

BOYS, READ THE RADIO ARTICLES IN THIS NUMBER

NEW YORK, JANUARY 25, 1924

No. 1110

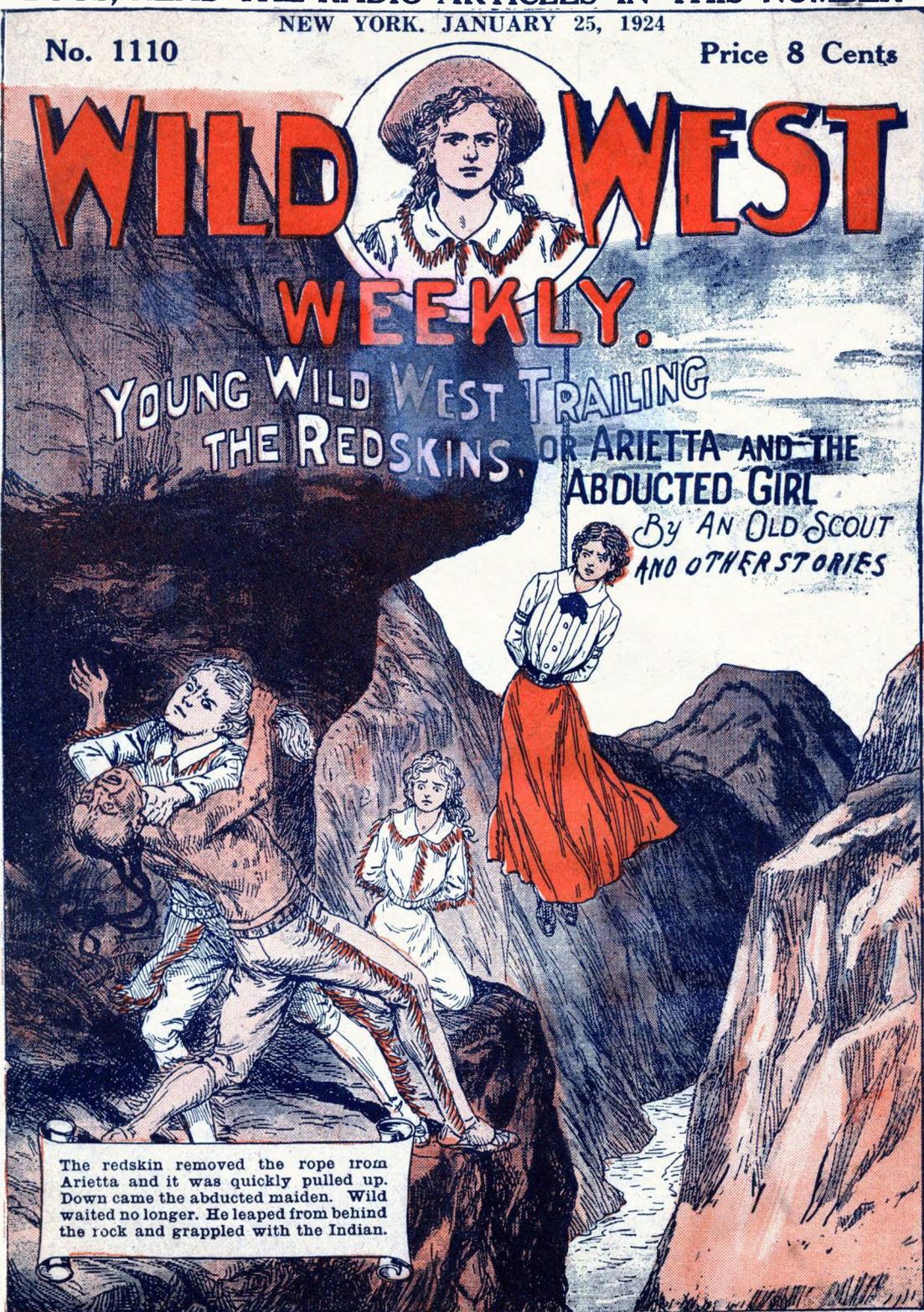
Price 8 Cents

WILD WEST WEEKLY.

YOUNG WILD WEST TRAILING

THE REDSKINS, OR ARIETTA AND THE ABDUCTED GIRL

By AN OLD SCOUT
AND OTHER STORIES



The redskin removed the rope from Arietta and it was quickly pulled up. Down came the abducted maiden. Wild waited no longer. He leaped from behind the rock and grappled with the Indian.

WILD WEST WEEKLY

Issued weekly—Subscription price, \$4.00 per year; Canada, \$4.50; Foreign, \$5.00. Copyright, 1924, by Harry E. Wolf, Publisher, Inc., 166 West 23d Street, New York, N. Y. Entered as Second-Class Matter, Dec. 8, 1911, at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y. under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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NEW YORK, JANUARY 25, 1924

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Young Wild West Trailing the Redskins

OR, ARIETTA AND THE ABDUCTED GIRL

By AN OLD SCOUT

CHAPTER I.—What The Smoke Signals Meant.

"Injuns, Wild, as sure as guns!"

"That's right, Charlie. That is a smoke signal, which makes it appear as though there are redskins on the warpath."

"It's a smoke signal, all, right, Wild. Now you jest watch, an' you'll see it answered."

The speakers were Young Wild West, the well-known Boy hero and Champion Deadshot of the West, and Cheyenne Charlie, the ex-Government scout and Indian fighter.

The scene was in the mountains of southwestern Utah, and the time late in the afternoon of a day in early fall some years ago, when there was much less of law and order in the vast region known as the Wild West than at the present time.

Young Wild West and the scout were standing on a slight eminence of rock looking to the south.

A few yards behind them and in a little hollow was their camp, where the rest of the party were assisting in the preparations to camp for the night.

It was generally the custom of Wild, as our hero was called for short, to take a look around the surrounding country before nightfall after they had halted for the day, and when he ascended the highest point with the scout, he was not at all surprised when a thin column of smoke was seen rising something like a mile distant.

"Well, Charlie," the young deadshot said, as he nodded to his partner, "we never heard anything of an Indian uprising the last place we stopped at, but it strikes me that something has gone wrong with them. There certainly must be a band below us, and that smoke signal means something. Like you, I believe it will be answered soon, so we will wait here and see."

They kept moving their gaze from one direction to another and before five minutes had expired they saw another thin column of smoke rising from behind a jagged ridge nearly five miles distant.

"There yer are, Wild!" the scout exclaimed, as though he really was delighted. "Now then, I reckon it won't be long afore we'll have a scrimmage with redskins. Nothin' suits me better

than that, an' my finger is already itchin' ter pull a trigger on some of 'em."

"Take it easy, Charlie. It may prove that the redskins who are signaling to each other are not on the warpath, and that they are simply hunting in the mountains here."

"It may be, but I don't think so, Wild," and the scout shook his head.

"Well, I hardly think so, either, but we can't tell. Anyhow, we'll do a little scouting and find out something."

"That's it," and Charlie gave a vigorous nod.

They stood there until the smoke signals suddenly died out.

They knew just how the Indians made such signals and how easy it was to smother out a fire that had been kindled of very light wood, so the smoke would rise straight in the air, unless a breeze was blowing.

But it happened that this time not a bit of air was stirring, and hence the smoke ascended to a great height before it dissolved and disappeared.

When there was no longer any smoke to be seen from either direction, the two marked well the place the signals had shown from, and then descended the rock and soon joined their companions in the hollow below.

The companions referred to were Jim Dart, a boy about the same age as our hero, who, with Cheyenne Charlie, constituted his partners; Anna, the wife of the scout; Floise Gardner, Jim Dart's sweetheart; Arietta Murdock, the golden-haired sweetheart of Young Wild West, and two Chinamen named Hop Wah and Wing Wah, who were employed in the capacity of handy man and cook.

"Well, is everything all right, Wild?" Jim Dart asked, as the young deadshot came back.

"I reckon so, Jim," was the cool reply. "But there are redskins about."

"Redskins, eh? Not hostiles, though?"

"Well, we can't tell about that. There are two bands who were signaling to each other a little while ago. They are about five miles apart, if I judge right."

"Signaling, eh? Well, that means something."

"That's what I think."

"An' that's what I think, too, Jim," the scout

spoke up, nodding in a knowing way. "If there was some redskins up here jest for huntin', they wouldn't be signalin' to each other with smoke. You kin bet your life that there's somethin' up, an' it's for us ter find out what it is."

The girls listened to the conversation without showing any alarm.

"How far away is the nearest band of Indians, Wild?" Arietta asked, as she looked at her dashing young lover and smiled.

"Scarcely more than a mile, Et." was the reply. "The first smoke signal showed up directly south of us, and I am sure it is not more than a mile from here."

"Pretty close by, I should say. Do you think it advisable for us to kindle a fire?"

"Well, I reckon we had better wait until after dark. There is no need of letting them know there is any one here."

"That means that I've got ter wait a little longer for my supper, an' I'm mighty hungry," the scout declared, with a grin. "But it's all right. We're goin' ter have some broiled bear meat, an' ther longer I wait for it ther more I kin eat when I git started."

"Charlie is always thinking of his stomach, Wild," the scout's wife spoke up, with a laugh.

The sun had not yet disappeared behind the mountain, so it would be a rather long time to wait.

Young Wild West sat upon a rock and watched the two Chinamen who were just completing the work of erecting the two tents the party occupied as a sleeping quarters at night.

He remained in thought for a little while, and then turning to the scout, he said:

"Charlie, I reckon that since we have decided to wait until after dark to kindle a fire, we might as well do a little scouting right now. I am well satisfied that we can manage to creep up close to the redskins without being seen by them."

"If we can't do it, Wild, there ain't no one livin' what kin!" Charlie exclaimed, as he nodded his approval at the suggestion.

"Well, come on, then. By the time we get back it might be pretty close to dark. You can buckle up your belt a little tighter, and that will stay your appetite, probably."

"Well, I won't be thinkin' much about eatin' if we git out on the hunt for Injuns."

But Charlie pulled his belt up another hole, just the same.

Then he picked up his rifle and waited for the young dead-shot to start.

"I reckon nothin' will bother you while we're gone, Jim," our hero said, nodding to Dart. "But you can just as well keep an occasional watch out. There is no telling but that some of the redskins might be prowling about. It is possible that they may have seen us as we rode over the big hill back there, before coming into the hollow."

"You can bet I'll be on the watch, Wild," was the reply.

"So will I, Wild," Arietta spoke up.

"I know you will, Et," and laughingly the boy turned and ascended the hill again.

Charlie was right after him, and when they reached the top of the short ascent they turned to the left and went downward toward a wide

ravine, which led almost directly toward the place they had seen the first column of smoke arise from.

As the distance was but a mile, they did not bother to saddle their horses.

They knew they could easily walk there in fifteen minutes, and in case they had to hurry when they came back, both were runners, and felt that they could hold their own with the best of the redskins.

They took good care to shield themselves as much as possible from view as they made their way through the ravine.

They kept to the left side of it, and were forced to dodge about among the rocks and bushes, but made good headway, nevertheless.

Nearly a mile from the starting point they came upon a fresh trail.

Immediately both dropped upon their knees and began making an examination of the hoofprints.

There were quite a number of them, and when he had looked them over to his satisfaction, Young Wild West arose, and nodding to his partner, said:

"Well Charlie, it seems that only two or three of the horses were shod. That means that the most of them were Indian ponies."

"That's right, Wild. I knowed that ther minute I looked 'em over."

"I should judge there were as many as a dozen horses that passed this way."

"Just about that many, Wild."

"Well, let's go on. We must be pretty close to the red-skins now."

The trail led up a sloping ascent at the left side of the ravine, and when the two reached the top of this they found themselves in a rather thick growth of bushes and briars.

But the horses had trod them down pretty well, so it was not difficult for them to go on.

Stepping very carefully about, for they did not know but that one or more of the Indians might be lying about on the watch, they proceeded on until they came to a big black rock that Young Wild West had noticed when he first saw the column of smoke arising.

Creeping softly around this, the boy suddenly came to a point that overlooked a little hollow.

Right before him was the ashes of a fire, and then he knew just where the smoke had come from.

In the hollow a number of Indians wearing their war paint were grouped, talking in guttural tones, while grazing a short distance away were their ponies.

As Charlie crept to his side Wild whispered:

"There they are, Charlie. There are just twelve of them, too, for I counted them almost as soon as my eyes rested upon them."

"Just a dozen, Wild," was the reply. They're on ther warpath too, ain't they?"

"It seems so, for they have daubed their faces pretty well with red and yellow clay, or paint, probably."

"An' most of 'em has got rifles, too."

"Yes, eight of them are armed with rifles."

"I wonder what they kin be up to?"

"Most anything, probably. I suppose they would soon be after us if they knew we were camped so close by. When a redskin puts on

his war paint it is a sure fact that he is ready to scalp all the palefaces he comes across. But of course he don't do much of it now, though occasionally some may fall victims to a sudden attack. These fellows are Utes, Charlie."

"Yes, that's sartin."

"Well, I thought they were very peaceful of late. Something must have happened to set the old smoldering flame of savagery in full blast again. They are talking in their own language, and very low, at that, so it is hard for us to make anything from what they are saying. I reckon we had better get a little nearer."

"That's jest what I was goin' ter say, Wild," the scout whispered.

They both crawled back around the black rock and started cautiously along the fringe of bushes that overlooked the hollow below.

They continued on until they were going down a rather steep descent, and not until they came to a group of big rocks that was within fifty feet of the Indians did they pause.

But it was only momentarily then, for Wild saw there was a good chance to get a little closer.

Pointing to a fallen tree that lay at the edge of the hollow something like a dozen feet further on, he whispered to his companion:

"We must get behind that tree Charlie. Then we will be able to hear what they are saying."

"That oughter be easy enough," was the retort, while the scout gave a nod of approval.

It really was not an easy thing to do, but both were trained in woodcraft, and by keeping close to the ground and picking their way slowly, they managed to get to the fallen tree unobserved.

The fact was that the Indians did not appear to think there was any danger of their being spied upon.

Wild had counted the horses and found there were just twelve of them, and this meant that if there were any of their number out scouting, they must be on horseback.

The redskins were pretty well equipped, for they had plenty of blankets and bags that were no doubt filled with provisions with them.

Wild and Charlie listened intently, and as they could understand the language of the Utes fairly well, it was not long before they gleaned the information that the small band of redskins they were watching expected to be joined by another band shortly.

There was some talk about a white man whose name was Radcliff, as near as the two listeners could understand.

He was to come with the other band of Indians, and pay them a sum of money, though just what for neither Wild nor Charlie could discover.

But they had heard quite enough to make them eager to know what it was all about, so they were quite willing to wait a while.

They knew it would probably take the other band of Indians half an hour or more to ride to the spot. But that made no difference.

Both our hero and the scout possessed patience. They lay quietly behind the fallen tree in easy positions, and kept a watch upon the redskins, who quickly scattered, as though the pow-wow they had been holding was at an end.

The leader of the band was a tall, muscular

fellow, who wore the gaudy headdress of a chief. Not only his face was painted so none of the skin showed at all, but his breast and arms as well.

He was over six feet in height, and weighed probably a hundred and eighty pounds, and looked as though he was as strong as a lion.

"Wild, I wonder who that galoot is?" Charlie asked, in a whisper, for he had been sizing up the chief and had come to the conclusion that he would make a tough customer in a hand-to-hand fight.

"I don't know, Charlie. I am not sure I saw him before," Wild answered. "You don't feel as though you would like to have a scrimmage with him, do you?"

"You bet your life I do," was the retort.

"Well, he looks as though he might be able to handle a bowie handily."

"I don't care anything about that. If I couldn't handle him I would give up business an' go an' settle down on a ranch. Wild, I'm goin' ter have a chance at that redskin afore this thing is over."

"All right, Charlie. But don't be in a hurry. We are going to wait till the other band arrives. I am anxious to find out something about the man they call Radcliff"

The two conversed in such low whispers that they could not have been heard ten feet, for they were so well used to talking that way that it was easy for them.

It was not long before the chief said something to one of the braves, who promptly started up the ascent, and did not stop until friends had first observed the Indian camp.

The brave shaded his eyes with his hand and looked off to the west.

Then he suddenly was seen to give a nod, and down he came and joined his companions.

"They are coming, Charlie," Wild whispered. "Now then, we will soon know something more about it."

But it was a good twenty minutes before they heard the clatter of hoofs, and then peering over the fallen tree, it was not long before they saw a band that numbered probably twenty riding toward the camp.

They were all painted redskins but one, and he was a rather good-looking white man, attired in the rough costume of a cowboy.

He seemed to be the leader, too, for he rode at the head and held up his hand for the rest to halt, which they promptly did.

"Hello, Tall Willow!" he called out as he dismounted and advanced to the chief with extended hand. "How are yer?"

"How, Jack Radcliff?" the redskin retorted, as he accepted the hand and gave it a shake.

"As fine as a fiddle. Everything is all right. We've got ther gal hid in a cave, an I've come over ter settle accounts with yer. I told yer I'd give yer half of what I got. I got a thousand dollars, an' so here's five hundred for you."

As the villain spoke he pulled a buckskin bag from his trousers pocket and handed it to the chief, who took it eagerly.

"Charlie," whispered Young Wild West to his companion, "I reckon we are in luck. It seems that a white girl has been abducted, and that makes business for us. Jack Radcliffe may have received a thousand dollars for doing the job,

but you can bet all you're worth that we will soon rescue the girl."

"As sure as guns we will!" Charlie answered.

They watched and listened a little longer, and then Radcliffe mounted his horse.

"Remember, Tall Willow," he said, "you and your braves have got to help me if the white girl's friends come to look for her. I must land her safely into the hands of the man who hired me to steal her. I think you had better bring your braves and come with me right now."

The chief seemed quite willing to do this, and when Wild and Charlie heard him give orders to his braves to mount their ponies they thought it high time to get back to the camp, so they might mount and take the trail.

But they waited long enough to see the entire crowd mount and ride away, and they set out on a run for the camp, satisfied that they had some lively work ahead of them.

CHAPTER II.—The Abducted Girl.

It will be necessary for us to follow the white villain who was called Jack Radcliffe and his Indian allies.

As they left the spot where the money had been paid to Tall Willow, the Ute chief, they headed almost due west, the direction in which Young Wild West and Cheyenne Charlie had seen the answer to the signal come from.

In order to explain why it was that Tall Willow had caused the signal to be sent up, we will briefly state that the rascally chief had bargained with Radcliffe to abduct the daughter of a wealthy mine owner, and that he had succeeded.

He had led thirty-one Utes to the near vicinity of the mining camp where the mine owner was stopping with his family, and while Radcliffe remained in the background, he had taken half a dozen of them and captured the girl.

But it was not without being discovered, however, and a pursuit was at once started by the girl's father and some of his friends.

Radcliffe rode away with his prize, and the Indians followed him for the purpose of covering his retreat.

The result was, however, that the pursuing party gained upon them, and when they had covered probably twenty-five miles, and had reached a very wild part of the mountains, they had been pressed so hard that the clever Ute chief devised the plan of splitting into two parties, so they would follow their pursuers.

Well acquainted with the lay of the land, as he had been over it many times in times gone by, Tall Willow chose a spot where the ground was hard and stony, so that the trail would be lost temporarily, and then with eleven of the braves he turned sharply to the left to a softer patch of ground and rode on until the ponies were so tired that they were compelled to halt for a rest.

This had happened early in the night before Young Wild West and his friends discovered that there were hostile redskins about.

Radcliffe and the Indians with him had continued on all the night and the day that followed it, halting only long enough to give the horses a rest, while Tall Willow and the rest of the red-

skins had also kept on, taking a course that was almost parallel with the one the others were traveling.

The result was that when Tall Willow reached the spot where our hero and the scout had found him, and was satisfied that no pursuers were anywhere near, he decided to light a fire and send up a smoke signal, so he might let Radcliffe and the rest of the braves know where he was.

It happened that they were not more than five miles away, and thus it was that the parties joined into one again.

Radcliffe had said that the girl was hidden in a cave, and he had told the truth.

But of course he did not intend to keep her there very long.

The villain had lied to the chief when he told him he had received a thousand dollars for abducting the girl.

He had been promised five thousand dollars if he secured her and carried her to a snug place just over the line into Colorado, and one thousand dollars had been paid to him as a retainer.

Half the latter amount was a big sum to Tall Willow, and since Radcliffe was well acquainted with him, it was easy for the chief to agree to do the dirty work in the foul scheme.

So far it had succeeded nicely, and Tall Willow began to think that the pursuers had even failed to find the trail he had taken with the eleven braves.

If they had come on he would have given them fight, of course, but would have taken pains to prove that there was no white girl with him.

The delay this would cause was sure to give Radcliffe a good start toward the Colorado line.

Radcliffe was in the best of humor as he rode along with the rascally Utes.

None of them seemed inclined to ride very fast, so they let the ponies go on at an easy lope, and the ground was not covered very rapidly.

But at length they neared the spot where the girl was held a prisoner, and then the rascally white man dropped back alongside the Ute chief and said:

"Do you think it would be safe ter stay here till mornin', or had we better go right on to-night, Tall Willow?"

"No palefaces come," was the reply, as Tall Willow looked around in the gathering darkness, for by this time the sun had gone down, and night was close at hand.

"I know you're mighty clever, Tall Willow. Well, you have got your money, an' you kin do with it as you please. I s'pose you'll have ter whack up with your braves, though."

"Me buy plenty firewater for the braves. Me keep plenty money, too. Injuns want to fight the palefaces and take scalps. They have big time, maybe, by and by."

"Well, I don't care how many palefaces they scalp, so long as you help me out. It might be that I'll git a little extra money if I land ther gal with ther man what wants her so bad. If I do I'll make you a present of some more."

"Jack Radcliffe heap good paleface. Tall Willow like him very much."

"An I like you a whole lot too. I wasn't long in findin' yer an' tellin' yer about it, was I? I was a little surprised when I knowed that you had got a band together, an' that ther braves all

had their war paint on. But that makes it all ther better. I won't never git blamed of havin' abducted ther gal."

"Injuns get the blame, but Tall Willow no care."

Radcliffe gave a chuckle. He was really proud of his achievement.

What he had told the Utte chief was true, as far as having been hired by another party to abduct the girl.

The other party was a wealthy young mine owner who owned the biggest part of a mining camp in Colorado close to the Utah line.

If he once got her to his mining camp, he felt that the rest would be easy, so he made his plans and found in Jack Radcliffe a willing tool.

Radcliffe was clever enough, however, to sublet the contract and it is easy to guess that he was elated at the way it had turned out.

The Indian band was finally brought to a halt by Radcliffe, for they had now reached the near vicinity of the cave.

As they came to a halt, Tall Willow counted over his braves.

Then he looked a little surprised, and turning to the white villain, said:

"Jack Radcliffe no leave a brave with the pale-face maiden?"

"No, I left her alone, but I was mighty sure that she had no chance ter git away, chief," was the reply.

"Maybe she get frightened and die,"

"Oh, I reckon nothin' like that has happened. She was putty much scared, of course. But she's comfortable, all right, an' by this time maybe she's gone ter sleep. I'll soon see. You come with me Tall Willow."

Radcliffe felt around among the rocks and soon brought to view a lantern, which he quickly lighted by striking a match.

Then while the rest dismounted to take it easy while they were waiting, he led the Ute chief to the face of a craggy cliff a short distance away.

Into a niche he went, and then a good-sized cave was discovered.

"She's in here, chief," the villain said, in a low tone of voice. "I'm sartin she had no chance ter git away. Jest give me a lift with this boulder, an' you'll soon set eyes on her. She's a beauty, too, but of course I ain't got nothin' ter do with her. She's goin' ter be ther wife of ther man what hired me ter do ther job."

Tall Willow gave a natural grunt, and then gave his assistance, and a big boulder was pushed over.

A scream rang out just then, and Radcliffe quickly exclaimed:

"None of that gal! You jest keep your mouth shut, or you'll be killed. I told yer that afore."

"Mercy," came a pleading voice. "Do let me go. My father will pay you any amount, if you you only will. Why have you torn me away from my home?"

"You'll find out soon enough. You oughter know that there's a nice-lookin' young man what's dead in love with yer, an' who wants yer for his wife. I didn't tell yer afore, but I'll til yer know. Horace Farrel is ther man what got us ter steal you from your father."

"Oh, oh, oh!" cried the girl, in an agonized voice. "To think that he could be such a villain.

I despise him more than ever now. But if you have a heart in you, sir, you will take me back to my father."

"Well, I ain't got much of a heart in me, I reckon," and Radcliffe laughed hoarsely. "I'm gittin' paid for this job, an' that's all there is to it. I don't care whether you like what's goin' on or not, so yer might as well shet up an' take it easy. I reckon you could do a whole lot worse than to marry Horace Farrel, 'cause as I jest said, he's a nice-lookin' young man, an' he's got as much money as your dad has, I'll bet."

"Heap much fine girl," was the way the Ute chief expressed his opinion of her. "She make very nice squaw for your friend, Jack."

"I reckon she will. Farrel sartinly must be dead in love with her, or he wouldn't never go to all this trouble. I've always thought that if I wanted ter git married, an' ther gal I wanted didn't want me, I'd git mad at her an' go an' look for some other gal. But that ain't tellin' me that he was satisfied he couldn't live without Mattie Leonard, an' this is ther result of it. I hope he'll be happy when he gits her."

"Ugh!" grunted Tall Willow, in a way that meant anything his hearers might conjecture.

"Say you have come to take me back to my father!" cried the girl, pleadingly, as she dropped upon her knees before the two scoundrels.

"There ain't no use in me sayin' that, gal, so what's ther use?" Radcliffe retorted, sharply. "You may as well make up your mind that you have got ter go straight to Horace Farrel. When I've turned yer over ter him, I'm done with this business."

"Is he paying you to do this?" she asked, in trembling voice.

"Well, I reckon so. He's already paid me. Yer see, he knowed me so well that he kin trust me that much. He give me a thousand dollars ter do this job, an' I've give ther chief here half ther amount ter help me out. That's a big sum of money for Tall Willow, an' he's satisfied."

"Heap much money," the chief admitted, with a shrug of his shoulders.

"Now then," went on Radcliffe, trying to speak in a soothing tone of voice, "if you'll promise that you won't take on so, an' will make up your mind to be resigned to your fate, I'll take yer out of this dark place an' fix a nice spot for yer to lay down on an' sleep till mornin'. We've made up our minds that we're ter stay here till daylight, an' then by ther middle of ther afternoon to-morrow we'll land yer where I've agreed ter take yer. Are yer goin' ter promise to be good, gal?"

"Yes, I will promise that, for I don't want to remain in this horrible dark place any longer," was the reply.

"All right, then; you kin come out. Now remember your promise. It ain't 'cause I think you'll be heard by any one if you holler, but I don't want yer ter do it, that's all. Come on now, an' I'll fix up some place where yer kin be by yourself. I'll guarantee yer that none of us will bother yer while you're asleep, so don't git any sich notion as that in your head. If yer want somethin' ter eat afore you go ter sleep, you're welcome ter it."

"I will take a drink of water, if you please, but I can't eat," was theh reply.

"You kin have all ther water you want. Maybe you would like ter have a little coffee. We've got some left in ther can."

"Water will do."

"All right, gal," and so saying, he took her by the arm and led her from the cave.

The majority of the Indians were sitting about upon the ground, and when they saw the girl being led forward they took but little notice of her.

Radcliffe was as good as his word as far as fixing up a spot for her to occupy during the night and giving her a drink of water.

Having decided to remain right where they were, the Indians tied their ponies so they might graze upon the rich grass that abounded in that vicinity, and then one by one they lay down upon their blankets to pass the night.

Of course, a sufficient number of them were stationed upon guard duty, for neither Tall Willow or Radcliffe were quite sure that they would not be overtaken by the pursuing party before morning.

But no such thing happened, and when daylight came the Indians were up and stirring.

Fearing to light a fire lest the smoke might lead the girl's father and his friends to them, they made a breakfast of dry meat and some stale bread that they had with them, washing it down with water from the rill that trickled from the rocks near at hand.

"Now then, straight for ther east," said Radcliffe, nodding to Tall Willow, who was getting his horse ready to mount.

"All right, Jack," was the reply. "Me go with you till you get the girl where you want to take her. Then me take my braves and go to look for paleface scalps. Me have big fun before soldiers come. Me no care if me get killed. It is a long time since me fight palefaces, and the blood of my forefathers calls me to do it. The Utes hate the palefaces, but many of them no want to fight any more. Ugh! Tall Willow heap much smart; take plenty scalps. Ugh!"

"You're sartinly a dandy redskin, an' no mistake," declared Radcliffe, as he looked at the towering form of the chief. "You oughter be able ter clear out any two palefaces what ever lived, if yer got in a hand-ter-hand fight with 'em. I wouldn't want ter stack up ag'in yer in a fight with knives, blamed if I would."

"Tall Willow use knife heap much quick. Strike very hard."

As he said this the chief jerked a long-bladed bowie from his belt and struck at an imaginary foe.

The white scoundrel stepped back hurriedly, for he must have thought he might feel the knife unless he got out of the way.

But the chief only laughed at him, and placed the weapon, back in his belt.

The sun was just rising when the abducted girl was placed upon the back of a pony and tied so it was impossible for her to fall off or even get off if she tried.

Then the redskin band and their white friend set out with her toward the east.

Mattie Leonard was in despair, as might be supposed, but there was a hope lingering within her that she would be saved from the fate that had been planned for her.

When Young Wild West and Cheyenne Charlie reached the camp they found Jim and the girls waiting anxiously for them.

"How did you make out, Wild?" Arietta asked, for she could tell right away that the young deadshot had been successful in the search.

"Fine, Et," was the reply, and then he quickly related the discovery he and Charlie had made.

"A captive girl?" Arietta said, shaking her head. "Well, that is too bad. I can feel for her. Wild, I mean to help rescue her."

"Of course you can help, Et. No doubt you will be of valuable assistance, too. But the question is, what is the best thing to do? There are over thirty of the Utes, and they seem to be a fighting lot. If we could only locate them to-night, if they remain around here, we might stand a chance to rescue the girl by strategy. But the chances are they have some hiding-place where they mean to camp for the night. But my opinion is that they will ride on, and that being the case, it will be difficult for us to trail them until morning dawns. I reckon I will take Charlie and go and see if we can find them."

"Good enough, Wild!" the scout exclaimed, for he had been waiting to hear such a remark from the boy.

Having decided what he was going to do, our hero was not long in saddling Spitfire, his sorrel stallion.

Charlie soon had his bay ready, too, and then assuring their companions that they would not be gone more than an hour or two unless they got a chance to save the girl from her captors, the two rode on through the darkness.

If they had possessed their horses when the Indians left the hollow with the white villain, it would have been easy for them to trail them.

But they had gone on foot, as the reader knows, so now they had to depend as much on luck as anything else to find where the band was located.

They knew the proper direction to take, however, so they kept on riding until they thought they were getting a little too close in case the redskins were camped anywhere along the foot of the cliffs.

But it seemed that our hero and the scout had made a little error in riding along, for they struck a spot that was almost a mile to the north of that where the Indians were in camp.

Wild thought they had gone a little too far to the south, so this made it all the worse, and when they had searched about in the opposite direction for nearly an hour without discovering anything of the band, they gave it up as a bad job and decided to return to the camp.

"I thought there was hardly any use of striking out in the darkness, Charlie," Wild said, as they were riding back at a canter. "It is hardly likely they would keep a fire going, for they must have had their supper long ago. It makes it a little bad for the captive girl, but it can't be helped. We won't be able to do anything with her until to-morrow. As soon as it gets daylight in the morning we must strike out and look for the trail. We will take it from the spot where the two bands met, and then we will follow it until we overtake the redskins. I reckon

we will find a way to get the girl away from them."

"If we don't, it will be their first time, Wild!" Charlie explained.

The young deadshot nodded, and the two rode on, talking as they did so about the prospects for the following day.

When they got back to the camp, Arietta knew right away that they had been disappointed.

"You couldn't find them, eh, Wild?" she asked.

"No, Et," was the reply. "We must have got a little off the scent. If they are camped anywhere in the vicinity of the spot where the answer to the smoke signal went up, we must have lost track of it, for we searched for over an hour, and could find nothing. Of course there was no chance to find anything like a trail in the dark."

"That means that we are going to start at day-break in the morning, then?"

"That's right, Et."

"All right. You will find us ready when the time comes."

She turned and smiled at Anna and Eloise, who promptly nodded their heads.

About half an hour after Wild and Charlie returned to the camp the clatter of hoofs was heard from off to the right.

At first our friends thought the redskins were riding that way, but when they listened they soon became convinced that the horses were shod.

"I reckon we had better see who is coming, boys," the young deadshot said, as he nodded to Charlie and Jim. "They may pass us if we don't stop them."

The boy located the direction the hoofbeats came from, and then hurriedly started from the camp.

He had barely got upon a high rock from which he might be able to see quite a distance in the darkness, when a band of probably a dozen horsemen appeared.

Dark as it was, Wild instantly saw that they were white men.

It struck him right away that they must be looking for the abducted girl, so he did not hesitate to call out at the top of his voice:

"Hello, hello!"

He was heard, and almost immediately the horsemen came to a halt.

"Hello!" some one shouted back in reply.

"Wait a minute, strangers, I want to talk to you."

"Who are you?" came the query.

"Young Wild West."

Then there was a buzzing of excited voices for a few seconds, after which some one shouted:

"Do you mean to say that you're Young Wild West, the boy who is known as the Champion Deadshot of their West?"

"That's just who I am, stranger. I will be right with you in a jiffy."

So saying, Wild bounded over a ridge of rocks and appeared before the horsemen.

"It's Young Wild West, all right," one of them said, as he dismounted and ran to meet our hero.

"I've seen him before, Mr. Leonard, though I don't s'pose he knows who I am."

"I am glad of that, Rucker, for from what I have heard of Young Wild West he can be of valuable help to us, if he is of a mind to do so."

Wild looked keenly at the last speaker.

He saw that he was a middle-aged man, and by his dress he was something above an ordinary miner.

"I reckon I know what you want me to help you do, Mr. Leonard," he said, for he had remembered the name the man had been called. "A girl has been abducted."

"Yes, yes," came the eager reply. "How did you know that, Young Wild West?"

"Well, I happened to find it out just before it got dark to-night. I think I can assist you in finding her."

"If you only will, Young Wild West, I will make it well worth your while."

"Well, see here, Mr. Leonard, I suppose you have been hunting a long while for the girl?"

"Yes, and we have been baffled so many times that the men have been about ready to give up. Our horses are nearly fagged out, and I suppose it is foolish to go any further until daylight comes."

"You have got that just right. Now then, our camp is right over the other side of that ridge of rocks, so I would advise that you come over there and stop until morning. You will never be able to catch the redskins until it gets daylight, unless by the merest accident. I advise you to wait."

"Do jest what Young Wild West thinks is best, Mr. Leonard," the man who had been called Rucker spoke up earnestly.

"I certainly will," was the reply. "Come on, men. We will go with Young Wild West, I feel very hopeful now that my daughter will soon be saved."

"You will have her safe and sound before tomorrow night," Wild declared, in his cool and easy way.

"Do you hear that, Mr. Leonard?" Rucker called out, joyfully. "When that boy says he'll do a thing he always does it."

"You seem to know quite a lot about me, it seems," Wild said, turning to the speaker and smiling. "I can't say that I ever saw you before."

"No, it ain't likely you remember of havin' seen me. But I've seen you two or three times."

"Well, that may be, so I don't doubt you in the least."

Wild walked around to a suitable place for the horsemen to get over the ridge of rocks, and as he had a short conversation with the man called Rucker.

He learned that he was a foreman in the employ of Joseph Leonard, who owned a big part of a mining camp that was located in the mountains to the north of them.

It was from there the girl had been kidnapped, and though Leonard suspected that a man named Livace Farrel was responsible for it, he had no evidence to that effect.

However, in the case the Indians were not overtaken, the party meant to ride on to Farrel's mining camp, and find out whether or not he knew anything of the abduction.

The tired horsemen seemed very glad to dismount when they got to the camp of our friends.

When he saw the girls Joseph Leonard shook his head sadly.

"You make me think about my poor lost daugh-

ter," he declared, when he had been introduced to them. "But I suppose I ought to feel brighter for meeting you, because if we find her it will be so much nicer to have her among those of her own sex. I suppose you intend going along with the party?"

"Certainly," Arietta answered. "I expect to assist in rescuing your daughter, Mr. Leonard. When Wild takes the trail of the redskins you can bet it won't be a very long time before we overtake them. Then we will show you how we act when we undertake a rescue of this kind."

"You surprise me," the mine owner declared, shaking his head. "Do you mean to say that you will take part in a fight?"

"Certainly, if it is necessary. But I will do more than that. I will undertake to save your daughter by strategy, if there is no other way to do it. It will not be the first time that I have entered the camp of hostile Indians. We know just how many of them there are, so there will be no mistake made on that score."

"The gal knows jest what she's talkin' about, boss," Rucker spoke up, shaking his head and looking very wise. "I know somewhat about her, too. I've heard a lot more. She kin handle a gun about as well as any man you ever seen."

Leonard nodded, and said no more.

He was very much worried, and it was not long before he was sitting upon his blanket in a dejected state.

Wild cheered him up slightly by his assurance that everything would turn out all right, and finally the man lay down and dropped off into slumber.

Our hero saw to it that the usual watch was kept during the night, and just before daybreak he aroused Wing, the cook, and bade him go ahead and prepare the breakfast.

There were just eleven of the searching party, and as they had brought nothing with them in the way of provisions, it was necessary to find enough at the camp to give them a square meal.

But luckily Cheyenne Charlie had shot a fat young bear that weighed nearly two hundred pounds the day before.

The most of the carcass had been brought with them, so there was plenty of meat.

But Young Wild West always saw to it that they had a good supply of everything that was needed, and it happened that there was more than enough to last the whole party for two days in camp at that moment.

One of the miners who was quite handy at cooking lent his assistance, and then Wing got along rapidly.

Coffee was made, and bear steaks were soon broiling over two or three fires which had been started, so they might hurry matters along a little.

A bag of hard biscuits which our friends had with them answered the purpose of bread that morning.

But the meal seemed to taste very good to all hands, and they ate heartily, washing it down with all the coffee they wanted.

By the time they had finished it was daylight, and a faint glow of red and yellow in the east told them that in half an hour the sun would be up.

"Now then, Mr. Leonard," said Young Wild

West," the man retorted, shaking his head sadly. "I only hope you are right in saying that you will find my daughter before sunset to-day."

"Well, I feel confident that we will do it, so just keep thinking that we will, and you will feel all the better for it. If it is a fact that this man, Horace Farrel, is responsible for the abduction of your daughter, the chances are no harm will come to her. From what Rucker has told me, he is a discarded lover."

"Well, you can't call him exactly that, for I am sure my daughter never liked him the least bit. But he was a persistent suitor for her hand, and since we have heard nothing from him in over three weeks, after she forbade him to ever speak to her again, it makes it appear to me as though he might have planned to abduct her, and force her into marrying him."

"Quite reasonable, Mr. Leonard. I reckon you have got it just about right. He has hired the rascally redskins to do the job for him, and probably that is why they have put their war paint on. But do you happen to know any one bearing the name of Jack Radcliffe?"

"Jack Radcliffe" exclaimed the mine owner, with a start, for Wild had not mentioned anything about the white man he had seen with the redskins.

"Yes, that's the name."

"Why, that fellow has hung around our camp a great deal. He is a scoundrel, from what I know of him."

"Well, he is mixed up in this affair, too. He seems to be the one who is in charge of your daughter."

If I find out for a fact that Horace Farrel has put up this job, I will shoot him the moment it is proven to me."

"Well, I don't blame you for feeling that way. But we will rescue your daughter first, and find out afterward."

"I begin to think that you will do as you say, Young Wild West."

"I want you to think that way. This is not the first time we have undertaken such a task as this. Trailing redskins is right in our line, you know. Of course, we will have to move a little lively about this time. That means that the Chinamen will have to drop back with the pack-horses. Probably you can spare a couple of your men to accompany them, so in case anything goes wrong, they won't be alone."

"I will fix that, all right," Leonard declared.

Then he quickly selected two of the men for the purpose and told them that they were to stick to the two Chinamen.

"Hadn't the girls better remain with them, too?" You know what Miss Murdock said last night. She is going to assist in the rescue."

"Well, just as you say. You know better than I do."

A few minutes later the whole party were mounted, and then Wild set out, with Arietta riding at his side, for the spot where the two bands of Indians had met the night before.

Once they reached the hollow it was easy for them to take the trail.

"Now then," said Wild, nodding to Arietta, "I am going to give you a chance to show what you can do, Et. You are going to assist in the rescue of the abducted girl. Come on. There is going

to be some swift riding done to-day, and don't you forget it."

As he said this the young deadshot started the sorrel forward at a swift gallop.

CHAPTER IV.—Wild's Daring Attempt At A Rescue.

If the country had been anything like level, no doubt Young Wild West and his friends would have observed the Indians riding almost opposite to that which they were now pursuing.

But there was no possible chance of seeing them, so Young Wild West stuck to his determination to follow the trail.

He kept the lead, with Arietta riding a close second, and not far behind her came Charlie, Jim, Anna and Eloise, while Joseph Leonard and his men followed.

The rest of the party took it along easily, for there was no need of exerting the pack-horses too much, since they could not possibly keep up with the riders, anyhow.

Up hill and down dale went the trailers, and at length they reached the spot where the redskins had camped during the night.

"Well," said our hero, as he dismounted and approached the remains of the still smoldering fire, "they haven't been gone very long, that's certain. I reckon we will get them easy before the day is over. Some of them may have pretty good horses, and will get a lead, but we will soon catch up with the stragglers. If they put up a fight we will have to thin them out, after all. We are after the abducted girl, and we are going to get her, and that's all there is to it."

"That's right, Wild," Cheyenne Charlie spoke up, nodding his head and looking very much determined. "We'll trail ther redskins till they can't go no further. Then most likely there will be a fight. That's jest what I want to see."

"Well, if we can get along without fighting, Charlie, it will be all the better. I have an idea that if we should happen to locate them when they halt at noon we might creep up and give them a surprise, so they will have no chance to keep up a fight."

"Well, jest as you say, Wild. I'm always ready an willin' ter do what yer want me ter."

The party did not halt very long, for they could easily see which direction the Indians had taken.

"If we had only known they were going this way we could have cut them off," said Wild, shaking his head. "But it happened that we can't find out things in advance. The only way to do it was to follow the trail. They must have passed us a mile or two to the south."

"It is easy to guess that they are going in that direction," Leonard spoke up. "No doubt they are heading for Farrel's camp."

"Well, how far is the camp from here, about, Mr. Leonard?" Wild asked.

"I don't exactly know, since I am rather mixed up as far as to where I am. But I should say it would be hardly possible for redskins to get there by nightfall."

"Is it far over the line into Colorado?"

"No, just about over the line, and that's all."

"Well I reckon they can easily make it before dark, then, because those blue hills over there lie in Colorado. I have been in this section of the country before, and know pretty well where I am at this moment. But you needn't fear about them getting there, for we will surely overtake them before they do."

"I believe you, Young Wild West," the mine owner said, looking very hopeful. "The more I hear you talk the more I am convinced that my daughter will soon be rescued."

All were soon in the saddle, and then they struck out and followed the trail.

Satisfied that the redskins could not be more than five or six miles ahead of them, Wild did not ride very fast.

He did not want to let Radcliffe and his red allies know that they were being pursued; and he thought it better to gain slightly upon them until noon.

Then no doubt they would halt for a rest.

It would be the time then for our friends to make a dash and gain upon them rapidly.

There was no chance whatever of losing the train, so they rode on at a steady gait for nearly two hours.

Then a halt was called to give the horses a breathing spell, during which time all dismounted.

Before them lay a broad ravine, and it was through this the redskins had gone with their fair captive.

The ravine ran almost due west, and as there was a good sized brook flowing through it, the horse had a chance to drink.

In a few minutes they were again in the saddle, Wild and Arietta in the lead.

Charlie and Anna came next, with Jim and Eloise following them closely, while the rest of the party brought up the rear.

Our friends were now riding in the fashion that they usually did when simply pursuing their way across the prairie or over the mountains.

Wild knew very well that there was no chance of running into ambush, for there were so many hills and patches of timber that they could not possibly be seen.

If he had thought there was any danger he would have caused the girls to take the rear.

They rode along in this fashion until the sun was directly over their heads.

Then Wild looked at his watch and saw it was twelve o'clock.

He held up his hand for a halt, and then quickly reined in the sorrel stallion.

"Now then, Mr. Leonard," he said, "we are going to make a good dash. We will give the horses a five-minutes' breathing spell, and then we want to ride like the wind. The girls will bring up the rear. Those of your men who are not afraid to get into a scrimmage all of a sudden can ride with us in the lead."

"None of us ain't afraid of a scrimmage with ther redskins," called out Rucker, quickly.

"No!" exclaimed Leonard, his eyes flashing. "I want to be one of those who are right close to you when the Indians are sighted."

The mine owner unslung his rifle, and showed his readiness to fight.

"Very well," Wild answered, with a nod. "I reckon you are all full of grit. But it may be

that we will be able to surprise the redskins. That's what I want to do, if we possibly can."

A few minutes later they were riding furiously along the trail, which had now turned slightly to the left.

When they finally got to a very high spot the sharp eyes of our hero discerned smoke arising from a point probably five miles distant.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed, turning to Charlie and Jim, who were now riding close to him. "The redskins must have kept at it hard. I had an idea we were much closer."

"They sartinly have been coverin' ground, Wild," Charlie answered, shrugging his shoulders. "But look at that smoke! It's jest about dyin' out. That shows that ther fire it comes from eatin' their dinner, an' they'll soon be goin' ag'in. I reckon we've got ter hurry."

"That's just what we have got to do, Wild," Jim Dart declared.

"Come on, boys," our hero called out. "We are pretty close to them."

The smoke had disappeared altogether now, and few of the men had observed it at all.

But they took it for granted that Young Wild West knew what he was doing, so they answered with a low cheer, and then on they went at a gallop.

It took some little time to cover the distance to the spot where Wild had seen the smoke, since the way was very rugged.

But at length they were so near to it that the boy called a halt.

Then he dismounted, and bidding them to wait until he returned, he set out on foot to reconnoiter.

The boy advanced very cautiously, and in a few minutes he climbed upon a rock and found himself looking down upon the spot where the redskins had halted during the noon hour.

We say had halted, for they had gone.

There were the ashes of the fire they had used, but nothing else remained to show that they had been there, save the hoofprints of their horses.

"Fooled, by jingo!" exclaimed deadshot, shaking his head and biting hard upon his teeth. "Well, we have got to get them before night, and if it is going to be a running fight, all right. The abducted girl must be saved, since I have given my word that she will be. I don't want that villain of a white man to get her to Farrel's camp. We must clean up the redskins before they get there, and then we will go over and see Mr. Farrel. That will be the best thing to do, I think. Any man who would have a girl abducted for the purpose of forcing her to become his wife is a low, mean scoundrel, and I feel like punishing him for the act."

The boy hurriedly made his way back to his waiting companions, and told them that the birds had flown.

The face of the mine owner fell.

"I am afraid they will outwit us, Young Wild West," he declared, shaking his head as though he was getting discouraged again.

"Don't you believe anything like that, Mr. Leonard," was the reply. "I told you your daughter would be rescued before nightfall, and you can depend upon it that she will be."

"I have the greatest of faith in you, my boy," was the reply, as he again brightened up.

"Well, don't say anything more about it, but come on. I suppose it will be a running fight now, so you can be ready to open up the game when the time comes."

As they rode past the spot where the redskins had halted, all hands took a look at it and then suddenly our hero, who was watching closely, saw a puff of smoke a hundred yards ahead.

Instinctively he ducked his head, and then the report of a rifle sounded.

Charlie heard the hum of the bullet, for it came closer to him than to Wild.

"Whoopee!" he shouted, as he brought his rifle to his shoulder. "I reckon ther game has opened"

Then he dashed madly forward, holding the bride rein in his teeth, and using both hands to hold his rifle.

Wild quickly reached his side, and regardless of the fact that they might be shot down from ambush, they dashed forward.

Crang—crang!

Two shots were fired, but the bullets went wild.

Then the two, who were now well in advance, saw three Indians riding madly away.

Crang!

The scout was the first to fire, and one of the redskins threw up his hands and fell from the back of his steed.

Crang!

Wild fired, and another dropped.

The third turned and fired two shots in quick succession, but as before, the bullets did not come anywhere near hitting the pursuers.

Then Charlie's rifle spoke again, and the third redskin bit the dust.

"I wonder if there's any more of 'em, Wild?" Charlie asked, as he slackened the pace of his horse a trifle.

"That is hard to tell. We will have to find out," was the reply.

They rode on and took good notice that the three redskins were done for.

No more were in sight, and Wild decided that they had dropped behind for the purpose of looking for a pursuit.

This meant that those in advance might have heard the shots that were fired.

If such was the case, they would be ready for them when they came up.

Five minutes later they became satisfied that the main band of the redskins knew they were being pursued, for as they approached a high cliff a volley of shots rang out, and the bullets whizzed all around them.

"To the left," Wild shouted, as he turned the sorrel in that direction.

The party swung around quickly enough, and succeeded in getting behind some rocks just as another volley was fired from the foot of the cliff, which was only a couple of hundred yards distant.

"Well," said Young Wild West, nodding to the mine owner, "I reckon we are going to have a tough time of it for a while. But don't worry, for we are going to win out. The redskins have taken a good position over there, and no doubt they mean to hold it. It will never do for us to ride up and attack them openly, for they would shoot us down in a hurry. Strategy must be used now. Lead your horses in the hollow over

there, and then take your positions behind the rocks here and keep a watch. I am going to find out just now the scoundrels are located."

"Let me go with you, Wild," Charlie spoke up, earnestly.

"All right" was the reply. "I meant to take you anyhow, for of course I want you with me on such a mission as this."

"Good enough!" exclaimed Charlie, his eyes brightening, for he was never better pleased than when accompanying the dashing young deadshot on a scouting trip where danger surrounded them.

Our hero waited long enough to see that the girls were safe from being hit by any stray bullets that might be fired in that direction, and then nodding for Charlie to follow him, he turned back in the direction they had come, and went along for a couple of hundred feet.

He had noticed a place where they might easily ascend to the high ground above.

Once there, he thought they would be able to make their way around to the top of the cliff, under which the redskins had taken their position.

The two were right in their element now, for so used to approaching the camp of an enemy were they that it seemed a second nature with them to proceed in a cautious manner.

They did not go slowly at that, but stepped along, never once making a sound that could be heard a dozen feet from them.

Walking and crouching, they continued on, and when they came to a spot that was almost bare, they dropped close to the ground and went along snake-fashion.

They encountered briars and thick bushes, but they did not mind these, and continued on until at length they found themselves almost directly over the spot where they knew the enemy was in hiding.

The scout looked at our hero and smiled.

"I reckon we done it all right," he whispered.

"That's right, Charlie," was the reply. "Now then, I will take the risk of looking down."

He crept cautiously to the edge of the cliff, and looked downward.

Crouching behind the rocks below were the redskins, while slightly off to the right in a niche where they were safe from any bullets that might come that way were Jack Radcliffe and the abducted girl.

The white scoundrel was sitting upon the ground as though guarding the prisoner.

Instinctively our hero pushed his rifle over the edge of the cliff, for at that moment he felt like taking a shot at Radcliffe.

But he quickly changed his mind, for he was not the sort of boy to shoot a man when he had no chance for his life, even though he richly deserved such a fate.

"Did yer see 'em, Wild?" the scout asked, as the boy drew his head back.

"Yes, Charlie, take a look for yourself. They are not thinking of any one being up here, that's certain. They are watching sharply in the direction of the rocks where our friends are hiding."

The scout took a look.

He frowned darkly when he saw the renegade white man guarding the fair prisoner.

"Wild," said he, as he drew back his head,

"don't you think that galoot down there oughter have a bullet put through his heart?"

"Well, he might deserve it, Charlie, but don't think of doing such a thing just now. I have an idea that we may be able to rescue the girl before very long. You go back and get a couple of lariats, and tell Jim to see to it that an occasional shot is fired at the hiding redskins. That will keep their attention directed that way. Then I may have a chance to lower myself down and save the girl."

"But that white scoundrel will have to be killed first, Wild. He would see yer for sure."

"That's all right, Charlie. I might be able to surprise him, and keep him from giving the alarm. I reckon I can do it all right, if I get half a chance."

"All right, Wild, I'll go, right away. It won't take me long ter git back, 'cause I know I ain't got ter be so very careful about it. I'll make a short cut, too."

"Well, lookout that you are not seen by the redskins, for if you are they will certainly open fire upon you, and one of the bullets might reach you."

"I'll see to it that I won't git shot at," Charlie retorted, confidently.

Then he set out and was soon lost to view.

Wild waited patiently, occasionally taking a look over the cliff.

Each time he did this he found the situation remained the same.

The Indians were watching as though their lives depended upon it, and he could tell plainly that they were worried considerably.

Radcliffe seemed to be taking things easy, for he was puffing away at a cigarette.

Now and then Wild saw him talking to the girl, who remained perfectly silent.

The face of the latter was very pale, but she seemed to be rather brave, and this was satisfying to the young deadshot, for he knew he would stand a much better chance of getting her from her captors if she did not faint or grow frightened.

It was nearly ten minutes before the scout returned.

He had with him two lariats, and as Wild saw him approaching he gave a nod of approval.

It was just at that moment that two shots rang out, and the Indians were seen to cower behind the rocks.

"Jim has opened up his game, Wild," the scout said, with a grim smile. "Now then, whenever you're ready, you kin go ahead."

"I'm ready now, Charlie," and so saying the young deadshot seized one of the lariats and quickly tied it about his body under the arm-pits.

He had already selected the spot he wanted to be lowered from, and crawling over to it, he gave the word to Charlie, and then boldly swung himself over.

Crang—crang—crang!

Three more shots came from the rocks behind which Jim and the rest of the party were hiding.

Then the Indians fired a volley, but of course hit nothing.

Charlie kept lowering the boy steadily, and when he thought he must be nearly at the bottom he leaned over and looked downward.

At that moment he saw Radcliffe suddenly spring to his feet.

He knew right away that Wild had been discovered, and when he saw the villain draw a revolver he acted quickly.

The feet of Wild were less than six feet from the ground, and without the least hesitation the scout let him drop.

Crang!

Radcliffe fired, but the bullet went high over our hero's head and flattened against the rock.

CHAPTER V.—Wild A Prisoner.

Though Young Wild West was half expecting the renegade would discover him, and had a revolver in his hand ready for instant use, he was a little surprised when Radcliffe suddenly sprang to his feet and drew his revolver.

The boy felt that he must shoot him, but just as he was going to fire the rope slackened, and down he came with a thud.

He heard the shot the renegade fired at him, and he knew why he had missed.

As quick as a flash he sprang forward and dealt the man a stinging blow between the eyes.

Before Radcliffe could recover from the assault his revolver had been wrenched from his hand.

But the shot had drawn the attention of the Indians that way instantly, and Wild stood not the least chance of carrying out his purpose.

With the rope about his body, there was no chance to run very far, and if Charlie undertook to draw him up he knew he would form an easy target for the redskins.

He quickly freed himself from the lariat, and then seizing Radcliffe, who was dazed from the blow he had received, he held him before him, so the Indians could not shoot at him without hitting their white ally.

The girl meanwhile had been so startled that she was unable to move or use her tongue.

But she quickly recovered, and then a scream escaped her lips.

"Take it easy, miss," Wild said, in his cool and easy way. "Just pick up the revolver this fellow dropped and hold the redskins at bay. Get well back into the niche, and I will come there, too."

Mattie Leonard understood perfectly what she was told, but she hesitated a moment.

"Hurry up!" Wild called out. "Don't you see them coming closer all the time? They are afraid to shoot for fear of hitting the scoundrel I have before me, but that can't last long."

That was quite enough. The girl picked up Radcliffe's revolver, and then got back into the niche.

The moment she had done this Wild stepped in after her, pulling his human shield after him.

He turned his prisoner around so he faced the redskins, clutching him by the collar.

Then pressing the muzzle of his gun against the back of his head, the young deadshot exclaimed:

"Now then, you stand right where you are, or off goes the top of your head! I reckon that you will die before I will, Mr. Radcliffe."

"Don't shoot this way!" the frightened villain called out as he waved a hand at the Indians.

Crang—Crang!

Two shots rang out from across the way, and a couple of the Indians, who had exposed themselves in an effort to get close to our hero: dropped to the ground, one of them dying instantly, and the other with a bullet in his shoulder.

Crang!

Another rifle shot sounded, this time from the top of the cliff.

Cheyenne Charlie had taken a hand in it, and another rascally Utes fell to the ground.

Wild knew the only chance for him now was for Jim to lead the men in an attack.

Some of them might get shot in the bargain, but there was no other way out of it.

"Come on, Jim," he shouted, at the top of his voice. "They have got me in a tight place."

The distance not being very great, the boy's words were heard, and the next moment Jim and Rucker darted from behind the rocks and began moving swiftly over the ground in the direction of the redskin stronghold.

They were followed by the rest of the men.

Then the Indians opened fire on them.

But it happened that there were sufficient rocks to get behind, and the approaching party escaped injury.

Wild could not see them, but so anxious was he to have a look that he involuntarily lowered the revolver he had been holding against the renegade's head.

Radcliffe must have realized that he had a chance, for he suddenly threw himself forward and succeeded in breaking the boy's grip upon his collar.

The sudden move had the result of pulling Wild partly out of the niche, and as quick as a flash a waiting redskin sprang at him with his rifle-barrel and sent him to the ground in a dazed condition.

An exultant yell followed this, and as half of the Indians were shooting at those who were endeavoring to reach their retreat, others pounced upon the helpless boy and soon disarmed him.

"Go back, Jim," Wild shouted, for he still had his senses sufficiently to enable him to give voice to his thoughts. "They have got me. Don't risk getting shot. I will get out all right."

"You'll get out all right, will yer?" cried Jack Radcliffe, his eyes flashing murderously. "I reckon you'll never git away from this spot alive, kid."

Wild paid no attention to the remark, for he realized that if he were to bandy words with the man just then he might get shot without having a chance to defend himself.

Meanwhile Jim had heard our hero's instructions, and he was beating a retreat.

A few shots were fired at them, but the Indians proved to be very bad marksmen, and Wild, who was now standing so he could peer over the natural breastworks behind which the redskins had located themselves, saw that his friends had got to cover again.

Radcliffe saw this, too, and satisfied that the attacking party would not dare to venture up any closer, he called upon the Indians to keep a sharp

watch while he took care of the prisoner they had captured.

There was a malignant gleam in his eyes as he again turned his attention to our hero.

"So yer lowered yourself down here thinkin' you could ketch me nappin' an' git ther gal away, did yer?" he asked.

"That's right, Radcliffe," was the cool reply.

"How do yer know my name, kid?"

Oh, I have heard all about you. The girl's father is very close at hand with enough men to wipe out your gang of redskins. I know all about how you put up a job to abduct Miss Leonard and take her to Horace Farrel."

This astounded the scoundrel, for he could not imagine how the boy could have possibly gained such information.

"You know all about it, you say, kid?" he demanded.

"Don't you see that I do?"

"Well, how did yer find out?"

"That's my business."

"It is, eh? Who are you, anyhow?"

"Have you ever heard of Young Wild West?"

"Yes, I've heard of him. You ain't Young Wild West, are yer?"

"That's just who I am. Jack Radcliffe. If you know when you are well off you will give me my liberty at once, and let me take the girl with me."

"What! I wouldn't do that if I was goin' ter die ther next minute. Young Wild West, eh? So you're ther kid what's always meddlin' with other folks' business, are yer? Well, I'd kill yer for that reason if for no other. You may as well say your prayers, kid, 'cause you ain't got long ter live. I'm goin' ter shoot yer right here."

No doubt the scoundrel would have made good his threat if Tall Willow, the Ute chief, had not stepped over and interfered.

"No kill paleface boy now," he said. "Me know him. He is Young Wild West, and he kill plenty of Utes a year ago. Tall Willow want to make him die by torture."

Radcliffe must have seen how useless it was to argue the question, for he gave in right away.

"Well, it's only for a little while, Young Wild West," he said, shooting a glance of triumph at the helpless boy. "You have got ter die, anyhow, an' ther chief says it's goin' ter be a death by torture. I don't know but that is ther best, 'cause sich a young galoot as you are, oughter suffer a whole lot afore you peg out."

"That's all right, Radcliffe. I am not afraid of dying. I know as well as you do that one can't die but once. If my time has come, all right. But I hardly think it has come. Most likely I'll live to see you die."

"Yer never will, Young Wild West. There ain't enough of your gang to git us out of here. Jest let 'em come up an' fight if they want ter. We'll soon show 'em how we kin lay 'em low."

"Well, you haven't been doing anything like that yet, as far as I can see. You have wasted a lot of ammunition, too."

"Never mind about that. Injuns will shoot, whether they draw a bead on anything or not. But we've got plenty of cartridges left, so it won't take long when we git at it in ther right way.

But see here, where's ther rope you come down with?"

"Well, you haven't been doing anything like that yet, as far as I can see. You have wasted a lot of ammunition, too."

"Never mind about that. Injuns will shoot, whether they draw a bead on anything or not. But we've got plenty of cartridges left, so it won't take long when we git at it in ther right way. But see here, where's ther rope you come down with?"

"I couldn't tell you just where it is now."

The fact was Cheyenne Charlie had pulled the lariat to the top of the cliff the moment Wild had freed himself from it. Radcliff had evidently been so surprised to see the boy coming down that he had failed to notice that he was being lowered from above. He must have thought that Wild was lowering himself down the rope. While a shot had been fired by the scout from the top of the cliff, he had not noticed that either, since others were being fired at about the same time. Meanwhile the captive girl had remained in the niche. She was sitting upon the ground in a state of despair, for no doubt she fully understood that the rescue which had been planned was an utter failure, and that she was really as bad off as before.

Wild was being held by two of the braves all this time, and it was not until the chief spoke to them that they proceeded to bind his arms behind him. Then he was forced to sit upon the ground, while two of the redskins stood guard over him. The rest were on the watch for the attacking party. But Radcliffe squatted in the niche before the girl, as though it was his sole duty to see that she had no possible chance of making her escape. Our hero now felt quite easy, for he knew very well that Charlie and Jim were even then working to find a means of saving him.

"Radcliffe," he said, suddenly, as he turned to the renegade, "how long do you think you can hold this place?"

"It won't take long ter clean out your gang, kid," was the reply.

"You think so, eh?"

"I know it."

"Well, we will see about that. I wonder when the chief purposes to burn me at the stake?"

"If he's goin' ter do it, he oughter do it right now."

"Well, why don't he, then?"

"I don't know, but if you're so anxious about it, I'll ask him."

The villain arose, and then called out:

"Hey there, chief! Come over here. Young Wild West is anxious ter peg out, it seems. Go ahead and burn him alive."

"No," retorted Tall Willow, as he came forward and halted within a few feet of them. "Paleface no die yet. That too easy. Wait till we shoot the palefaces."

Half an hour passed. Then Wild began to grow slightly anxious. He thought by this time Charlie and Jim should have devised some means to make an attempt to rescue him. But he was used to waiting, so he remained quiet, and did not let on that he was at all worried as to what the outcome of it would be. Occasionally he turned and spoke a word of encouragement to the

girl. She had become quite calm now, and this was very pleasing to our hero.

"Miss," said he, a few minutes later, "you needn't fear that you will not be rescued. Something-will happen pretty soon, and when it does, I want you to be ready to act. Don't get frightened a bit."

"Shet up, Young Wild West," growled Radcliffe. "You kin encourage ther gal all you like, but she knows as well as you do that there ain't no possible chance of her gittin' away from here. She's goin' ter be took to ther man what's goin' ter make her his wife, an' that's all there is ter it."

"She is, eh? Well, you just wait. I reckon the man who wants to make her his wife and has done such a dastardly act in order to bring it about, will get his medicine all right."

Radcliff laughed, but it was a forced laugh, as Wild knew. The minutes flitted by, and when nearly an hour had elapsed since Wild had been caught by Radcliffe and his allies, a heavy report sounded at the foot of the cliff near them, and a dense smoke arose.

CHAPTER VI.—Arietta's Daring.

Cheyenne Charlie was very much excited when he saw what happened to Young Wild West. One thing about Charlie was that he lacked judgment, and since he had been with our hero he had depended almost entirely upon him for suggestions. He leaned over the cliff, however, and held his rifle in readiness to shoot Radcliffe in case he attempted to carry out his threat to kill the boy. The longer he waited the more calm he became. But he could not resist the temptation to take one shot at the redskins below. When he finally saw the Ute chief interfere, and heard what he said, he grew quite cool, and with a satisfied nod he crept back from the cliff, and then sat down to think what he should do. As the reader knows, he had drawn up the lariat, and as he looked at it he shook his head sadly and muttered:

"I reckon I can't make no use of that jest now. It wouldn't do for me ter think of lowerin' myself down there, not in ther daylight. Well, it seems that ther redskins ain't goin' ter do nothin' ter Wild until they git ther rest of us cleaned up. That means that they ain't goin' ter do nothin' to him at all, then."

He heard Wild shouting to Jim both times, and when he noted that the attacking party had got safely back behind the rocks, he decided to go to them and hold a consultation with Dart. Leaving the lariat lying upon the ground at the top of the cliff, he turned and made his way around, taking good care to keep out of sight of any of the redskins, and finally joined his companions. They were all very anxious, of course, and eager to learn just what had happened to Wild. Charlie told them all about it, and in conclusion he added:

"I thought it was a little risky for him ter be lowered down there, but yer know what Wild is. When he makes up his mind ter do anything, he wants ter do it. Everything would have been all right if that galoot they call Radcliffe hadn't been settin' there ter watch ther gal. He seen

Wild afore he got to ther ground, an' when I seen he was goin' ter fire at him, I jest let Wild drop. I reckon it was a good thing for me ter do, 'cause ther bullet went high over his head. Wild caught him all right, an' used him for a shield. But it seems he couldn't hold out that way very long, an' somehow ther redskins got ther best of him. I couldn't see jest how they done it, 'cause it was too far under the cliff for me ter look down. But they've got him, an' ther chief of ther redskins says he's goin' ter burn him at ther stake; but not until he gits ther rest of us. He's anxious ter git a lot of paleface scalps, it seems, an' I reckon if he waits till he gits ours he will wait a mighty long while, 'cause I don't intend to lose mine."

"Well, Charlie, if Wild had not called out to us to get back, we would have taken the chance of making a rush at the redskins, and shot them down as fast as we could," Jim retorted, shrugging his shoulders. "I suppose that would have been foolhardy on our part, too, for they could surely mow us down quite handily from behind the rocks. We would have been compelled to cross quite an open space."

"Well, there's one thing about Wild; he always knows jest what ter do, an' I reckon what he said is ther right thing. There ain't none of yer hurt, is there?"

"I guess I come about ther nearest of any of them," spoke up Rucker, as he touched his left ear and showed a spot of blood upon his finger. A bullet jest about touched me, an' that's all."

"Well, you are lucky it wasn't worse," Charlie declared, smiling grimly. "Now then, Jim, and he again turned to Dart, "what's ter be done?"

"Well, we don't have to be in any great hurry, since the redskins will keep watching for us, and Wild is safe for the present," was the reply. "I reckon we had better think it over and hear what all have to say about it. It will be a long while before darkness comes, and I can't help thinking that it is best to wait until that time. We could keep worrying the redskins so that they would have time to think about putting Wild to death, and then after it got dark we might creep upon them and take them by surprise."

"I wish I could offer a suggestion, but I can't think of anything to do," said Leonard, shaking his head sadly.

"Charlie, you say you left the two lariats at the top of the cliff," Arietta spoke up, after a short pause in the conversation.

"That's right," was the reply. "I thought I might as well leave 'em there, 'cause we might need 'em a little later."

"I think we will need them, all right, Charlie."

"Have you got an idea as to what we oughter do?" the scout asked, eagerly.

"Yes, but wait until Hop comes."

"Oh, that's so. Ther heathen will come in mighty handy in this kind of business, I reckon."

"He certainly will, Charlie."

"You mean one of your Chinamen?" Leonard spoke up.

"Yes, the one we call Young Wild West's Clever Chinese," Arietta answered.

"Is he really clever?"

"Very. I am sure we can save both Wild and your daughter through Hop's help."

"What kin ther heathen do?" Rucker spoke up,

looking as though he doubted that the Chinaman could help in any such a state of affairs.

"What can't he do, yer oughter ask," the scout retorted, quickly. "Why, Hop is ther smartest heathen what ever sailed from China. He's a regular magician, an' he kin make more fun in ten minutes than a minstrel show could make in two hours."

"But we are not looking for anything funny now," Leonard put in, as he looked at the scout wondering.

"Of course yer ain't. But there's bound ter be somethin' funny about it, if Hop takes a hand in ther game. Most likely Arietta will git him ter shoot off a big firecracker or two, an' make a whole lot of smoke. That will sartinly surprise ther redskins, an' they won't know which way ter turn. Then somethin' kin happen that will help Wild an' ther gal."

"Oh, I see," and the mine owner brightened up. "How soon do you think the Chinamen and my two men ought to arrive?"

"Well, they hadn't oughter be much over an hour behind us, if they kept on comin', which most likely they did. They ain't let ther grass grow under ther feet, but have kept ther pack-horses gcin' putty good. I wouldn't be surprise if Hop has come on ahead of ther rest. He's always itchin' ter git in ther first row, yer know."

"Well, I hope he has come on ahead of the others," and Leonard shook his head and then remained silent.

"Charlie," spoke up Arietta, "I think it would be advisable for you and Jim to go to the top of the cliff and keep a watch on what is going on. It might be that the chief will change his mind and proceed to put Wild to death. If such a thing should happen, I could never forgive myself for not hurrying to do something to save him."

"A good idea, Arietta," Dart answered, with a nod of his head. "Come on, Charlie."

"As soon as Hop gets here I will bring him to the top of the cliff," Arietta assured them.

Charlie and Jim were not long in leaving the spot. They had no difficulty in working their way around to the top of the cliff, and then when they peered over and found that the conditions were just about the same as when the scout had been there before, they felt comparatively easy. They knew they would have to wait quite a long time, so they settled down and took turns at peering over the cliff. They took note of the fact that the redskins never once relaxed their vigilance, while Radcliffe kept a continual watch upon Wild and the girl captive. After what seemed to be a very long time to them, a soft step was heard behind them. Instantly both Charlie and Jim turned, and when they saw the smiling face of Hop Wah, they felt life giving vent to a shout of joy.

"Velly nicee day, so be," Hop said, in his foolish way, as he bowed to them just as though they were strangers.

Just then Arietta appeared, her rifle resting upon the hollow of her left arm. The girl seemed to be as much composed as though she had merely come up there to try and get a shot at a bear or buck.

"We are very glad you have got here," Jim Dart said, in a whisper, as he nodded to the girl.

"It seems as though we have been waiting for hours."

"Well, it isn't much over an hour since Wild was captured," she answered, with a faint smile. "Now then, let's get back at a safe distance and talk it over. The question is, how are we going to get to the foot of the cliff and save Wild and the girl? Hop can easily rout the Indians temporarily, but it will be but a few seconds before they recover themselves. One of you couldn't possibly get down there and arrange to have Wild and the girl pulled up in a short time."

"But we might get out ther other way, if Hop kin kep up smoke enough ter hide us," Charlie suggested.

"Yes, that's right, too," and Arietta's eyes brightened. "Well, which of you cares to take the risk of going down there?"

"I'll go!" Jim Dart exclaimed, quickly.

"An' of course I'll go," Charlie hastened to add. "I think I oughter be ther one ter do it, anyhow, since I was here when Wild went down."

Arietta thought a moment. Then she looked at them and suddenly exclaimed:

"Well, I think that neither of you will go! I will go myself. In case I am caught, I will stand a better chance than either of you, for neither the redskins nor the white scoundrel with them would think of killing me. They might shoot you down if they were to catch you trying to liberate the prisoners."

"But suppose they should catch you, Arietta?" Dart answered.

"Well, it will only be one more captive they will have, and as I just said, it is not likely they will harm a hair of my head just now, anyhow. I will take my chances. Get a lariat ready. Hop, you know what to do."

"Me undelstand, Miss Alietta," the Celestial answered, with a nod of his head.

Then he quickly drew from one of the big pockets of his coat two home-made crackers that would explode with a loud noise, and at the same time create a dense smoke.

"Me chuckee one down when you go, Misse Alietta," he exclaimed, as he coolly lighted a cigar, so he would have the chance to touch the fuse of the cracker to the fire at an instant's notice.

"That's right, and after I am down there you can set off another and throw it right among the Indians," she retorted.

Between Arietta and Hop they were certainly making great headway in their preparations to rescue Young Wild West and the abducted girl. Arietta had already fastened the rope under her arms, and turning to Charlie, she said:

"Now then, you proceed to lower me down when the proper time comes. Jim can go on down to the bottom of the cliff, and be ready to lend all the assistance he can while the smoke remains there."

Dart gave a nod and promptly started away from the spot. Hop puffed away at his cigar until he had it burning a bright red glow. Then as Arietta stepped to the edge of the cliff and sat down, he picked up one of the crackers and waited.

"Let it go, Hop," the girl, said, calmly.

The Chinaman applied the lighted end of the cigar to the cracker's fuse, and raised it to hurl

down among the redskins. Arietta let herself drop gently over the cliff, and then Hop got in his work. Bang. The cracker exploded before it hardly touched the ground, and as the smoke went up Arietta was lowered rapidly down the cliff. Her feet touched the ground before the smoke cleared, and as she had selected the spot right near where Wild was lying upon the ground, she quickly freed herself from the rope, and dropped upon her knees, holding it with her left hand. Her hand touched the boy almost instant, and when she felt of his face and hair, she knew it was he. Bang! Just then another report rang out, and the Indians, who had started to yell in terror, set up a louder howl than before.

"It's all right, Wild," Arietta whispered. "Charlie and Hop are at the top of the cliff, and you are going to be hauled up."

She slipped the rope about his body and then gave a tug at it, and before Wild could hardly make a reply, he felt himself being lifted rapidly toward the top of the cliff. Arietta was almost blinded by the smoke. But by luck she stumbled into the niche, and then as she fell forward her hand came in contact with the garments she knew were worn by a female.

"Come," she whispered, lowering her head close to the girl, for she had surely found her. "We must make our escape. Are your hands tied?"

"No," was the quick reply.

Then Arietta caught hold of Mattie Leonard's arm, and fairly dragged her out of the niche. Bang! Just then a third cracker exploded. Blinded and scarcely being able to breathe from the fierce smoke, Arietta dragged the girl from the spot. Arietta could see just enough to get turned in the right way, and she promptly started forward. But she had not gone more than ten steps when she ran right into the midst of a bunch of redskins who were darting excitedly about, swinging their weapons and yelling in a frenzy. Half blinded as they were, they saw the two girls, and with wonderful quickness they pounced upon them and rendered them helpless.

CHAPTER VII.—Our Hero Is Baffled.

Cheyenne Charlie had little or no difficulty in following Wild to the top of the cliff. Hop discharged the third cracker just as this was accomplished, and as soon as the scout cut him loose and handed him a revolver the young dead-shot was ready for business.

"We have got to get down there, Charlie!" he exclaimed. "Where is Jim?"

"He's down there somewhere," was the reply.

"All right, come on."

When they finally got to the comparatively level ground below they saw Jim crouching behind a rock but a short distance from the rocky side of the redskins' stronghold. His rifle was resting upon the rock, showing plainly that he was ready to shoot at an instant's notice. It was easy for Wild to guess that the girls had failed to get away, otherwise Jim would not be there in such an attitude. Dropping upon his hands and knees he crept along, followed by Charlie and Hop. When they were within a few feet of

Jim, Wild called to him in a whisper. Dart turned around instantly, and his face lighted up when he saw Wild was free.

"How about Arietta and the abducted girl?" our hero asked, as he crept close to the boy.

"They didn't get away. The redskins must have caught them, for I heard them yelling savagely just before the smoke cleared," was the reply.

"Is that so? Well, that's too bad. It was a daring attempt, anyhow."

"Well, it was Arietta who planned to do it, Wild," Jim retorted.

The rock behind which the four were crouching was a big one, so that there was no chance of them being seen by the Utes, unless they moved away from it. After waiting there a few minutes and finding that the redskins had quieted down considerably, Wild decided that something must be done.

"I reckon we have got to attack them from the top of the cliff, boys," he said, in a low whisper. "There is no other way out of it. I don't want to be compelled to shoot the red fiends, but it seems it has got to be done. Arietta and the abducted girl must be saved as soon as possible. It won't do to let them stay there much longer. Jim, if you can manage to get away from here by going toward the cliff and then working your way around among the rocks, you had better go and tell Leonard to fetch his men up to the top of the cliff. Then they can open fire on the Indians as soon as they like. We will stay right here and be ready to make a dash to rescue the girls."

"All right, Wild," Dart answered, with a nod of his head. "I'll go right away."

Jim lost no time, but quickly began crawling away from the rocks. When he got there he found the mine owner and his men very much agitated, while Anna and Eloise were in anything but an easy state of mind.

"How did you make out, Jim?" Leonard asked.

"Well, we did pretty well," was the reply. "Wild got away from the redskins, but Arietta was caught by them, and she is now keeping the company of your daughter."

"Is that so? Oh, that is too bad!"

"Well, you needn't fear that either of the girls will be harmed—just now, anyhow. Radcliffe, of course intends to take your daughter to Farrel, so that means that she will not be harmed in any way. As for Arietta, she has a way of taking care of herself pretty well, and if they only allow her to have her hands free, she will find a way to do something. But Wild sent me over to tell you all to come with me and get to the top of the cliff. He has made up his mind that the best thing to do is to attack the redskins from that point. He is waiting with Charlie and Hop close to the camp over there, and when we get the redskins jumping about, they will no doubt join in the fight and get the girls safely away."

As he said this the mine owner dropped flat upon his stomach, and pushing his rifle over the edge of the cliff, he took aim at one of the Indians, who seemed to be more eager than any of the rest to get a shot at his foes. Crang! As the report rang out the redskins dropped his rifle and rolled over upon the ground. Instantly the

Utes turned their gaze toward the top of the cliff.

"Give it to them, boys!" the mine owner exclaimed. "Now then, Dart, I reckon you can go ahead and shoot."

"Well, we have got to be careful about doing it, too," Dart replied. "If we show ourselves, a bullet might fetch us right in the head in a jiffy. Spread out a little, and we will take a shot occasionally. That's about the best way out of it now."

The men spread out to a distance of probably a dozen feet apart along the cliff. In some places there were boulders, and behind these those who could do so crept. When all was still again, for the Indians were strangely silent now, Jim ventured to peer over. He saw that there was scarcely a man whose whole body could be seen below, since they were hiding or crouching behind the big stones and boulders that lay scattered about. Some had got behind the cliff, too, so it would be necessary to lean away over and shoot straight down at them.

But Jim soon fired a shot, and dropped his man. This caused a little commotion, and more showed themselves. Then four shots rang out from the miners, who could not resist the temptation to get close enough to the cliff of fire. From that time on for a period of ten minutes shots were fired from both sides. Then Jim took the risk of having another look. He saw several dead redskins lying upon the ground, and he knew that at least half the band had been disposed of. But nothing could be seen of either Radcliffe, the chief, or the two girls. Meanwhile, Wild was waiting patiently with Charlie and Hop. Things had not turned out exactly as the young deadshot wanted them to, and he did not like the delay. After the firing ceased he turned to the clever Chinese and said:

"Hop, I reckon you have got to do something to stir the redskins up. Haven't you got something that will surprise them even more than a cracker would?"

"Me gottee nicee lilcee fireworks here, Misler Wild," was the reply, and he produced what seemed to be a rough coil of rope tied so it would hold together.

But it was really nothing more than a series of crackers fastened together and wound in a double coil. They would explode one after the other, at the same time sending forth a shower of different colored sparks. Without waiting to be told anything further, Hop lighted the fuse of his piece of fireworks, and then rising to his feet, at the risk of being shot down, he whirled it over his head and sent it flying directly into the middle of the redskins' camp. It had barely struck the ground when there was a sharp hiss, and a stream of red fire shot forth. Bang! Then came some blue fire. Bang! A shower of green sparks went sailing through the air, and then the piece bounded about as though it were alive, banging away and striking terror to the hearts of the redskins, who ran hurriedly from it, instinctively gathering in a bunch. This had no sooner happened when a volley was fired from the top of the cliff, and the Utes fell right and left.

Crang—crang—crang! Another volley was fired, and then only three or four were to be seen

on their feet. They ran wildly out from the cliffs, regardless of the fact that they might be making straight for others of the enemy. Charlie did not let this chance go. His rifle flew to his shoulder, and he fired twice, dropping two of them. He would have done the same to the third had not Wild caught hold of his rifle.

"Let him go, Charlie. There ought to be at least one of them left to tell the tale," the boy said, in his cool and easy way.

"All right, Wild," was the reply, "but I don't see no use in lettin' any of 'em git away. Look what they've done."

"That's all right, Charlie. This is what I call a fierce slaughter. There may be trouble about it, too."

"But they've got their war paint on, ain't they?"

"Yes, that's one point in our favor, too. Well, never mind. We will have to take things just as they come. Now then, I am going to venture in there and see where the girls are. I know that Radcliffe is there, so I will have to be on the watch."

"Ther chief must be there, too, 'cause I ain't seen nothing of him at all," the scout declared, shaking his head.

"Well, you come with me. You can take care of the chief, and I will take care of Radcliffe."

"Me go, too, Misler Wild," Hop called out, cheerfully, just as though there was no danger at all in doing so. "Maybe me bettee makee lilcee more smoke, so be."

"Go ahead, Hop," our hero retorted, thinking it would be a good idea to do such a thing.

Hop had one more of the big crackers left, and he quickly lighted the fuse and hurled it over the rocks. Bang! There was a loud explosion, and instantly the air was filled with a dense smoke. Then the three arose to their feet and ran quickly into the smoke. It was at that very moment that the clatter of hoofs sounded within a few feet of them, though they could scarcely see anything like an object moving. But Wild guessed what was happening. Radcliffe and the Ute chief had managed to get hold of a couple of horses, and no doubt they were carrying away the two girls.

"Don't shoot down here," he called out, at the top of his voice, thinking that those above might fire a volley when they heard the horses' hoofs.

Then he turned and ran out of the smoke, and was just in time to get a glimpse of two horses carrying double burdens as they disappeared around a bend in the cliff off to the right.

"Baffled, by jingo!" the boy exclaimed, in disgust. "I'll bet that was Tall Willow's doings, for Radcliffe would never have thought of making such a daring move. Well, it seems that there is more trailing yet to be done, Charlie. We may as well take it easy, because getting excited about it will do no good. Let's get our horses and take the trail right away."

Swiftly the two ran for the spot where the girls were waiting, and scarcely taking time to tell them what had happened, they mounted their horses and then started away in pursuit. As they were turning the cliff to follow the trail, Jim Dart came running down, followed by Leonard and his miners.

"What is the matter, Wild?" Jim called out, in alarm.

"Radcliffe and the chief have gone away on horseback, and they have got Arietta and the abducted girl with them," was the reply. "You can follow us as soon as you get your horses. It seems the trail has not come to an end yet."

It is doubtful if Jim heard the last word, for the sorrel stallion was going at a furious pace now, with the scout following close behind. Young Wild West realized that the end was close at hand, and he meant to have no mercy for either Radcliffe or the Ute chief. On he rode until nearly two miles had been covered. Then just as he was turning a bend among the rocks a crash sounded, followed by a jeering shout. The boy's face paled slightly, for he knew that something had happened to the advantage of those he was pursuing. A second later he saw what it was, for right before him was a yawning chasm of fully twenty feet in width, and hanging from the other side was a portion of a rude bridge.

"Whoa, Spitfire!" the boy exclaimed, and the sorrel came to a halt so suddenly that he fairly reared upon his haunches.

There was no chance for the stallion to get a foothold at the other side even if he could leap the distance, and Wild knew that it was out of the question to try and get over.

"What's up now, Wild?" Cheyenne Charlie called, as he suddenly appeared on the scene.

"We're baffled again, Charlie. There was a bridge here, and after crossing it, Radcliffe and the chief must have destroyed it. I don't see how they did it so quickly, unless it was a very rickety affair. But they've done it, so that is all there is to it. We can't get over the chasm, so we have got to ride along until we find a place where it is narrower. Come on."

They chose the left, but were forced to ride more than a mile before they came to a spot where the chasm narrowed to nothing more than a crack in the rocks. Over it they went, and then laying their course in the direction they thought the fugitives must be doing, they struck out. But it was hard riding at that point, and often they were forced to bring the horses down to a walk, and sometimes they had to dismount. However, they continued on doggedly, and at length they came upon the trail of the two horses again.

"Now then," said Wild, as he nodded to his partner, "I reckon we will overhaul them in about an hour, Charlie. Come on."

Away the two dashed, both determined to overtake the fugitives as quickly as possible.

Hop Wah did not follow Wild and Charlie as they ran hurriedly from the smoke when they heard the hoofbeats. The Chinaman knew that in all probability the two girls had been carried away, but he was anxious to find out if any of the redskins remained alive. Careful not to be made a target of, if there were any, he crouched behind a boulder and waited until the smoke cleared away. When it had done so he found himself looking upon a scene that was gruesome enough. The bodies of the Utes lay where they had fallen, and there appeared no sign of life there. But Hop was not satisfied yet, and he remained there fully five minutes, listening to the shouts

of the excited miners, who had become aware of the fact that the two girls had been carried off by Radcliffe and the chief.

Just as he was going to get up to take a better look around, a brave crept out of the niche in which the abducted girl had been kept by Radcliffe. Hop gave a start when he saw him. He could tell that the Indian was badly frightened, for he acted like a hunted animal. Cautiously the brave crept away from the niche, listening and looking around as though he expected at any moment to see a white man appear. Hop waited until he was within half a dozen feet of him, and then he suddenly stepped from behind the rock and leveled the rifle at him.

"Holdee up you hands!" he exclaimed, putting on as stern a tone of voice as he was capable of.

The Ute was so startled at the sudden appearance of the Chinaman that he promptly obeyed.

"You allee samee my plisoner, so be," Hop declared. "You turnee you backee lis way, so me tie your hands."

"Ugh! Chinee no kill Injun," came the reply, as the brave did as he was told.

"Me shoot you velly muchee quickee, if you no lookee outtee."

Then Hop quickly slipped a stout cord about the wrists of the redskin, and with a dexterous twist of his hand he had him so it was impossible for him to free himself. But he did not stop until he had made the knot doubly secure, and then satisfied with what he had accomplished, he turned his captive around and stepped back a few paces, bowing in mock politeness. At this juncture two of the miners appeared on the scene. They had been left to accompany the girls and the pack-horses.

Anna and Eloise rode up next, followed by Wing with the two pack-horses. The two girls were still very much alarmed, for they had their fears that possibly Arietta might not be rescued very soon. But Hop's smiling face reassured them to a certain extent. It was not an easy task to get the captured horses going right, but in a little while it was accomplished, and then the party started along the trail at a rather slow pace.

CHAPTER VIII.—Conclusion.

Young Wild West and Cheyenne Charlie rode on in silence for fully five minutes. Then as the path they were following became more clear, the latter gave a nod of satisfaction and called out:

"I reckon we'll soon git 'em now, Wild. Ther travelin' is better. They sartinly couldn't git over the ground as fast as we've been doin', 'cause each of ther horses is carryin' double burden."

"That's right, Charlie. Well, we'll keep right on till we do get them if it takes till dark. I told Leonard that Radcliffe would never get the girl to Farrel's camp, and I want to be true to my word."

Mile after mile was covered, and at length they found the trail leading them toward a narrow defile. Towering cliffs ran up on either side to an almost dizzy height, and along these ran

ledges, where it seemed that the foot of man had never trod. Wild took' all this in, and as his eyes roved over the scene he suddenly gave a start. Close to the end of the defile, which could not have been more than a hundred yards in length, he saw the two villains they were pursuing at a halt on a rather wide ledge that was something like a hundred feet above the level they were then traversing. At the same moment Charlie called out sharply that the trail turned to the left. The young deadshot had not noticed this, for when he caught sight of the fugitive he had not thought of glancing at the ground at all. He quickly reined in Spitfire, and turned to his companion, said:

"Well, Charlie, I reckon we've almost got them."

"Well, they've turned to ther left, that's sartin," was the reply.

"Yes, I know that; I just saw them."

"What!"

The scout was amazed.

"I saw them on a wide ledge at the left side of the gut that runs through here."

"Well, by thunder! Let's git up after 'em, then, Wild. Most likely they've seen us comin', an' are tryin' ter hide."

"Well, if they haven't seen us coming, they know for a certainty that they must have been followed. Probably they have gone up there for the purpose of hiding, thinking that we might go on and continue the search further for them."

The boy turned his horse and followed the scout up a rather rugged ascent to the left. Though the ground was hard and stony, fresh hoofprints showed here and there. A novice might have failed to notice them, but to Young Wild West and Cheyenne Charlie no such marks would have been missed. Knowing that they were pretty close to the renegade and the rascally Ute chief, Wild let his horse go at a walk. It took them some little time to get to the top of the high ground, and once there our hero quickly brought Spitfire to a halt and dismounted.

"Now then, Charlie," he said, as the scout slid to the ground, "I reckon we'll go ahead on foot. The ledge must run right along here. Below I noticed something that looked like the mouth of a cave. Now then, suppose you proceed straight along, while I will go down a little ways and follow the other ledge."

"What are you goin' ter do with them, Wild?"

"Well, I have an idea that the villains are looking for a hiding-place. There certainly was none to be seen where I saw them last, while below, as I say, there is a cave. Anyhow, if you find they are there, you can simply drop a rope over and haul me up."

"All right, Wild," and without another word the scout started ahead, while the young deadshot scrambled down the rocks and soon reached the narrow ledge he had spoken of.

He was certain that the ledge went right on without a break that would stop him from getting underneath the spot where he had seen the two men standing. Their horses and the two girls were out of sight at the time, but it was dead certain that they were close a hand. The boys hurried on, treading the rugged path noiselessly. When he had gone probably two hundred feet he suddenly heard the sounds of falling dirt

and pebbles. Using all his caution, he crept forward and looked around a jutting point of rock. Then greatly to his satisfaction he saw Tall Willow, the Ute chief, standing upon the ledge less than thirty feet from him. A rope was dangling from this, and while the boy slowly raised his revolver to cover the Indian, it was pulled upward.

There was no one but the redskin there, so Wild waited to see what would happen next. He did not wait more than a couple of minutes before the form of Arietta appeared from above. As she came within reach of him, Tall Willow reached out and pulled her upon the ledge. A low chuckle escaped the lips of the young deadshot. He now knew that Jack Radcliffe must be above, and that the next one to be lowered down would be the abducted girl. When she was safe upon the ledge, he would come down next. The redskin removed the rope from Arietta, and it was quickly pulled up. Then down came the abducted maiden. Wild waited no longer. He leaped from behind the rock and grappled with the Indian.

Bent upon silencing Tall Willow, so he could not give the alarm to the scoundrel above, Wild gripped him tightly by the throat, choking him so hard that only a faint gasping cry came from the surprised rascal's lips. Once the eyes began to roll and the tongue to protrude, he knew he had him. Then releasing his right hand, he struck him a blow between the eyes that settled him for the time being. Arietta had got upon her knees. Her hands were tied behind her back, and she could do nothing. Mattie Leonard hung suspended, for no doubt the villain above was waiting for her to be pulled in by his red ally. The girl's face was pale as dead, and her eyes were wide and staring at the scene before her.

"Don't scream," said Wild, coolly, for he thought that she was ready to do so at any moment.

Then he reached and caught her by the dress. The moment he did this the rope was lowered slightly, and the abducted girl was safe upon the ledge. As quick as a flash Wild severed the rope that held Arietta's hands behind her. Then he did the same for the other girl. He motioned them to get back under the ledge, and then stood waiting for Radcliffe to come down. About five seconds later the legs of the villain were seen. It was just then that a shout sounded from above.

"Whoopee, whoopee! Wow, wow, wow!"

It was Cheyenne Charlie's voice, and Young Wild West could not help smiling. The redskin was aroused at hearing the cry, but Arietta quickly stepped over, and, with his own revolver, covered him.

"Hello, Charlie!" Wild shouted. "I reckon we have got Radcliffe dead to rights."

"I reckon so," was the reply. "I've a notion ter cut ther rope an' let him go on down to ther sharp rocks below."

The white renegade had been taken completely by surprise. He ceased coming down the rope and hung there, half way between the ledge above and the one upon which Wild was standing upon to receive him.

"Come on, Radcliffe," the boy called out, as he leaned out as far as he dared to look up.

Crack! Rendered desperate at his predica-

ment, Radcliffe fired a shot with his revolver. As luck would have it, the bullet narrowly missed Wild and buried itself into the breast of the prostrate Indian. Thinking he had shot Wild, Charlie gave a yell and drew his knife across the rope. With a desperate cry the renegade went downward, whirling over and over in his quick descent.

"How is it, Wild?" he called out, rather excitedly.

"Everything is all right. The scoundrel fired a shot at me, but missed and killed the redskin. Never mind coming down here, Charlie. Go on back. The girls are safe and sound, and I will meet you in a jiffy."

Leaving the redskin where he lay, but not forgetting to take his weapons, our hero turned to the abducted girl and said:

"Do you feel strong enough to walk, Miss Leonard?"

"Oh, yes," was the reply. "I am so glad it is all over. Several times I came near fainting, but Miss Arietta has kept cheering me up all the while. If it had not been for her I know I should have died before this."

"Well, I reckon it wouldn't have been as bad as that, but I am glad Arietta has been able to help you keep up your courage. Now then, just come with me."

He took her by the arm so there would be no danger of her stepping off the ledge, and Arietta followed. It was not long before they got back to the starting point, and when they arrived there stood Charlie, his face beaming with smiles.

"This is what I call all right, Wild," Charlie declared, as he gripped the hand of the boy and shook it heartily. "We sartinly struck luck after a while. We couldn't be baffled all their time, could we?"

"Not much, Charlie."

"Ther gal has kept up putty well," and the scout gave a nod of satisfaction as he turned to the rescued girl.

"We had quite an experience, Charlie," Arietta said, with a smile. "But I was never much frightened at any time. About the worst of it was when the Indians got us, as we were trying to get away through the smoke. Since that time I've been waiting expectantly for you to come. The man called Radcliffe was quite a schemer. He thought you were close at hand, so he devised a scheme of getting up here among the rocks. He made a mistake and got upon the wrong ledge, it seems, and then he let down the redskin. I came next, as Wild knows, and I suppose you know, it too."

They were not long in getting to their horses. Arietta told them where the two villains had left the steeds they had ridden, and Charlie went and got them. The girls quickly mounted them, and then they turned to go back and meet the rest of the party. It was not very far they had to go, for Jim and Leonard had kept hot on the trail after getting around the chasm. Leonard uttered a joyous cry when he saw his daughter safe and sound. He thanked Wild and Charlie over and over again, and promised to reward them for what they had done.

"That's all right," our hero said, in his cool and easy way. "We don't want a dollar from

you, Mr. Leonard. This has been what we call a good time for us, and we are very glad your daughter has been restored to you. Now then, I suppose we will go right on to Farrel's camp, because you certainly must want to have something to say to him."

"Yes, I certainly do."

"Well, we will wait till the rest of our party comes up, and then we will proceed."

It was not more than twenty minutes before Hop was seen riding along with his prisoner, while behind him came the two miners and the girls. Wing brought up the rear, the horses coming on behind. Of course it was a pleasant meeting, and when Wild heard how Hop had captured the redskin he was not a little surprised.

"Well, we will take him along as a living witness to what has happened," the boy said.

It is hardly necessary to go into details as to how the party reached Farrel's camp. They got there just as it was getting dark, and they were not long in finding the villain who had hired Radcliffe to abduct Mattie Leonard. At first he refused to admit that he knew anything of it, but when he was hard pressed he dropped upon his knees and begged for mercy, making a clean breast of it all.

"Well, Farrel," said Leonard, as he tapped the butt of a revolver, "I feel like putting a bullet through your heart for this, but since I have got my daughter back, I am going to give you a chance. I shall expect to hear that you have sold out here inside of a week and disappeared, and if I ever meet you again, I will certainly shoot you on sight."

The rascally suitor for the hand of the girl he had caused to be abducted groveled in the dirt, but said nothing. Our friends put up at the mining camp over night, and the next morning they found that Farrel had disappeared. He had left under the cover of darkness, and no one seemed to know where he had gone.

"Well," said our hero, turning to the mine owner, "I reckon that will be about all. We are going to strike out in the direction of Santa Fe. I suppose you will go on back to your own camp, Mr. Leonard."

"Yes, I want to get back there as quickly as possible, for my wife is no doubt ill from the worryment she has been put to."

It was a little after eight in the morning that Young Wild West and his friends left Farrel's camp, well satisfied with what they had accomplished by trailing the redskins and rescuing the abducted girl. They knew it was hardly likely that the Government officials would look for them, since Leonard promised to relate the whole occurrence to the proper authorities, and hold the captured redskin as a witness. Just how the mine owner made out in this Young Wild West did not know, nor did he bother to find out. He was bent upon looking for something more in the way of excitement, and with that thought in his mind he was bound to succeed, as the reader no doubt knows quite well.

Next week's issue will contain "YOUNG WILD WEST AGAINST ODDS; or, THE SHOT THAT WON THE FIGHT."

CURRENT NEWS

NEW USE FOR HIDES

Carloads of good hides are being sold for glue stock, a condition scarcely ever known before in the hide market. Instead of being converted into good leather the hides are freed from hair, cut up by machines like those which chop ensilage and then converted into a gelatine from which moving picture film is made.

GERMANS USE WHALE MEAT FOR HAMBURGER

The German taste for hamburger seems to be greater than the supply of meat with which to make it.

At any rate, exports of whale meat from Vancouver, B. C., to Germany are rapidly increasing. It was said that whale meat was to be used in the manufacture of hamburger in Germany, and that

in many cases it was actually preferred to any other ingredient.

The latest shipment of whale meat left this country recently aboard the Holland-American freighter Noorderijk. Another will follow shortly.

BRITISH BILLIARDIST RUNS 703

Seldom has the uncertainty of billiards been more impressively shown than in the 7,000-point match between Peall and Tothill recently played at Thurston's in London. When the final day's play began, Tothill was leading by 443 points, but Peall, showing remarkable form, scored 934 points for the fine average of 233, and won the match by the total score of 7,000 to 6,581. In the final session Tothill tallied only 187 points. Peall ended the final afternoon's play with an unfinished run of 694. He continued with nine in the evening session, this bringing his total run to 703.

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CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

"Well, I'll do the best I can," laughed Gus, quite carried away by the man's sprightly manner. "You can strip here by the fire. I'll fetch the clothes. They belong to my boss, so understand they are only loaned."

"Exactly! Precisely." For this night only. I ask no more. Get 'em, Gussy; get 'em, or pneumonia will sure get me."

So lively a Bird was this that Gus found him almost undressed when he returned.

While rubbing himself down with the towel the office boy brought, Mr. Bird condescended to explain.

"Now you want to know all about me!" he cried. "In the first place, I'm nobody. Just a tramp and a one-eyed one at that. Because it rained I took an extra drink with a bunch of brother hoboes who have taken possession of an old boathouse on the shore. They started me for Eastport for more booze; got mixed up on the meadows, lost my way, found a boat, started back by water boozeless, got mixed up again, saw your light, thought it was theirs, steered for it and here I am without the slightest idea where I am and here, with your permission, Gussy, I propose to stay till old Boreas and Jupiter Pluvius go out of business, for that this is some night, you must admit. Gee, but that ham smells good!"

"Oh, you can stay," laughed Gus, "and to tell the truth, I'm glad of your company. It's enough to give one the horrors the way the wind howls about this house."

"Right. We shall be company for each other, but that face of yours gets my goat. Are you a Mexican or a South American, or what?"

"A what," laughed Gus. "Don't know. Can't tell you. Like yourself, Mr. Bird, I was blown in with a storm."

"Meaning—"

"Found on the beach down in Porto Rico as a baby, if you want to know."

"So? Native, probably, though your name is English."

"It is only mine by adoption."

"Yes, yes. Your bungalow, Gussy?"

"No. It belongs to my boss. He sent me here on business, and I concluded to stay till the storm is over."

"Wise youth. Look sharp! That ham is burning. Turn it. That's right. Now I'll get on my clothes—that is to say, your boss's clothes, and help you eat it. Say, Gussy, speaking of the boss, do you happen to know where he keeps his booze?"

"There's part of a bottle of sherry wine in the pantry. I saw nothing else."

"Never touch it. Too strong for me. I drink only whisky— For heaven sake, what's that?"

"A big wave breaking against the pier."

"My boat! I tied it there."

"You were foolish, then. No doubt it has been pounded to pieces already."

"Oh, no matter. Let her go. Don't know who it belonged to. I see you, like a wise guy, put yours to bed on the piazza. I can use that. Hurry up the supper, boy, and we'll do the eats."

Abel Bird talked on. Long before supper was over Gus had become perfectly fascinated with the man, but with all his talk, which consisted mostly of anecdotes of life on the road, it was noticeable that he told nothing of himself. That he was a well educated person was easily seen.

At half-past ten they were still talking, and the storm was raging as fiercely as ever.

"I suppose we may as well turn in," said Bird, at last. "Which bed for you, Gussy, and which is mine? I don't suppose it makes any difference. It's months since I have slept in a real bed, and— Hark! Surely I heard a cry!"

"You did!" exclaimed Gus, springing up. "It was a cry for help!"

"And in a woman's voice!"

"It sounded so to me. I'll light that lantern. We must see what it means."

Before he could get the lantern lighted, the cry had been repeated twice.

Gus ran to the door and went out on the piazza closely followed by Bird.

"Help! Help! Save me!" came the call again.

"It's down at the pier!" exclaimed Gus. "It's a woman all right, too. Who can she be?"

Certainly it was a wild night to be caught in the "Gooseneck," as the narrow channel on the pier side of the island was called.

The tide was now beginning to run in again, and that with all speed of a mill-race; neither wind nor rain had abated a bit in their fury.

As Gus and Abel Bird ran down the steps there was a repetition of the woman's appeal.

"Coming! Coming!" bawled Bird. "Brace up, ma'am, whoever you are! We are the boys who will save you."

The light streaming out of the door of the bungalow, which had blown open, in spite of the care Gus supposed he had used in shutting it, so brightened up the gloom that the lantern was scarcely necessary.

It showed them a ship's longboat against the pier held there by a woman who had thrown one arm about the piling.

Huddled astern was another figure all in a heap, but whether man or woman Gus could not tell.

"We want a rope, Bird!" he cried. "There's one in my boat! Fetch it!"

He ran on to the pier and bent down, to discover that the form astern was an elderly man with a blanket thrown over him, while the woman was only a girl not much older than himself.

"Can you do anything for us, sir?" she asked anxiously. "My father is very ill. I'm afraid of being pulled out of the boat, the water runs so swiftly."

This was said in Spanish. Gus was thankful that he could understand and give her his assurances that he would do all he could.

(To be continued.)

GOOD READING

THE WORLD'S BIGGEST HANGAR

At Orly, France, in the Seine district, the largest airship hangar in the world is being constructed. It is built of concrete somewhat after the plan of the Nissen hut, that arched dwelling of corrugated iron which so many of us remember during the war. The hangar will be about 980 feet long and over 100 feet high.

The building of the arches of reinforced concrete called for elaborate scaffolding, which was first erected and then tightened into place by a network of steel cables stretched below and attached to windlasses.

WORTH HIS WEIGHT IN GOLD

Mrs. Jacob France, wealthy society woman, of Baltimore, Md., has just purchased McTier, pointer extraordinary, for \$7,500, which is said to be just his weight in commercial gold. McTier, now thirty months old, formerly belonged to Scott Hudson of the Atlanta Athletic Club. He bought the dog when eighteen months old for \$150 from a woman who got him as a gift for caring for a litter of which McTier was one.

Hudson is quoted as saying that the wonderful speed and running power of the dog are the results of his early association with a "flivver."

KILLED TWO WOLVES WITHOUT A SPIKED ARMOR

While a St. Paul man blithely tells what he will do to the timber wolves in the district north of Port Arthur, when he dons a suit of spiked armor and goes on their trail, Patrice Pardue, French-Canadian settler, goes into the wilds, traps, kills and skins two large timber wolves and comes to town to make claim for \$80 bounty money.

The habitant homesteader, when he secured the wolves between Kashabowie and Geego, Ont., wore no suit of armor, and did not crawl around imitating a porcupine, but hopped right in and beat the wolves to death with a club.

He arrived in Fort William recently with the pelts. Patrice had not heard about the dauntless St. Paul wolf hunter until told of it by the government agent. A smile immediately whipped up around the corners of the habitant's mouth, and his face mirrored his enjoyment. "Har, har, har," he laughed lustily, "some hunter, he's have one good tam' to mak wolves tink she's a porcupine."

INTERESTING ITEMS

A sleek and oily preacher of the Holy Roller sect in Alabama permitted a rattlesnake to bite him five times, to show he was immune from harm. A vast crowd attended his funeral.

The wasp adopts the methods of the highwayman. These insects have often been observed to waylay and rob bees while the latter, laden with the fruits of an expedition, were returning to the hive.

It is generally agreed among naturalists that the tortoise is longest-lived of all animals. There

are many instances of their attaining the extraordinary age of two hundred and fifty years, while one is actually mentioned as reaching the unparalleled age of four hundred and five years.

Dr. H. L. Ross, of Canaan, Conn., took a Maltese cat with him on an automobile trip to Lake Champlain, in the Adirondacks. The cat was lost at the lake, but appeared in Canaan twelve days later, thin and almost starved to death after its one-hundred-and-eighty-mile walk.

An automatic camera for judging races has proved successful in France and will be used at the next Paris international race meeting. The camera is placed in line with the winning post, and the winning horse, by breaking a thread, releases the electrically-controlled shutter, and a photograph of the finish is taken.

The people of Java believe that if a live sheep is thrown into the water it will indicate the position of a drowned person by sinking near it. A curious custom is practiced in Norway, where those in search of a drowned body row to and fro with a rooster in the boat, fully expecting the fowl will crow when the boat reaches the spot where the corpse lies.

The injection of sugar into the veins of patients apparently dying from heart failure and exhaustion from various diseases not only restores the heart action, but produces a remarkable improvement in the general condition. Such is the substance of a communication from Doctor Enriquez of the Hospital de la Pitie to the Academy of Medicine. The results in many cases are said to have been almost miraculous, and no ill-effects whatsoever were experienced.

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HARRY E. WOLFF, Publisher, Inc.

166 West 23d Street

New York

INTERESTING RADIO NEWS AND HINTS

RADIO AMATEURS IN FRANCE

According to the Under-Secretary for Posts and Telegraphs, more than 50,000 private radio installations are now in operation in France. This figure is in striking contrast with the few stations in existence but a few years past, when the French laws limited amateur radio to experimental and instrumental institutions.

RADIO PANELS AND CABINETS

Radio panels and cabinets are at last becoming standardized so that a building of radio apparatus can safely proceed with a given panel knowing all the while that a cabinet can be obtained at any time to take that panel. One of the leading manufacturers of panels has now adopted the commendable practice of wrapping his goods in neat packages, with the size plainly marked, and with simple but invaluable directions as to how to work and finish the panel. The panels are trimmed smooth and are packed in glassine to protect the surface so that the buyer receives them in perfect condition.

A SUGGESTION TO VACUUM TUBE MAKERS

While there was nothing better, the usual vacuum tube was considered just about ideal for the general run of vacuum tube work. However, since special tubes have appeared on the market—or at least are supposed to be on the market, for it is almost impossible to obtain them at this writing—it now occurs to the usual radio enthusiast that the regular run of vacuum tubes consume too much filament current. Consider, for instance, a detector and two-stage amplifier. That makes three tubes. Each tube draws somewhat over one ampere, so that three tubes draw well over three amperes. Such a heavy current consumption renders quite out of the question the use of a draw battery. Then again, when a storage battery is used it has to be frequently recharged. In either event it seems to most of us that the current consumption is entirely too great. So it is indeed welcome news to learn of the new tubes coming along, which are going to operate on a single dry cell with a current consumption of one-quarter ampere. This is certainly a move in the right direction.

MEANING OF KILOCYCLE

Since the Second National Radio Conference met in Washington much has been heard about the word "kilocycle." If the speed of Hertzian waves, 300,000,000 meters a second is divided by the wave length the result is the frequency in cycles. A kilocycle is 1,000 cycles.

It has been found that a good way to rate radiophone stations is according to their kilocycles frequency because it is the difference in this frequency that will permit the listener to tune one station in and another out. Another reason for this separation is to prevent audible heterodyning, that is, "beat notes," which result from the frequency of one station too close to that of another broadcasting station. When

a difference below eighteen kilocycles exists between two stations the beat note is generally heard by most listeners. The new regulations require that each station keep within two kilocycles of their assigned waves. The 360-meter wave length is equal to 833 kilocycles. The 400-meter wave length is equal to 750 kilocycles.

DRY CELL VACUUM TUBES

The greatest change that has been brought about in radio of late is the growing popularity of the dry-cell vacuum tube known as the WD-11. This tube, which is now available on the open market, was formerly supplied only in connection with a well-known type of regenerative receiving set, the main feature of which was its vacuum tube operating on a single dry cell and a small "B" battery. The WD-11 eliminates the costly and troublesome storage battery and substitutes in its place the simple, inexpensive dry cell. This tube, contrary to widespread belief and unfounded claims, is available in only one model which, however, works quite well as a detector or an amplifier. Distances quite as great as those covered with the usual storage battery tubes are now being spanned with the WD-11. The filament of this little tube is of platinum wire, coated with an oxide for the production of a profuse flow of electrons with a minimum temperature. The filament, which should not grow brighter than a dull red, consumes about a quarter ampere. A single 22½-volt battery unit will prove satisfactory in the plate circuit, but for amplification the potential may be raised to 80 volts if desired. The WD-11 enjoys remarkable freedom from tube noises. For detection, it should be used with a grid condenser of .00025 mfd., as well as a grid leak of 2 megohms.

RESISTANCE ADAPTER

A new resistance adapter has appeared on the market. It has been developed to provide a method for utilizing either UV-199 or C-299 radiations in a receiving set equipped with standard base sockets and low resistance rheostats. The unit, as it is laimed by the inventors, makes unnecessary the substitution of a high resistance rheostat, or the installation of an extra resistance coil in the filament circuit. The change to UV-199 or C-299 tubes is made by connecting to a filament battery of proper voltage and inserting the "adapter."

There are some distinctive features in the new apparatus. In the first place contact at the tube terminals is positive. A steel spring supplements the tension of the phonophone bronze contacts. By the peculiar design of the spring and the manner of mounting the contacts a low distributed capacity is given, it is claimed. The insulation is mounted in one piece, to reduce leakage to a minimum.

The resistance element, which amounts to eighteen ohms, is countersunk in a deep groove, this arrangement being made to reduce danger of breaking and to secure protection from any mechanical injury. There is a projecting knurl-

ed edge to simplify the matter of insertion and removal of the "adapter."

USEFUL HINTS

In connecting up an audio frequency amplifier and getting it into proper operating condition there are a number of pointers which may be of assistance.

In general, it may be said that the clearest amplification is obtained when low ration transformers are used and it is not necessary to have transformers of different ratios in the different stages. Of course, it is possible to increase the volume considerably by the use of a high ratio transformer in the first stage, although one must realize that he is in danger of increasing the distortion if too high a radio is selected.

However, should distortion arise after the transformer has been connected, it is possible to connect a small fixed condenser of about .00025 mfd. across the secondary terminals by way of reducing it.

It is of the utmost importance that the outside end of the secondary winding be connected to the grid terminal and that the wire running between these two points be very short and direct. It should not be near or parallel to any other wires for fear of troublesome capacity effects.

The primary connections may have to be reversed in order to do away with howling noises. With less than forty-five volts of "B" battery, the secondary lead from the transformer may be brought directly to the negative filament terminals, but as the "B" battery is increased, a "C" battery should be inserted between the negative filament and the transformer. The value of this additional battery depends somewhat upon that of the "B" battery, but generally is between two and twelve volts. Flashlight cells are admirable for the purpose.

It may sometimes be of assistance to connect the transformer to the ground and to the negative filament. One should also be careful to place the rheostat in the negative lead of the filament circuit and to connect the secondary wire from the transformer or from the "C" battery to the battery side of the rheostat. This scheme somewhat increases the negative bias on the grid.

Some manufacturers recommend that a large fixed condenser be shunted across the "B" battery. This is seldom necessary unless the connecting wires of the "B" battery are long and where the resistance of the "B" batteries is high. Such a condenser is sometimes of value where the "B" battery is high in voltage and where the cells are small.

RADIO FOR THE PARTLY DEAF

That radio will prove a boon to deaf persons, those who still have some degree of hearing, has been proved by tests that have been made by teachers of the Missouri School for Deaf in Fulton, Mo. The experiment has been a decided success from the standpoint that students have been able to hear music and addresses who could get nothing out of a regular lecture in a hall or a concert.

Prof. Louis A Gaw, a member of the faculty of the school, who has a receiving set at his home, has been experimenting with about twenty-five students at various times, taking about five

boys and girls at a time. These students are suffering with various degrees of deafness and none of them has been known to get any results at public gatherings except through lip reading.

"Several of these students succeeded in getting quite a bit out of the radio concerts," Mr. Gaw said. "They were able to get musical concerts broadcast from the Board of Agriculture at Jefferson City, from the St. Louis Post-Dispatch and Kansas City Star, as well as from stations as far as Davenport, Ia., and Omaha, Neb. They were even able to distinguish some of the talks and speeches, and especially from Jefferson City, which is only twenty-five miles from Fulton. I am certain that the students who heard over the radio could not catch anything in an auditorium as far as hearing and sound are concerned.

"We have tested the students by what we have heard ourselves and are convinced that they were hearing more than mere noises," continued Mr. Gaw. "Quite naturally they do not get as much as persons with perfect hearing, nor have we been able to accomplish miracles by making totally deaf persons hear. The test has demonstrated that the amplification and head-pieces have been factors that have made it possible for the partially deaf to hear. The pupils were not able to get anything out of the horns."

Prof. E. S. Tillinghast, Superintendent of the Missouri School for Deaf, declared that because the school has no radio set the experiments had to be carried out in homes under the direction of teachers, who have transmitted the results to him. He is certain that the students have been getting some benefits and pleasures through the experiments and that in all likelihood radio sets will be established at the school.

"Deaf persons can hear better over the telephone or on a train than hearing persons, due to the secondary noises and amplifications, which cause their ear drums to be vibrated to an extent where they reach almost a healthy or natural state," said Prof. Tillinghast. "In the amplification of radio concerts this is brought out more strongly, and the deaf people can hear better there than they could anywhere else. As a result the radio has come to be just another means of affording some pleasure to partially deaf persons which they would not get through other sources."

Physicians can now take advantage of broadcasting in their efforts to cure people stricken with deafness, according to Dr. Paul V. Winslow, attending ear, nose and throat surgeon of the Brooklyn State Hospital.

The use of headphones concentrates sound, and it has been noticed that many deaf can hear concerts and lectures broadcast from radio stations who are totally unable to hear ordinary conversation. This fact is taken advantage of in the cure.

One of the hardest things the ear-doctor has to contend with is the depression and lack of interest of his patients.

When the radiophones are put on their heads, however, these lackadaisical patients discover to their astonishment that they can hear! Their interest is aroused; they cultivate the faculty of attention, which they have been neglecting and last of all the ear-itself gets exercise, which is often vital to the cure.

WILD WEST WEEKLY

NEW YORK, JANUARY 25, 1924

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

RAISING THE "YAK" IN ALASKA

The "yak," or woolly ox of Thibet, is soon to be transplanted into Alaska and the Canadian north-west by Dawson men. For centuries the yak has been domesticated by man and its haunts are the snowy highlands of Thibet, 20,000 feet above the sea. Its native food is coarse wiry grass, but it will eat anything that cattle will. In size it compares favorably with range cattle—1,000 to 1,200 pounds. The meat is as delicious as beef, and the wool and hide are valuable.

SEVENTY TRAINED ROOSTERS

Seventy trained roosters, said by their press agent to be insured by Lloyd's for \$250,000, arrived from Marseilles by the French liner Patria to tour the country in comedy. There was no inspiration in the leaden aspect of the sky hereabouts and they did no cockadoing to greet America when their owners, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Torcat and their three "valets," as Mr. Torcat called his assistants, took them from the ship.

One of the most accomplished of the chanticleers is billed as "Charlie Chaplin." One is a "singer" and several ride bicycles.

LEADS RACCOON ON A LEASH

Strollers along the Charles River Basin, Boston, these afternoons acclaim a young society bud as the holder of the season's honors for the most original offering in the line of fads. For nearly three weeks the young lady has appeared nearly every afternoon with a sleek and playful raccoon attached to a leather leash.

The raccoon has attracted lots of attention and is perfectly tame until a member of the canine family puts in an appearance and then the young lady is forced to take him in her arms until the menace passes on his way.

SAVE THE FORESTS

It takes at least 60 years to grow a hardwood tree. Some trees, like the white oak, which is valuable for ties, etc., may be used before that time. But when we consider that it takes 60 years

to grow a tree, we see that we are doing a great damage in cutting out our forests that under the best possible management will take 60 years to undo. We are cutting out the forests at a rate five times as fast as they grow, and this cannot go on very long. We must pay more attention to forestry not only in educating and supplying tree experts but in managing our forest reserves. The eastern coast is just as culpable in this respect as the western. On the South Atlantic coast the hard pines are being slaughtered for timber, but no attempt is made to restore the forests after they have been cut down. In other parts of the South Atlantic coast the scrub pine covers the abandoned fields. This grows up in a few years, but is worthless for timber and takes the place of far better trees. Under the supervision of trained foresters we should have valuable timber growing in place of the scrub pine.

LAUGHS

Cautious Customer—But if he is a young horse, why do his knees bend so? **Dealer**—Well, sir, to tell the 'onest truth, the poor animal 'as bin living in a stable as was too low for 'im, and 'e's 'ad to stoop.

Banker Sussell (who with his friends has made an excursion in o the woods, is summoned by his servant, who brings important news)—But however did you find me, Jean? **Servant**—Oh, I simply followed the empty wine bottles.

Magistrate—It's very disgraceful that you should beat your wife. **Prisoner**—Well, your honor, she aggrawated me by keepin' on sayin' she'd 'ave me hup afore that bald-headed hold humbug, meanin' yer honor. **Magistrate**—You're discharged.

"Did you tell that man who was 'round photographing for the newspaper that you didn't want your picture taken?" "Yes," answered the eminent but uncomely personage. "Did he take offense?" "No. He said he didn't blame me."

"Pa," said little Tommy, "you know Jim and Horace? Well, pa, Jim and Horace say their prayers every night and ask God to make 'em good boys." "How nice," said the father. "How bery nice." "But He ain't done it yet, pa," the urchin added.

Guest—Are tips expected here? **Waiter**—No, sah. We don't accept no vulgah tips, sah. We is free-bohn American citizens, we is, and we wish to preserve ouah self-respect, sah. **Guest**—I am glad to hear that. **Waiter**—Yes, sah. All we require is a retaining fee, same as lawyers, sah.

A man of high social position was forced to stay over a couple of days in a small country town. Desiring to post some letters and not knowing where to find the post-office, he said to a small boy, gruffly: "Son, I want to go to the post-office." "All right. hurry back," said the boy, soothingly.

INTERESTING ARTICLES

A BABY MOVIE CAMERA

Moving picture films of the standard size are used in a small camera now on the market. The magazine holds nearly 100 feet of film. That is enough to make several short scenes. Extra film, in rolls not much larger than a watch, may be easily carried. The exposed film can be removed and replaced with an unused roll in open daylight. To obtain the best results, the camera should be placed on a tripod. It is not necessary for the user to have a knowledge of developing and printing of film, because in most large cities there are studios where this is done at small cost. This movie camera, like those used by professionals, exposes the negative film. Before being shown on a screen it must be printed on a so-called positive.

KNOW TENNESSEE

Tennessee is first in strawberry acreage in Southern States and United States.

Tennessee is first in legume hay acreage.

Tennessee is second in total value of live stock on farms.

Tennessee is second in grass hay acreage.

Tennessee is second in number of chickens.

Tennessee is second in per acre production of corn.

Tennessee is second in number of white owners of farms.

Tennessee is third in number of pure bred beef cattle.

Tennessee is third in per acre production of sweet potatoes.

Tennessee is third in number of swine.

Tennessee is fourth in cotton production per acre.

Tennessee is fourth in average value per farm.

Tennessee is fourth in value of vegetables grown for home use.

Tennessee is fifth in percentage of rural population.

STARVING TEN DAYS IN HOLLOW OAK TREE

Imprisoned for ten days in the hollow of a giant Texas oak tree into which he had fallen, Harry Comstock, thirty-one, was rescued recently by Baxter County deputy sheriffs and farmers who cut into the tree with an axe.

Comstock drank a gallon of water within a few minutes. He had been without food or drink during his imprisonment.

Comstock told those who rescued him that he climbed into the tree to seek shelter and that he fell into the deep hollow of the tree. He tried to get out but failed. At intervals for ten days he shouted for help. Gradually he grew weaker.

Then some one walking through the Otto Reiley ranch heard a cry for help. Finally it was traced to the oak tree and aid summoned.

It took half an hour to hew into the trunk where the man was imprisoned. He was so weak that he could hardly speak and his voice was husky for want of water. His body was bruised all over from struggles to escape.

Comstock and his mother lived in Kalamazoo, Mich. He was brought to the Bexar County sheriff's office, where a physician was called.

TAKING CENSUS OF THE OCEAN

The study of the sea and its inhabitants, a science given the formidable title of "Oceanographical Research," demands many strange devices and unlimited patience. The principal object of this branch of study, apart from charting currents and laying out the topography, is the study of the fish, particularly the food varieties, as to habitat, migration and transplantation.

To make accurate findings the most detailed tests are used. Bottles, containing cards in many languages, are sealed and set adrift; their discoverer is asked to notify the Bureau of Fisheries as to the date and plate of their recovery, thus giving a fairly close approximation of the movements of the surface water. By means of similar bottles, weighted so as to sink and equipped with a long wire "tail" to prevent actually settling to the bottom, a study of under-water drift is made. The bottles are recovered in the course of dredging or deep-water trawling.

To obtain samples of the bottom a special dragnet is used, equipped with strainers and a double mesh so as to entrap the smallest of the ocean life. This is particularly valuable in determining the fish spawning grounds, which may be estimated by the number of eggs of various sorts drawn up by the net. To avoid the eggs being forced out of the net by its moving too rapidly through the water, a counter-weight is attached to the net line so that it is drawn to the surface very slowly.

By the use of a bottle which may be automatically closed at any desired depth samples of water from any level may be obtained. The bottle, which is a cylinder open at both ends and equipped with valves, is sent down on a wire; when it reaches the depth desired, a brass weight is slid down the wire, which strikes a trigger and releases a powerful spring which snaps the valves shut. The bottle is then drawn to the surface and its contents analyzed.

The leads used for sounding are equipped with dials actuated by the lead line as it runs out, which accurately records the depth. There is also a current meter and a drift meter attached to the dials, which facilitate careful calculation of the actual depth to which the lead has sunk.

Fish caught in nets are marked so that when caught later note may be taken of their growth and the probable extent of their travels. The mark consists either of a piece of celluloid bearing the number of the fish and snapped around his body close to the tail by means of an elastic waterproof cord, or a button attached to a fin or gill cover by means of silver wire. Fishermen, finding a marked fish in their nets, send the details of their capture to the board.

The immense amount of detailed material accumulated in this manner gives, when boiled down and correlated, surprisingly accurate statistics concerning the depths of the sea.

HERE AND THERE

VETERAN STRIKES OIL

Harry Folk of Sand Springs, Okla., who has made a fortune in oil, has invited twenty-seven Pennsylvania relatives, including seven sisters and two brothers and their families to a free trip from Pennsylvania and return and entertainment at Sand Springs over Christmas.

Seven of the guests, including Charles Gorman and wife, August Swavely and wife and Charles Henry and family, arrived recently. Seventeen more are on the way. They are all from the vicinity of Reading or Catwissa.

Folk is twenty-seven. He enlisted in the United States army at seventeen, and thereafter until recently some of his relatives never heard of him again. He is a veteran and since the war has lived at Sand Springs.

HOW ORDER OF THE GARTER GOT ITS NAME

The Order of the Garter, the highest honor the British sovereign may bestow and one of the most famous orders of knighthood and chivalry in history, was instituted by Edward III in 1349. It was at first known as the Order of St. George and membership was limited to twenty-five.

Edward, having been victorious on land and sea and having King David of Scotland as prisoner, initiated the order in recognition of the valor of his bravest knights. While not at first called the Order of the Garter, the garter was given pre-eminence among the insignia. It is of blue, bordered with gold, with the inscription in old French, "Evil to him who evil thereof thinks." There is a tradition that the Countess of Salisbury, while dancing, lost her garter, which her partner, the king, stooped to pick up and return, whereat some of the courtiers tittered. At that Edward wrathfully shouted, "Evil to him who evil thereof thinks," and declared he would make that garter the most glorious emblem in the land.

DISCOVERS TRIBE OF TREE WORSHIPERS IN SOUTH AMERICA

Discovery of a tribe whose peoples he believed to have antedated the ancient Egyptians was reported recently to the National Foreign Trade Council by John Griffen Culbertson, a manufacturer of Wichita Falls, Texas, on his return from a South American tour of a year and a half.

These people, known as the Machigina, speak a language very similar in construction to English, he reported, and declared they worshiped trees in the tradition that their ancestors had escaped extinction in the Biblical flood by climbing trees. The tribes live in the country of the headwaters of the Amazon, where Mr. Culbertson said he had invaded forests never before penetrated by white men.

He declared that many writers on South America had done the country and its peoples great harm in misrepresenting its interior conditions and peoples.

"The South American interior is to-day the

safest place I know, far safer than any of our cities," he reported. "The people are the most honest people I have found in the world. Nowhere in the world is a woman so respected as among these people, and the only danger to the explorer comes through disrespect of the native women."

To the writers who exaggerate conditions in South America he attributed much of the anti-American sentiment which he said he found in many coast cities. This sentiment, he added, is fostered by the English and other foreigners, American trade rivals. He warned that Americans must change their ideas of South America before successful trade relationships could be carried out. International sports, he added, would do much to pave the way to better understanding.

WAR PLOTTERS LEAVE PRISON WITH \$8,331

Twenty-seven wartime prisoners whose sentences were commuted by President Coolidge left the Federal prison, Leavenworth, Texas, at 7:45 o'clock December 22. Three were left behind, held for deportation to their native countries.

It was 6:30 o'clock when Warden W. I. Bidle reached the prison with the commutation warrants. Somewhere along the line an over-worked mail clerk had placed the envelope containing the warrants in a mail bag directed to Atchison. His blunder nearly cost the prisoners an extra day.

The time for lockup had passed before the warrants arrived, and most of the men had been placed in their cells for the night, regretful that freedom would be another day off. This fact delayed the process of dressing out, as the men had to be brought from their cells, passed through the tailor shop and then to the chief clerk's office for their warrants, funds and personal effects.

At 7:30 it was announced that all was ready and the march to the front gate began. Here there was a delay of five minutes while the men were checked to see that no other prisoner went out with them. The big gate swung open and the short walk to the interurban station began, Warden Bidle leading.

A short distance he walked with them and then waved good-by to the group passing silently through the night. None looked back at the rows of gleaming lights marking the place of their incarceration. On a street car that barely held all of them they rode to the heart of the city and there separated.

Before the men left the prison they were paid in cash \$8,331. This money came from friends on the outside but included \$5 gratuity given to each by the Government. The men carried various amounts ranging from \$100 to \$450.

Burt L. Orton, Harry Lloyd and J. Tori are the three men held for deportation. Word was received at the prison that an effort was being made to procure bonds for them.

OLDEST SKULLS YET FOUND

A new link in the scientific theory of human evolution may be forged from materials found in excavations made on **Burton Mound**, near Santa Barbara, Cal., by **J. P. Harrington** of the Smithsonian Institution. The shape and contour of skulls found indicate they belonged to an age earlier than that in which the Neanderthal man lived in Central Europe, Dr. Harrington believes. The Neanderthal man possessed a far greater expanse of forehead than the Santa Barbara primitive, he said, and comparison of the two crania indicates that the Neanderthal man was in the more advanced stages of civilization.

Proof that the Santa Barbara primitive man possessed crude tools and utensils was found in the hardpan in which the skulls were unearthed. The scientists penetrated the hardpan to a depth of 44 inches below the level, where the skeletal material was found and discovered primitive instruments resembling mortars and pestles made from stone. Rude flints of a cultural age hitherto unknown to archeologists also were found.

Further investigations will be made on the same spot by Dr. Harrington and his assistants.

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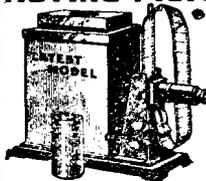
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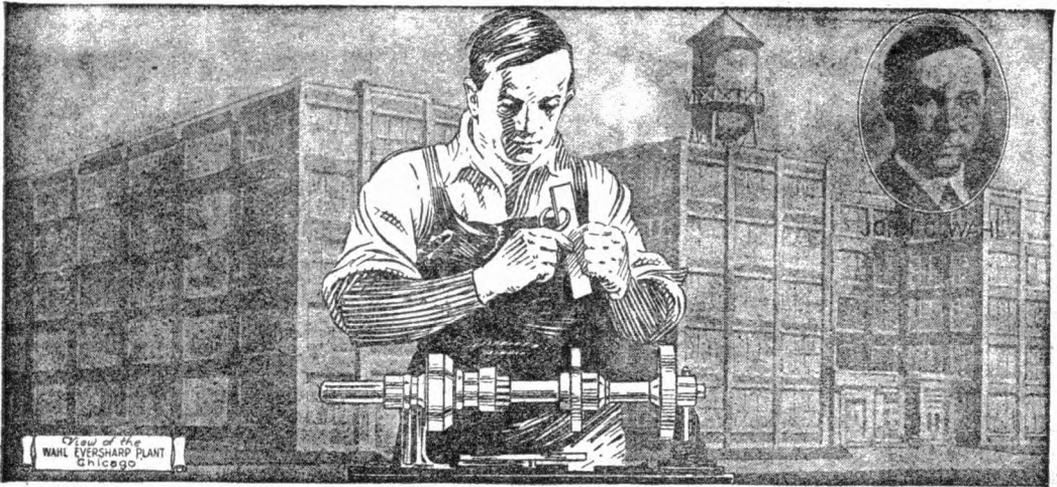
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