park, the largest and most important geyser region in the world; Iceland, the Malay Archipelago and the North Island of New Zealand. But mud volcanoes are scattered around the world. To the eastward they are first encountered in Iceland. In Europe they are found in Sicily, the mainland of Italy and the Russian Crimea; in Asia they occur at Baku, on islands in the Bay of Bengal and on the Malay Archipelago; farther east they are found in New Zealand. In the Western Hemisphere they are found in Colombia, in the Yellowstone Park, just south of the Mexican-California line in the delta of the Colorado River, and a few miles to the north on the eastern shore of the Salton Sea, in the Imperial Valley."

GOOD READING

SCATTERS 100 MARK BILLS FOR BERLIN POOR

An unknown man, believed to be an American, caused a sensation recently by dashing through the poor section of Berlin in a fast automobile, scattering 100 mark bills with both hands.

Many of the people, believing that what looked like money was only an advertising scheme, did not trouble to pick up the bills. But an old woman gathered up 500 marks, and others collected what they could.

BRICKLAYER BUILDS THEATRE SINGLE HANDED IN ENGLAND

The championship in bricklaying, from the standpoint of amount of work done by one man, is claimed by a British workman, Hotham Browne.

Single handed he has just finished laying all the bricks, 700,000 of them, in the Oxford Theatre at Workington, Cumberland, England. The job took two years. Had he worked under union rules he would have laid only 450,000 bricks in this same length of time.

The magnitude of this undertaking is shown by the fact that the building is 150 feet long and 50 feet wide and accommodates 1,400 people. Browne ignored all trade union rules and regulations and just went ahead laying brick after brick, day after day. When he had laid the first 100,000 people christened the building "Browne's' monument," but it is now known in the town as "the house that Browne built."

4,000 WILD HORSES TO BE ROUNDED UP IN WASHINGTON

The annual roundup of wild cayuses and derelict horses will start near Ephrata, Wash., within the next two weeks. From forty to sixty riders are engaged to cover the rough territory stretching from the Colville Indian reservation through the lava beds and sage brush to the Wallula River, near Oregon.

It is estimated that in this region four hundred miles long by forty or fifty wide, there are four thousand wild and outlaw steeds of many breeds, sizes and of all ages. At least five hundred of them formerly were work horses of the wheat ranches which, when turned out into the fields, wandered away or were enticed by the wild stallions to join their band and thus became suspicious and wary of man.

At the annual roundup as many of the horses as can be caught are broken to harness or sold in Eastern markets.

FLOWERS IN FOREIGN LANGUAGES

Did you know that some of the commonest of our garden and field flowers take their names from foreign languages? By finding out the meaning of these words we see the fancied resemblance suggested in the names.

Rhododendron comes from the word rhodon, which means "rose," and dendron which means tree. Thus the whole word means rose tree. Pansies were named from the French word pensee, meaning "thought." Verbeña gets its name from

the Latin word for "twig," iris from the Greek word for rainbow," and aster from the Greek word for "star."

Buttercups received their name because people thought that cows that ate them gave the best milk for making butter. It has since been proved that cows do not eat the little flowers we call "buttercups," but the name is so pretty that we have kept it.

Foxglove comes from "folk's glove," which means "fairy's glove," for the fairies were known as the "good folks."

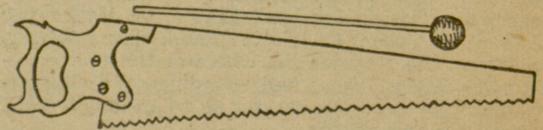
LURE SEALS TO DEATH BY MUSIC

Lured to their death by various musical instruments, hair seals, the most destructive salmon trap thieves, easily fall victims to bounty hunters, who are now hunting them near the largest rookeries on Puget Sound.

The hair seal—not the valuable fur bearers of Behring Sea—are fish eaters, and during the summer salmon runs tear their way into the salmon nets and traps. One seal will destroy \$2,000 worth of fish in a season.

They do not catch salmon because of hunger, for often a single bite is snapped out of the fat back of a fish and the rest left to other sea scavengers, so the hair seal is rightly labeled by the packing industry as a destructive pest. The State pays a bounty of \$3 for each hair seal killed and presented to the State Auditor.

Hair seals possess an absorbing affinity for musical notes, the wailing of a single fiddle string, the metallic wheeze of an old accordion, a mouth organ or other reed instrument. Hearing the music, seals in the vicinity poke their heads high above the surf, and a good rifleman cannot fail to hit the fairly large mark. The dead seal sinks at once, but refloats in a few hours and is tossed ashore by the tide.

Musical Handsaw
Greatest Novelty of the Age

If you can carry a tune in your head, you can learn to play this instrument, and secure a job on the stage at a good salary. No musical education necessary. Struck with a specially made mallet the perfectly tempered saw produces loud, clear, rich tones like a 'cello. The same effect may be had by using a violin bow on the edge. Any tune can be played by the wonderful vibrations of the saw. It requires two weeks' practice to make you an expert. When not playing you can work with the saw. It is a useful tool as well as a fine instrument.

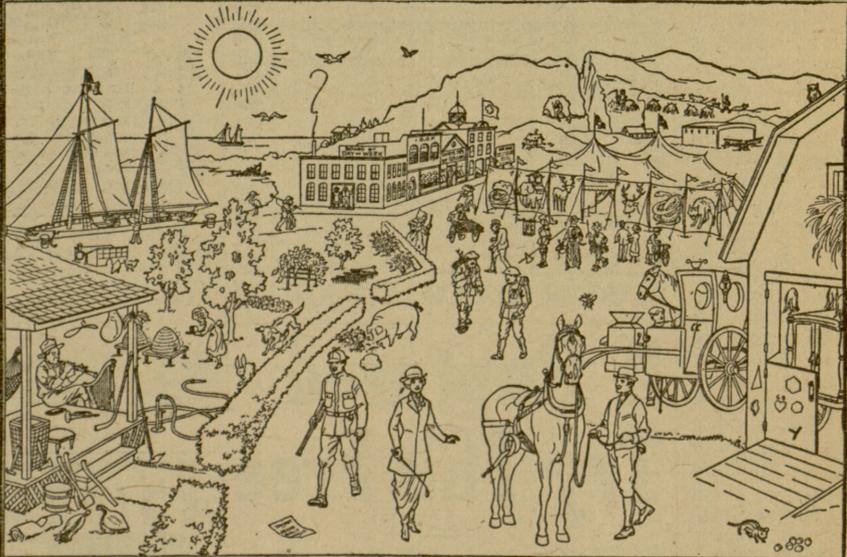
Price of Saw, Mallet and Instructions.....\$5

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Solve
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FREE Big Picture On Request

How Many Objects Beginning with "H" Can You Find in This Picture?
\$3,000 in Prizes

	Class A When no money is sent in.	Class B When \$1 is sent in for one 5-yr. subscription	Class C When \$2 is sent in for two 5-yr. subscriptions	Class D When \$5 is sent in for five 5-yr. subscriptions
1st Prize	\$40	\$200	\$400	\$1500
2nd Prize	20	100	200	750
3rd Prize	20	50	100	375
4th Prize	20	35	65	175
5th Prize	10	25	40	100
6th to 15th Prizes each	1	2	5	10

The Horse wears a Harness. On the woman in the foreground there is Hat, Head, Hand. That's five words to start on. How many more can you find? Write down the "H" words as you find them. See how easy it is. Nothing is hidden. You can win \$1,500.

Open to Everybody!

It doesn't cost one cent to enter this contest or to win a prize. If you send no subscription to "Home Folks" and your list is the largest which correctly names the "H" objects in the picture, you will be awarded first prize of \$40.

How to Win the \$1500

Remember, you do not need to send in any subscriptions in order to win a cash prize. But if you send in \$1 for one 5-year subscription and the judges decide your list is best, you win \$200 instead of \$40. If you send in \$2 for two 5-year subscriptions, and are awarded first prize, you get \$400. But if you send us \$5 for five 5-year subscriptions, and win first prize, you get \$1500; for the second best list you would get \$750; for third best list \$375, etc., as shown in Class D prize column. Win all you can.

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Read These Rules:

1. Any person living in America (outside of Chicago, Ill., except employees of Home Folks Magazine or their relatives, may submit an answer. There is no entrance fee.
2. The answer having the largest number of words which correctly name objects beginning with the letter "H" will win first prize, and so on down the list of 15 prizes. The winning list will be made up from the words submitted by the contestants, and not controlled by any predetermined list of words selected by the judges as being the correct "master" list. In case of ties for any prizes offered, full amount of the prize fund will be awarded each lying contestant.
3. Use only English words. Words of the same spelling but different meaning, and synonymous words will count only once. Either the singular or plural may be named, but not both. An object may be named only once, but its parts may also be named. Answers must not include hyphenated, compound or obsolete words, or words not applicable to objects shown in the picture. For each word that is incorrect, a percentage
4. Write your list of words on one side of the paper only. Number words consecutively—1, 2, 3, 4, etc. An enlarged picture will be furnished free on request.
5. Three judges independent of and having no connection with "Home Folks" Magazine will make the decisions and award the prizes. Their decisions must be accepted as final and conclusive. Prize winners will be notified immediately after the judges have made their decision, and names of winners and winning list of words will be published in "Home Folks" as soon as possible after the close of the contest.
6. In answering the puzzle. However, only one prize will be given to any household or group.
7. All word lists must be received not later than office closing time, September 20, 1922, but subscriptions to Home Folks Magazine sent to qualify lists for the prizes will be accepted if received up to office closing time Oct. 7th.

How I increased my salary more than 300%

by
Joseph Anderson

I AM just the average man—twenty-eight years old, with a wife and a three-year-old youngster. I left school when I was fourteen. My parents didn't want me to do it, but I thought I knew more than they did.

I can see my father now, standing before me, pleading, threatening, coaxing me to keep on with my schooling. With tears in his eyes he told me how he had been a failure all his life because of lack of education—that the untrained man is always forced to work for a small salary—that he had hoped, yes, and prayed, that I would be a more successful man than he was.

But no! My mind was made up. I had been offered a job at nine dollars a week and I was going to take it.

That nine dollars looked awfully big to me. I didn't realize then, nor for years afterward, that I was being paid only for the work of my hands. My brain didn't count.

THEN one day, glancing through a magazine, I came across the story of a man just like myself. He, too, had left school when he was fourteen years of age, and had worked for years at a small salary. But he was ambitious. He decided that he would get out of the rut by training himself to become expert in some line of work.

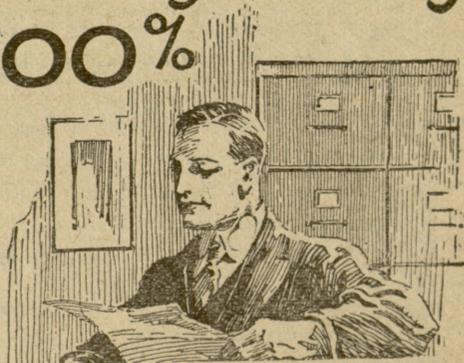
So he got in touch with the International Correspondence Schools at Scranton and started to study in his spare time at home. It was the turn in the road for him—the beginning of his success.

Most stories like that tell of the presidents of great institutions who are earning \$25,000 and \$50,000 a year. Those stories frighten me. I don't think I could ever earn that much. But this story told of a man who, through spare time study, lifted himself from \$25 to \$75 a week. It made an impression on me because it talked in terms I could understand. It seemed reasonable to suppose that I could do as well.

I tell you it didn't take me long that time to mark and send in that familiar coupon. Information regarding the Course I had marked came back by return mail. I found it wasn't too late to make up the education I had denied myself as a boy.

I was surprised to find out how fascinating a home-study course could be. The I. C. S. worked with me every hour I had to spare. I felt myself growing. I knew there was a bigger job waiting for me somewhere.

Four months after I enrolled my employer came to me and told me that he always gave preference to men who studied their jobs—and that my next



salary envelope would show how much he thought of the improvement in my work.

Today, my salary is more than 300% greater than it was when I began my studies. That increase has meant a better home and all the luxuries that make life worth while.

What I have done, you can do. For I am just an average man. I had no more education to begin with than you have—perhaps not as much. The only difference is a matter of training.

TO every man who is earning less than \$75 a week, I say simply this:—*Find out what the I. C. S. can do for you!*

It will take only a minute of your time to mark and mail the coupon. But that one simple act may change your whole life.

If I hadn't taken that first step four years ago I wouldn't be writing this message to you today! No, and I wouldn't be earning anywhere near \$75 a week, either!

----- TEAR OUT HERE -----
INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
BOX 4493 SCRANTON, PA.

Without cost or obligation please explain how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject before which I have marked an X:

- | | |
|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> ELEC. ENGINEER | <input type="checkbox"/> BUSINESS MANAGEMENT |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Lighting & Railways | <input type="checkbox"/> SALESMANSHIP |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Wiring | <input type="checkbox"/> ADVERTISING |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> MECHANICAL ENGINEER | <input type="checkbox"/> ILLUSTRATING |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Draftsman | <input type="checkbox"/> Cartooning |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Machine Shop Practice | <input type="checkbox"/> Private Secretary |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Toolmaker | <input type="checkbox"/> Business Correspondent |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Gas Engine Operating | <input type="checkbox"/> BOOKKEEPER |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> STATIONARY ENGINEER | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Accountant |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Concrete Builder | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Mail Clerk |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> PLUMBING & HEATING | <input type="checkbox"/> Mathematics |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Sheet Metal Worker | <input type="checkbox"/> Navigation |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Textile Overseer or Supt. | <input type="checkbox"/> AGRICULTURE <input type="checkbox"/> Spanish |
| <input type="checkbox"/> CHEMIST | <input type="checkbox"/> Poultry Raising <input type="checkbox"/> Banking |
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Name.....
Street..... 1-10-22
and No.....
City..... State.....
Occupation.....

Persons residing in Canada should send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada.

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