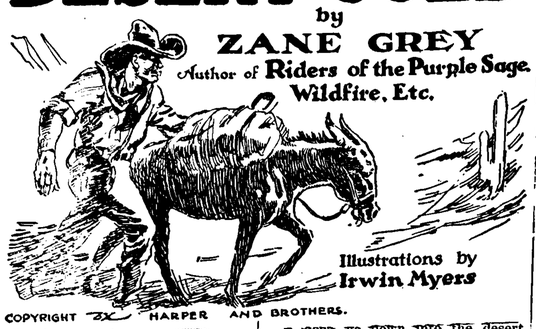
DESERT GOLD

by

ZANE GREY

Author of **Riders of the Purple Sage**, **Wildfire**, Etc.



Illustrations by **Irwin Myers**

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ZANE GREY

Romance and the thrill of adventure have not departed from the West. There are recesses of the southwestern desert known only to Yaqui and Papago Indians. These ultra-arid sections contain perils as great as when the entire expanse was a trackless waste.

At times the border between the United States and Mexico becomes a veritable "No Man's Land," as dangerous as any territory that existed in pioneer days. There is a great unwritten history of the experiences of present-day settlers, rangers and soldiers that is fine material for the novelist, especially for one with the talents of Zane Grey, who loves his modern West, who has caught its spirit, and who sees it in all its aspects with a clear eye.

Zanesville, Ohio, was his birthplace, and he is descended from the famous Zane family which figured so largely in pioneer history. Although he passed through the public schools of his native place and graduated from the University of Pennsylvania with credit, he had more fondness for outdoor sports than for studies, and became a distinguished player of amateur, college and professional baseball. After a short residence in New York city he became attracted to the West and adopting a writing career, has become about the most prominent exponent in America of virile, western literature. He is better able than any other novelist to present its more stirring phases romantically, interestingly and without resorting to exaggeration.

PROLOGUE

I

A face haunted Cameron—a woman's face. It was there in the white heart of the dying campfire; it hung in the shadows that hovered over the flickering light; it drifted in the darkness beyond.

This hour, when the day had closed and the lonely desert night set in with its dead silence, was one in which Cameron's mind was thronged with memories of a time long past—of a home back in Peoria, or a woman he had wronged and lost, and loved too late. He was a prospector for gold, a hunter of solitude, a lover of the dread, rock-ribbed infinitude, because he wanted to be alone to remember.

Then a sharp clink of metal on stone and soft pads of hoofs in sand prompted Cameron to reach for his gun, and to move out of the light of the waning campfire.

Figures darker than the gloom approached and took shape, and in the light turned out to be those of a white man and a heavily packed burro.

"Hello there," the man called, as he came to a halt and gazed about him. "I saw your fire. May I make camp here?"

Cameron came forth out of the shadow and greeted his visitor, whom he took for a prospector like himself. Cameron resented the breaking of his lonely campfire vigil, but he respected the law of the desert.

The stranger thanked him, and then slipped the pack from his burro. Then he rolled out his pack and began preparations for a meal. The campfire burst into a bright blaze, and by its light Cameron saw a man whose gray hair somehow did not seem to make him old, and whose stooped shoulders did not detract from an impression of rugged strength.

Another of those strange desert prospectors in whom there was some relentless driving power besides the lust for gold! Cameron felt that between this man and himself there was a subtle affinity, vague and undefined, perhaps born of the divination that here was a desert wanderer like himself, perhaps born of a deeper, an unintelligible relation having its roots back in the past. A long-forgotten sensation stirred in Cameron's breast, one so long forgotten that he could not recognize it. But it was akin to pain.

II

When he awakened he found, to his surprise, that his companion had departed. A trail in the sand led off to the north. There was no water in that direction. Cameron shrugged his shoulders; it was not his affair; he had his own problems. And straightway he forgot his strange visitor.

Cameron began his day, grateful for the solitude that was now unbroken, for the canon-furrowed, cactus-spired scene that now showed no sign of life. While it was yet light, and he was digging in a moist white-bordered wash for water, he was brought sharply up by hearing the crack of hard hoofs on stone. There down the canon came a man on a burro. Cameron recognized them.

"Hello, friend," called the man, halting. "Our trails crossed again—that's good."

"Hello," replied Cameron slowly. "Any mineral sign today?"

"No."

They made camp together, ate their frugal meal, smoked a pipe, and rolled in their blankets without exchanging many words. In the morning the same reticence, the same aloofness characterized the manner of both. But Cameron's companion, when he had packed his burro and was ready to start, faced about and said: "We might stay together, if it's all right with you."

"Hello, Friend," Called the Man, Halting. "Our Trails Crossed Again—That's Good."

"I never take a partner," replied Cameron.

"You're alone; I'm alone," said the other mildly. "It's a big place. If we find gold there'll be enough for two."

"I don't go down into the desert for gold alone," rejoined Cameron.

His companion's deep-set, luminous eyes emitted a singular flash. It moved Cameron to say that in the years of his wandering he had met no man who could endure equally with him the blasting heat, the blinding dust storms, the wilderness of sand and rock and lava and cactus, the terrible silence and desolation of the desert. "I may strike through the Sonora desert. I may head for Pinacate or north for the Colorado basin. You are an old man."

"I don't know the country, but to me one place is the same as another," replied his companion. Then with gentle slaps he drove his burro in behind Cameron. "Yes, I'm old. I'm lonely, too. It's come to me just lately. But, friend, I can still travel, and for a few days my company won't hurt you."

"Have it your way," said Cameron.

They began a slow march down into the desert. At sunset they camped under the lee of a low mesa. Cameron was glad his comrade had the Indian habit of silence. Another day's travel found the prospectors deep in the wilderness. Then there came a breaking of reserve, noticeable in the elder man, almost imperceptibly gradual in Cameron. And so, as Cameron began to respond to the influence of a desert less lonely than habitual, he began to take keener note of his comrade, and found him different from any other he had ever encountered in the wilderness. This man never grumbled at the heat, the glare, the driving sand, the sour water, the scant fare. He was tireless, patient, brooding.

Cameron's awakened interest brought home to him the realization that for years he had shunned companionship. In those years only three men had wandered into the desert with him, and these had left their bones to bleach in the shifting sands. Cameron had not cared to know their secrets. But the more he studied this latest comrade the more he began to suspect that he might have missed something in the others. In his own driving passion to take his secret into the limitless abode of silence and desolation, where he could be alone with it, he had forgotten that life dealt shocks to other men. Somehow this silent comrade reminded him.

One afternoon late, after they had toiled up a white, winding wash of sand and gravel, they came upon a dry waterhole. Cameron dug deep into the sand, but without avail. He was turning to retrace weary steps back to the last water when his comrade asked him to wait. Cameron watched him search in his pack and bring forth what appeared to be a small, forked branch of a peach tree. He grasped the prongs of the fork and held them before him with the end standing straight out, and then he began to walk along the stream bed. Cameron, at first amused, then amazed, then pitying, and at last curious, kept pace with the prospector. He saw a strong tension of his comrade's wrists, as if he was holding hard against a considerable force. The end of the peach branch began to quiver and turn, kept turning, and at length pointed to the ground.

"Dig here," said the prospector.

"What!" ejaculated Cameron. Had the man lost his mind?

Then Cameron stood by while his comrade dug in the sand. Three feet he dug—four—five, and the sand grew dark, then moist. At six feet water began to seep through.

"Get the little basket in my pack," he said.

Cameron complied, and saw his comrade drop the basket into the deep hole, where it kept the sides from caving in and allowed the water to seep through. While Cameron watched, the basket filled. Of all the strange incidents of his desert career this was the strangest. Curiously he picked up the peach branch and held it as he had seen it held. The thing, however, was dead in his hands.

"I see you haven't got it," remarked his comrade. "Few men have. Back in Illinois an old German used to do that to locate wells. He showed me I had the same power. I can't explain. The old German I spoke of made money traveling round with his peach fork."

"What a gift for a man in the desert!"

Cameron's comrade smiled—the second time in all those days.

They entered a region where mineral abounded, and their march became slower. Generally they took the course of a wash, one on each side, and let the burros travel leisurely along nipping at the bleached blades of scant grass, or at sage or cactus, while they searched in the canons and under the ledges for signs of gold.

Each succeeding day and night Cameron felt himself more and more drawn to this strange man. He found that after hours of burning toil he had insensibly grown nearer to his comrade. He reflected that after a few weeks in the desert he had always become a different man. In civilization, in the rough mining camps, he had been a prey to unrest and gloom. But once down on the great billowing sweep of this lonely world, he could look into his unquiet soul without bitterness. So now he did not marvel at a slow stir stealing warmer along his veins, and at the premonition that perhaps he and this man, alone on the desert, driven there by life's mysterious and remorseless motive, were to see each other through God's eyes.

One night they were encamped at the head of a canon. The day had been exceedingly hot, and long after sundown the radiations of heat from the rocks persisted. Cameron watched his comrade, and yielded to interest he had not heretofore voiced.

"Pardner, what drives you into the desert? Do you come to forget?"

"Yes."

"Ah!" softly exclaimed Cameron. Always he seemed to have known that. He said no more, but grew acutely conscious of the pang in his own breast, of the fire in his heart, the strife and torment of his passion-driven soul. He had come into the desert to remember a woman. She appeared to him then as she had looked when first she entered his life—a golden-haired girl, blue-eyed, white-skinned, red-tipped, tall and slender and beautiful. He had never forgotten, and an old, sickening remorse knocked at his heart. He rose and climbed out of the canon and to the top of the mesa, where he paced to and fro and looked down into the weird and mystic shadows, like the darkness of his passion, and farther on down the moon track and the glittering stretches that vanished in the cold blue horizon. In that endless, silent hall of desert there was a spirit; and Cameron felt hovering near him what he imagined to be phantoms of peace.

He returned to camp and sought his comrade.

"I reckon we're two of a kind," he said. "It was a woman who drove me into the desert. But I come to remember. The desert's the only place I can do that."

"Was she your wife?" asked the elder man.

"No."

A long silence ensued. The campfire wore down to a ruddy ashen heap.

"I had a daughter," said Cameron's comrade. "She lost her mother at birth. And I—I didn't know how to bring up a girl. She was pretty and gay. It was the—the old story."

His words were peculiarly significant to Cameron. They distressed him. He had been wrapped up in his remorse. If ever in the past he had thought of anyone connected with the girl he had wronged, he had long forgotten. But the consequences of such wrong were far-reaching. They struck at the roots of a home.

"Well, tell me more?" asked Cameron earnestly.

"It was the old, old story. My girl was pretty and free. The young bucks ran after her. I guess she did not run away from them. And I was away a good deal—working in another town. She was in love with a wild fellow. I knew nothing of it till too late. He was engaged to marry her. But didn't come back. And when the disgrace became plain to all, my girl left home. She went west. After a while I heard from her. She was well—working—living for her baby. A long time passed. I had no ties. I drifted west. Her lover had also gone west. In those days everybody went west. I trailed him, intending to kill him. But I lost his trail. Neither could I find any trace of her. She moved on, driven, no doubt, by the hound of her past. Since that I have taken to the wilds, hunting gold on the desert."

"Yes, it's the old, old story, only sadder, I think," said Cameron; and his voice was strained and unnatural. "Pardner, what Illinois town was it you hailed from?"

"Peoria."

"And your—your name?" went on Cameron, huskily.

"Warren—Jonas Warren."

That name might as well have been a bullet. Cameron stood erect, motionless, as men sometimes stand momentarily when shot straight through the heart. In an instant, when thoughts resurged like blinding flashes of lightning through his mind, he was a swaying, quivering, terror-stricken man. He mumbled something hoarsely and backed into the shadow. But he need not have feared discovery, however surely his agitation might have betrayed him. Warren sat brooding over the campfire, oblivious of his comrade, absorbed in the past.

Cameron swiftly walked away in the gloom, with the blood thrumming thick in his ears, whispering over and over:

"Merciful G—d! Nell was his daughter!"

III

As thought and feeling multiplied, Cameron was overwhelmed. Beyond belief, indeed, was it that out of the millions of men in the world two who had never seen each other could have been driven into the desert by memory of the same woman. It brought the past so close. It showed Cameron how inevitably all his spiritual life was governed by what had happened long ago. That which made life significant to him was a wandering in silent places where no eye could see him with his secret. Some fateful chance had thrown him with the father of the girl he had wrecked. It was incomprehensible; it was terrible. It was the one thing of all possible happenings in the world of chance that both father and lover would have found unendurable.

Something within him cried out to him to reveal his identity. Warren would kill him; but it was not fear of death that put Cameron on the rack. He had faced death too often to be afraid. It was the thought of adding torture to this long-suffering man. All at once Cameron swore that he would not augment Warren's trouble, or let him stain his hands with blood. He would tell the truth of Nell's sad story and his own, and make what amends he could.

Then Cameron's thought shifted from father to daughter. She was somewhere beyond the dim horizon line. In those past lonely hours by the campfire his fancy had tortured him with pictures of Nell. But his remorseful and cruel fancy had lied to him. Nell had struggled upward out of menacing depths. She had reconstructed a broken life. And now she was fighting for the name and happiness of her child. Little Nell! Cameron experienced a shuddering ripple in all his being—the physical rack of an emotion born of a new and strange consciousness. He felt that it had been given him to help Warren with his burden.

He returned to camp trying to evolve a plan. All night he lay awake thinking.

In the morning, when Warren brought the burros to camp and began preparations for the usual packing, Cameron broke silence.

"Pardner, your story last night made me think. I want to tell you something about myself. In my younger days—it seems long now, yet it's not so many years—I was wild. I wronged the sweetest and loveliest girl I ever knew. I went away not dreaming that any disgrace might come to her. Along about that time I fell into terrible moods—I changed—I learned I really loved her. Then came a letter I should have gotten months before. It told of her trouble—importuned me to hurry to save her. Half frantic with shame and fear, I got a marriage certificate and rushed back to her town. She was gone—had been gone for weeks, and her disgrace was known. Friends warned me to keep out of reach of her father. I trailed her—found her. I married her. But too late! . . . She would not live with me. She left me—I followed her west, but never found her."

Warren leaned forward a little and looked into Cameron's eyes, as if searching there for the repentance that might make him less deserving of a man's scorn.

Cameron met the gaze unflinchingly, and again began to speak:

"You know, of course, how men out here sometimes lose old names, old identities. It won't surprise you much to learn my name isn't really Cameron, as I once told you."

Warren stiffened upright. It seemed that there might have been a blank, a suspension, between his grave interest and some strange mood to come.

Cameron felt his heart bulge and contract in his breast; all his body grew cold; and it took tremendous effort for him to make his lips form words.

"Warren, I'm the man you're hunting. I'm Burton. I was Nell's lover!"

The old man rose and towered over Cameron, and then plunged down upon him, and clutched his throat with terrible, stifling hands. The harsh contact, the pain awakened Cameron to his peril before it was too late. Desperate fighting saved him from being hurled to the ground and stamped and crushed. Warren seemed a maddened giant. There was a reeling, swaying, wrestling struggle before the elder man began to weaken. Then Cameron, buffeted, bloody, half-stunned, panted for speech.

"Warren—hold on! Give me—a minute. I married Nell. Didn't you know that? . . . I saved the child!"

Cameron felt the shock that vibrated through Warren. He repeated the words again and again. As if compelled by some resistless power, Warren released Cameron, and, staggering back, stood with uplifted, shaking hands. In his face was a horrible darkness.

"Warren! Wait—listen!" panted Cameron. "I've got that marriage certificate—I've had it by me all these years. I kept it—to prove to myself I did right."

The old man uttered a broken cry.

Cameron stole off among the rocks. How long he absented himself or what he did he had no idea. When he returned Warren was sitting before the campfire, and once more he appeared composed. He spoke, and his voice had a deeper note; but otherwise he seemed as usual.

They packed the burros and faced the north together.

Cameron experienced a singular exaltation. He had lightened his comrade's burden. Wonderfully it came to him that he had also lightened his own. From that hour it was [illegible] ment to think of Nell.

"Warren—Hold On! Give Me—a Minute—I Married Nell—Didn't You Know That?"

IV

There came a morning when the sun shone angry and red through a dull, smoky haze.

"We're in for sandstorms," said Cameron.

They had scarcely covered a mile when a desert-wide, moaning, yellow wall of flying sand swooped down upon them. Seeking shelter in the lee of a rock, they covered their heads and patiently waited. The long hours dragged, and the storm increased in fury. Cameron and Warren wet scarfs with water from their canteens, and bound them round their faces, and then covered their heads. The steady, hollow bellow of flying sand went on. It flew so thickly that enough sifted down under the shelving rock to weight the blankets and almost bury the men. They were frequently compelled to shake off the sand to keep from being borne to the ground. And it was necessary to keep digging out the packs. They lost the count of time. They dared not sleep, for that would have meant being buried alive.

The storm finally blew itself out. It left the prospectors heavy and stupid for want of sleep. Their burros had wandered away, or had been buried in the sand. Far as eye could reach the desert had marvelously changed; it was now a rippling sea of sand dunes. Away to the north rose the peak that was their only guiding mark. They headed toward it, carrying a shovel and part of their packs.

At noon the peak vanished in the shimmering glare of the desert. The prospectors pushed on, guided by the sun. In every wash they tried for water. With the forked peach branch in his hands Warren always succeeded in locating water. They dug, but it lay too deep. At length, spent and sore, they fell and slept through that night and part of the next day. Then they succeeded in getting water, and quenched their thirst, and filled the canteens, and cooked a meal.

The burning day found them in an interminably wide plain, where there was no shelter from the fierce sun. Mountain peaks loomed on all sides, some near, others distant; and one, a blue spur, splitting the glaring sky far to the north, Cameron thought he recognized as a landmark. The ascent toward it was heartbreaking, not in steepness, but in its league-and-league-long monotonous rise. Cameron knew there was only one hope—to make the water hold out and never stop to rest. Warren began to weaken. Often he had to halt.

Cameron measured the water in his canteen by its weight. Evaporation by heat consumed as much as he drank. During one of the rests, when he had wetted his parched mouth and throat, he found opportunity to pour a little water from his canteen into Warren's.

At first Cameron had curbed his restless activity to accommodate the pace of his elder comrade. But now he felt that he was losing something of his instinctive and passionate zeal to get out of the desert. The thought of water came to occupy his mind. He began to imagine that his last little store of water did not appreciably diminish. He knew he was not quite right in his mind regarding water; nevertheless, he felt this to be more of fact than fancy, and he began to ponder.

When next they rested he pretended to be in a kind of stupor; but he covertly watched Warren. The man appeared far gone, yet he had cunning. He cautiously took up Cameron's canteen and poured water into it from his own.

This troubled Cameron. He reflected, and concluded that he had been unwise not to expect this very thing. Then, as his comrade dropped into weary rest, he lifted both canteens. If there were any water in Warren's, it was only very little. Both men had been enduring the terrible desert thirst, concealing it, each giving his water to the other, and the sacrifice had been useless.

Instead of ministering to the parched throats of one or both, the water had evaporated. When Cameron made sure of this, he took one more drink, the last, and poured the little water left into Warren's canteen. He threw his own away.

Soon afterward Warren discovered the loss.

"Where's your canteen?" he asked.

"The heat was getting my water, so I drank what was left."

"My son!" said Warren.

The day opened for them in a red and green hell of rock and cactus. Like a flame the sun scorched and peeled their faces. Warren went blind from the glare, and Cameron had to lead him. At last Warren plunged down, exhausted, in the shade of a ledge.

Cameron rested and waited, hopeless, with not, weary eyes gazing down from their height where he sat. Movement on the part of Warren attracted his attention. Evidently the old prospector had recovered his sight and some of his strength. For he had arisen, and now began to walk along the arroyo bed with his forked peach branch held before him. He had clung to that precious bit of wood. Warren, however, stepped in a deep pit, and, cutting his canteen in half, began to use one side of it as a scoop. He scooped out a wide hollow, so wide that Cameron was certain he had gone crazy. Cameron gently urged him to stop, and then forcibly tried to make him. But these efforts were futile. Warren worked with slow, ceaseless, methodical movement. He toiled for what seemed hours. Cameron, seeing the darkening, dampening sand, realized a wonderful possibility of water, and he plunged into the pit with the other half of the canteen. Then both men toiled, round and round the wide hole, down deeper and deeper. The sand grew moist, then wet. At the bottom of the deep pit the sand coarsened, gave place to gravel. Finally water welled in, a stronger volume than Cameron ever remembered finding on the desert.

The finding of water revived Cameron's flagging hopes. But they were short-lived. Warren had spent himself utterly.

"I'm done. Don't linger," he whispered. "My son, go—go!"

Then he fell. Cameron dragged him out of the sand pit to a sheltered place under the ledge. While sitting beside the failing man Cameron discovered painted images on the wall. Often in the desert he had found these evidences of a prehistoric people. Then, from long habit, he picked up a piece of rock and examined it. Its weight made him closely scrutinize it. The color was a peculiar black. He scraped through the black rust, to find a piece of gold. Around him lay scattered heaps of black pebbles and bits of black, weathered rock and pieces of broken ledge, and they showed gold.

"Warren! Look! See it! Feel it! Gold!"

"Warren! Look! See it! Feel it! Gold!"

But Warren was too blind to see.

"Go—go!" he whispered.

Cameron gazed down the gray reaches of that forlorn valley, and something within him that was neither intelligence nor emotion—something inscrutably strange—impelled him to promise.

Then Cameron built up stone monuments to mark his gold strike. That done, he tarried beside the unconscious Warren. Moments passed—grew into hours. Cameron still had strength left to make an effort to get out of the desert. But that same inscrutable something which had ordered his strange, involuntary promise to Warren held him beside his fallen comrade. As the long hours wore on he felt creep over him the comforting sense that he need not forever fight sleep. Absolute silence claimed the desert. It was mute. Then that inscrutable something breathed to him, telling him when he was alone. He need not have looked at the dark, still face beside him.

Another face haunted Cameron's—a woman's face. It was there in the white moonlit shadows; it drifted in the darkness beyond; it softened, changed to that of a young girl, sweet, with the same dark, haunting eyes of her mother. Cameron prayed to that nameless thing within him, the spirit of something deep and mystical as life. He prayed for mercy to a woman—for happiness to her child. Both mother and daughter were close to him then. Time and distance were annihilated. He had faith—he saw into the future. The fateful threads of the past, so inextricably woven with his error, wound out their tragic length here in this forlorn desert.

Cameron then took a little tin box from his pocket, and, opening it, removed a folded certificate. He had kept a pen, and now he wrote something upon the paper, and in lieu of ink he wrote with blood. The moon afforded him enough light to see; and having replaced the paper, he laid the little box upon a shelf of rock. It would remain there unaffected by dust, moisture, heat, time. How long had those painted images been there clear and sharp on the dry stone walls? Years would pass. Cameron seemed to see them, too; and likewise destiny leading a child down into this forlorn waste, where she would find love and fortune, and the grave of her father.

Cameron covered the dark, still face of his comrade from the light of the waning moon.

That action was the severing of his hold on realities. They fell away from him in final separation. Vaguely, dreamily he seemed to behold his soul. Night merged into gray day; and night came again, weird and dark. Then up out of the vast void of the desert, from the silence and illimitableness, trooped his phantoms of peace. Majestically they formed around him, marshaling and mustering in ceremonious state, and moved to lay upon him their passionless serenity.

(To Be Continued.)

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YOUNG GIRL'S DARING CLIMB

Memory of Heroic Deed Has Been Treasured for Years in Little English Village.

A daring climb was accomplished at Repton, in Lancashire, England, some years ago, the exploit being kept in memory by a frayed fragment of cord that used to dangle from the cross surmounting the lofty spire of the village church, and which was known locally as "Little Bessie's Rope." Bessie was the daughter of a Repton steeplejack who one day, in a spirit of bravado and in order to win a bet of a few shillings, undertook to climb to the top of the spire and there don a suit of clothes with which he had been presented.

True to his word, he fixed his ladders on the day appointed and climbed by their aid as far as the bottom of the big copper ball which upheld the cross. Over one arm of the cross he then lassoed a rope, up which he climbed, and afterward proceeded to don the clothes. Next, standing upright, he started to throw into the air, one by one, his old garments. Suddenly, however, there was a cry of affright from above, followed my a great hush below. The foolish fellow had somehow managed to loosen the rope, his sole connecting link with terra firma, and it slipped down and hung suspended from the topmost ladder, 30 feet below. Two or three men moved hesitatingly toward the church, but a child-woman of sixteen, his daughter, was there first.

Rung by rung she mounted until she looked no bigger than a doll. Then, after three failures, clinging meanwhile by one hand—and that one the left—she succeeded in throwing the noosed cord over the cross once more.

INDIANS NEAR TO EXTINCTION

Descendant of Osages Says Intermarriage Has Weakened Them So Much That End Is Apparent.

John R. Spurrier of Oklahoma says that the Indian will be extinct in a generation or two. Mr. Spurrier, who is a descendant of the Osage Indians and whose wife is also of Indian blood, says that constant intermarriage is so weakening the tribes that the nation which numbered over a million at the time this country was discovered will soon be only a name.

"The extinction of the Indian is only a matter of a short time," said Mr. Spurrier. "Intermarriage is proving fatal to the tribes, and they cannot long survive it. With intermarriage comes the Americanization and the Indians who have adopted modern methods live in extremely comfortable style.

"The richest small group of people in the world are the Osage Indians, whose reservation is in Osage county. There are 2,200 Indians in this tribe, 900 of them being of full blood who still wear their blankets, but the remainder have forsaken the ways of their ancestors and have become extremely American. The reason for the great wealth of this tribe is that their lands happen to be situated in the midst of the largest oil fields of Oklahoma, and the yearly annual income per capita averages approximately $2,500.

"The Osage Indians are the best educated tribe in the country, and also the best physical specimens. It was from this tribe that Buffalo Bill chose a number of his famous chieftains. The reservation of the Pawnee Indians adjoins that of the Osages and this tribe numbers 3,600, many of them prosperous and well educated."

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Humphreys' Homeo. Medicine Co., 156 William Street, New York.

CARRIES STOOL TO WORSHIP

Woman at Jersey Resort Village Acts as Her Own Usher on Sunday—Provides Own Seat.

Summer resorters get accustomed to doing without the many little conveniences of home life. They philosophically accept conditions as being necessary to "camping out." So oil stoves take the place of gas ranges and they carry water for the household from the public hydrant down the bungalow-lined street, says the New York Sun.

On week-ends most of the bungalow colonies house added guests and the kitchen and porch serve as overflow bedrooms. Few of the churches in the summer towns are able to seat all the worshipers on Sunday. But that doesn't hinder the attendance. At a Jersey resort village the other Sunday one woman was carrying a camp stool to church. Her neighbors thought no more of it than had they seen her carrying a bundle of groceries from the corner store.

A Scientific Prediction.

The story is often told of the great naturalist, Cuvier, that, given a single bone he could reconstruct the animal to which it belonged. That a somewhat similar law of organization runs through the various species that form families in the animal kingdom is indicated by a curious case of scientific prediction, to which attention was called at a recent meeting of the Biological society in this country.

Uhrenberg, while studying the minute animals called diatoms, found that many species were distinguished by the number of rays they possessed. But in the series of specimens that he had he could find bone having respectively 27, 29, 31, 37, 39, 41, 42, 44, 45, 46, 48 and 49 rays. Still he predicted that the missing species would some day turn up, and he was right, for ten of them were afterward discovered, although the remaining two have not yet been found.

INTUITION MORE THAN HUNCH

Consequently, as Lady Writer Says, It Must Never Miscarry, but There Have Been Instances.

"I have discussed the matter with a celebrated doctor of medicine (who believes that genius is caused by microbes), and he ascribes intuition to an atavistic endowment. He somewhat inconsistently mentions Eve and Ann Whitfield in the same sentence by way of epigram. After going to all this trouble he was quite insulted when I hinted he was trying to explain the existence of something that did not exist. Yet I will bet all I have in my pockets that the dear doctor has never once in his life allowed a female nurse's intuition to tell him where to dig for an appendix.

"Hell hath no fury like a woman whose intuition hath slipped a cog. A popular journal recently had the temerity to challenge the idol in a joke column: Two women are talking. One says: 'I hear that Mrs. Titherington-Blobbs has eloped with Major Snow.' The other replies: 'How disgusting, I thought it would be Colonel Swish.' What, pray, disgusted the lady but the miscarriage of her intuition?

"Intuition, if it existed, would never miscarry; otherwise it would be a mere hunch, such as a man may receive. If woman's hunches were infallible the gift would have been capitalized long ago. Throgmorton street mocks the wrecks of men who have tried to capitalize their wives' intuitions."—Boston Herald.

Ambition Gone?

Try Roman Meal for breakfast. Realize natural strength and vitality.

Wholesome as porridge, or used with part flour in a number of delicious ways—muffins, bread, pancakes, gems, cookies, etc.

Eaten in any form it aids digestion and positively relieves constipation

Each Day, Some Way

ROMAN MEAL

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over thirty years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher **on the wrapper all these years just to protect the coming generations. Do not be deceived. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.**

Never attempt to relieve your baby with a remedy that you would use for yourself.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Comfort—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years

The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

WORKS FOR CHILD MUST KEEP WELL

Mothers in a Like Situation Should Read This Letter from Mrs. Enrico

Chicago, Illinois.—"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for a serious trouble. I had tried doctors and all said the same—an operation. At first I only felt the pain on my left side, but later I seemed to feel it on both sides. I am a power sewing-machine operator and have a little girl to support. I work in a tailor shop and that line of work has been very slack this year and I am home part of the time. I do not like to take any chances, so I consulted my friends, and one lady said, 'Take Lydia Pinkham's medicine,' so I did. I have felt better right along and am in good enough health to go to work. I recommend your Vegetable Compound and Sanative Wash to all."—Mrs. MARY ENRICO, 459 N. Carpenter St., Chicago, Illinois.

Often the mother is obliged to support her children and good health is necessary. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is just the medicine you can depend upon. It is a medicine for women's ailments and the relief it brought Mrs. Enrico it may bring to you. Keep well by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

PILES! PILES! PILES!

WILLIAMS' PILE OINTMENT

For Blind, Bleeding and Itching Piles. For sale by all druggists, mail 50c and $1.00. WILLIAMS MFG. CO., Props., Cleveland, Ohio

LEGAL NOTICES.

Notice to Creditors.

Pursuant to an order of Hon. Gilbert H. Baker, Surrogate of the County of Yates, notice is hereby given, according to law, to all persons having claims against James W. Taylor, late of the town of Benton, County of Yates, State of New York, deceased, to present the same, with vouchers thereof, to the undersigned, as executor of said deceased, at her residence in the town of Benton, Yates county, N. Y., on or before the 25th day of January, 1923.

Dated, July 20, 1922.

HARRIET L. TAYLOR, Executrix, Penn Yan, R. D. 9, N. Y.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Pursuant to an Order of Hon. Gilbert H. Baker, Surrogate of the County of Yates, Notice is hereby given according to law, to all persons having claims against Estella M. Stivers, late of the town of Potter, County of Yates, State of New York, deceased, to present the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the undersigned, Lora Wayand and Flora Hall, as executors of said deceased, at the residence of Lora Wayand, in the town of Potter, (Penn Yan, R. D. 7) N. Y., on or before the 12th day of April, 1923.

Dated, October 2, 1922.

LORA WAYLAND, FLORA HALL, Executors. Penn Yan, N. Y., R. D. 7.

HUSON & HYLAND, Attorneys for Executors, Penn Yan, N. Y.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Pursuant to an Order of Hon. Gilbert H. Baker Surrogate of the County of Yates, Notice is hereby given, according to law, to all persons having claims against Charles R. Shaw, late of the town of Milo, County of Yates, State of New York, deceased, to present the same with the vouchers thereof, to the undersigned, John T. Knox, as executor of, etc., of said deceased, at his law office in the Village of Penn Yan, New York, on or before the 25th day of November, 1922.

Dated, May 13, 1922.

JOHN T. KNOX, Executor.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Pursuant to an order of Hon. Gilbert H. Baker, Surrogate of the County of Yates, Notice is hereby given, according to law, to all persons having claims against Mary Maloney, late of the town of Milo, County of Yates, State of New York, deceased, to present the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the undersigned, Hugh G. Little, as administrator, of said deceased at the office of Spencer F. Lincoln, Baldwins Bank Bldg., Penn Yan, N. Y., on or before the 25th day of January, 1923.

Dated, July 20, 1922.

HUGH G. LITTLE, Administrator, Prairie City, Iowa.

SPENCER F. LINCOLN, Attorney for Administrator, Baldwins Bank Bldg., Penn Yan, N. Y.

YATES COUNTY COURT— George Huff, plaintiff,

against

Mabel A. Rozell, Ida H. Christler, and "unknown," meaning thereby to designate all other persons, if any, who, if the said Ida H. Christler has died, have an interest in the premises described in the complaint of this action, as heirs, husband, devisees, or assigns or otherwise, all of whose names are unknown to the plaintiff; Martin Huff and "unknown," meaning thereby to designate all other persons, if any, who, if the said Martin Huff has died, have an interest in the premises described in the complaint in this action as heirs, wife, devisees or assigns or otherwise, all of whose names are unknown to the plaintiff; Mary Miller, Lottie M. Palmatier, individually, and as administratrix of the goods, chattels, and credits of Martin Miller, deceased; Charles Huff and Martin E. Huff, defendants.

To the above named defendants:—

You are hereby summoned to answer the complaint in this action, and to serve a copy of your answer, or, if the complaint is not served with this summons, to serve a notice of appearance on the plaintiff's attorney within twenty days after the service of this summons, exclusive of the day of service. In case of your failure to appear or answer, judgment will be taken against you by default for the relief demanded in the complaint.

KIMBALL & LOWN, Attorneys for Plaintiff, Lown Block, Penn Yan, New York.

Dated, Penn Yan, N. Y., October 25th, 1922.

To Charles Huff, Martin E. Huff, Ida H. Christler, and Martin Huff:—

The foregoing summons is served upon you by publication pursuant to an order of Hon. Gilbert H. Baker, Yates County Judge, dated October 28th, 1922, and filed with the complaint in this action in the Yates County Clerk's Office, at the Village of Penn Yan