

WILD WEST WEEKLY

A MAGAZINE CONTAINING STORIES, SKETCHES Etc. OF WESTERN LIFE.

HARRY E. WOLFF, PUBLISHER, 166 WEST 23D STREET, NEW YORK.

No. 800.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 15, 1918.

Price SIX Cents.

YOUNG WILD WEST AND THE ARIZONA ATHLETE; OR, A DUEL THAT LASTED A WEEK.

By AN OLD SCOUT.

AND OTHER STORIES



At the word the two grappled. The Arizona athlete was a powerful young fellow, but Wild did not fear the outcome. The dashing young deadshot had no trouble in getting the hold he wanted and gathered his muscles.



WILD WEST WEEKLY

A Magazine Containing Stories, Sketches, Etc., of Western Life

Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$3.00 per year. Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1918, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., by Harry E. Wolff, Publisher, 166 West 23d Street, New York. Entered at the New York, N. Y., Post Office as Second-Class Matter.

No. 800.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 15, 1918.

Price 6 Cents.

Young Wild West and the Arizona Athlete

—OR—

A DUEL THAT LASTED A WEEK

By AN OLD SCOUT

CHAPTER I.

YOUNG WILD WEST MEETS THE ARIZONA ATHLETE.

Camped on the banks of the Colorado River, with Echo Peak looming up before them, with an almost arid desert intervening, were three Americans of a rather dashing appearance.

It was a fine morning in August and the thick growth of mesquite which spread out on the gentle slope near the bank of the stream sparkled with dewdrops as the face of Old Sol showed above the distant peak.

A man of perhaps thirty and two young fellows of twenty composed the trio, and by their general appearance they were persons who were used to roughing it in the mountains.

One of the young fellows was bound to attract the attention of the casual observer, since he was what might be called a boy with the form and grace of an Apollo, handsome and fearless in looks and springy and active in his movements.

He was of medium height and had a mass of chestnut hair hanging over his shoulders which was combed out as neatly as the tresses of any young lady of particular habits.

His supple form was encased in a suit of wearing apparel that consisted of a blue silk shirt, buckskin breeches, riding boots and a sombrero of a pearl-gray color.

About his waist was a belt which contained a brace of Colt's revolvers and a hunting-knife, in addition to the row of rifle cartridges that went nearly all the way around.

His companions were attired and armed in a similar style.

The boy was about his age, but did not have long hair.

The man was slightly over six feet, rather slim, but as muscular as a panther, and with his long, dark hair and flowing mustache he showed up to great advantage.

This trio was pretty well known throughout the great wild West.

It was composed of Young Wild West, the Prince of the Saddle and Champion Deadshot of the West; Cheyenne Charlie, the ex-government scout and Indian fighter, and Jim Dart, a boy who had been born and reared on the border.

For coolness and daring the equal of Young Wild West had never been found, and his two partners had learned much from him in that particular line.

Added to his coolness and daring, the dashing boy with the long chestnut hair could shoot as quick as a flash, and when he pulled a trigger the bullet always hit where he intended it to.

His keen range of vision and steady nerves gave him the ability to hit a bull's-eye as far as a rifle would carry, and against all comers he held the title of the champion deadshot.

But these were not the only qualifications the boy had

If he was good at defending himself with a rifle or revolver he was more so with the weapons nature had provided him with.

And his wonderful tact and judgment had carried him successfully through many a tight place.

There was nothing in the way of athletics that he had ever seen practiced that he could not hold his own at, for his marvelous strength, combined with his quickness, good judgment and extreme coolness at all times, no matter what the circumstances might be, had lent to him a power that few mortals were possessed of.

As we find Young Wild West and his two partners, Cheyenne Charlie and Jim Dart, on this bright, sunny morning they are getting ready to move along the trail to Kanab, a town just over the border line of Arizona in Utah.

The dashing young scout and his partners frequently did work for the government, and they were now headed for the border of the Mormon State to join a force of cavalry there and help quell an uprising of the Moqui Indians, a band of about five hundred having left the reservation and struck out on their own hook in a northwesterly direction.

Our hero and his partners were in the southwestern part of Colorado looking over some mining property at the time they were called upon by the commander of the troops, and as they were always looking for excitement and adventure, they promptly accepted the call and set out to meet the soldiers.

Of course they had an idea that they would meet some of the rebellious redskins before they found the bluecoats, but that was nothing to them.

They were used to meeting Indians, and what they could not do with them either in fighting or peacemaking no other ten men could do.

"Well, boys," remarked the dashing young Prince of the Saddle, as he walked over to his handsome sorrel stallion Spitfire and proceeded to saddle him, "I guess we'll be off. It is going to be another scorcher to-day, but since we are pretty well used to the hot weather by this time, I don't know as we will mind it much. We have got a strip of desert to cross that is about thirty miles in width, and if we get to it about four o'clock the sun will be low enough for us to make the attempt. Going to take the haunch of the black bear you shot last night along, Charlie?"

"Yes, Wild," answered the scout. "It might be that I won't get another shot at a bear for a while. If anything I do like it is a nice juicy steak from a young bear, like this feller was."

"All right. But I guess we'll find plenty of game before we get to the alkali strip, and after we cross it, too. We've got plenty of salt and some bacon and cornmeal, so I guess we won't starve."

"We never have yet, anyhow," spoke up Jim Dart, with a smile.

In a few minutes the three had their horses saddled and bridled.

Charlie owned a fine bay and Jim rode a black.

They were both swift horses, with remarkable endurance, but neither could come up to the sorrel stallion.

He was the swiftest and most intelligent steed they had ever seen.

Young Wild West had broken and trained him some time before, after Cheyenne Charlie had declared that no man alive could ride the "critter" a hundred yards.

Skill and determination will accomplish anything that is possible, and hence Wild had tamed the stallion and made a dumb friend that had proven to be worth his weight in gold.

With their rather meager equipments tied to their saddle-bags the three started off along the trail, which now left the river and proceeded through a sparsely wooded country. Kanab was just about sixty miles in a straight line from the spot where they had been camped overnight, but as they could not travel in anything like a straight line they did not anticipate reaching it until long after darkness set in.

With the rolling hills of gray and yellow before them they rode along at a good pace until nearly noon.

Then they suddenly came upon the remains of a big camp-fire.

The bones and offal of a deer were scattered near by and the prints of moccasined feet were much in evidence in the sand.

"Injuns!" exclaimed Cheyenne Charlie, nodding and smiling grimly.

"Yes, Charlie," replied Young Wild West. "It seems that we have come across some of the redskins. They have been having a feast, too, by the appearance of things."

Then all three dismounted and began to look around the vicinity.

Trained as they were to woodcraft, they were not long in arriving at the conclusion that there were as many as a dozen in the party.

The trail the redskins had made came from the south and it continued over the one our friends were following.

"They are headin' straight fur Kanab, I reckon," said the scout. "Must be that their whole gang is putty close around there."

"Well, I guess we won't change our course until we have to," answered Wild. "Come on, boys!"

They had no desire to halt in the vicinity of the deserted Indian camp.

Some other place would suit them better.

It was just noon when they halted and dismounted in a shady spot and turned the horses loose to feed on the sparse grass and other vegetation that grew there.

Fodder for the steeds was not nearly so abundant here as along the banks of the Colorado.

Jim Dart soon had a fire started and Charlie got some slices of the bear meat ready to broil.

A coffee-pot holding just enough for the three of them was hung over the fire and then Dart proceeded to mold three meal cakes, which he wrapped in some leaves and placed in the coals when the blaze had subsided.

This was all they intended to have for their dinner, but it was quite good enough for healthy, hungry mortals like they were.

In less than half an hour from the time the fire was started they were ready to eat their noonday meal.

Their water bottles had been filled at the river, so they would not go thirsty while crossing the arid strip.

They were in hopes of finding a stream before they reached it so the horses could fill up.

Just as the meal was over our three friends were startled by the tooting of a horn.

It sounded strangely out of place in that wild region, and they looked at each other in surprise.

"What in thunder is that?" cried Cheyenne Charlie. "Sounds like a bugle what's got ther croup or somethin' like that."

Toot—toot!

Again the horn sounded.

It was not far away, either, and with the agility of a squirrel Wild began climbing a tree.

He had not reached the top when he caught sight of a

stagecoach drawn by six horses coming up a canyon a quarter of a mile away.

With the outfit were about twenty cowboys, evidently for the purpose of guarding it.

Wild took a quick look and then hurriedly descended the tree.

"What is it, Wild?" asked Jim.

"A stagecoach with six horses to it is coming with a crowd of cowboys," was the reply. "Judging by the way the outfit looks, I guess the stagecoach has got a party of tourists in it."

"Humph!" exclaimed the scout. "If they happen to run ag'in them Moquis which is on ther warpath they'll have somethin' to talk about when they git back where they come from."

"Yes, if they get among the whole gang that has left the reservation. But they have got a good force with them—about twenty, I should say."

"Well, twenty cowpunchers ain't goin' to do much ag'in a hundred or so redskins. Ther majority of sich fellers look out for number one every time. They're paid good to go along with the outfit, I reckon, but when it comes to a good stiff scrimmage ther most of 'em ain't goin' to take very big chances."

"Well, just got your horses ready, boys, and we'll ride down and meet you. I had no idea that we were so close to the canyon."

In a couple of minutes they had gathered up everything and mounted.

Then with our hero in the lead they made for a spot where they knew they would intercept the stagecoach.

The horn kept on tooting, and as they neared the approaching party they could hear cheers.

"They are having a good time whoever they are," remarked Jim Dart.

One minute later they were descending into the canyon, and the next the whole outfit came in view.

Half a dozen cowboys were riding in advance, and they caught sight of our friends almost as soon as they were observed themselves.

"Whoop! Whoop!" they yelled, making the canyon echo with their shouts.

Toot! Toot!

The horn joined in the noise and then the party slowed down and came to a halt.

Our friends rode down and halted before the stagecoach.

"Hello!" exclaimed a stocky-built young man, jumping out and looking at them keenly. "You are not highwaymen, are you?"

"I guess not," answered Wild. "We are simply travelers, like yourselves."

"Travelers, eh? Well, we ain't no travelers, are we, boys?" and the speaker turned to the cowboys with a laugh.

"Not much!" came the unanimous retort.

Our friends saw that there was no one else in the vehicle, though it was littered with various articles of a sporting nature.

Dumb-bells, Indian clubs, boxing gloves and other similar things could be seen through the open door.

"I'm ther Arizona Athlete," said the young man, folding his arms across his broad chest and looking at Wild and his companions with an air of importance.

CHAPTER II.

AN INTERRUPTED FIST FIGHT.

"So you are the Arizona Athlete, eh?" said Young Wild West, quietly. "Riding up this way for your health, I suppose?"

"No; my health is perfect. I just took a notion to make a trip up this way and see how things looked in the mountains. We've come all the way from Prescott, too. I found out just a month ago that I could lick anything that ever walked on two legs with a gun, knife or fists, so I sold out my gold mine and hired a trainer. He taught me a whole lot, but I threw him so hard in a wrestling bout the other day that three of his ribs got broken and he quit me. I am an athlete of the natural sort, so ther doctors in Prescott say. I've got plenty of money, too, and that's why I took a notion to make a trip in this style. Why! I won ten thousand dollars down in Prescott just from meeting and vanquishing men who thought they were good at athletics. It's

something new out here in Arizona, but the boys all like my way, don't you, boys?"

An approving shout went up.

"Who are you, young fellow?" the Arizona Athlete asked, changing his boasting way to one of inquisitiveness.

"I go by the name of Young Wild West," and Wild dismounted.

"Oh, you do, eh? Well, you're young enough, I guess, but how about your wildness?"

"Oh, I guess I am not very wild," was the laughing retort.

"Well, get in the coach with me and ride a mile or two. I am not in the habit of inviting any one to ride with me, either, so you can consider yourself highly honored. I'll open a bottle of imported wine, too!"

He stepped forward, made a feint with his left and then let go a straight right for Wild's head.

Biff!

Wild landed one on the breast of his opponent and sent him staggering.

Following up his advantage, he tried for a right swing on the jaw.

But the athlete neatly dodged this and countered, fetching our hero a good one on the shoulder that sent him back a couple of steps.

It was the first blow the Arizona Athlete had landed, and his friends gave a cheer to encourage him on.

"Take it easy, Wild," Jim Dart cautioned.

But Wild did not need to be told what to do.

He realized that he had a tough man to fight, and he was on the alert all the while.

Gilpin, as the cowboys called the athlete, had calmed a little and he became more cautious again.

But he evidently made up his mind to rush the boy and get it over with as soon as possible.

For the next ten seconds some very pretty sparring took place.

Gilpin knew how to do this to perfection.

Wild simply acted on the defensive, waiting to get in a blow that would settle his man.

A left jab on the chin was received by our hero; but the right swing that was aimed for his head was cleverly dodged.

Then he succeeded in landing one right between the eyes of the athlete.

It was a heavy blow, and in spite of anything he could do, Gilpin went to the earth.

One of his men ran over to pick him up.

But this was not necessary.

He was up in a twinkling without any help.

The young man was possessed of great stamina, and his grit could not be questioned.

He sailed into the fight just as though nothing had happened.

"Give him one on his Adam's apple, Wild!" cried Charlie. "That will fetch ther galoot, I reckon."

"There ain't no man livin' what kin lick ther Arizona Athlete!" answered Jumping Joe. "Jest because he got a little ther worst of it at ther start don't say that he's goin' ter be licked. Jest you wait!"

Blows were struck by both now, but with little damage being done.

The Arizona Athlete looked worried.

He had found his match, and he knew it.

Just what the outcome would have been is hard to tell, for the fight was suddenly stopped.

The clatter of hoofs, followed by the scream of a female in distress, rang out with startling distinctness.

Then the warhoop of a band of Indians reverberated through the narrow confines of the little canyon.

The Arizona Athlete made a leap for the stagecoach and grabbed a rifle, while Wild stepped back and took the rifle Jim Dart had been holding for him.

The next instant four foaming horses dashed around a turn and came in view.

Mounted on them were three men and a girl of probably seventeen.

It was the latter who had uttered the scream, beyond the shadow of a doubt.

A shout of joy went up from the three men when they saw the band of cowboys and the stagecoach.

And then in hot pursuit came a score of painted Indians.

"That's ther gang what was camped above here, Wild," said Charlie.

"I guess so," was the reply.

Then leaping upon the back of the sorrel, the brave young Prince of the Saddle dashed forward to meet the redskins.

But the Indians were not going to dash straight into that band of white men that they had come upon so unexpectedly.

They brought their ponies to with a jerk and turned to flee. Wild did not fire at them.

He held his rifle in readiness to do so, however, in case they showed fight.

He rode right on after them, for it struck him that they would probably get around in the bend and lie in ambush for the stagecoach and party of cowboys.

He was right in this, for they no sooner got out of sight of the party than they came to a halt and drew back into a group of trees.

Wild swung around and rode back without being seen by the red demons.

Charlie and Jim met him halfway to the stagecoach.

"Have they gone?" the scout asked.

"Not far," was the reply. "They are hiding around the bend, evidently for the purpose of attacking the men when they go past."

They rode back and found the four fugitives had dismounted near the stagecoach.

Gus Gilpin, the so-called Arizona Athlete, was talking to them.

Wild and his partners got there in time to learn that the four were Josh Dimple, a hunter and trapper, and his son and daughter, Jack and Katy; and also a young man named Ned Nelson, who was engaged in the same business and who evidently was the girl's lover.

"You folks ought to be very glad that we happened to be here," said Gilpin, puffing out his chest in an important way.

"We are," replied the elder of the men. "If you folks hadn't been here and he," pointing at Wild, "hadn't started after ther red galoots, we'd have got it bad! We didn't know ther Moquis were on ther warpath way up this here way."

"Where are you bound?" Wild asked.

"We was headin' fur Kanab when ther redskins met us, an' we had ter turn an' come this way," answered Ned Nelson, who was now quite close to the young lady, who, since her fright was over, was smiling complacently.

She was a very pretty girl, and evidently one who had been born and brought up on the frontier.

"Did yer drop any of ther measly coyotes?" Cheyenne Charlie queried.

"No," replied the older man. "They didn't offer ter shoot at us, so we didn't fire. They 'peared as though they wanted ter take us prisoners, ther red scoundrels!"

"Boys, is Kanab the nearest town?" asked the Arizona Athlete.

"Yes!" answered several of his men at the same time.

"Good! Then we'll go to Kanab. The young lady can get in the coach and ride with me."

Katy Dimple looked into the vehicle and then shook her head.

"I'd rather stay in the saddle," she said.

"But I insist that you ride in here. It will be safer."

"You can insist all you want to, stranger. I ain't going to ride in that rig. My horse is good enough for me."

That the girl had a mind of her own was quite certain.

Charlie grinned when he saw the look of disappointment that crept over the athlete's face.

"He wanted to git a chance to flirt with ther gal, I reckon," he remarked to Wild and Jim.

They nodded.

"Well, I guess we'll go on," said Gilpin. "Go ahead, driver! Young Wild West, I will meet you later."

"See here!" exclaimed our hero. "If you go on around that turn you will fall into an ambush. The Moquis are hiding there waiting for you."

"Nonsense! The redskins got so frightened when they saw this crowd that they won't stop till their horses give out. Ambush, eh? Nonsense!"

"All right, then, go ahead and take your medicine, then." Wild was disgusted with the young man, anyhow, and he was sorry the fight had been stopped so suddenly.

The driver of the stagecoach cracked his long whip and the six horses started up the canyon.

The mounted cowboys went ahead at the same time, but the four who had escaped from the band of Indians remained with our friends.

With a clatter and loud tooting of the horn by the Arizona Athlete the outfit swept on and rounded the bend.

Two minutes later the rattle and bang of firearms was heard!

CHAPTER III.

THE DUEL BEGINS.

"Now I guess they know!" exclaimed Young Wild West, a smile fitting over his handsome face. "The Arizona Athlete seemed to know it all, so I did not insist on their keeping away from the ambush. But we'll go and help them out, boys! It is not our way to sit idly by and let a band of savage redskins wipe out people of our own race. Come on!"

The next instant our three friends galloped toward the scene of the fight that was taking place.

As they rounded the curve they came upon an inspiring scene.

Three of the six horses that had been hitched to the stagecoach were dead on the ground and the vehicle was at a standstill, almost turned over against a big rock.

The cowboys had taken to the rocks at the side of the trail and were exchanging shots with the redskins in the little clump of trees on the other side.

Crack! Crack! Crack-crack-crack! Crac-c-c-ck!

Revolvers and rifles were popping away from both sides, while the fierce yells of the Indians added to the din.

Young Wild West and his partners quickly dismounted.

Then they began firing at the redskins.

They made every shot tell—Wild, Charlie and Jim, we mean—and that was something that soon discouraged a foe.

Bullets that merely sing about the heads of redskins and do no damage only serve to spur them on.

Young Wild West and his two partners had only fired three shots apiece when the redskins concluded it was too hot for them there.

They drew back in a hurry, and, mounting their horses, rode away up a ravine.

"I guess that settles that gang, anyhow, our hero remarked, as he mounted his horse and started for the stagecoach that looked ludicrous in the half-capsized position it was in.

The smoke of the battle was clearing away now, and, realizing that their red foes had been put to flight by Young Wild West and his pards, the cowboys came from behind the rocks.

"I told you what you would get," said Wild, looking at Jumping Joe, the beetle-browed man, who was evidently the leader of the men.

"Well, I sorter reckoned so myself," was the sheepish reply; "but Gus said as how we should go ahead, an' we didn't want ter go ag'in him."

"Where is Gus, as you call him?"

"In ther coach, I reckon. I didn't see him get out. He didn't have time ter git out! Like as not he's dead—riddled with them Injuns' bullets."

Wild rode over to the coach.

He had no sooner got there than a head appeared.

"Have they gone, boys?" asked a voice which belonged to the Arizona Athlete. "Ginger! But things were pretty hot, I should say! The bullets were playing a tune in my ears, and it is a miracle that I wasn't hit."

He crawled out and dropped to the ground.

Then his eyes fell upon our hero.

"So you have shown up again, Young Wild West?" he queried, his brow darkening.

"You should be very thankful that I have," was the calm rejoinder.

"Why?"

"Ask your men."

"What does he mean, boys?" and the athlete cast an inquiring look at his followers.

"Well, I reckon if him an' his pards hadn't come up an' opened fire on ther redskins with their rifles things would have been mighty different about now," Jumping Jack said, shaking his head impressively.

"Is that so?"

"That's so, young man!" chimed Josh Dimple, the hunter, who rode up just then, followed by his son and daughter and Ned Nelson. "Why I never seen sitch shootin' in my life! I reckon if yer lookin' in that woods over there you'll find some dead Injuns. I watched an' counted ther

shots Young Wild West an' his pards let go inter 'em. They fired jest three times apiece, an' every time a rifle went off a redskin dropped. That was what made 'em light on fur ther ravine. From where they was hidin' your fellers couldn' do 'em no damage, an' they'd have kept on leadin' your fire till they got a chance ter clean yer up. Young Wild West an' his pards sartinly saved yer, an' no mistake!"

"Humph!"

The Arizona Athlete did not appear to be very much pleased.

"What's the damage, Joe?" he asked.

"Tom, ther driver, went under, an' three of ther horses is shot," was the reply.

"That is too bad. I never had any idea that we would be interfered with by any Indians. I didn't think there were any bad ones around this part of the country, in fact."

"Well, I heerd ther other day that a lot of Moquis had left ther reservation, but I didn't know where they headed fur," answered Jumping Joe.

"Well, let's see if we can't right up things. Since Kanab is the nearest town, we had better make for it in a hurry."

"We've got a thirty-mile strip of alkali dust ter git over afore we reach it, too."

"Then the sooner we get off the better."

The cowboys set themselves at work and soon had the harness from the dead horses.

Then one of them parted with the one he was riding and four were hitched to the stagecoach.

"You ride with me, Bill," the athlete said to the man who had lost his mount.

"All right, Gus," was the reply; "I'd jest as lief as not, I kin act as your nigger waiter, I reckon."

Gilpin was about to get into the coach when our hero, who had dismounted, stepped up and said:

"Don't you want to finish the fight?"

"I'll fight you a duel," was the quick reply. "You are a deadshot, so they say?"

"I can shoot straight enough for you, I guess."

"Well, I have an idea that I can shoot straight enough for you. Let's have it over with!"

"Just as you say."

"Hurry up, then! The young lady can be the referee. When she fires a shot with that pistol she has in her belt we'll commence."

Wild turned to the girl, who was still seated on her horse.

"You will act, won't you?" he asked. "I don't want to kill this man; I only want to show him that he is not half as smart as he thinks he is."

"I would rather not," she answered. "I don't like duels."

"All right. I guess your father will act, then."

"Yes! I'll fire a shot fur you fellers ter begin blazin' away at each other," spoke up Josh Dimple. "Step off about twenty feet apart, an' when I let a shot go in the air, begin!"

Gus Gilpin nodded.

His face was rather pale, but no signs of cowardice could be seen.

"It is not the first time I have fought a duel," he remarked, as he took his place at one end of a little open spot among the rocks.

"But it might be ther last one!" observed Cheyenne Charlie, laconically.

A calm smile played about the lips of Young Wild West.

Never once did he take his eyes off the Arizona Athlete, as the fellow walked to the position he chose.

All the coolness the boy possessed showed up at this minute.

"You mean me, I guess," he said to his foe. "But you are not going to get me! I won't hurt you much, either, for I have nothing really against you. I am ready, Mr. Dimple!"

"So am I ready!" chimed in Gilpin.

"All right, then!" exclaimed the hunter; "here she goes!"

He raised his revolver over his head and pressed the trigger.

Crack!

Wild and the Arizona Athlete stood with the muzzles of their weapons pointed to the sky, and the instant the crack of the pistol sounded down went the weapons on a level with each other's heart.

Crack!

Only one report sounded.

Up went Gilpin's hand, his weapon flying from it as though he was trying to see how far he could toss it.

Instead of sending a bullet at the young man's heart, Wild had shot at the back knuckle of his forefinger.

The bullet just grazed it, but it was enough!
The athlete had been in the act of pressing the trigger, but he let go instantly.

"There!" exclaimed Wild; "I guess the duel is over!"
"For the present it is," answered Gilpin, as he made for the coach. "But I'll get the best of you if it takes me a week!"

"All right. I will be at your service any way you want to settle it. I am sure I can outshoot you, and I feel certain that I can whip you in a fist fight. If there is any other game you think you are good at just let me know."

"Wait till we get to Kanab!" was the retort.
The next minute the stagecoach rattled off, while the band of cowboys rode along with it, all having come to the conclusion that the Arizona Athlete had met a little more than his match.

"I guess we'll follow along after them," Wild said to Josh Dimple and his companions. "The desert strip can't be so very far away. I figured that we would not reach it much before four o'clock, but when we came to this canyon I found that they were closer than I figured on. You have been that way before, I suppose?"

"Yes, we live there," was the reply.
"What were you doing so far away with the young lady, then?"

"Oh, Katy got it in her head that she wanted ter make a week's trip with us, so we let her go. Our pack-mules with ther pelts we've got must be along here somewhere if ther injuns didn't shoot 'em."

A few minutes later they found the mules nibbling at the prickly grass at the side of the trail.

There were four of them and they were well loaded with the skins of the fur-bearing animals the party had killed.

CHAPTER IV.

THE RUNNING FIGHT ON THE DESERT.

"Your horses look as though a drink wouldn't hurt 'em," observed Josh Dimple, when they had gathered the pack-mules together. "We'll strike a creek about a mile below, an' then yer want ter let 'em fill in, 'cause it'll be low, hot crossin' ther sand that's ahead."

"That's right," Wild answered. "But it strikes me if this creek is the only water about here we will be apt to strike the Indians somewhere along it. About five hundred of them are supposed to be up this way, you know."

"Five hundred of 'em!" echoed the elder Dimple, his face turning pale. "You don't mean that, Young Wild West?"

"Yes, I do mean it. That is the report we got three days ago. We are going over to Kanab to meet a force of cavalry there, and we are going to do the scouting for them until the band is either subdued or killed off. That is our orders."

"An' we didn't know nothin' of this," said the old man, turning to those with him.

"Well, we've been down here in ther mountings fur nigh a week, so we wouldn't be s'posed ter know it," said Ned Nelson. "We come mighty nigh findin' it out to our sorrow, though."

"That's right, Ned," nodded Jack Dimple. "It are mighty lucky that we found somebody ter help us when that gang of about twenty of ther Moquis was chasin' us a while ago."

"Well, I wasn't even then afraid they'd kill us," remarked the hunter. "I didn't like ther idee of Katy gittin' in ther clutches, that's why I advised yer ter light out an' give 'em plenty of room. I never onct thought they was on ther war-path."

"I did!" declared Nelson. "I seen that they had ther war-paint on. It's a long while since ther Moquis had ther war-paint on, an' says I to myself: 'Jack, old feller, there's goin' ter be a heap of trouble right now!' Then I jest got close ter Katy an' lit out with ther rest of yer."

As they rode on for the creek the four asked Wild and his partners enough questions to find out all about them.

It was strange that neither of them had heard of Young Wild West before, but as it was the first time they had been right in that part of Arizona, though they had experienced some hot times in the Grand Canyon, which was not so very far away, that made a difference.

Young Wild West felt quite certain that they would meet some of the redskins before they started to cross the desert.

But he did not say anything just then, because he thought his fears might be groundless, and he did not want to alarm the young lady.

They were not long in reaching the creek.
The stagecoach was halted there and the horses were drinking when they rode up.

"Do you know anything about this part of ther country?" Jumping Joe asked Josh Dimple.

"I reckon I do," was the reply. "I've been here about fifty times, I reckon. This here creek runs right over ther Utah line, which ain't more'n ten miles from here. It's jest about thirty-three miles from here ter ther other side of ther sand strip. Then four more miles, which is straight an' smooth travelin', fetches yer in Kanab."

"Good enough! It's putty hard travelin' through ther alkali dust, I s'pose?"

"Well, not so very hard. Yer see, there's a bed of rock under ther dust, which ain't more'n three or four inches deep on an average. It raises thunder with yer if ther wind happens ter git up an' blow putty hard, though."

"I reckon it must. I've been in sandstorms afore now, an' I've had my eyes cut out by ther dust an' sand, too."

The Arizona Athlete was walking about watching the horses drink and talking to the men.

But he paid no attention to Young Wild West and his companions.

"I reckon that feller has got about enough of you, Wild," observed Charlie, with a grin. "You're too much for him, though he's a putty good one, for all that."

"Oh, he won't give a duel, and it is quite likely he will want to make many phases of it. I don't mean to kill him unless I find that he is trying to down me by some unfair means."

The sun was shining fiercely upon the travelers, but, notwithstanding this, the Arizona Athlete gave the word for his men to start, and then he got into the coach in which he had traveled from Prescott.

The creek was forded and then away they went for the desert.

Charlie declared that he could smell the hot sand they were going to tackle so soon, but the others made no such a claim.

It was three miles away, and before starting Wild climbed a tree and took a look in the direction they were going to travel.

He could see the shining sea of whitish sand in the distance, and as the sun shone upon it with relentless force he could notice shining dots that looked like gold and silver intermingled.

The cowboys and the stagecoach were now a good mile ahead.

Wild descended the tree.
He had been unable to see another human being other than the party that had gone on ahead.

But a desert was hardly the place to look for a band of Indians.

"Everything seems to be all right, boys," he said, as he joined the group. "We have a hot ride ahead of us, so we may as well get at it."

"As we have got our pack-mules with us, we will delay you if you stick to us," remarked Katy Dimple.

"Well, that don't matter," Wild answered. "We like company sometimes."

They made pretty good time across the open stretch after leaving the creek and soon reached the commencement of the sandy waste.

They could see the stagecoach about a mile ahead of them, and all they had to do was to follow that.

Anyhow, there was a plain trail through the dry sand, and if there had not been they would have been able to lay a course, since Josh Dimple carried a pocket compass.

The cowboys were proceeding rather slowly, and they soon found out that they were gaining on them.

When they had covered a mile over the desert Wild happened to look back.

Then it was that he gave a start.
A big cloud of dust showed less than half a mile away.

But that was not all!
A band of fully two hundred Indians was coming!

"Great Scott!" cried Wild. "What do you think of that, boys?"

Charlie and Jim turned and took in the situation at a glance.

"It looks like a case of fight," the scout said, a grim smile

playing about his lips. "Well, I reckon we kin give 'em a good run first, though."

"Jumpin' Jupiter!" exclaimed Josh Dimple. "I guess we'd better ride on an' leave ther pack-mules."

"No!" said Wild. "We will just catch up to the cowboys ahead, and then we'll give the red scoundrels a fight. I guess they won't force matters if we begin to drop a few."

The boy spoke so coolly that he allayed the fears of the four considerably.

The mules were forced into a wild canter now, and away they went over the sand to overtake the party ahead.

But just then some one in the Arizona Athlete's party saw the Indians coming.

Then they got a hustle on them.

The horses hitched to the stagecoach were put to a run and they got over the alkali dust at a smart gait.

But Wild and his companions rapidly gained upon them, for the mules, somehow, took a notion to run.

The redskins were yet a quarter of a mile behind them when they overtook the band of cowboys.

The men seemed to be pretty badly scared.

Gus Gilpin came out of the coach and crawled up on top, his rifle in his hand.

"What do you think about it, Young Wild West?" he called out.

"Well, I think the redskins mean to make it pretty warm for us," was the reply.

"Well, I am going to begin picking off some of them. I am a pretty good shot with a rifle."

"Go ahead! That is the only way they can be stopped."

The athlete threw himself on his stomach, and, taking careful aim, fired a shot at the advancing horde.

One of the foremost threw up his hands, and with the death-yell on his lips, fell from the back of his pony.

"That's one!" he said, nodding at our friends.

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when a volley was fired by the Indians.

They must have had pretty good rifles, for the bullets cut the air over their heads and played a regular tune.

But the red demons were riding so fast that their aim was bad.

No one was hit.

"We have got to check them, boys!" cried Young Wild West, and, turning in the saddle, he opened fire with his Winchester.

Charlie and Jim followed his example.

Crack, crack, crack! Crack!

The shots rang out on the clear air with startling distinctness, and the advancing redskins tumbled right and left.

But there were at least a hundred of them and they kept right on coming.

Only a few of the cowboys had rifles, and they now began to use them.

A look of disgust came over the face of Cheyenne Charlie when he saw that they were not doing any damage.

In their eagerness to get away from the Indians the men were shooting more at random than anything else.

"That won't do!" Wild called out to them. "Make every shot tell. You ought to know that you can't afford to waste any ammunition now. Those fellows mean business, or they would never follow us on the desert. Give it to them now! Aim straight! Be sure you have one of them covered before you press a trigger."

The advice was timely.

The cowboys heeded it, and when they fired another volley three of the redskins bit the dust.

Wild and his partners again opened fire, Josh Dimple and his companions joining them.

The latter all had good rifles, and when the bullets cut down a dozen more of the pursuing Indians they came to a temporary halt.

"Now we are doing something!" Wild exclaimed. "Just give them another dose!"

Crack, crack, crack! Crac-c-c-ck!

The sharp reports rang out and almost every bullet found its billet.

It was a running fight, with the chances in favor of the pursued.

The Moquis had not been on the warpath for a long time, but they were certainly getting hard treatment just now.

It was enough to make them think they had made a mistake.

They now scattered to escape the storm of leaden hail that was being sent into their ranks.

As yet no one in the party had been even wounded, though many shots had been sent at them by the redskins. The Arizona Athlete from his position on top of the rocking stagecoach was doing wonderful work.

"Young Wild West, you are a deadshot, and no mistake!" he shouted, as they passed swiftly over the desert. "It is almost a shame for me to think of downing you, but it has got to be done. I am going to beat you, if it takes a week, as I told you before!"

"All right," was the rejoinder. "If it takes a week to fight the duel out I don't care. One thing, I don't mean to kill you, unless you try to drop me on the sly."

"Don't let anything like that get into your head! I am not built on these kind of lines. I shan't do a thing to you unless it is right on the square. I did mean to shoot you dead when we faced each other a little while ago with revolvers. I am much obliged to you for what you did. You spared my life. I won't forget that, though I will tell you right to your face that I don't like you."

"Well, I can't say that I like you very well, either. I am not the one to kill you, though, unless it be in self-defense. You are what I call a bluffer! You may have defeated a whole lot of awkward fellows in boxing, wrestling and the like, but when it comes to a fair and square go with one who is just as quick as you are you have got to go down."

"We'll see about that. Just wait till we get to Kanab."

"I am waiting."

While this rather spirited conversation was going on the speakers were keeping a watch upon the Indians.

The red demons had spread out like a huge fan and were following them at about the same rate of speed as they were traveling.

"They don't want to git too close jest yet, I reckon," remarked Cheyenne Charlie. "But they don't mean to leave us, not by a jugful!"

"No, they are trying to tire us out, I think," answered Jim Dart.

The mules were beginning to lag now, and so were the horses that were hitched to the stagecoach.

It would not be very long before the pursued party would have to halt and make a stand against their foe.

CHAPTER V.

THE TREACHERY OF THE INDIANS.

The scorching sun shone fiercely on the foam-covered horses and literally sapped the strength from them.

It told much more on those that were hitched to the stagecoach.

The lumbering vehicle ran hard anyhow, and with the wheels sinking in the alkali dust it was hard pulling for the horses.

Wild, Charlie and Jim could easily have made their escape, and so could the cowboys, perhaps.

But our friends did not propose to leave those who had no show to get away.

They would stay with them and fight it out.

The redskins had been gaining steadily upon them for the past ten minutes, and they now half surrounded them at a distance of probably three hundred feet.

Wild thought it time to begin picking them off again, so he gave the word.

"Make every shot tell!" he said.

As the firing began the Indians joined in, and in less than two minutes one of the cowboys was stricken by a bullet.

But the red demons were dropping right and left.

Our hero cast a swift glance over the desert.

A solitary bunch of rocks showed up a few yards off to the left.

"There is our only chance!" he cried. "Make for the rocks!"

The cowboys understood.

They realized the advantage that would be gained by making a stand behind the rocks.

The driver of the stagecoach swung the horses around and headed for it, and after him went Katy Dimple, leading the pack-mules.

The rest brought up the rear, keeping up a running fire at the redskins.

The rocks were soon reached.

There were enough of them to afford shelter for all hands.

The stagecoach was stopped in among them, and then everybody got busy.

The saddle-horses being trained to it, they were made to lie down to escape the bullets that came whizzing over the rocks.

"I guess we can hold them off now," said our hero. "There is only one way they can get us out of here, and that is to keep up the siege until we have to make a break for the want of water."

"I reckon if they only keep close enough for an hour there won't be enough of 'em left to keep us here," observed Cheyenne Charlie.

"Oh, they are not going to give us a chance to shoot them off so easy," Wild answered. "See! Even now they are getting cautious. They know we have got a good position, and they will hold a pow-wow to settle on a plan of action."

This was just what the redskins did a few minutes later. They drew away to a safe distance on the burning sand and gathered in a bunch.

Leaving Young Wild West and his friends to themselves, the Arizona Athlete called the cowboys together and said, loud enough for our friends to hear:

"Boys, as I am leader of this party, I am going to make a suggestion. It is this: One of you must ride over with a flag of truce and try to make terms with them. If you go halfway and come to a halt it is very likely one of the redskins will come to meet you. I am willing to give them five hundred dollars if they will go off and let us alone. Now, then, who is going to volunteer to go?"

"I will!" cried Jumping Joe, stepping up.

"All right, Joe, just tie this to the muzzle of your rifle and ride out."

He handed a clean white handkerchief over and the cowboy soon rigged it into a flag of truce.

"Tell them that I have just five hundred dollars, and I am willing to give it to them if they will go back the way they came and allow us to cross the desert in peace," said the athlete, as Jumping Joe mounted his mustang.

"All right, Gus. Leave it ter me! I've made terms with redskins afore now. I'm a reg'lar diplomat, I am."

There was a curious smile on the face of Young Wild West as the cowboy rode off on his mission.

"I doubt if he has ever made terms with redskins that were on the warpath," he said, in a low tone to his companions. "Why! the rascally redskins will agree to anything and then keep up the fight just the same!"

"As sure as you're born, they will!" chuckled Cheyenne Charlie, who seemed to look into the matter as more of a joke than anything else.

"You're right!" exclaimed Josh Dimple. "I've had lots ter do with Injuns in my day. I ain't seen very many what could be trusted in a deal. They're scarcer than hen's teeth."

"But five hundred dollars may be the means of inducin' 'em to quit," spoke up his son. "They oughter know that they can't git at us here without losin' ther biggest part of their number. It'll be much better for 'em ter take ther five hundred dollars an' not run ther risk of losin' any more men."

"Oh, they will most likely agree to it," said Wild. "But whether they will keep their engagement or not remains to be seen."

"Then you don't approve of trying to make terms with them?" asked Jack Dimple.

"No!"

"You think we can win, then?"

"Yes. Our horses can stand the thirst as long as theirs can, and that gives us an equal chance. Your pack-mules and the stagecoach could be left behind, and we would still have four extra horses to fill in for any that might give out. We could keep right ahead and make a running fight of it all the way over the sand, if needs be. Of course, a few of us might go under in the operation, but I hardly think that would be the case. The more we thinned out the ranks of the redskins the more they would be apt to keep out of range, and when they keep out of range of our bullets we would be quite safe from theirs."

"Well, you kin bet that I'm willin' ter let ther mules an' ther pelts go!" exclaimed Josh Dimple. "My darter is worth more than all ther pelts in ther world, I calculate!"

"I should say she was!" spoke up Ned Nelson, looking at his sweetheart fondly. "She's ter be my wife as soon as we end this huntin' trip an' git back ter Kanab, yer know."

"I know. I was ter buy her a dress fur ther 'casion from ther proceeds of ther hunt, too."

"Well, I reckon ther one she's got on is good enough fur me. 'Tain't clothes that makes a good womar, anyhow."

Katy smiled and allowed her lover to take her hand.

"I reckon you're right, Ned," she said, smiling at him. "It's ther heart what makes ther woman, an' the man, too. You told me the other day that I had your heart, an' if that's the case, why, you've got mine. A fair 'change ain't no robbery, I've always heard."

This was the first time the couple had talked like that before the girl's father and brother and they looked just the least bit surprised.

"'Tain't much of a time fur love matters jest now, I reckon," remarked Jack.

"If you had a sweet-faced gal like I've got mebber you'd think it was jest ther time," retorted Ned.

"Sweet-faced—like you've got, hey? Is a gal what's got about a million freckles on her face sweet-lookin'?"

"Shet up, Jack!" cried his sister, angrily. "You've got bushels of freckles yourself."

"Well, I don't claim ter be sweet-faced!" And the young man burst into a hearty laugh, his own words sounded so ridiculous to his ears.

This talk was very amusing to Wild, Charlie and Jim.

It was something unusual, and in spite of the fact that a grave danger threatened them, they enjoyed it.

They now watched the messenger with the flag of truce.

Jumping Joe halted about halfway to the band of redskins.

Then in a very short time one of the Moquis rode out to meet him, he, too, carrying a white flag.

"They are willin' ter make terms all right," observed Jack Dimple.

No one said anything to this.

The cowboy and Indian talked for about five minutes and then the Indian rode back to his band.

Jumping Joe remained where he was.

In a very few minutes the Indian came back, and then the cowboy turned and rode back for the rocks.

"How did you make out, Joe?" Gus Gilpin asked, eagerly, as the man rode up and dismounted.

"Putty good, I reckon," was the reply. "They'll take ther five hundred an' light out right away."

"Good! They shall have it. I would only spend it foolishly anyhow. It is much better than being worried and shot down, I should say."

"Well, give me ther money. I'll go an' give it ter 'em, an' then we've got ter run ther risk of 'em doin' as they agree."

"I guess they will keep their agreement. Joe, I will take the money to them myself. That redskin is there waiting for it. Perhaps I can tell better whether he is sincere when I have a few words with him."

"All right, Gus."

The Arizona Athlete at once mounted the cowboy's horse.

"You had better keep on your guard when you get to the redskin," Young Wild West called out, warningly.

"I know my business!" was the quick retort.

"Well, I hope you do, but I doubt it."

Gilpin paid no attention, but rode away at a canter.

He did not notice that the lone Indian had moved back much closer to the main body of redskins since Jumping Joe left him, but our friends did.

Wild suspected treachery.

When he saw two more of the Indians start out to meet the white man he got up and commanded his horse to rise from the ground.

"What are you going to do, Wild?" asked Jim Dart.

"I am going to ride out that way because I believe the redskins are up to something," was the reply.

There was no use in questioning the young deadshot further.

Dart and Charlie knew that only too well.

Wild mounted Spittire and started off at a trot after Gilpin.

The athlete was riding right ahead just as though he was certain that everything would be all right.

There was no doubt that he thought it would be all right.

As Gilpin reached the waiting redskin the other two came up.

He was seen to parley with them for a couple of minutes and then something happened that the majority of those among the rocks had not figured on.

The two Indians, who were on foot, suddenly seized the Arizona Athlete and pulled him from his horse.

There was a short struggle and then Gilpin was overpowered.

The redskin on horseback dropped his flag of truce, and, uttering a yell of defiance, leaned over and caught the captured athlete and pulled him over his horse's neck.

Gilpin had been disarmed and his wrists tied together in much less time than it takes to record it.

And when this all happened Young Wild West was nearly two hundred yards away.

"Just as I thought," muttered the daring boy. "Gilpin is a fool when it comes to Indian tactics. Well, I will try and save him, but it looks like an impossibility."

The sorrel stallion was let out to its utmost speed now.

He gained rapidly on the three Indians, who were compelled to move rather slowly with their prisoner, since two of them were on foot.

But in a few seconds the mounted redskin had the prisoner well balanced before him, and then the others turned and ran for all they were worth.

Wild saw that there was only one chance to save the Arizona Athlete.

He must drop the redskin who had him on the horse.

Then he might be able to dash up, get him on the sorrel with him and dash back for the rocks with a storm of bullets whistling after him.

It was a daring feat to do.

But our hero had performed such daring feats before, and he was not afraid to attempt the trick.

Like a meteor the sorrel stallion swooped toward the Indians and their captive.

Wild raised his rifle to his shoulder, and, taking quick aim, pressed the trigger.

Crack!

As the report sounded both redskin and captive tumbled from the back of the galloping horse.

But a score or more warriors were now heading for the spot.

Wild realized that he was too late.

But with the undaunted pluck and determination he possessed, he kept on.

Whiz—whiz!

Bullets were flying about his head when he was yet fifty yards from the helpless Arizona Athlete.

"It can't be done!" he exclaimed under his breath. "I'll have to give it up and try some other way to rescue him."

He pulled upon the rein to turn the sorrel.

Just then, by a strange freak, a bullet hit the bit-ring of the bridle and the stallion, instead of obeying, reared high in the air.

The action was so sudden and unexpected that Young Wild West was thrown to the ground, and, yelling with delight, the Moqui warriors ran to the spot.

CHAPTER VI.

CAPTURED BY THE REDSKINS.

The yelling Indians closed in on Wild as he was in the act of rising to his feet.

Crack!

He fired once and one of them went down with a bullet in his thigh.

Then the weapon was knocked from his grasp, while the barrel of a rifle hit him on the side of the head and rendered him temporarily unconscious.

The daring boy was quickly bound and then, with exultant cries, the treacherous Moquis made for the spot where the rest of the band were running about to show their joy at the double capture.

Then the prisoners were thrown over the backs of ponies and the redskins turned and made for the rolling grass land they had so lately left to follow the party over the desert.

Wild came to with a head that ached considerably just as the band got under way.

He looked around wonderingly for a second or two and then it all came to him.

He could see that they were riding rapidly over the burning sand and that the party at a halt among the rocks was being left behind.

Wild lifted his head and looked around him.

He was hanging over the back of the horse by the middle and thongs were passed from his neck beneath the belly of the animal to his ankles to keep him in position.

Redskins were close on all sides of him and he could see nothing of the Arizona Athlete.

But that he was among the rascally redmen he had not the least doubt.

The ponies of the Indians needed no urging. It seemed as though they could smell the green grass and water that lay but a few minutes from them.

With the hot dust flying all around him our hero was borne along.

It was his first experience with the Moqui tribe, but he had been among so many of the different tribes of the Indians that he concluded that there was little or no difference in the way they would be apt to treat their prisoners.

The fact that they had broken away from the reservation and taken to the warpath was evidence that they hated the palefaces, even if it was not natural that they should.

That meant that they would most likely put them to torture.

But Young Wild West had been in many a bad fix before.

He did not fear the outcome, but rested on the thought that he would get away from them in some way or other.

Strategy would bring it about, if force of numbers would not, and both Cheyenne Charlie and Jim Dart were pretty well versed in strategy.

It was not many minutes before the edge of the sandy waste was reached and the green grass could be seen once more.

But the Indians did not stop until they reached the creek.

They had diverged from the trail somewhat and halted at a wild spot something like half a mile from the place where our friends had forded the little stream.

The pony Wild was upon was allowed to drink while he was still hanging over its back.

Though it had been but half an hour before when the animals must have drunk their fill, they were now as thirsty as though they had gone a day without water.

The dust and heat of the sun had parched their throats on the desert.

Wild felt like taking a drink himself as he looked down at the water in the creek.

It was anything but a pleasant position to be placed in, but he stood it without a murmur.

Pretty soon the horses had swallowed what they wanted of the water, and then the Indians set out across an uneven tract for a patch of woods that could be seen in the distance.

Wild craned his neck and saw the woods.

He also saw something else.

It was a column of smoke rising above the treetops.

"There's the camp of the whole body of the redskins," he thought. "The chances are that they will make it warm for me, for these braves must certainly know that I did a whole lot toward thinning their ranks."

But he did not give way to anything like fear.

It was time enough for that when there was no chance of getting out of the scrape he was in.

The woods was only a trifle more than a quarter of a mile from the creek, so it was soon reached by the red men.

So far they had not paid any more attention to the boy than if he had been a sack of grain.

But as they rode through the undergrowth and came to a natural clearing in the woods two of the braves picked up sticks and began to beat him on the back.

"If you want me to howl so as to let your gang know that you are bringing paleface prisoners in, I won't do it!" cried the dashing young deadshot.

"Ugh!" answered one of the redskins; "paleface boy heap much coward!"

"I guess you don't know what a coward is like, if you say that," was the cool rejoinder.

The blows smarted, but not a sound that was anything like a cry of pain came from our hero's lips.

He could be as stoical as an Indian if he wanted to, and he knew that if he showed that he could stand the pain they would let up on him all the sooner.

Just then he heard a yell of pain, followed by a string of invectives.

The voice was that of the Arizona Athlete.

The braves struck him three or four more stinging blows, and then desisted and left him.

A minute later Gas Gilpin was howling in agony.

The Moquis were having great fun with him, since he would cry out for them.

Wild lifted his head, and saw that they had arrived at the headquarters of the rebelling Indians.

Back of the edge of the little clearing was a steep cliff.

and directly at the foot of this lay the camp stretched along for a distance of a hundred yards.

All along through the woods as far as our hero could see from his hanging position were groups of Indians scattered here and there.

Two or three teepees were all that were to be seen, and these were located close together.

It was in front of one of these that the fire which sent up the column of smoke our hero had seen as they left the creek was kindled.

Standing near the fire was the chief.

He was gaudily attired in a semi-barbaric fashion, and a look of triumph shone from his piercing black eyes as the two paleface prisoners were brought to him.

Gus Gilpin had been beaten with sticks until he was black and blue.

Wild could feel where he had received the blows, too, but he was not hurt much.

It was the first our hero had seen of the Arizona Athlete since he had failed in the attempt to save him from the redskins.

Gilpin's face was a study.

It was plain that he was badly frightened.

As the ponies nearing the two prisoners were halted in front of the chief the old warrior gave a grunt of satisfaction.

"We bring Running Elk two palefaces who have slain many braves to-day," said one of the braves, speaking in the language of his people.

The chief frowned and looked very wicked.

Then some more talk in their own language passed between the braves and the chief, after which Running Elk, as he was called, ordered the prisoners to be removed from the ponies.

Wild was glad to get in an upright position once more.

It was evident that the Arizona Athlete was, too, for he breathed a sigh of relief.

"Well, chief, what is the matter with you?" asked our hero, looking at Running Elk just as though he felt that there was something wrong with him.

"Ugh!" was the reply, while a fierce scowl added to the ugliness of the answer.

"Are you getting crazy, chief?" went on the boy, fearlessly. "Don't you know that the soldiers from the forts will be down on you and punish you for leaving the reservation and attacking the palefaces? You surely are crazy, Running Elk."

"Paleface boy talk heap much; say nothing."

"You think so, eh? Well, you will find out that I am saying just what is right. Your braves have attacked the palefaces, and you will surely suffer for it. The soldiers will be here as thick as the leaves on the trees in a few hours. Then Running Elk will wish he was back on the reservation, hoeing his corn and smoking the pipe of peace. What a fool you are, Running Elk!"

This cool talk from Wild surprised Gilpin as much as it did the chief and his braves.

There was nothing that would indicate that Wild was doing his best to give the redskins a good lecture upon their evil and vicious ways.

It seemed strange that he could stand there with his hands bound behind him and talk that way.

It was plain that his words had considerable effect on the redskins, though.

Running Elk did not start in and tell how great he was, and all that, as chiefs generally do when they get a prisoner before them. He simply stood looking at Wild with folded arms and knitted brows.

"Do you think they will let us go?" asked Gilpin, looking at Wild anxiously.

"Of course they will," was the reply. "They dare not hold us prisoners. They know what they will get if they do."

This was said to bluff the chief, but the athlete thought Wild really meant it.

"I am willing to give them the five hundred dollars if they will let us go."

Running Elk gave a start when he heard this.

But the young chief who had led the chase on the desert quickly stepped up and said something in their own lingo.

The chief nodded.

Then he gave the word, and a search was made through the pockets of the Arizona Athlete.

The young man had been foolish enough to carry all the money he had with him, and with guttural exclamations of delight, the redskins relieved him of it.

The Moquis well knew the value of money, and they be-

gan figuring on what they would do with their share of it when they got it.

The eyes of Running Elk fairly glistened as he took the captured roll, which must have contained a couple of thousand dollars, and when he placed it in the inner pocket of the buckskin coat he wore some of the braves put on long faces, no doubt wondering if that was the last they would ever see of the money.

The chief next ordered Wild to be searched.

But our hero had been among lawless men so much that he had found it advisable not to carry much money on his person.

The bulk of what he took with him he always kept in a secret pocket of his saddle-bags.

And just now his saddle-bags were on his sorrel stallion, Spitfire.

Where the intelligent animal was he did not know, but he was quite certain that the redskins had not captured him.

Wild was not sure whether Spitfire had been hit by a bullet or not, but he had an idea that the bullet had merely grazed him somewhere.

Running Elk kicked him in disgust when he found but a few dollars on him.

"All right, chief!" our hero exclaimed. "You will be sorry for kicking me before many hours, see if you are not!"

"Ugh!" was the retort. "Tie palefaces to tree."

That happened to be two trees close together within a few feet of the fire, so the captives were bound to them in upright positions.

"I guess we're in for it now," said Gilpin, uneasily. "They mean to kill us."

"Oh, I don't think they will," was Wild's cool retort. "We will live long enough to finish our duel, I guess."

"Do you really think that way, Young Wild West?"

"I certainly do. I have been in many worse boxes than this, and I have always got out of them."

"Well, I have never been captured by Indians before."

"Is that so?"

"Yes."

"You haven't been around much, then?"

"Oh, yes, I have. I have lived in Arizona several years, and this is the first time I was ever among Indians that were hostile."

"You didn't go where they were, then. I have had several adventures with the Apaches the past year. These Moquis are not near as savage as the Apaches are, so we needn't be worried. There will come a way to get us out of this scrape. My partners will see to that."

"I hope they do. I have lost every dollar I had! But I am willing to let that go if I can only get back to Prescott."

CHAPTER VII.

CHARLIE AND JIM FOLLOW THE MOQUIS TO THEIR CAMP.

When Wild's partners saw him captured by the redskins they were dismayed for the time being.

"Great gimlets!" cried Cheyenne Charlie. "That's too bad, Jim!"

"Yes," replied Dart. "If the Arizona Athlete was fool enough to let the Moquis get hold of him, Wild should have let him go. We could have figured out a way of getting him from them afterward. But now that they have got Wild, too, we are going to have a hard time of it, and I know it."

"Well, there's only one thing to do."

"What's that?"

"We've got to git Wild away from ther red galoots."

"Yes, but how?"

"That's what I don't know jest yet."

"I suppose it would be a good idea to send some one right through to Kanab and get some of the cavalry to come here."

"That's right. But it must be some one what kin be depended on what goes."

"I guess one of the cowboys will do."

The cowboys were very much disturbed over the capture of their friend, the Arizona Athlete.

"See here!" he exclaimed. "Some one has got to ride to Kanab as fast as he can. There are a lot of cavalrymen there, who are on the lookout for these redskins. One of you take the best horse you have got and ride over and report that Young Wild West has been captured by the Moquis."

That will bring them here in a hurry. In the meantime we will work for the rescue of Wild and Gilpin by strategy."

"Hooray!" cried Jumping Joe, taking off his hat. "Ther young feller knows what's ter be done, boys. Bill, you've got ther best horse in ther bunch. You light out fur ther cavalry."

"All right," answered Bill, and he hastened to make ready for the ride over the desert.

Two minutes later he was riding away on his errand.

"Now, then, what's ther next thing ter do?" asked Jumping Joe, coming over to where our friends were.

"I guess we had better get out of this alkali dust," answered Jim. "We'll burn up if we stay here all day."

"If we kin git back to where ther attack was made on ther stage-coach we'd be able to hold ther Injuns off," observed the scout. "Jim, let's you an' me ride on ahead an' do a little scoutin'. Ther rest kin come along slowly, an' we'll meet 'em an' let 'em know what's best to be done."

It was getting toward the middle of the afternoon now, but the sun seemed to be as hot as ever.

As they were ready to start Charlie looked at Josh Dimple and said:

"I guess it would be safe for you folks to go on after ther feller we sent ther message with. Ther gal won't stand no chance of being caught by ther Injuns then."

Dimple thought the same way.

His son and Ned Nelson wanted to remain with them and help rescue Young Wild West, though.

After a little talk it was decided that they would remain with our friends and the cowboys, while the old man and Katy struck out for the town the other side of the sandy waste.

"It's right that you should do all you could to help save Young Wild West, Ned," said the young man's sweetheart. "He saved us, you know. If it hadn't been for him and his partners the redskins would have cleaned out the other crowd and got us sure!"

"All right, Katy; you go right on with pop, then."

So the two mounted and started across the sand with the pack-horses following them.

Charlie and Jim now rode after the fast disappearing Indians, who had reached the edge of the desert by this time.

Jumping Joe led his men in the direction the scout had told him to, leaving the stage-coach where it was.

They did not want to be encumbered with the lumbering vehicle just now.

Charlie and Jim did not ride very fast until the Indians were out of sight behind the vegetation that grew near the edge of the sand strip.

They did not want the redskins to know that they were following them.

When they finally reached the edge of the sand both breathed a sigh of relief.

Sparse as the vegetation was near the edge of the wide strip of barren waste, it looked awfully inviting.

"Ther redskins has gone for ther woods over there," said Charlie, as he brought his horse to a halt and shaded his eyes.

The woods in question was some little distance from where they were, since it was the other side of the little stream of water that came down from the mountains.

They waited until they caught sight of the band, and then, when they saw that they were really heading for the woods, they set out for the creek.

"My throat is as dry as a powder horn, even if I was only on the desert a short time!" declared Dart, as he dismounted to get a drink.

"I reckon ther sun shinin' down on that sand would make anybody thirsty," answered the scout. "It would make a feller dry even if he had jest had a drink."

They allowed the horses to drink what they wanted, and then, mounting, they headed for the woods, taking a round-about course.

"It might be that we kin git a chance to git Wild and that galoot of an Arizona Athlete away from ther redskins by a trick," Charlie remarked, as they rode along. "Sich things has been done, you know, Jim."

"Yes," was the reply, "but I am afraid that the whole bunch is there, and that being the case, the chances are that we won't be able to get close enough."

"Well, one thing is sartin', an' that is that Wild has got to be saved."

The scout laid stress on what he said.

He was willing to take any kind of a risk to save the boy.

They at length reached the woods at a point about a quarter of a mile from where the Indian camp was.

They had located it easily by the smoke that arose from the solitary fire that was kept burning in front of the chief's tepee.

Once there they looked around for a suitable place to leave ther horses, while they went up to the edge of the camp and located things.

They had no difficulty in finding a place, and then they struck out without further delay.

As it was quite likely the redskins had sentinels posted about, they moved with extreme caution.

Used to that sort of a thing as they were, they made pretty good headway through the woods.

They could hear the barking of the dogs belonging to the redskins before they had gone far.

It would be a queer sort of an Indian camp if there were no dogs in it.

The redskins are very fond of dog meat, and whenever they held a feast in honor of some event they usually slaughtered the fattest ones.

This left the poor, scraggy mongrels to hang around and bark and howl nights.

Just now the barking of the dogs did a good turn for Charlie and Jim.

The sounds led them in the right direction.

Pretty soon they came in sight of the camp through the trees and shrubbery.

They were, approaching from the south end, and were right at the face of the cliff before they knew it.

A good look told them that they could proceed no farther in that direction without being seen by some of the redskins.

"We'll switch off to ther left," whispered the scout.

"That's right," replied Jim.

They did so, working their way along with the utmost caution.

Around they went in a semi-circle, and then they took the risk of moving in toward the center of the camp.

About fifty yards from the edge of the camp they saw an Indian standing by a tree with a rifle in the hollow of his arm.

A sudden idea popped in Charlie's head.

He touched Jim on the arm and motioned for him to remain right where he was.

Then the scout drew his bowie knife and began working his way toward the redskin guard.

"I reckon I'll take your place an' watch ther camp a while," he muttered under his breath. "Wild has got to be saved, an' that's all there is to it!"

Nearer and nearer he got to the redskin.

Charlie did not want to kill the Indian in cold blood, though he knew the fellow would not hesitate to serve him that way.

On second thought he thrust his knife back in the sheath and took hold of the barrel of his Winchester in the form of a club.

"I'll knock ther red galoot down," he thought. "Then Jim an' me kin bind an' gag him afore he comes to."

Just then the redskin moved from the tree and came straight for Charlie.

He had not seen or heard him, but acted that way just by pure chance.

But the scout thought he had attracted his attention, and he got ready for business.

Crouching behind a bush, he waited, scarcely daring to breathe.

When he got within six feet of him the redskin paused and looked in the direction of the camp.

Charlie began to straighten up, preparatory to striking the blow that would fell the sentinel.

Just as he assumed an upright position a twig cracked beneath his foot.

The Moqui heard the sound, and as quick as a flash he turned and saw the scout.

Up went his rifle to his shoulder, and his lips parted to utter a warning cry.

But that was as far as he got.

Never had Cheyenne Charlie acted more quickly.

There was a lightning-like move on his part and—
Thud!

Down went the brave, Charlie catching him as he fell, so there would be no crashing noise in the bushes.

Jim had been watching every move that had been made by his partner, and he was on hand right away.

"I was going to shoot him if you had not fired just as you did," he whispered.

"Oh, I wasn't goin' to let ther measly coyote pull a trigger, or yell, either," was the reply. "Now, thei, jest git somethin' in his mouth, so he can't holler when he comes to."

An improvised gag was soon made from the strap the redskin wore about his waist for a belt.

Then he was bound hand and foot by means of some stout cord our friends had with them.

They always went supplied with it, as they never knew just when it might come in handy.

Not satisfied with having bound him in a helpless state, they tied him to a tree.

As warm as it was, the savage had a blanket thrown over his shoulder and wound about his middle when Charlie struck him down.

It was a red and yellow blanket, and as Charlie took it up and looked at it he gave a nod of satisfaction.

"It's a new one, I reckon," he muttered. "Well, I'll have to put it on, though it's plenty warm enough without it."

The Indian had been bareheaded, with a small bunch of eagle feathers stuck in his hair.

Charlie next took the feathers and thrust them in his own hair.

Then he pulled his long black locks over so they nearly covered his face.

At a distance he would surely have been taken for a redskin.

He could act like one, and as he picked up his rifle and began walking back and forth, Jim gave a nod of approval.

Though it was hardly necessary for him to remain there, Jim did so.

The Indian had been rendered unconscious by the blow he had received, and he showed no signs of recovery yet.

But let us follow Charlie.

He gradually worked his way nearer to the camp, and in five minutes from the time he had donned the disguise he was looking at Wild and Gilpin from a distance of only about ten yards.

It was the first time he had got a good look at them, and when he saw them bound to the two trees he gave a grunt of satisfaction.

Wild and the Arizona Athlete were conversing, as the scout could see, and as the redskins were not paying any particular attention to them just then, he concluded that they were not to be harmed right away, anyhow.

It would be dangerous for him to go much closer, for if he did he would surely be seen by some of the Indians, and then his disguise would be penetrated.

Cheyenne Charlie began to do some thinking.

Just what move to make he did not know.

CHAPTER VIII.

WILD WINS ANOTHER POINT IN THE DUEL, AND THEN ESCAPES WITH HIS OPPONENT.

Wild and the Arizona Athlete had not been tied to the trees very long when Running Elk, the chief, decided that he had better torture them a little, just to show them that the redmen meant business.

The fact was that our hero's words had made a deep impression on the chief.

He had not made up his mind whether he would kill the prisoners or not.

He had listened to the story of the young chief, who declared that Wild had been the one to do the most damage of any of the palefaces.

"We will torture them, and then we will hold a council and settle on what is to be done with them," the chief said in his own language to the minor leaders of the band, who gathered at his teepee.

This being decided upon, they made ready to begin their fiendish work.

"What are they up to?" Gilpin whispered, as the chief and his advisers came out of the teepee and walked up before them.

"They mean to have some fun with us, I guess," Wild answered.

Our hero could tell pretty well by the way the Indians acted that they were going to do something.

"Ugh!" exclaimed Running Elk, shaking his fist at the

two helpless whites. "Me make palefaces cry; they will act like old squaws who have lost their sight; they will beg Running Elk to kill them, so they will no longer feel pain! Palefaces heap much cowards!"

"You will find that I am not a coward," retorted Wild, looking the redskin in the eyes.

"Nor I, either!" spoke up Gilpin, imitating the fearless manner displayed by our hero.

"Both heap much cowards!" grunted the chief.

"I will fight Running Elk any way he chooses, and show him I am no coward!" exclaimed Wild.

"So will I!" chimed in the Arizona Athlete.

"Palefaces heap much fight?" queried the chief, after he had thought a moment.

"Yes!" they both answered.

"Running Elk and his braves will see."

Much to their astonishment, they were cut loose, while a crowd of painted warriors got around them.

"Paleface braves go fight!" said the chief, hitting out with his hands and kicking his feet, indicating that they were to use the weapons Nature had provided them with.

"Come on, a couple of you!" answered our hero. "We'll soon show you whether we can fight or not!"

"Ugh!" grunted the chief. "Palefaces must fight each other."

"Oh!"

Wild understood now.

Then, turning to the Arizona Athlete, he added:

"I guess it will be a good chance to finish the fist fight now."

"All right," was the spirited rejoinder. "But which ever way it goes, the duel will not be finished. You may beat me on some points, but I will prove to be the victor in the end, if we live long enough to finish our duel."

"You only think that way, Gilpin," retorted Wild, with a calm smile.

The two almost forgot that they were prisoners in the hands of a band of hostile redskins.

Both were anxious to fight it out with their fists, because each had the opinion that he was the best man.

The Indians looked amazed when they saw how ready and willing the two palefaces were to fight.

They had expected they would refuse to do anything like that for the amusement of the chief and his braves.

Wild rubbed the muscles of his arms to get the blood in circulation.

"When you get ready, say the word, Gilpin," he said coolly.

"I am ready now," was the reply.

"All right. Let yourself go!"

They began sparring for an opening right away, while the Indians crowded around and watched with interest.

Biff!

Gilpin landed a blow on our hero's shoulder which sent him back several feet.

The Arizona Athlete was going to fight for all he was worth, for he had just the least bit of a grudge against the handsome young fellow he was fighting with.

He had met with success in Prescott and the other places he had fought in that he was sore at having met his match in a person much younger than him.

The blow he received only made Wild the more cautious.

Gilpin knew his business, whether it came natural to him, or whether he had learned it.

He was just as anxious to defeat Wild there in the Indian camp as he would have been on the stage of a concert saloon in Prescott.

But Young Wild West did not mean to be defeated.

Defeat was something that he had never experienced.

He now began to rely on his footwork, and he kept out of the way of the swings of his adversary.

Suddenly Gilpin feinted with his left and let go a straight right for the jaw that might have ended the fight if it had landed.

But it did not land.

Wild dodged, and while the athlete was still coming toward him, sent a left punch to his stomach.

With a gasp Gilpin doubled himself, and sat down upon the ground with a jar.

Several of the braves applauded.

An Indian likes to see a good fight, no matter whether it is fought with weapons or not.

The Arizona Athlete being toughened from his training, soon recovered.

"You should be careful and not hit too low," he said pantingly.

"I struck you above the belt," was the calm rejoinder. "Now look out for yourself, for I am going to give you another in the same place!"

The pit of Gilpin's stomach was the weakest spot that could be hit, and he knew it.

The effects of the blow hung right to him, and weakened somewhat, he put on an anxious look.

Wild saw that he had gained an advantage, so he decided to hurry matters.

After some very pretty maneuvering, he feinted for the stomach, holding his right in readiness for a swing.

The move was a successful one, for Gilpin lowered his guard to protect his stomach.

Spat!

Wild struck as quick as lightning, and the full force of the blow caught his opponent on the joint of the jaw.

Down went Gilpin in a dazed condition.

He was done for, as far as fighting that way was concerned.

Young Wild West folded his arms and looked at the redskins.

"Do any of you want to try me?" he asked.

"Ugh!" grunted Running Elk. "Paleface boy heap much fight."

"Yes, I guess I can whip you, too, chief. You had better try me."

The Arizona Athlete now managed to get to a sitting posture.

"You put me out, Young Wild West," he said, "and you did it quickly, too. Never mind! That is only one phase of the duel. There are more to follow."

"All right. The more the merrier. I like the exercise, Gilpin," replied our hero.

The defeated man arose to his feet, rubbing the spot where the knockout punch had landed.

Just then there was a fierce yelping near by, and the next moment a dog came tearing through the crowd of redskins with a small bush tied to its tail!

There was nothing so very amazing about this, but the redskins scattered, nevertheless.

They no doubt thought the cur had gone suddenly crazy, and they got out of the way in a hurry.

"This way, Wild!" a voice called out from the direction the dog had come from.

Both Wild and Gilpin heard it.

"Run for your life!" exclaimed our hero, looking at his defeated foe.

The Arizona Athlete understood.

Like a shot he darted away, Wild following close at his heels.

"Leg it!" said the voice of Cheyenne Charlie, and then Wild saw the scout in the act of throwing an Indian blanket from his form.

Wild knew what had happened.

Charlie and Jim had come to the rescue.

The two prisoners got outside the lines of the redskins before they realized what had happened.

"To the horses!" cried Jim Dart, as he got up from the bushes. "Come on!"

All four were running like deer now.

The Arizona Athlete could keep up with them very well, since he was well trained.

But the Indians were not long in starting in pursuit.

Some of them mounted their horses and others came on foot.

As the four darted along through the trees a volley of bullets came after them.

But it was almost impossible for them to be hit in the woods.

There were too many trees to intercept the bullets.

They had start enough to reach the horses of Charlie and Jim before the redskins gained any.

Just as they reached the horses a neigh of delight sounded.

Wild pricked up his ears.

He recognized the neigh as coming from Spitfire, his faithful stallion.

Sure enough!

The sorrel bounded into view and lowered his head to rub his nose on the shoulder of his young master.

Wild merely took time to pat the animal's neck, and then he vaulted into the saddle.

Jim Dart got upon the back of his horse without loss of time.

"Here you go!" he called out to Gilpin. "You can ride double with me."

The Arizona Athlete clutched at the chance like a drowning man does at a straw.

He was on the horse with Dart in a twinkling.

Charlie was the last to mount, and bringing up the rear, he started out to make his escape before the hail of bullets.

Out of the woods went the three horses, Jim's getting over the ground with his double burden with apparent ease.

Jim was leading the way toward the point he expected to find the cowboys, while Charlie remained in the rear, now engaged in firing every time he got a good chance at their pursuers.

Crack! Crack! Crac-c-c-ck!

Shots were being fired rapidly now, and it was only a miracle that kept our friends from being hit.

Up to this time the redskins who were on foot had kept ahead in the pursuit, but now the horsemen began to forge ahead of them.

The nearest of these was perhaps fifty yards behind our friends.

Wild and Gilpin had nothing to shoot with, so they had to content themselves with hoping to get clear of the redskins.

Our hero could easily have outdistanced them in the long run, but he did not even try to get ahead.

Jim was leading the way, and he kept close behind him.

On the comparative open stretch they would make good targets for their pursuers.

Jim and the Arizona Athlete were the biggest mark for them, since they could not lean over good.

But help was close at hand.

Suddenly the clatter of hoofs was heard, and the next instant the crowd of cowboys came into view.

Yelling like so many demons, they charged to meet the pursuing redskins.

As not more than a dozen had mounted to give chase, they immediately came to a halt when they saw the cowboys.

They were not going to take the chance of fighting superior numbers.

"Whoopee!" shouted Cheyenne Charlie. "We're all right, boys! Give 'em a good volley an' then come on!"

The cowboys sent a volley at the halted redskins, and then wheeling their steeds, joined in the fight.

"Which way will we go?" shouted Jumping Joe, as he got close to Wild.

"Back to the desert," was the reply. "We will ride right on across. I hardly think the Moquis will follow us far."

"All right. You're their leader; you know your business, Young Wild West."

As the cowboys had the horses that had been hitched to the stagecoach with them, Gilpin changed from Jim's steed to one of them, and then they had pretty plain sailing, so to speak.

Back to the desert they went, reaching it just as they saw about a hundred of the redskins coming after them nearly a mile away.

All felt that they had an even chance of getting away from them now.

CHAPTER IX.

WILD HAS A QUARREL WITH A COLONEL.

Wild, Jim and Charlie were now riding along together. The scout told how he had caught one of the mongrel curs belonging to the Moqui camp and tied the bush to its tail.

He had sent the animal off with a kick, and of course it made straight for the camp.

"I reckoned it would sorter excite ther red galoots a little," he added. "Great gimlets! You'd have thought a troop of cavalry had hit 'em when that dog run among them with that bush jumpin' in ther air behind him!"

The scout chuckled as he thought of it.

Jim had left the redskin tied to the tree, just as he was coming to from the effects of the blow Charlie had given him.

It was quite likely that he had been released before this. "Now, then," said Wild, "we will stop long enough when we get to the stagecoach to get what things of value there

are there, and then we must light out straight for the other side of the sand strip. I want to get hold of a shooter or two, too."

"There's half a dozen of them in the stagecoach," spoke up the Arizona Athlete. "You can take what you want, Young Wild West. Nothing is too good for you. But I want you to understand that our duel is not over with yet, not by any means. I am going to win out."

"Well, I will give you a week to do it in," was the laughing reply. "But you haven't made much headway so far."

"But I will, though. There is wrestling, jumping, running, fencing and bowie-knife fight on horseback yet. I am first-class at all those. You just wait. I don't want to kill you, but I do want to beat you in this duel we have started."

"Well, you shall have a try at me in any way you please. I am accommodating, if I do say it myself. All I want you to do is to get through with the duel in a week, because I expect to leave this part of the country in that time."

"Why, do you think ther Injun uprisin' will be over by that time?" asked Jumping Joe.

"Yes; it will be over as soon as the cavalry get at the redskins and give them a good drubbing. They did not need us at all. All they had to do was to cross the desert and go for the rascals."

"But they did not know where they were, I suppose," spoke up Gilpin.

"That's the way with them. They want some one like us to go and locate them for them. I consider it a useless errand that we have been sent on, but as we get paid good for it, it is all right."

The Indians had not fired a shot since they had reached the desert.

Evidently they wanted to get near enough to make their shots tell.

While our friends might have picked some of them off at that distance, they did not try it.

It was time enough when the red fiends got started. Before they reached the stagecoach Wild saw that the redskins were gaining upon them.

But the cowboys were not riding as fast as they could. "Get a little more of a move on your horses, boys!" he called out, leading the way.

Then they made a spurt and soon reached the stagecoach.

Our hero found that there were plenty of weapons inside the vehicle.

The Arizona Athlete had come well supplied with everything.

He took a rifle and a brace of six-shooters, and then advised Gilpin to take what he wanted from the outfit and light out for the other side of the desert.

Some of the things they could not very well take, but they got the articles that were of the most value and were ready to leave in less than two minutes.

The Indians were pretty close to them by this time, and as they got going again a couple of shots whistled over their heads.

"I guess I will try this rifle," said Wild. It was not a Winchester, but was one made by a concern that claimed to put out the best.

The dashing young deadshot picked out the young chief who had been the leader of the party that captured him, and waited for him to make a hostile move.

He did not have to wait more than half a minute.

The chief was armed with a rifle, and suddenly he placed it to his shoulder and fired.

Wild took note of the fact that the bullet came pretty close to his head.

It was evident that he was the target the Moqui intended to hit.

Then our hero tried the new rifle. Crack!

As the report rang out the redskin chief reeled and dropped from the saddle.

"I reckon that feller won't take any more paleface prisoners, or any other kind," observed Cheyenne Charlie, who had been watching.

"Not in this world, anyhow," answered Dart, who had also been noting what was taking place.

As the slain chief had been the leader of the pursuing party, it was quite natural that the redskins came to a temporary halt as he fell.

"That is the last of them for to-day," said Wild. "Come on, boys!"

Away went the band of cowboys after Young Wild West and his two brave partners.

It was no longer a race now.

The redskins were left far behind, and half an hour later they could no longer be seen.

But our friends kept riding along the trail over the waste of sand.

In an hour more they came upon Josh Dimple and Katy. Ned Nelson was the first to greet them.

"It's all right," he said. "Young Wild West got away from ther blamed redskins! Cheyenne Charlie an' Jim Dart saved him an' ther Arizona Athlete, an' ther rest of us come along jest in time ter help 'em drive ther redskins back. It wasn't so much of a fight, either. Not one of us got teched by a bullet."

The horses were brought down to an easy gait, so as to not leave the pack-mules behind, and in this way they finally got over the desert.

"Now we're over ther line in Utah once more!" exclaimed Josh Dimple. "I'm right glad, too! In a few minutes we'll be in sight of Kanab."

The words were scarcely out of the old man's mouth when the pounding of horses' hoofs was heard.

The next minute a division of cavalry came in sight. Riding ahead with one of the officers was Bill, the cowboy who had been sent after them.

When they came up to the party the cavalymen halted. Wild at once sought out the colonel and reported.

When that official looked at his credentials he was very civil to the young deadshot.

"So, Young Wild West, you were captured by the redskins we are searching for, eh?" he said, twisting his long mustache and looking keenly at the young scout.

"Yes, colonel," was the reply. "But how long have you been looking for the redskins?"

"Oh, about five days now."

"Well, I must say that you have not looked very hard, then."

The officer knitted his brows.

"What do you mean?" he queried.

"Well, I mean that the main camp of the rebelling Moquis is located within thirty-two miles of this spot, and has been there for several days, if I am any judge of things in general. You should have settled the hash of the rascals long before this."

"See here, Young Wild West, I want no insinuations from you; I want you to understand that!"

"I generally speak what I think, colonel. If I have hurt your feelings I am sorry. But never mind! You just ride across the desert with your men, and when it gets dark you can surprise the redskins and make them surrender in no time, I think. You have nearly as many men as they have, and you can eat them up if it comes to a fight."

"Well, I guess you had better lead us to that camp; ther we will be sure to find it."

This was spoken in a sarcastic tone of voice.

"That is not my business, colonel. I agreed to come here with my partners to locate the redskins for you. I have done so. Now you go ahead and attend to them. It is not my fault that I succeeded in locating them before I reported to you."

The colonel twisted his mustache more than ever.

It was quite evident that he did not like to be talked to in that way before his subordinates.

But at the same time he knew he had no jurisdiction over Young Wild West, who only acted as a scout of his own free will, and was not an enlisted man.

The fact was that Wild had been so successful in helping the army out during the several outbreaks among the Indians in the past three years that his services were much sought after.

Cheyenne Charlie had served three years before he became acquainted with our hero, and since that time he had refused to re-enlist.

The colonel was not going to let what he called an insult to his dignity as a commanding officer of the army to go by, however.

"So you don't propose to lead us to the locality where the rebelling Moquis are camped, then?" he asked, in a severe tone of voice.

"No. I have told you where they are. All you will have to do is to follow the trail over the desert, and thence to

the woods you will see right before you. The camp is located about a mile and a half from the ford of the creek you will come to. If you choose to go all the way to the ford you can't miss it by turning off to the left and following the creek. The chances are that you will have a column of smoke to lead you direct to it."

"Well, I don't propose to do it, colonel. I have ended my obligations by reporting to you what I have learned."

"How do I know that you are telling the truth?"

"You have seen my credentials."

"Yes, I believe you are Young Wild West all right. But it might be that you are telling an untruth."

Wild bit his lips to keep back his anger. He did not like to be talked to in that way.

"I guess you must judge me by yourself," he said coolly. "What!" roared the officer. "Do you mean to insinuate that I am a liar?"

"Well, if you say that you don't believe I have told you the truth you are one!"

At this the colonel drew his sword. He had completely lost his temper.

Raising the weapon, he struck at the boy's face with the flat of the blade.

Wild stepped aside and avoided the blow. "Look out for yourself, colonel!" he exclaimed. "I want you to understand that I will allow no man to strike me! I would not allow the commander-in-chief of the army to do it if I was not deserving of it. Just remember that I can report you and make trouble for you on account of the way you are acting."

"You can, eh? You low hound! I'll—"

That was as far as the irate officer got.

Young Wild West leaped forward like a shot and planted a blow between his insulter's eyes that made him see stars, and which sent him staggering against his horse.

"Seize the young dog!" bellowed the colonel. Instantly Wild was surrounded by half a dozen cavalymen.

He knew it would be useless to make any resistance, so he allowed them to take hold of him.

The soldiers waited to hear what the next words of the commanding officer would be.

Much to their surprise, he said:

"Let him go! His credentials will not permit me to arrest him."

"Ah! I am glad you changed your mind so quickly, colonel," said Wild, smiling at him. "Now it will be in order for you to apologize."

"I will not apologize. Report me if you like."

"Well, I won't do that. But I think you will change your mind. I will wait at Kanab till you come back, and then we will see about it."

"Do you mean to threaten me, Young Wild West?"

"Oh, no; I don't threaten you. But I will thrash you when you get back to Kanab if you don't apologize."

If ever there was a mad officer of the army, it was that colonel.

Yet he dared not do anything.

Wild was not under his jurisdiction, but had a document which gave him the privilege of going and coming at will among the various army posts, and even giving him the permission to advise the commanding officers.

The colonel had read this carefully.

There was nothing for him to do but to swallow his wrath and go on.

"I guess I'll have another duel to fight when I get through with you, Gilpin," said Wild, as they rode on toward Kanab.

"You are the greatest fellow I ever met, Young Wild West!" replied the Arizona Athlete.

CHAPTER X.

THE ARIZONA ATHLETE LOSES AGAIN, BUT FINDS A BACKER.

It was near nightfall when Young Wild West and his party rode into the little town called Kanab.

They were pretty well tired out from the exciting events of the day and the journey over the hot sands.

The Arizona Athlete was without a dollar to his name, since the Indians had taken all he had.

Before leaving the troopers, however, he had informed them of the amount of the old chief had taken from him, and he had been promised the money back if they succeeded in getting the chief, alive or dead.

The cowboys had cooking utensils with them, and plenty

of blankets, so when they went into camp Gilpin said he would rough it along with them.

Wild and his partners accepted the invitation of Josh Dimple to remain at his house while they stayed in the town.

It was a roomy structure built of logs, for the most part, and was at the outskirts.

They did not go out to look around the town that night, but took it easy until a little after nine, and then turned in.

They were up shortly after sunrise the next morning, however, and ready for business.

"We have got to remain here until the troopers come back," said our hero. "That colonel did not sign a paper to the effect that I had done duty as a scout. I forgot all about it until some time after we parted company with them."

"I reckon you'll have a time gittin' him to sign a paper," observed Josh Dimple, who was busy kindling a fire, so his daughter could get breakfast ready.

"Oh, I guess he will be perfectly willing to sign the paper, so we can get a voucher from the government," Wild replied. "He won't be in such an ugly humor when he gets back here."

"I thought it was goin' ter go putty hard with yer when he ordered yer ter be placed under arrest."

"Well, I didn't. I knew he was exceeding his authority. I am on an equal footing with him in military matters, and he had no right to talk as he did, and he knew it. He has been neglecting his duty by staying here, when he should have had scouts out searching for the redskins. It is easily proved that he did not try to find them by the fact that they were only a trifle over thirty miles from here, and he was not aware of it."

"Well, I reckon you made them colonel sick, anyhow. It done me good, 'cause he seemed to be so important like."

After breakfast our friends concluded to ride over to the heart of the town, where there was a store and tavern, besides the other places that belonged to a town of its size.

Cheyenne Charlie complained of his stomach being a little out of order, so they headed for the tavern.

Dismounting in front of it, they found quite a crowd collected there.

The center of attraction was no less a person than the Arizona Athlete.

He was stripped to the waist, talking to the men gathered about, while near him stood Jumping Joe, the leader of the cowboys, a bag in his hand.

"Yes, gentlemen," Gilpin was saying, "I am known as the Arizona Athlete. I can box, run, jump, shoot, wrestle as any one living. I beat all comers down at Prescott, and since I was robbed by the Indians and haven't a dollar to my name, I will give a little exhibition here and have my man pass the hat. If you feel like helping a fellow out, all right; if not, it is all the same. Joe, get out the boxing gloves and strip for a bout."

"All right," answered Joe, and he dumped the gloves from the bag he held in his hand.

The gloves had been taken from the stagecoach when they left it, and the Arizona Athlete looked with pride at them.

As yet he had not seen Wild and his partners, and they did not go any nearer just then.

Wild did not want to disturb him in the least.

And they were anxious to see what sort of a performance he was going to give.

Jumping Joe stripped to the waist, and put on a pair of the gloves.

They were the big, soft kind, so little damage could be done with them.

Jumping Joe looked very awkward as he stepped to the center of the human ring, but Gilpin showed up to good advantage.

"Now, then, gentlemen," the Arizona Athlete said, "I am going to let this man try his best to hit me in the face, but he won't do it, simply because I won't let him. I don't know whether there is any one among you who knows anything about the art of boxing or not, but if there is he is invited to step up and try me as soon as the exhibition is over."

Then he selected the keeper of the tavern to act as referee, and at the word they shook hands and then started in.

Jumping Joe was very slow and awkward, and he could not land a blow, though it was plain that he was trying to.

On the other hand, Gilpin hit him whenever and wherever he pleased.

But he only struck him lightly.

"Hit me right on the end of the nose, Joe," he said laughingly.

Joe tried to, but only hit the empty air.

"Ah! You can't do it, eh? Well, I am gonig to tap your nose, so look out for me!"

The cowboy held up his arms to guard against it, but a quick feint for the stomach brought them down in a hurry, and then he was tapped twice in rapid succession on the end of his nose just hard enough to fetch the blood.

Joe got a little mad then, and there was some fierce swinging on his part.

But so easily did the Arizona Athlete ward off the blows that a shout of applause went up from the lookers-on.

They liked the style of the man.

They kept at it for six or seven minutes, and then Jumping Joe gave it up.

He was glad to, no doubt.

"Pass the hat, Joe!" said Gilpin.

The cowboy picked up his hat and went around with it. The men standing around were quiet generous, and not one refused to put something in the hat.

When Jumping Joe came upon Wild and his partners at the outskirts of the crowd he evinced great surprise.

They all tossed some money in the hat.

"I am glad to see that the Arizona Athlete is trying to earn something," said our hero. "It shows that he is not ashamed to work, anyhow."

"Oh, Gus ain't afraid ter work," retorted the cowboy. "But I don't like ter be a punchin'-bag fur him, even if them gloves is soft. I jest wish I could handle myself like you kin, Young Wild West! If I could, I'd sorter s'prise ther Arizona Athlete, I reckon."

"Well, don't you tell him we are here, and then perhaps he will invite some one in the crowd to come up and put the gloves on. I don't know much about boxing-gloves, but I do know a little about handling my fists. I guess I could give him a rough time of it for a little while, and he would not get off as easy as he did with you."

The cowboy finished going around with the hat and dumped about thirty dollars in the hands of Gilpin as a result.

Times were pretty good in Kanab, and the men were not afraid to give up their money.

The silver mines in the near vicinity were yielding plentifully, and every one who wanted work could get it.

Gilpin had no sooner placed the money in his pockets than he stepped out and put on a pair of the gloves again.

"Isn't there any one who wants to try a round or two?" he asked. "I assure you, gentlemen, that I will not hurt you. Why, these gloves are as soft as feather pillows."

"I'll put them on with you!"

It was Young Wild West who spoke.

The Arizona Athlete recognized the voice instantly.

"All right, Young Wild West," he answered, shrugging his shoulders. "You can have a go at me. We will call this one of the phases of the duel that is to last a week."

"Good!" exclaimed Wild. "I guess I can handle you with the gloves on. One thing, I won't be apt to put you to sleep, like I did with my bare fists."

"I doubt if you can hit me in a spot that would put me to sleep. You see, I know your tactics pretty well by this time, and I'll be on the watch for you."

This talk was puzzling to the crowd.

"You had better tell them what is up," Wild said, nodding at the men standing about.

"Boys," said the Arizona Athlete, "I may as well tell you that Young Wild West is the toughest proposition I ever struck in athletics. I—"

"Hold on!" interrupted a voice. "Jest tell us that over again, will yer? What was it yer said—ther toughest what?"

"The toughest proposition I ever struck in athletics," repeated Gilpin.

"What's athletics?"

"Why—er—it means anything in the line of sport that requires muscle and endurance—running, jumping, boxing, wrestling, or anything like that."

"Oh!"

The questioner looked relieved, as did the majority in the crowd.

Athletics was a new word for them.

"Young Wild West and I had some trouble when we first met yesterday, and we started to fight with our fists. We did not finish the fight on account of a band of Moqui

Indians appearing just then. Then we had a go with revolvers and he got the best of me. Later we had a fist fight and he knocked me senseless. I told him I would beat him at something if it took a week to do it. We have started an athletic duel that is to last a week, and I am glad that Young Wild West has offered to give me a go with the gloves. I did not expect he would, since he bested me in a real fight."

"Oh, I am only too glad to put on the boxing gloves with you," Wild answered. "You see, I am always trying to learn something. I don't know anything about fighting with my hands covered by these soft things, but I guess I will manage to handle them."

There came a cheer from several in the crowd at this. The lithe, athletic form of our hero could but attract admiration.

Jim Dart stepped up and tied on the gloves for Wild.

Then the contestants shook hands and started in.

It was a different exhibition from what the crowd had just witnessed.

Wild was as quick as lightning, and he simply had his man going from the start.

He was brimful of confidence, and that aided him.

Biff—biff—biff!

The padded gloves landed on the face and body of the Arizona Athlete relentlessly.

"These are fine things to knock a fellow around with, I think," said Wild, smiling at the crowd, as he sent his opponent to the ground. "You can't hurt him much, and you can't get hurt yourself."

There were no rounds to the exhibition.

Gus Gilpin tried his best for five minutes, and then gave it up.

"Young Wild West wins!" he called out, showing a face that was very red and puffed. "I will admit that he is too much for me, gentlemen."

A cheer that was almost deafening went up.

Then every one wanted to shake hands with Wild.

It happened that many present had heard of him and his partners.

He took it all good-naturedly, and after it was over went inside the tavern with Charlie and Jim.

The scout got his drink of tanglefoot for his stomach's sake, as he put it, after which he declared that he felt as fine as a fiddle.

The Arizona Athlete offered to put on the gloves with any of the rest of the crowd, but no one felt like accepting the invitation.

The men were not boxers, and they did not claim to be. The episode was the talk of the town.

But Gilpin did not challenge Wild to anything further that day.

He found a resident of the town who sympathized with him.

He was a wealthy mine owner named Greggs.

There are some people who will take a dislike to a fellow just because he shows himself to be an expert in some particular line.

That was the way it was with Greggs.

Young Wild West was "too smart," he said.

He sought out Gilpin and asked him what was his best game at athletics.

"Wrestling," was the reply, "but I think I could beat him at running a hundred yards, or making a high jump."

"All right. You practice up them three things an' I'll back you," was the reply.

CHAPTER XI.

THE DUEL DRAWS TO FINISH.

Young Wild West and his partners took things very easy for the next four days.

Wild had heard nothing further from the Arizona Athlete in regard to the duel they were fighting in such a peculiar way, nor had the cavalymen got back from their hunt for the redskins.

But that night the cavalry got back.

It was so late that Wild did not bother to go out and see the colonel.

But the next morning he made for the army post, accompanied by his partners and Josh Dimple.

The old hunter was very anxious to see how Wild would make out with the dignified official of the army.

Our hero meant business.

There were two things that he required of the colonel.

One was an apology for what had transpired when he reported a few days before, and the other was his signature to the document he carried.

The news had spread that the Indians had surrendered after a short fight, and had been taken back to the reservation as prisoners.

That ended the Indian uprising, all right.

When our friends got to the quarters, they found that the colonel had not yet shown up for his breakfast.

It was past nine, but Wild was willing to wait.

He left his name and then walked away from the spot, followed by his companions.

It was then that Greggs, the mine owner, appeared.

"I've got a challenge for you, Young Wild West," he said, touching our hero on the shoulder.

"Oh, is that so?" was the retort. "Who is it from?"

"From the Arizona Athlete. As this is the last day of the week, and he promised to beat you in the deal before it was over, he wants to meet you this morning at eleven o'clock in a jumping, running and wrestling contest."

"All right. Tell him I will be on hand."

"He is willing to bet five hundred dollars that he wins two out of the three events."

"I'll take their bet!" exclaimed Cheyenne Charlie, who was ever ready to back his dashing young partner.

"Very well; we will go over to the tavern and put up the money."

They followed Greggs over to the tavern, and on the way he told them who and what he was with no little importance.

"Did Gilpin get the money that the redskins took from him?" Wild asked.

"Not yet. But I heard that the colonel has it for him."

"Then he has some for me, too."

"I suppose so."

"Where did Gilpin get the five hundred to make the bet?"

"Oh, he has friends here in town."

"You are one of them, I presume?"

"Yes; I don't mind telling you that I am."

"Well, I haven't anything against Gilpin. He is mad because he could not whip me, that's all. He will be better satisfied when this duel of ours is over, I think. I don't mean to let him win a single point in it."

"You don't, eh? Ha, ha, ha!"

The mine owner laughed, as though it was a good joke. They soon reached the hotel, and then Charlie put up his money, which was promptly covered by Greggs.

The terms of the wager were made known to the keeper of the tavern, who was made the stakeholder, and then our friends went back to the colonel's quarters.

He had just got up, and was outside his tent.

A scowl came over his brow as he saw Young Wild West.

"What do you want?" he demanded.

"I want you to sign a paper to the effect that I located the rebeling Moquis and reported the same to you," was the calm reply.

The colonel signed the paper and handed it over.

"Now," said Wild, "I don't want to have any ill-feelings between us, so you can hand over the money that was taken from me by Running Elk the other day. Then we will part on good terms, as far as I am concerned."

The colonel plainly did not like this sort of talk.

"You can't have your money until you have made out a claim and sworn to it," he answered. "And as for me apologizing to you, that is out of the question. A colonel of the army does not have to lower himself to apologize to a mere scout."

"He does not, eh? Well, you will either have to do it or take a thrashing! I will put that in my report to your superiors, too!"

"You want to make it an affair of honor, do you?"

"It is an affair of honor now. You called me a vile name, and if you are a man you will apologize, since you know you should not have acted the way you did."

"I am man enough to meet you and fight you, Young Wild West."

"All right. That just suits me. But remember, you will have to apologize in the end. You can save yourself a whole lot of humiliation by doing it now, perhaps."

"I'll meet you at one o'clock to-day in the woods at the outskirts of the town. I will send an orderly to you to make arrangements. You have the choice of weapons, of course. My honor is at stake, and I must uphold it."

"All right, colonel."

Wild walked away smilingly.

"Well, I reckon you've got enough on hand for one day, Wild," said Cheyenne Charlie, as they went back to the Dimple house.

"Yes, and I will pull out of it all a winner, see if I don't!" was the reply.

Once at the house Wild began cleaning his weapons and getting ready to finish the queer duel with the Arizona Athlete.

The duel with the colonel would take place two hours later, but that was an after-consideration.

The out-door life he was leading kept our hero in good training all the time.

He could run like a deer, so he feared nothing on that score.

Jumping was a thing that he seldom did for the sake of seeing how far he could go.

He tried a few times, and Charlie and Jim declared that if Gilpin would beat him he would have to be up and stirring.

Wild practiced both broad and high jumping, and was perfectly satisfied with what he did.

A little before eleven all hands, including Katy Dimple, went over to the open space in front of the tavern.

It was here where the contests were to take place.

Greggs had taken pains to let the whole town know what was on the carpet, and there was about half of the population there when our friends arrived.

Gilpin sat on the stoop of the tavern, a big robe about his athletic form.

He had got himself in what he called fine form.

He stepped out and shook hands with Wild.

"Young Wild West," he said, "this is the last day I have to make good my claim. When we get through with the running, jumping, and wrestling the duel will have been ended. Then I will be satisfied. I want you to thoroughly understand that there will be no animosity on my part after it is over, either."

It was then talked over, and decided that the running contest should take place first.

Promptly at eleven the two were ready.

As nearly every man, woman and child in the town knew the circumstances of the queer duel that was to be finished that morning, there was the greatest of interest manifested.

The race was to be a hundred yards, and when it was measured off Wild and Gilpin toed the scratch.

The Arizona Athlete had on a running suit, but our hero was content to appear in his blue shirt and buckskin breeches.

The tavern keeper had been appointed starter, and when he raised his revolver over his head and asked if they were ready both answered in the affirmative.

Crack!

As the report sounded they bounded away side by side.

Then it was that Wild found that he had a real runner to contend with.

But as he had beaten some of the swiftest Indian runners, he did not fear the outcome.

"Go it, Wild!" yelled Cheyenne Charlie.

But the boy did not need the injunction.

When about half the distance had been covered he put on a mighty effort and left his opponent behind.

A shout went up as he crossed the finish line a good two yards in the lead.

"You are beaten again, Gilpin," he said, as they trotted back side by side.

"You beat anything I ever saw, Young Wild West!" was the reply. "You could go East and make a fortune."

"No, thank you! I'd rather stay in the wilds of the West; that is the proper place for me."

With the cheers ringing in his ears, our hero put on his coat and went inside the tavern.

The stoop was crowded with troopers, and when he got inside he found the colonel there taking a drink.

They did not deign to speak to each other, Wild because he felt that it was not his business to address the man, and the colonel because he really felt that the boy was beneath his notice.

Ten minutes later the contestants were called out to jump.

As he was walking over to the scratch line Jumping Joe approached our hero and whispered:

"I kin beat him at this game myself, so you won't have no trouble in doin' it."

"You can't tell about that," was the reply.

"Well, I've jest bet ten dollars with a soldier that you'll win."

"All right. I'll try to, anyhow."

There were three jumps to be made by each, a running broad jump, a standing broad jump, and a standing high jump.

Wild won the first by five inches.

The second he won by over six, and the high jump by two.

It was very easy for him, too.

The Arizona Athlete was pretty well disheartened.

But he still had a chance to win the wrestling bout, he thought.

That would let him down a little easy, in case he did.

Greggs was a very mad man.

He was disgusted with his protege, but did not object to the tavern keeper turning the bet over to Charlie.

Gilpin was anxious to end the duel.

He got ready in a hurry.

"Come on, Young Wild West!" he exclaimed. "Let's get the thing over with."

"Are you really a good wrestler?" Wild asked, as he stepped out to meet him.

"Yes," was the reply. "What do you say if we go down on the river bank? The ground is level and softer there."

"All right. Anything suits me."

Only those standing close to them heard what was being said, and when the two turned and walked from the spot some one gave it out that the wrestling had been called off.

A fight started between a drunken cowboy and a soldier just then, and the crowd stayed there.

Charlie, Jim, Jumping Joe, and Greggs were the only ones who followed the principals down to the river.

"Let's get at it!" exclaimed the defeated athlete.

"All right. Are you ready?"

"Yes."

They were locked together in a jiffy.

"Hold on!" called out Greggs, who had made another bet with the scout. "Hadn't you better let some one give the word?"

The wrestlers let go of each other.

"You can do it, if you like," said Wild.

"All right. Go!"

At the word the two grappled.

CHAPTER XII.

CONCLUSION.

Since the Arizona Athlete was so anxious to have it over with, Wild thought he might as well put him on his back as quickly as possible.

No rules had been laid down, so he suddenly hooked his right heel behind his opponent's left leg and tripped him.

Down went Gilpin easily.

"First fall for Wild!" sang out Cheyenne Charlie.

By this time the crowd was hastening that way.

The river bank was lined when they got ready for the second trial.

"I will let you get your favorite hold this time, Gilpin," Wild said. "I don't think you have any show, but I want to be perfectly fair with you."

"I don't want any favors," was the reply. "Let's run in for holds this time."

"Very well!"

They stepped apart to a distance of about twelve feet, and then Greggs gave the word.

As they came together Wild caught his man by the thigh with his left hand, while he twined his right arm about his neck.

Then, using his knee as a fulcrum, he sent the Arizona Athlete flying over his head.

He landed on his hands and knees, but Wild quickly pounced upon him and put his shoulders on the ground.

It all happened so quickly that few saw exactly how it had been done.

But there was a ringing cheer, just the same.

That ended the duel.

Gilpin got up and put out his hand.

"Shake!" he said.

Wild obliged him.

"We are good friends, I hope, Young Wild West?"

"Oh, yes! I haven't the least thing against you, Gilpin."

"Good! I have learned considerable since I met you."

They walked side by side back to the tavern.

Greggs was the only sore one in the crowd.

Wild and his partners went back to the house of the Dim-

ples.

Dinner was waiting them, though it was scarcely twelve.

Katy had hurried home from the scene of the jumping match, after a mysterious talk with Ned Nelson, her lover.

"What was your hurry about ther dinner, Katy?" her father asked her.

"Well, pop, me an' Ned has decided to git married this afternoon after Young Wild West settles his trouble with the colonel."

"Git married?" echoed Dimple.

"Why, yes! As if you never thought I was goin' to marry Ned, pop!"

"Well, I did think you was going ter marry him, but not ter-day."

"Well, there's been so much goin' on to-day that we thought we might as well finish up things by gittin' married. So there!"

"Oh, that settles it, I know," said the old man, with a grin. "Go ahead, is all I say! I reckon we made putty good out of ther pelts we got over in Arizona. I kin afford ter put up a treat fur ther gang. Have yer sent out ther invitations yet?"

"Ned is goin' around invitin' them we want now."

Wild and his partners were pleased to know that they were going to attend a wedding before they left Kanab.

"How are you goin' to fight ther colonel, Wild?" Charlie asked, as the hour of one gradually drew nearer.

"Well, I hadn't made up my mind, but I think I'll choose the weapons that nature has provided us with."

"Do you think he will want to fight with fists?"

"He will have to, that's all."

"You don't want to kill him, anyhow," spoke up Jim.

"No. If I should choose revolvers I might have to."

"Well, give him a good thrashing and make him apologize."

"I certainly will, if it lies in me to do it."

Just then an orderly came over.

It was the first Wild had seen of any one from the colonel, though he had promised to send some one over to make arrangements right after their meeting that morning.

"The colonel says if you are willing to let the matter drop, he is," said the orderly.

"I am not willing, tell him," replied the boy. "He has got to apologize or fight. He challenged me, and I will choose the weapons."

"What weapons do you choose, then. The colonel certainly will not apologize."

"Bare fists."

"What!"

"That's right. We will fight with our fists."

"But that will not be fighting a duel."

"Yes, it will. You tell him that if he fails to meet me at the appointed time, which is in less than half an hour from now, I will thrash him within an inch of his life the first time I meet him. And also that I will report the whole affair to his superiors. I don't like to make threats, but I can't help it in this case. It is the only way I can deal with him, it seems."

The orderly hastened off, and in a few minutes came back.

"He will meet you over by that big oak," he said, pointing out the tree. "But you must only have two persons with you."

"All right. I agree to that."

Wild nodded to Charlie and Jim, and the three set out for the tree.

They reached the tree and waited.

It was just one o'clock when the colonel appeared, alone.

"Where are your seconds, colonel?" Wild asked.

"I need no seconds," was the reply.

"Oh, you don't, eh?"

"No. I have not come to fight, but to apologize."

"Is that a fact? Well, I'm surprised."

"I have thought over the matter, and will admit that I was in the wrong."

"Good."

"So if you will call it all off I will say that I am very sorry for what I have called you."

"All right. In that case we will call it off."

"I humbly beg your pardon, Young Wild West! And I hope you will not mention anything that has occurred to my superiors."

"I will not. Good-day, colonel."

"Good-day!"

The military commander walked away just as stiffly as ever.

But he felt rather humble, just the same.

"I guess that ends it," remarked our hero. "Now, then, I will make out the claim for the money the Indian chief took from me, and when I get it that will settle our business here in Kanab."

They went back to the house, and then Wild told the Dimples what had taken place.

Katy and her father and brother were hustling to get some good things ready for the wedding feast, now that it was settled that it was to take place so soon.

Our friends saw that they could not be of any use to them, so after learning that the ceremony was to be performed at half-past four, and that a feast and dance was to follow, they mounted their horses and started for a ride through the town.

There was nothing new to be seen, and becoming tired of the cheering he got from all parts of the town, our hero finally dismounted in front of the tavern.

Charlie and Jim followed him inside.

They found that the Arizona Athlete had already received his money from the colonel, and that he had taken up his quarters at the tavern. Greggs was there also.

Greggs had heard about Wild's wonderful shooting, so he asked him to go out and give a short exhibition.

Of course, the young deadshot was willing to do this.

He prided himself on his marksmanship more than anything else, and he was ever ready to shoot.

Greggs gave it out that Young Wild West was going to do some fancy shooting, and they were followed outside by a crowd of men.

Charlie was just lighting a cigar at the time, so our hero concluded to show them how he could knock the ash from a cigar in a man's mouth.

"Puff up a little, Charlie," he said.

The scout knew what was wanted, so he was not long in getting an inch ash on the end of the cigar.

"Now stand over there by that tree."

Charlie was no more afraid to do it than he was to go to bed.

He had confidence in the dashing young marksman.

The distance was a good thirty feet—surely a long shot for a revolver at such a small target.

But that made no difference to Wild.

When he saw that Charlie was ready he said not a word, but raising his Colt's six-shooter, fired.

The ash was cut from the cigar as clean as a whistle, and the bullet lodged in the tree.

A wild cheering followed the shot, and when it had subsided the boy gave them a further exhibition.

It is needless to say that he made a very favorable impression on the men of Kanab.

At four o'clock our friends went back to the Dimple house. The wedding guests were already beginning to arrive.

When the hour came for the knot to be tied there were about thirty young men and women there.

A minister and a fiddler were very much in evidence, too. These two could scarcely be got along without.

The ceremony was duly performed, and the wedding feast followed.

Then Wild was called upon to say something.

He talked to them about five minutes, giving out a whole lot of good advice along with the pleasant things he had to say about the bride and groom, and after he was through the dancing began.

It was a royal good time that followed.

This about ends our story.

The next day Wild got his money from the colonel, who insisted on shaking hands with him.

Then our friends set out for Denver, where they were to meet some friends.

The Arizona Athlete bade them good-by, along with the rest of the friends they had made, and the "Duel that Lasted a Week" was forgotten.

Next week's issue will contain "YOUNG WILD WEST AND THE KANSAS COWBOYS; OR, ARIETTA'S CLEAN SCORE."

Send Postal For Our Free Catalogue

A NEW SEMI-MONTHLY

THE TITLE IS

"MYSTERY MAGAZINE"

PRICE 10 CENTS A COPY

HANDSOME COLORED COVERS.

48 PAGES OF READING.

LOOK FOR IT

The greatest magazine published, for old and young.

IT CONTAINS

Rousing feature stories, detective stories, based on deep mysteries, short stories, novelettes, serial stories, and a vast quantity of miscellaneous reading matter.

GREAT AUTHORS.

FAMOUS ARTISTS.

FINE PRESSWORK.

This magazine contains more reading matter for the price than any similar publication on the news-stands. The title of the feature story in No. 7 is

THE MYSTIC EMBLEM

By MARIE COOLIDGE RASK

Watch this ad for the titles, which will follow from week to week.

BUY A COPY NOW!

BUY A COPY NOW!

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 168 West 23d Street, New York City

WANTED

FOR THE

ORDNANCE DEPARTMENT OF THE ARMY TO SERVE IN THE UNITED STATES

Thousands of workers are urgently needed in the prosecution of the war. The actual fighting forces would be powerless without an efficient civilian army behind them.

IT IS YOUR DUTY TO SERVE THE GOVERNMENT, AND AT ONCE

CLERICAL POSITIONS

- 2,000 stenographers and typewriters, men and women, \$1,100 to \$1,200 a year.
- 2,000 typewriter operators, men and women, \$1,100 to \$1,200 a year.
- 2,000 general clerks, men and women, \$1,100 a year.
- 500 index and catalogue clerks, men and women, \$1,100 to \$1,200 a year.
- 200 clerks qualified in business administration, \$1,200 to \$1,500 a year.
- 300 schedule clerks, men and women, \$1,400 to \$1,600 a year.
- 300 production clerks, not more than \$1,500 a year.
- 200 clerks qualified in statistics or accounting, \$1,100 to \$1,800 a year.
- 100 statisticians, \$1,800 a year.
- 100 multigraph operators, men and women, \$1,000 to \$1,200 a year.

TESTING POSITIONS

- 200 engineers of tests of ordnance material, \$1,500 to \$2,400 a year.
- 200 assistant engineers of tests of ordnance material, \$1,000 to \$1,500 a year.

MECHANICAL TRADES POSITIONS

- 2,500 machinists, \$4.00 a day.
- 500 machine operators, \$2.75 a day.
- 200 drop forgers, \$5.75 a day (piecework).
- 300 tool makers, \$4.50 a day.
- Large numbers in practically all other trades.

DRAFTING POSITIONS

- 500 mechanical draftsmen, \$800 to \$1,800 a year.
- 50 gauge designers, \$2,000 to \$3,000 a year.
- 100 apprentice draftsmen, \$480 a year.

INSPECTION POSITIONS

- 300 inspectors of small-arms ammunition, \$1,500 to \$2,400 a year.
- 100 inspectors of artillery ammunition (high explosive shell loading), \$1,500 to \$2,400 a year.
- 100 inspectors of artillery ammunition (forgings), \$1,500 to \$2,400 a year.
- 100 inspectors of artillery ammunition (ballistics), \$1,500 to \$2,400 a year.
- 300 inspectors of field artillery ammunition steel, \$1,500 to \$2,400 a year.
- 300 assistant inspectors of field artillery ammunition steel, \$3.50 to \$5.00 a day.
- 500 inspectors of small arms \$1,500 to \$2,400 a year.
- 100 inspectors of material for small arms, \$1,000 to \$1,800 a year.
- 100 assistant inspectors of cannon forgings, \$1,500 to \$2,400 a year.
- 100 assistant inspectors of finished machine parts, \$1,500 to \$2,400 a year.
- 100 assistant inspectors of gunfire control instruments, \$1,200 to \$1,500 a year.
- 50 assistant inspectors of steel helmets, \$1,000 to \$1,800 a year.
- 50 assistant inspectors of cleaning and preserving materials, \$1,000 to \$1,800 a year.
- 400 inspectors and assistant inspectors of powder and explosives, \$1,400 to \$2,400 a year.

Salaries named are the usual salaries at entrance. Higher or lower initial salaries may be paid in exceptional cases. Positions paying salaries higher than those named are filled through promotion.

Men only, unless otherwise specified.

For further information apply to the representative of the United States Civil Service Commission at the post-office or custom-house in any city, or to the Civil Service Commission in Washington, D. C. Except for the positions of stenographer and typewriter, typewriter operator, multigraph operator, and general clerk, applicants are not assembled for a written examination, but are rated principally upon their education, training and experience as shown by their applications and corroborative evidence.

JOHN A. McILHENNY,
President U. S. Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C.

DICK DENTON'S SCHOOLDAYS

—OR—

THE WAR OF THE HIGHS AND LOWS

By DICK ELLISON

(A Serial Story.)

CHAPTER XIV. (continued)

"Oh, yes. The danger signal was displayed, and both Dr. De Long's boys and those from Professor Podlady's school are out searching for them."

"How dreadful to have put you all to so much trouble, and all through our carelessness! We saw the lights flashing about in different places, but we supposed that it was only ourselves who were being hunted. How happens it that you two are alone?"

"Oh, we got separated from our companions," replied Dick, who did not care to go into details. "The things we have to do is to get you down off that rock. Have you any points to give us?"

"Why, we got here ourselves in the dark," said Lilly Ladd. "We don't know whether there is any way of getting down or not."

"We must investigate," said Dick. "Arch, you go along one way, and I'll take the other. Girls, stand as you are."

The boys now separated and hurried in opposite directions.

It was Archie who gave the welcome shout.

"I think we can get up here," he cried, after he had followed the cliff for about a hundred feet.

"Stand where you are, then!" shouted Dick. "There is no break on my side. I'll come over your way."

They were soon together, and without much trouble managed to get up on top of the rock, where they joined the girls.

"Such a relief!" cried Fanny Follensbee. "And now, Mr. Denton, are you going to be able to get us home?"

"Remains to be seen," said Dick. "Remember what I told you, we are lost ourselves."

"How dreadful" cried Lilly Ladd. "We know what it means! But what shall we do?"

Dick explained the situation, making it clear to the girls that they were within twenty minutes' walk of the bridge, and that once there they would have no difficulty in getting home.

"If we can only get back to our trail we are all right," he said; "there's where the difficulty comes in. We will take it easy. I feel sure it can be done."

They now got the girls down under the rock.

The real trouble began then.

With no snow and no trail, there was nothing to serve as a guide.

"Let's go down as straight as we can," said Archie. "When we came up this way first time we went further east than this. If we go straight, we are bound to strike our trail."

But nobody can tell what they are doing on a mountain in the dark.

After a tiresome scramble over neck-breaking rocks, they suddenly came upon a level stretch where there were tall pine trees.

"I'm sure I don't know what ails me to-night. Anyhow, I shall never set myself up for an expert in mountain travel again—that's one thing."

"Oh, look!" exclaimed Lilly Ladd. "There's a light ahead of us! Some of the other boys must be coming. Probably they will be able to show us how to go."

"What in thunder is it?" queried Archie. "That's no lantern, Dick!"

The light which shone steadily was low down, close to the ground.

"It must be investigated," said Dick. "Shall we go on?"

"All wrong, wrong, wrong!" cried Dick.

They walked forward.

"Hold on!" cried Archie, seizing Lilly Ladd by the arm and pulling her back.

Directly in front of them was an opening.

Lilly would have been in it if Archie had not interfered.

This rift was about two feet wide, and extended right and left as far as they could see.

Deep down the light could be seen; it shone on ahead.

"There's a cave down there," said Dick. "We have missed our way altogether. But come on. Let's see what this light means if we can."

He sprang across the rift, and extended his hand to Fanny Follensbee, helping her over, while Archie performed the same service for Lilly Ladd.

Dick then hurried forward to the place where the light shone.

He bent down, but immediately straightened up again.

"Oh, ~~Arch~~! Look here!" he exclaimed.

CHAPTER XV.

THE MYSTERY OF THE CAVE.

"Are we to come?" called Lilly Ladd.

"Yes; but don't speak too loud," said Dick, in a lower tone than he had used himself in calling Archie. "We have got company here, and it's a sort we don't care to interview in close quarters."

"Not the ghost and the bear, Dick?" exclaimed Archie.

"Exactly!"

"Great Scott!"

"A ghost!" screamed Fanny Follensbee.

"A bear!" echoed Lilly Ladd. "Dreadful! Let's come away."

"Hush! Hush!" said Dick. "There's nothing to hurt you. They are a hundred feet below us in a cave."

The place where Dick stood was close to an oblong opening in the ledge.

He bent over it and looked down, Archie following his example.

The girls came presently.

Both Lilly and Fanny were full of the love of adventure, and the presence of the boys gave them courage to face anything which came along.

They found themselves looking into a large cave.

A fire had been kindled on the floor, the light of which shone up through the opening.

Stretched upon a skin robe of some sort smoking a pipe lay the hunchback dwarf, whom the boys had dubbed the "bear."

On the other side of the fire sat the yellow-haired man, now dirtier and more ragged than ever.

He was engaged in a most peculiar occupation.

At his side was a small canvas bag, from which he kept taking, one by one, yellow, shining objects which looked most suspiciously like twenty-dollar gold pieces.

These he was piling up in little heaps near the fire.

Every now and then he would clap his hands and give a queer, shrill laugh, like a child pleased with its play.

"Dick," breathed Archie, "where did he get that gold?"

The man looked up at the same instant.

If he saw the faces above him he betrayed it by no sign.

Probably he did not see them, but Archie saw something in that upturned face which stirred the chords of memory again.

Dick heard him give a groan.

"Brace up, Arch!"

Archie got up and walked back a few paces.

It was no time to indulge in speculation or talk.

"Who are they? What does it all mean?" demanded Fanny Follensbee.

"They are a couple of crazy hermits who live here on the side of Grim Face," replied Dick, carelessly.

"Did you never hear of them? Almost everybody has."

"Hermits!" said Lilly Ladd. "Oh, how interesting! We must get up a party and interview them, but I don't know that I am particularly anxious to cultivate a closer acquaintance with them to-night."

"Nor am I," replied Dick.

"The big man seems to be counting money," said Fanny. "Do you suppose it is real gold, Mr. Denton?"

"I'm sure I don't know," replied Dick. "If I knew how to get down there, I should certainly try to find out. I've got my gun. I'm not a bit afraid. What do you say, Arch? Shall we make the try?"

"Come here a minute, Dick," said Archie in a hollow voice.

Dick hurried to his side.

"Dick," breathed Archie, "that yellow-haired man is my father, and I know it! There can be no mistake."

"Hush! Don't let the girls into your family secrets. What makes you so sure? Did your father have yellow hair?"

"Yes, but he always kept it short and was clean-shaven. But it isn't that. It's the eyes. I feel it in my soul, Dick."

"You're excited, Arch. But——"

"And that gold! Where did he get it? I must know more."

"Hush! Hush! The girls are watching us and wondering what the matter is. Suppose we call down and ask for help to get down the mountain? We can come here again. I'm sure I've seen this pine grove on the side of old Grim Face. We will be able to locate it."

"He must be crazy. He might hurt the girls."

"It's a risk, but we don't want to stop on the mountain all night. I say, let's try it."

"Do as you think best, Dick," assented Archie. "As for me, I shall never rest until I have met this man face to face."

Dick said no more, and they returned to the opening.

"What are we to do?" demanded Fanny Follensbee. "Is there anything the matter, Mr. Rounds?"

"Nothing at all," replied Archie, striving to regain his calmness. "We were only consulting as to whether it would be safe to ask the help of these men."

"For mercy sake, don't think of it! I am sure that one with the long hair must be crazy from the way he laughs."

"I'm going to try it," said Dick. "We must get away from here, if the thing is possible. They may prove friendly. Anyhow, I have got my gun."

He knelt down, and with his mouth close to the opening, cried:

Hello, down there! There are four of us up here! Two are ladies! We are lost! Help us to get down off the mountain if you can!"

(To be continued.)

CURRENT NEWS

Harry B. Nicholson, of Crown Point, Ind., familiarly known as Judge Nick, has married 18,000 couples since he has been a Justice of the Peace. Fifty-two marriages is his highest work for a single day.

After sawing through two steel bars an inch thick, and squeezing through a hole less than a foot square, Vincenzo Francesco, said to be wanted in New York on a white slave charge, escaped from the immigration detention quarters at Montreal recently. It is believed he had outside assistance.

One more danger is added to the already large list which every U-boat must face in the war zone, the latest being the use of captive balloons on trawlers. These slow-moving boats operating off the coast of France, are now provided in some instances with a captive balloon which is sent aloft with observers. At a height of a thousand feet or more, the observers command a wide stretch of water, and on calm days can see even below the surface of the waves for a considerable distance. Submarines in this manner may be spotted and followed.

Despite constant assurances to the contrary on the part of German propagandists, there is proof sufficient that Germany is finding it difficult indeed to maintain her armies at anything like full strength. From Amsterdam comes a despatch stating that Germany is planning to force boys of sixteen and seventeen years into the army. In an appeal appearing in the Essen General Anzeiger, the boys are urged to join the Juvenile Corps. "This great struggle between the nations," says the newspaper, "will necessitate those who are now sixteen and seventeen being called up at no very remote date for army service."

The Ohio Experiment Station, Wooster, O., sums up thus the dog and sheep situation in the State: "Twenty-four thousand of the 3,000,000 sheep in Ohio last year were killed or injured by dogs. Damages paid to the owners of these sheep amounted to \$112,620, the records of the Auditor of State show. Damages have been decreasing in amount since 1890, when the number of sheep killed or injured reached 52,799. Dogs are, therefore, a liability to every taxpayer. The cost of feeding a dog a year has been estimated at \$34. Many dogs are a dead loss to their owners and some evidently are positive detriments, to be classed with insect pests, plant and animal diseases and other menaces."

Cormorants are familiar enough objects fishing on the outlying rocks below the cliffs whereon they nest, or seated upon the posts which mark the course

of the channel in a tidal harbor, their brilliant emerald eyes ever on the watch for fish. But few people are perhaps aware that these great black, uncouth-looking birds were at one time trained in England to catch fish for the amusement of royalty. The sport was introduced into this country from the Court of France in the time of Louis XIII. The French courtiers had been taught the method of taming and training these birds by a Dutchman whose countrymen had already learned it during their voyages in the East. For it is to the Chinese and Japanese fishermen that European nations were first indebted for a knowledge of the sport.

It is learned that the lack of an adequate supply of lubricating oils for airplane engines is causing the Signal Corps experts no little anxiety in their work in connection with the Liberty motor. The excessive speed at which the engine is driven renders it impracticable to use any of the commercial oils satisfactorily, and the only lubricator which gives entire satisfaction is castor oil. There not being in the country anything like a sufficient castor oil supply, the War Department has requested the Department of Agriculture to obtain the assistance of farmers in the Mississippi Valley to arrange to increase their crops of castor oil beans. It is hoped that at least 10,000 acres will be devoted this year to the castor oil bean. In the meantime, however, Department experts are working with the Bureau of Standards in an attempt to find some other lubricant.

A jeweler of Hillsboro, N. D., has recently constructed a motor, said to be the smallest in the world. The motor, just a fraction over a quarter of an inch long, is perfect in every way, and contains everything found in larger motors. The commutator has four segments made of gold, each segment being insulated from the other with mica. Fiber is used as insulation between commutator and shaft; also between the end pieces and commutator. The commutator is built up in the same way as the ones on the large machines, no glue or cement being used in its construction. The commutator is 0.045 inch in diameter, and is mounted on pivot steel shaft 0.009 inch in diameter. The armature has four poles and is wound with No. 40 silk covered wire. Its diameter is 0.09 inch. The brushes are made of silver and are 0.12 inches in diameter. The springs for the brushes are 0.004 inches in diameter. The motor has two field coils between the armature and yoke. The length of the entire motor is 19-64 inches and its height 11-64 inches. It weighs 5½ grains. A small flashlight battery is used to supply its current.

FROM COLLEGE TO MEXICO

—OR—

THE WHITE GIRL QUEEN OF THE YAQUIS

By "PAWNEE JACK"

(A SERIAL STORY)

CHAPTER VIII (Continued).

"When will you be back?"

"Don't know exactly," said Tom; "in a month, though, likely."

"Phew! Say, we want both of you on the football team, and that will keep you out of all the preliminary practise, and of course you could not go in raw and do yourselves justice."

"No," agreed Tom; "I guess we'll have to cut the football out for this season."

Bert groaned.

"I see our finish," he grumbled; "it's down and out with us, when we bump up against Bluffton for the championship."

"Oh, you can beat them without us," said Bob, encouragingly.

"Nixie! Never! It can't be did! Oh, but it's the soup tureen for us, and that's the truth!"

"Bosh!" said Tom. "You'll beat Bluffton easily. Cheer up."

But the little chap would not believe it, and he refused to be comforted.

The two told him as much as they wished to tell, and then, as they expected, Bert hastened away to tell the news. It was soon known to all, and great was the surprise manifested by the students. And like Bert, many of them grieved, because it would take away two of the best men for the football eleven.

At supper, that evening, the two were put through a cross-examination that was rather trying, but they did not give up any more information than they had vouchsafed Bert Spellman. The students were not satisfied, but they could not help themselves; they could not, of course, ask outright what the business was that was calling the two away.

"Well, you two will be back in time to get on the basketball team, anyway," said Ben Thomas, who was the last year's captain of the football team, and who would probably be re-elected for the present team.

"Yes, we'll be back in time for that, undoubtedly," agreed Tom.

Soon after supper Tom and Bob dressed with scrupulous care and, just as it was beginning to grow dark, they left the dormitory and set out for the village at the foot of the hill.

They were soon at the home of Aline Ardner, and as good luck would have it, they found Vivian Winter there also.

The girls gave the two a cordial greeting, and the four were soon seated in the parlor, talking and laughing and enjoying themselves hugely.

They had been there perhaps an hour, when Bob turned to his comrade, during a lull in the conversation, and said:

"You tell the girls the news, old fellow."

The girls became eager at once.

"What news?" Aline wanted to know.

"What have you boys been doing now?" queried Vivian. "Have you captured some more robbers?"

They shook their heads.

"No, nothing like that," said Bob.

"Well, tell us quickly!" urged Aline.

"Yes, we're dying of curiosity!" from Vivian.

"The news that we have to tell you is that we are going away, girls," said Tom.

The girls gasped in amazement. A look of consternation appeared on the face of each.

"But where—why?" asked Aline.

"Tell us, quickly!" from Vivian.

"We are going to Mexico," said Tom.

"To Mexico!" cried Aline.

"What for?" queried Vivian.

"Will you promise not to tell a soul, if we tell you why we are going?" asked Bob.

"Yes, yes!" nodding.

"All right; go ahead and tell them, Tom."

"Seems to me you are putting most of the work on me!" grumbled Tom.

"Oh, go on; you can talk better than I can."

"All right," said Tom. "But you must remember your promise to keep this to yourselves."

"We will!"

"We won't tell a soul!"

"Good!" Then Tom told them about it, and the girls listened with the deepest interest. They were greatly excited, and told the youths that they were glad they were going, and that they hoped the two would find the treasure.

"So do I," grinned Bob; "for then we will be rich enough to get married."

"Stop your foolishness and tell us all—everything!" cried Aline.

CHAPTER IX.

IN MEXICO.

The time passed swiftly. The girls were as greatly interested in the trip that was to be taken as were the two youths, and they talked of the affair eagerly.

They gave Tom and Bob much advice and told them to be careful, and not get into any trouble.

"Oh, we'll be careful," said Bob. "We'll be eager to get back to you girls safely."

"That's so," nodded Tom.

"All we'll have to do will be to keep clear of the Mexican soldiers," said Bob. "You see, they would claim the treasure, if they knew of it and were to catch us getting away with it."

"Then you mustn't let them catch you," said Vivian.

"We won't."

When eleven o'clock came, the youths bade the girls good-night and good-by, and took their leave.

"We probably won't see you again before we go," said Tom.

"Say, Tom," said Bob, as they were making their way toward the college dormitory, "there is something else that we will have to look out for besides the Mexican soldiers."

"What, Bob?"

"The Yaqui Indians."

"Yes?"

"Yes. I looked it up this evening, and I learned that the Yaqui Indians have control of the country along the Yaqui River, where we are going, and that they are the most savage people on the American Continent."

"Is that so?"

"Yes; the Yaquis have never been conquered by the white people."

"Hum! Looks as if we may have some trouble down there, Bob!"

"You are right; but of course, I didn't want to tell the girls about it."

"We will have to be on our guard all the time, old man."

"So we will. I tell you, I don't care to fall into the hands of the barbarous Yaquis, if the half is true of them that the book said, that I was reading."

"Well, it probably is true."

"Doubtless."

"We can learn something regarding the Yaquis after we get to Guaymas."

They reached the dormitory now and entered, and made their way to their room. Fifteen minutes later they were in bed and asleep.

Next day they took their departure, and while their fellow students supposed that they were bound for home, the fact was that they were started on their long journey down into Sonora, Mexico.

They went by the way of El Paso, and in due time found themselves at Benson, where they alight-

ed from the Continental Limited, and took a train for Guaymas.

Later they arrived in Guaymas, which is quite a large city, on the Gulf of California.

As they alighted from the train, a medium-sized, dark-complexioned man, with a long beard and fierce mustache, who was leaning against the depot-building, gave a start and eyed the two keenly and eagerly.

They did not observe this, and went on their way happily unconscious of the fact that they attracted notice from anyone.

They walked along till they came to an American hotel, and here they entered, and the dark-skinned, bearded man was close at their heels.

Tom and Bob signed their names on the register, and then went to their room and made their toilet, after which they came down and ate supper.

After supper, they went out and spent two hours strolling about the city, looking at the sights. They were down at the wharf, and they looked at some of the smaller craft with interest. They intended to rent a sloop, if possible, to make the trip up the Yaqui River in.

Everywhere they went, they were followed by the dark-skinned man, nor did he lose sight of them until they had entered the hotel and gone to their room.

Next morning, after breakfast, the youths went to the clerk and asked him to direct them to some one who would rent them a sloop for three or four weeks.

"Captain Jansen will have what you want," said the clerk. "He owns a number of vessels of various kinds and sizes, and hires them out. Lots of people come down here and go out among the islands in the gulf, looking for buried treasure. Is that what you boys are after?" with a smile.

"Perhaps," laughed Tom. Then he thanked the clerk for the information, and the two set out for the wharf where they would find Captain Jansen.

And behind them, at a safe distance, was the dark-skinned, bearded man who had dogged their steps ever since they reached Guaymas.

The youths did not have any difficulty in finding Captain Jansen. He was a Norwegian, a bluff, hearty man, who said he would rent them a sloop for fifty dollars a week, they to sail it themselves and to provision it.

"That is satisfactory," said Tom.

"How long will ye want the sloop?" the captain asked.

"We don't know; two or three weeks, probably."

The captain half-closed one eye and squinted at them quizzically.

"Goin' in s'arch of buried treasure?" he asked.

"Maybe so," smiled Tom. He thought it best to turn such remarks off lightly; it would occasion less comment and suspicion than if he made vehement denial.

(To be continued.)

INTERESTING TOPICS

WAR INSURANCE TOTAL EXCEEDS THREE BILLION DOLLARS.

Secretary McAdoo announces that the total of insurance policies held by American soldiers and sailors under the war-insurance law has passed the \$3,000,000,000 mark. At the close of January 4, 362,941 policies had been taken out, aggregating \$3,105,776,500, an average of \$8,557 a policy.

Only a little more than a month remains in which applications for insurance with the Government may be filed, since the final date on which such applications may be received under the law is February 12.

FOUND SKELETON OF MAN MISSING 18 YEARS.

A skeleton, which has been identified as that of Ivan E. Farington, a wealthy mine operator, who mysteriously disappeared eighteen years ago, from Joplin, Missouri, has been found in an old shaft, according to word received recently from Galena, Kansas.

Identification was made possible through the finding of a key ring with Farington's name on it, a watch, and a pocketbook. Miners were clearing the debris from the shaft, which is about 70 feet deep, and the bones were uncovered when a charge of powder was exploded.

WOMAN DEMANDS \$500 DAMAGES FOR BIRD'S AFFECTIONS.

Charging that her neighbor, Mrs. Martha Traylor, had alienated the affections of her pet canary Pete, Mrs. Anna Mallott, of Syracuse, N. Y., recently started a suit for \$500 damages. In her complaint she says the bird escaped from her home and that her neighbor coaxed it into a cage and has kept it since.

Mrs. Mallott says she has made repeated demands for the bird and is sure it is hers, "for she has often heard it singing and knows its voice, but that she has been unsuccessful."

BEAR MEAT ON MARKET.

Citizens of Harrisonburg, Virginia, and other towns in Rockingham County, who find beef, veal and pork too high-priced can make ends meet better now by eating bear meat, large quantities of which have been placed on the market at more reasonable prices than those demanded for choice steaks and chops.

The mountains of the county are said to be infested by bears, and in the past few weeks quite a number of the animals have been bagged by hunters.

One party of sportsmen brought in two, one weighing 300 pounds and the other 250 pounds. The hides, worth about \$35 apiece, will be tanned and made into overcoats.

LOST HAT HOLDING LIBERTY BOND.

"I've lost my hat! I've lost my hat!" cried John Slovenski, of North Eleventh Street, as a big touring car struck him and knocked him twenty feet on Crester Pike near the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad tunnel, Darby, Pa. The man's concern about his hat, rather than his physical welfare, struck onlookers as being strange, but the man kept up his wail about his lost headgear until Raymond Franklin picked it up from bushes bordering the road and placed it in the man's hand.

Tearing the lining of his hat open, Slovenski drew forth a Liberty bond, carefully placed it back, put the hat on his head and said he felt as if an elephant had struck him. Beyond general bruises, a cut hand and general shaking, he was uninjured.

SPIES USED FOUR SEPARATE KINDS OF INVISIBLE INK.

Disclosure of systematic communication between the United States and Germany through German agents here and their use of invisible inks, will result in the enforcement of additional safeguards against spies, according to statements made by Federal officials.

Assistant Federal Attorney John C. Knox said that some time ago Capt. Offley's Department of Justice men seized four separate kinds of invisible ink used by spies in communicating with Germany.

"We found," said Mr. Knox, "that German spy headquarters supplied different spies with different brands of invisible inks. No spy was permitted to know the developer which would bring out the writing of more than one of these inks. The advantages are, of course, obvious."

FIND HONEST MAN.

Joseph Brooks and Arnold Huppert have discovered an honestly honest man. He is J. S. Daugherty, of Houston, Texas, where he is engaged in a general land agency business, and recently he remitted \$4 in payment for services rendered by Brooks seven years ago.

No record of the account showed on the books of the local business firm, and to all effects the matter had been forgotten years ago, only to be revived upon receipt of the remittance.

Seven years ago, at the rate of twenty cents per address, Brooks furnished to Daugherty the names of ten sheep men in Park County, who had more than 20,000 head of stock and who might at that time have been looking for additional range.

Then came an ebb in his fortunes, Daugherty said, and now with the fates smiling propitiously upon him he remitted double the amount originally due.

WILD WEST WEEKLY

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 15, 1918.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS

Single Copies06 Cents
One Copy Three Months75 Cents
One Copy Six Months	1.50
One Copy One Year	3.00

POSTAGE FREE

HOW TO SEND MONEY—At our risk send P. O. Money Order, Check or Registered Letter; remittances in any other way are at your risk. We accept Postage Stamps the same as cash. When sending silver wrap the Coin in a separate piece of paper to avoid cutting the envelope. Write your name and address plainly. Address letters to

HARRY E. WOLFF, Publisher,
166 West 23d St., New York

Good Current News Articles

Charles Donatus has just completed the husking of 3,200 bushels of corn for Clifford Conley of Washita, Iowa. The work was done in thirty-one days. Donatus believes he is the champion corn husker of Iowa, and is willing to meet the alleged champions of any State at his weight, 128 pounds.

Thirsty souls of Port Orford, Oregon, recently quit work, lined up on the beach and fished for booze. Two men sailed down to Crescent City, California, and bought \$300 worth of liquor. Off Port Orford, on their trip north, they fell asleep and their boat tipped over. Authorities are unable to discover a clause in the prohibition law which would permit prosecution, as that act failed to provide punishment of the Pacific Ocean as a booze importer.

In Norway, where they have begun building barges of concrete, they launch them upside-down, keel uppermost, and a quarter of an hour after they have slid into the water they capsize into their normal position. At the fougner shipyards at Moss, a concrete vessel 83 feet long and 20 feet deep was tried recently in Christiania Fjord. A strong wind was blowing and the sea was rough, although the great breakers lost much of their force before penetrating the fjord. In his report on the trial to the Norges Handels og Sjøfartstidende, the director of the Veritas Bureau is very reserved and suggests that these vessels be commissioned only "on trial" and that they be permitted to navigate only certain restricted zones.

The common belief that the average of physical soundness is higher among country boys than among the city bred is not supported by the records of the Selective Draft. For the purpose of comparison, selection was made of a typical set of cities of 40,000 to 500,000 population, with no large immigrant element, and distributed over ten different States (Alabama, Arkansas, California, Colorado, Kansas, Mon-

tana, Nebraska, New York and South Carolina) and a corresponding set of counties of the same total size located in the same States and containing no city of 30,000 population. The total number of registrants in the two sets of areas was 315,000. The comparison resulted as follows: Of 35,017 registrants in urban areas, 9,969 were rejected. Of 44,462 registrants in rural areas 12,432 were rejected. In other words, 28.47 per cent. of the city boys were rejected as against 27.96 per cent. of the country boys. It will be seen that the result is virtually a tie. The country lad, accustomed to hard physical labor, may be more muscular than his city cousin, but he is not superior in the possession of the degree of physical soundness essential to his acceptance as a soldier.

Grins and Chuckles

Patient—What would you think of a warmer climate for me, doctor? Doctor—Good Lord, man! That's just what I'm trying to save you from.

"It was very romantic," says the friend. "He proposed to her in the automobile." "Yes?" we murmur encouragingly. "And she accepted him in the hospital."

Little Willie—Say, pa, what is the Census Bureau? Pa—The Census Bureau, my son, is a collector of facts that are given to the public after they are out of date.

"I say, old man, you've never returned that umbrella I lent you last week." "Hang it all, old man, be reasonable—it's been raining ever since."

"Do you think you can manage with my salary of three pounds a week, darling?" he asked, after she had said yes. "I'll try, Jack," replied she. "But what will you do?"

"Robert, what in the world is the matter with the baby?" "Why, mamma, I had to spank her!" "Had to spank her! Why, Robert, what do you mean?" "Me and Jimmie was playin' poker with lozenges, and the baby went and ate up nearly all the stakes."

Benevolent Lady—Little boy, here is another temperance tract I wish you would give to your father. Street Gamin—Me dad ain't drinkin' now. He's swore off. Benevolent Lady (sarcastically)—Did he read the last tract I gave you? Gamin—Nope. He's trainin' fur a prize-fight.

The man in bed had never been sick before. The doctor, wishing to ascertain his temperature, pointed the thermometer at him and commanded: "Open your mouth, Jim." "Wait a minute, doc," objected the patient. "I don't b'lieve I can swoller that."

THE MIDDY'S GALLANT FIGHT.

By Horace Appleton

Billy Little, or, as his shipmates dubbed him, Little Billy, for one so young, was a thoroughbred seaman.

The first year of his life at sea was a tough one, he having fell in with a brutal captain.

Then he came into contact with Captain Disbrow, a kind-hearted, whole-souled man, who treated his men like human beings, not dogs.

Two years slip by; Billy is fifteen years of age.

We see him standing, bundle in hand, on the deck of the Hawk, which is lying in New York harbor.

By his side is Captain Disbrow, who says:

"Billy, I'm very sorry to lose you, but still I must advise you to go, for if you don't you will stand in your own light."

"I'm sorry, too," replied Billy in tremulous tones. "I'd like to be with you, for I owe so much to you for your kindness in the past."

Perhaps you ask—why this parting?

Simply because that during the preceding two years Billy had studied hard, had been advanced as rapidly as possible and as far as Captain Disbrow could push him.

Arrived in port, the captain had exerted himself and procured for Billy a commission as a midddy on board of a vessel belonging to the East Indian Transportation Company.

So Billy trudged along West Street to the pier where the ambler, his new vessel, lay, boarded her, sought the captain and introduced himself.

Billy found Captain Barnes to be a gruff-voiced, heavily bearded individual, somewhat, though unconsciously to a great degree, overbearing.

Several hours later, and the broad, blue, deep-rolling sea was before them.

A few days slipped by and, unconsciously almost, Billy began to conceive a great liking for Captain Barnes, who seemed to return it.

Outside of Captain Barnes, there was not a person on board the Rambler who knew so much as Billy about the service of seamanship—that is, in the ability to determine latitude and longitude and the like.

For a week or more after leaving port everything went along smoothly, Billy, from the death of the first lieutenant, having been advanced to the charge of the deck during one of the watches.

Then an incident occurred which changed the current of events in a very marked manner.

Pedro, the cook, was caught in the act of stealing, and, in his wrath, Captain Barnes ordered that he receive fifty lashes on his bare back.

After that Pedro maintained a sullen silence for a few days, and the observant Billy saw him in close conversation with one and then another of the South Sea natives.

"What can it mean?" thought Billy. "I must find out."

He communicated his suspicions to Captain Barnes, who advised letting the matter quietly rest until they could gain some definite information as to what mischief they were up to.

Night closed in dark but not stormy looking.

The first regular watch came up at one bell, and Billy had charge of the deck.

Two bells, three, four, five, six and seven bells, half-past eleven had rung when Billy saw form after form issue from the fore-castle hatchway and range themselves along the deck.

Before he could fairly realize the thing there came a cry of

"Now down with the dogs, but don't hurt a hair of Billy's head!"

Half of Billy's watch were Obejians, and with the assistance of their companions, despite the gallant struggle made by the brave tars, they were soon placed hors de combat.

As for Billy, he picked up a marlinespike, and, sailing in with a vim, knocked the swarthy-visaged devils right and left.

Alarmed and wakened from his sleep by the melee, the captain hurried on deck, pistol in hand. Seeing how matter stood, he bounded forward near to where Billy stood, and leveling his pistol, fired at the Portuguese, who, plainly to be seen, was the leader of the insurrection.

In his excitement the aim had been unsteady, and the ball whistled harmlessly over Pedro's head.

Again he raised his pistol, took more careful aim, but ere he could fire a black, approaching from behind, struck him a heavy blow on the head that stretched him bleeding and senseless on the deck.

Seeing the havoc that Billy was creating, Pedro motioned to finish the lad in the same way.

Just as he darted forward, intending to attack the leader of the conspirators, a heavy blow descended on his head.

When Billy returned to consciousness his head ached so miserably that he was almost blind. Still, he could recognize his surroundings sufficiently to know that he was in his own bed, and that Pedro was beside him, applying water to his head.

A few hours passed and he was able to sit up, although a dull, heavy pain across his temples nearly drove him crazy.

Pedro assisted him on deck, and the cool breeze revived him so that he began to look about him. Everywhere he saw the Obejians, at the wheel, at the stays and at the jibs; not a white man was to be seen.

"Where is the captain?" Billy asked of Pedro.

"Shut up in the hold."

"Where are the other sailors?"

"Shut up in the hold along with the captain."

"Why have you made an exception of me?"

"Because we want you to manage the vessel. I'm captain now, and you're sailing-master."

"What are you going to do with the vessel?" asked Billy after a short silence.

"First, we want to go to Guadelmir Island for water, then afterward—but never mind, that is enough for you to know now. Get your maps, and arrange our course for Guadelmir Island, and mind you, any treachery will cost you your life."

So, perforce, Billy got out his charts and compass, studied them, then went on deck and laid the Rambler's prow to the desired course.

Some days later the headlands of the Island were in sight.

They were soon ashore, and it became evident to Billy why they were all so anxious, for near the junction of the river with the sea stood an old shanty in which liquor was sold, this being the only habitation on this side of the island.

In a body they rushed to the hut and poured down glass after glass of the fiery, burning liquor.

Forced to accompany Pedro, Billy did so with as good grace as possible. Once inside the hut, the former, who was also a lover of liquor, poured a glass or two of the vile stuff down his throat, which had the effect of his relaxing his watch on Billy, who was not slow to perceive this, and seeing it, he took matters in a very cool way, impressing the now rapidly growing befogged Pedro with the idea that he would not escape if he could.

But Billy knew what he was about, and when some trivial dispute had attracted the attention to a common center and away from himself, he slipped quietly out of the door and started on a rapid run for the narrow strip of beach where the longboat lay.

When along half way there he heard a fearful yell behind him, and glancing back saw the whole crew issue from the hut and start in hot pursuit.

He reached the longboat, pushed her off and jumped in, just as the first of the blacks reached the beach.

He seized a pair of oars and commenced pulling away for dear life, but the boat was so heavy that he could scarcely move her; but once out into the river's current, that carried her outward toward the Rambler.

But the blacks, urged on by the wild yells of Pedro, rushed into the water, and with long, powerful strokes clove the water in swift pursuit.

"They are gaining," muttered Billy. "If they catch me they will kill me anyhow, so I'll sell my life as dearly as possible. Oh, how I wish I had a knife or a brace of pistols."

Just then a shimmer in the bottom of the boat struck his eye.

He knew what it was, and a glad cry escaped him. "Ah, ha! my boys, come on. With that good sword I'll send some of you to eternity!"

Four of the blacks had caught up to and seized hold of the gunwales of the boat.

There was a rushing sound as the sword cleft the air, then a howl of mortal agony, and a black

had disappeared beneath the surface to rise no more. Another and another shared the same fate.

They closed in on him from all sides, some with uplifted hands holding gleaming knives, while those approaching carried them in their teeth.

A deadly blow is aimed at him from behind, another at his side, but he sees them not. Before him is one with knife upraised.

A sharp, stinging pain in his back told him that he had been wounded; he pauses not to look, but delivers a back-handed blow with terrible effect, it sweeping off two more of his foes.

The fight continued until but one foe was left, and he, evidently afraid of the terrible, gory instrument of death, kept at a respectful distance, swimming along some few feet away, as fast as the boat drifted.

At first, Billy was at a loss to understand the reason of his movements, then, as he forged slowly ahead, it rushed upon him.

The Obejian would endeavor to reach the Rambler first, and so effectually prevent any endeavor to release the prisoners.

It was only too apparent.

Billy resolved to try to outswim the black.

He laid down the sword, the only weapon he had, and taking a plunge, struck out for the vessel.

Billy strained every nerve, yet nearer and still nearer came the black.

Once he turned his head to look for Billy, when the latter saw the knife still between his gleaming teeth.

About a hundred feet from the vessel and they were within arm's length; the black clasped his knife, raised his arm and struck; but, active and quick, Billy avoided it and closed in on his assailant.

A wild struggle ensued, during which Billy managed to get hold of the knife and quickly drove it home in the breast of the black, who, uttering a dying groan, sank into the sea.

Weak and exhausted, it was all Billy could do to gain the Rambler's deck, and once there, he sank down, panting and gasping.

But he knew he must be up and doing; for, glancing shoreward, he saw the remaining blacks on the beach enter the water and swim out in the direction of the vessel.

With a spike he wrenched loose the clasps that held the hatchway down, then descended and released the captain and the seamen, to whom the surprise of their delivery was so great that some of them actually cried with delight.

They hurried on deck, shook out the sails, and slipping the cable, bore off from the island, skirted its shores to the opposite side to the seaport Unadilla, where they fortunately found enough good reliable seamen to fill up their complement, and also a government cruiser, who returned and helped capture the mutineers, all of whom were severely and justly punished for their misdeeds.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST

SMOKED SHRIMP PALATABLE.

In an effort to increase the production and consumption of smoked fish in the South Atlantic and Gulf States, the United States Bureau of Fisheries has detailed Arthur Orr and Templeton Van de Bogaert to give demonstrations of the methods of smoking fish at various places in that region.

They are equipped with a small portable smokehouse of recent design built especially for the purpose, and are prepared to instruct those desirous of developing this phase of the fisheries. They are also giving special attention to the smoking of menhaden and sharks, and will experiment with various species common to the region to determine the suitability of such forms to this method of treatment.

At Beaufort, N. C., bonito, menhaden, whiting, mullet and shrimp were smoked. The smoked shrimp were found to be especially palatable, and if it proves practicable to pickle this product and smoke it as demanded by the trade there is a possibility of considerable development in this field.

Arrangements were made for shipping samples to New Bern and Goldsboro in order to familiarize dealers, members of home canning clubs and other local organizations with the merits of this product.

Members of one of the large fishing companies located near Wilmington, N. C., have become interested in the smoking of fish and are assembling materials preparatory to building a smokehouse. While in Wilmington the bureau's agents made arrangements to furnish the fire and police departments with sample lots of smoked fish.

RIDING A MOOSE.

The most remarkable feat performed by a man with a wild animal in the open as an unwilling partner is the unique act which happened recently in Ontario, when a hunter rode a wild moose.

The fondness of moose for water and their great swimming abilities is well known. Rainy Lake, Ontario, Canada, is in a region abounding with moose and other game and has only been recently made easily accessible to the sportsman by the completion of the Canadian Northern's new transcontinental railway. It is not an uncommon sight to see the animals swimming across the lake.

When one was well out in the middle the two sportsmen overtook it in their canoe by paddling out from a point and cutting it off. Running the canoe alongside the swimming animal, the man in the bow let himself over the side of the boat, maintaining his own balance and keeping the canoe steady by placing his feet on the moose's back. The whole required cool nerve and a long knowledge of boating, for the canoe is the most unstable of all craft. When the right moment in his judgment had

arrived he threw himself clear and down onto the animal's back in a true riding position. Holding on with one hand to one of the submerged points of the antlers at the rear he maintained his position, while waving his hat to urge the moose on to its best efforts as his novel steed proceeded shoreward with its unaccustomed burden.

But their danger was, once the moose got ashore he might turn on his rider, so when nearing it, the man slipped off and climbed back into his canoe, allowing the moose to make good its escape, none the worse for its experience.

SHARKS PROFITABLE AT ADEN.

Shark fishing is an important industry at Aden, Arabia. The poorer classes of the inhabitants depend on this fish for their only taste of sea food. Some of the meat is dried and preserved in salt. The fins and maws are shipped to China. Shrewd Arabian curio dealers haggle with visitors to the port over the prices of the jaws and bones of the man-eating fish and the livers produce an oil that is used for a varnish on boats.

The Arab in his primitive boat or dhow, a flat-bottom craft of some 150 tons burden, finds his best fishing grounds between Aden and Shukra during the cool months from October to March. He uses both nets and hooks. Fishing is sometimes done from a small boat, but this is dangerous, as a large fish occasionally overturns the boat and the fishermen become the prey of other sharks.

Small sharks are sold in the Aden fish bazaar for about half the price of other edible fish. A shark three or four feet long can be purchased for 35 cents. Fresh shark meat is very strong and one must develop a taste for it to enjoy it.

Maleh, or salt dried shark meat, has the largest market of any of the by-producers. It is used in such quantities by the Arabs of the interior that the local market cannot meet the demand, and much of the meat consumed has to be imported from the Arabian gulf ports. Like the fresh meat, maleh is strong in taste and odor.

Fins and maws rank next in importance in the Aden commercial world. White fins of fine quality bring about \$2.60 apiece, and black ones, which are more common, sell for about half as much. In a normal year this trade is valued at about \$35,000.

Up to the present time the skin of the shark has not had a commercial value in Arabia. United States Consul A. E. Southard at Aden says, however, that the success of the American Bureau of Fisheries in tanning this skin will be brought to the attention of the Arabian fish dealers. In this way nearly every part of the shark will be of value to those interested in catching and marketing this fish.

ARTICLES OF ALL KINDS

RABBITS IN HIS WOODSHED.

Asher Hoon, of East Cami, Ill., is not particularly worried about meatless days, especially while the snow is eighteen inches deep around his house. The other night he opened his window and shot a fine, fat opossum, which he saw in a persimmon tree in his back yard. In the afternoon he found three rabbits in his woodshed and shut the door and killed them.

UTILIZING COTTON STALKS.

Considering that tons of cotton stalks have been destroyed annually as worthless, the possibilities of converting them into paper and artificial silk are readily understood. A plant is under construction at Greenwood, Miss., which will be devoted to making pulp from the stalks.

It has been the custom to cut and burn the stalks after the cotton picking season has ended at a cost of about \$1 a ton. The use of cotton pulp is not limited to the making of paper. The fiber has been found capable of withstanding the nitrating process involved in making guncotton and also yields artificial silk, motion picture films and such chemicals as pyroxylyene, alcohol and acetone.

GARBAGE USED AS FUEL.

Austin, Tex., has solved the problem of garbage disposal in a way that is not only sanitary but profitable. Forty of the leading citizens formed a company and made a contract to remove all the city's refuse and garbage. This is taken to a factory, where all non-inflammable objects, such as bottles, iron and tin cans, are removed. What is left is ground, mixed with ground coal slack, steam and creosote and moulded into bricks weighing two pounds each. The bricks sell at \$6.50 a thousand.

The University of Texas analyst tested the bricks for heat-producing qualities and found that where oak gave 8,000 heat units the garbage bricks gave 12,000. They burn equally well in ranges, furnaces, bakery grates, open grates and base burner stoves.

STRANGE CRAFT DEAD WHALE.

Farmers along the bay shore near Broadkilm Beach, Del., were prepared to protect their homes with their lives when a long, low, mysterious craft made its appearance up the bay. In the early morning light it could be plainly seen coming in toward the shore above Cedar Beach.

Then it stopped, and finally Charlie Reed, an adventuresome fisherman, started out to it and found it to be a dead whale, a prize of the first magnitude.

It stranded near the Frank Waples farm at Slaughter Neck, and was viewed by hundreds, who came from all parts of Lower Delaware in automo-

biles and wagons to see it. In the morning Reed, with a small launch, landed it at the Lewes fisheries and will have it made into oil.

It is estimated that at the present price of oil Reed will realize several hundred dollars from it. The whale was 57 feet long and is supposed to have been shot in mid-ocean.

GAS MAKES MEN LAUGH.

Poisonous gases arising from a coke heater in a box car in which they were working overcame four men at the Western brewery, Belleville, Ill. The lives of the men were probably saved by the presence of mind of Fred Fuller, one of the men in the car.

The four were engaged in placing beer cases in the car and were using a heater in which coke was burned. Fuller, standing near the partly closed door of the car, noticed his companions were acting peculiarly and at the same time he felt that he was being overcome. He retained his senses long enough to throw open the door of the car and then pitched headlong outside to the ground.

Other workmen around the plant saw Fuller fall and ran to his side. Three other men were in the car. Two of them had been seized with a laughing fit and were holding their sides and laughing while the third man was crying bitterly.

Physicians were called and the lung-motor at the Jackson Street Fire Department summoned, but the men were resuscitated without its use. No serious results are expected.

1917 SAW COLLAPSE OF MINOR LEAGUES.

The year 1917 was one of the worst in the history of minor league ball clubs. League after league went to smash and only a few weeks ago the International League, the oldest minor league in the country, went on the rocks. The league has not missed a season since 1892. Five years ago International League franchises were as valuable as were many big league franchises around the time of the American League war.

An effort to stave off the collapse of the International League was attempted early in the winter, when an effort was made to consolidate the four best clubs in the International League with the four most Eastern clubs of the American Association. This plan, which would have ruined some of the Western Association franchises, had the indorsement of some of the leading powers in baseball, but was checked by the minor league congress.

The National Commission might have thrown its weight into the merger but for the opposition of President Tener of the National League. The merger had the sanction of President Johnson of the American League.

GREAT SINGULAR PUZZLE.



The latest and most fascinating puzzle ever placed on the market. Patented May 30. It consists of four revolving dials, each dial containing 16 figures, 64 figures in all. To open the safe these dials must be turned around until the figures in each of the 16 columns added together total 40.

The puzzle is made on the plan of the combination lock on the large iron safes that open on a combination of figures. Persons have been known to sit up all night, so interested have they become trying to get each column to total 40 in this fascinating puzzle. With the printed key which we send with each puzzle the figures can be set in a few minutes so as to total 40 in each column.

Price 15 cents; mailed, postpaid.
E. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

GOOD LUCK GUN FOB.

The real western article carried by the cowboys. It is made of fine leather with a highly nickeled buckle. The holster contains a metal gun, of the same pattern as those used by all the most famous scouts. Any boy wearing one of these fobs will attract attention. It will give him an air of western romance. The prettiest and most serviceable watch fob ever made. Send for one to-day. Price 20 cents each by mail postpaid.



E. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

RUBBER TACKS.

They come six in a box. A wonderful imitation of the real tack. Made of rubber. The box in which they come is the ordinary tack box. This is a great parlor entertainer and you can play a lot of tricks with the tacks. Place them in the palm of your hand, point upward. Then slap the other hand over the tacks and it will seem as if you are committing suicide. Or you can show the tacks and then put them in your mouth and chew them, making believe you have swallowed them. Your friends will think you are a magician. Then, again, you can exhibit the tacks and then quickly push one in your cheek or somebody else's cheek and they will shriek with fear. Absolutely harmless and a very practical and funny joke. Price, by mail, 10c. a box of six tacks; 3 for 25c., postpaid.



WOLFF Novelty Co., 168 W. 23d St., N. Y.

ADAM'S TEASER PUZZLE.

This is a nut cracker. The way to do it is as follows: Turn the top of the two small loops toward you, taking hold of the two large loops with each hand. Hold the top of the loop held with the left hand and pull the other toward the right, and at the same time impart a twisting motion away from you. You can get the rest of the directions with the puzzle. Price 12 cents each, by mail, postpaid.

Wolff Novelty Co., 168 W. 23d St., N. Y.

SNAPPER CIGAR.

The real thing for the cigar grafter. If you smoke you must have met him. He sees a few choice cigars in your pocket and makes no bones about asking you for one. You are all prepared for him this time. How? Take one of these cigars snappers (which is so much like a real cigar you are liable to smoke it yourself by mistake) Bend the spring back towards the lighted end, and as you offer the cigar let go the spring and the victim gets a sharp, stinging snap on the fingers. A sure cure for grafters. Price, by mail, ten cents each, postpaid, or three for 25c.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

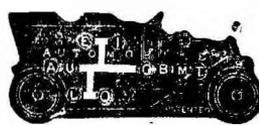
THE BALANCING BIRD.



It measures more than four inches from tip to tip of wings, and will balance perfectly on the tip of your finger nail, on the point of a lead pencil, or on any point of an instrument, only by the tip of the bill resting on the nail or pencil point, the whole body of the bird being suspended in the air with nothing to rest on. It will not fall off unless shaken off. A great novelty. Wonderful, amusing and instructive.

Price 10 cents, mailed postpaid.
WOLFF Novelty Co., 168 W. 23d St., N. Y.

AUTOMOBILE PUZZLE.



This little steel puzzle is one of the most perplexing on the market, and yet when you master it a child could do it. It measures 1 3/4 by 4 inches. The trick is to spell out words as indicated on the cut.

Price 15 cents each, by mail, postpaid.
Wolff Novelty Co., 168 W. 23d St., N. Y.

JAPANESE MAGIC PAPER.



The latest, greatest and best little trick perfected by the ingenious Japanese is called Yaka Hula. It consists of two packages of specially prepared paper, one a sensitized medium, and the other a developing medium. The process of manufacture is a secret. By wetting a white sheet, and pressing a pink sheet on top of it, the white sheet will develop quaint photographic scenes, such as landscapes of Japan, portraits of Japanese characters, pictures of peculiar buildings, Gods, temples, etc. These pictures are replicas of actual photographs, and print up in a beautiful sepia brown color. Intensely interesting for both old and young.

Price, 12c. per package, by mail, postpaid.
WOLFF Novelty Co., 168 W. 23d St., N. Y.

THE ELK HEAD PUZZLE.



Just out and one of the most fascinating puzzles on the market. The stunt is to separate the antlers and rejoin them. It looks easy, but try it and you will admit that it is without exception the best puzzle you have ever seen. You can't leave it alone. Made of slivered metal. Price 12c.; 3 for 35c., sent by mail, postpaid.

BEHR, 150 W. 62d Street, N. Y.

Delivered TO FREE



Your choice of 44 styles, colors and sizes in the famous line of "RANGER" bicycles, shown in full color in the big new Free Catalog. We pay all the freight charges from Chicago to your door. **30 Days Free Trial!** allowed on the bicycle you select, actual riding test in your own town for 30 days. Do not buy until you get our great new trial offer and low Factory-Direct-To-Rider terms and prices. **TIRE & LAMP, HORNS, pedals, TUBES** single wheels and repair parts for all makes of bicycles at half usual prices. No one else can offer such values and such terms. **SEND NO MONEY** but write today for the big new Catalog. It's free. **HEAD CYCLE COMPANY Dept. L188 Chicago**

Minor Agents Wanted

GREENBACKS

Pack of \$1,000 Stage Bills, 10c; 3 packs, 25c. Send for a pack and show the boys what a WAD you carry.
C. A. Nichols Jr., Box 90, Lincoln Park, N. Y.

NEW DOUBLE ACTION BABY HANDBLASS REVOLVER

Smallest, Neatest, Easiest to handle, Accidental Accidents, and safest, quickest firing. When you need a pistol you need a pistol that is built and quick, as every second counts. Every lady and automobilist should have one. Write today for the big new Catalog. Price by insured mail \$2.98. **BATES GUN CO., DEPT. 7, MELROSE, MASS.**



WONDER BUTTON-HOLE LAMP. Cutest thing out. Makes a bright scene for blocks. Burns any oil. Boys go wild over it. By mail, 15c. **C. A. NICHOLS, JR., Box 90, Lincoln Park, New York.**

OLD MONEY WANTED

\$2 to \$500 EACH paid for Hundreds of Coins dated before 1895. Keep ALL old Money. You may have Coins worth a Large Premium. Send 10c. for New Illustrated Coin Value Book, size 4x6. Get Posted at Once.
CLARKE COIN CO., Box 85, Le Roy, N. Y.

TOBACCO HABIT Conquer it happily in 8 days. Improve your health, prolong life, avoid stomach troubles, nervousness, foul breath, heart disease. Regain manly vigor, calm nerves, clear eyes and superior mental strength. Whether you chew or smoke pipe, cigarettes, cigars. Get interesting Tobacco Book. Worth its weight in gold. Mailed Free.

E. J. Woods, R 228, Sta. F, New York, N. Y.

CACHOO AND ITCH POWDER.

As Itch powder, Cachoo and Bombs are unobtainable, we cannot accept orders for less than One Dollar's worth of an assortment. They can be sent by express only, on which we will prepay the charges.
WOLFF Novelty Co., 168 W. 23d St., N. Y.

POCKET SIGNAL CHART

With Booklet of Instructions in accordance with

U.S. ARMY AND NAVY SYSTEMS, 1918

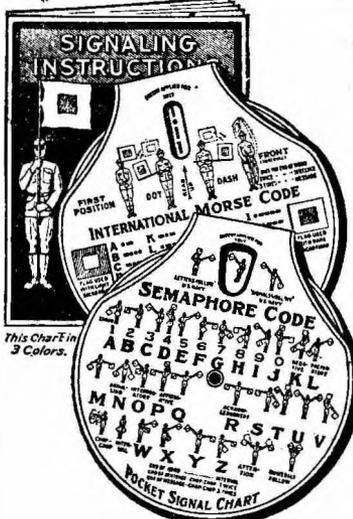
With this chart the authorized codes are quickly learned. Signals are read and verified immediately. Can be operated with one hand while the other writes.

For use by Boys' and Girls' Clubs, Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, Lone Scouts, Red Cross Societies, Schools, Y. M. C. A.s—besides Military, Naval and Patriotic Organizations, Enlisted Men, Camps, etc. We can make you very low rates in quantity. Write To-day!

The Booklet which goes with the Chart is endorsed by authorities as being the simplest, clearest treatise on signaling.

Price, 10 cts. each by mail, postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY, CO.
 166 West Twenty-third St., New York City



THE WAR FOUNTAIN PEN.

A very handsome fountain pen case to which is attached a pocket holder neatly made of metal and highly nickel-plated. When your friend desires the use of your pen and gets it, he is very much astounded when he removes the cap by the sudden and loud noise of the explosion that occurs, and yet a little paper cap does it all. Price, 35c, by mail, postpaid.

FRANK SMITH, 383 Lenox Ave., N. Y.



JITNEY BUS GAME.

A circular metal box with a glass top. Inside is a tiny garage fixed at one side and a loose traveling little Ford. It requires an expert to get the swifly moving auto into the garage. This one grabs your interest, holds it, and almost makes you



wilt when you find after repeated trials how hard it is to do the trick. Price 12c, by mail, postpaid.

WOLFF Novelty Co., 168 W. 23d St., N. Y.

ROUGH RIDER DISC PISTOL.

Made of nicely colored wood 5½ inches long. The power is furnished by rubber bands. Ten discs of cardboard with each pistol. Price 6c, each, by mail, postpaid.



WOLFF Novelty Co., 168 W. 23d St., N. Y.



MAGIC CARD BOX.—A very cleverly made box of exchanging or vanishing cards. In fact, any number of tricks of this character can be performed by it. A very necessary magical accessory. Price, 15c.

FRANK SMITH, 383 Lenox Ave., N. Y.

THE KAZOO.

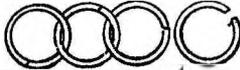
Made in the exact shape of a submarine. With this comical little instrument you can give a bride and groom one of the bluest serenades they ever received. Or, if you wish to use it as a ventriloquist, you will so completely change your voice that your best friend will not recognize it. Price, 12c, by mail, postpaid.



WOLFF Novelty Co., 168 W. 23d St., N. Y.

MAGIC LINK PUZZLE.

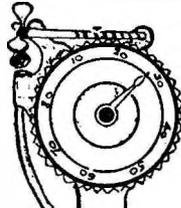
A number of rings. The scheme is to link them together just exactly the same way magicians link their hoops. It looks dead easy. But we defy anybody to do it unless they know the secret. Price 10c, by mail, postpaid.



WOLFF Novelty Co., 168 W. 23d St., N. Y.

THE LUNG TESTER.

We have here one of the greatest little novelties ever produced, with this instrument you can absolutely test the strength of your lungs. It has an indicator which clearly shows you the number of pounds you can blow. Lots of fun testing your lungs. Get one and see what a good blower you are. Price 15c, by mail, postpaid.



FRANK SMITH, 383 Lenox Ave., N. Y.

THE RUBBER DAGGER.

On account of the war we have substituted this novelty for the Magic Dagger. It is eight inches in length, made to look exactly like a steel weapon and would deceive almost anybody at whom you might thrust it. But as the blade is made of rubber, it can do no injury. Price 15c, by mail, postpaid.



H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre Street, Ercokryn, New York.

TWO-CARD MONTE.

This famous trick gets them all. You pick up a card and when you look at it you find you haven't got the card you thought you had.



Price 10c, by mail, postpaid. WOLFF Novelty Co., 168 W. 23d St., N. Y.

MAGIC PENCILS.

The working of this trick is very easy, most startling and mystifying. Give the case and three pencils to any one in your audience with instructions to place any pencil in the case point upward and to close case and put the remaining two pencils in his pocket. You now take the case with the pencil in it and can tell what color it is. Directions how to work the trick with each set.

Price 25 cts. each by mail, postpaid. Wolf Novelty Co., 168 W. 23d St., N. Y.

THE HELLO PUZZLE.

Can you get the ring out of this puzzle is the latest creation of Yankee ingenuity. Apparently it is the easiest thing in the world to remove the ring from the block, but it takes hours of study to discover the trick, unless you know how it is done. Price by mail, postpaid, 10c. 3 for 25c.



H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., Ercokryn, N. Y.

NUT AND BOLT PUZZLE.

A very ingenious puzzle, consisting of a nut and bolt with a ring fastened on the shank, which cannot be removed unless the nut is removed. The question is how to remove the nut. Price, 15c, by mail, postpaid.



FRANK SMITH, 383 Lenox Ave., N. Y.

IMITATION CUT FINGER.

A cardboard finger, carefully bandaged with linen, and the side and end are blood-stained. When you slip it on your finger and show it to your friends, just give a groan or two, nurse it up, and pull a look of pain. You will get nothing but sympathy until you give them the laugh. Then duck! Price 10c, each, postpaid.



Wolff Novelty Co., 168 W. 23d St., N. Y.

READ THIS ONE!

"Moving Picture Stories"

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO PHOTOPLAYS AND PLAYERS

PRICE 6c PER COPY

PRICE 6c PER COPY

THE BEST FILM MAGAZINE ON EARTH

BUY A COPY!

ENJOY YOURSELF!

Magnificent Colored Cover Portraits of Prominent Performers!

32 PAGES OF READING

OUT EVERY FRIDAY

EACH NUMBER CONTAINS

New Portraits and Biographies of Actors and Actresses
Six Stories of the Best Films on the Screens
Elegant Half-tone Scenes from the Plays
Interesting Articles About Prominent People in the Films
Doings of Actors and Actresses in the Studios and while Picture-making
Lessons in Scenario Writing, and names of Companies who buy your plays
Poems, Jokes, and every bright Feature of Interest in Making Moving Pictures

THIS LITTLE MAGAZINE GIVES YOU MORE FOR YOUR MONEY THAN ANY OTHER SIMILAR PUBLICATION ON THE MARKET!

Its authors are the very best that money can procure; its profuse illustrations are exquisite, and its special articles are by the greatest experts in their particular line.

No amount of money is being spared to make this publication the very best of its kind in the world.

Buy a copy NOW from your newsdealer, or send us 6 cents in money or postage-stamps, and we will mail you any number you desire

HARRY E. WOLFF, Publisher, 166 West 23d Street, New York City

Missing Page

Inside back cover

Missing Page

Back cover