# Desert Dust By Edwin L. Sabin Author of "How Are You Feeling?" etc.

Now the dismounted warriors vaulted ahorse; at a gesture from the chief two men rode aside, farther to the east, seeking other sign. They found none, and to his shrill hail they returned.

There was another command. The company had strung bows, stripped their rifles of the buckskin sheaths, had dropped robe and blanket about their loins; they spread out to right and left in close skirmish order; they advanced three scouts, one on the trail, one on either flank; and in a broadened front they followed with a discipline, an earnestness, a precision of purpose and a deadly anticipation that drowned every fleeting hope.

This was unbearable : to lie here awaiting an inevitable end. "Shall we make a break for it?" I proposed. "Ride and fight? We might reach the train, or a stage station. Quick !"

In my wild desire for action I half arose. Her hand restrained

"It would be madness Mr. Beeson. We'd stand no show at all in the open; not on these poor 'mules." She murmured to herself. "Yes, they're Sioux. That's not so bad. Were they Cheyennes -dog-soldiers---- Let me think. I must talk with them."

"But they're coming," I rasped. "They're getting in range. We've the gun, and twenty cartridges. Maybe if I kill the chief----

She spoke, positive, under breath.

"Don't shoot! Don't! They know we're here-know it per fectly well. I shall talk with them.

"You? How? Why? Can you persuade them? Would they let us go?"

"I'll do what I can. I have a few words of Sioux; and there's the sign language. See," she They've discovered our said. mules. They know we're only two." The scouts on either flanks had galloped outward and onward, in swift circle, peering at our defenses. Lying low they scoured at full speed ; with mutual whoop they crisscrossed beyond and turned back for the main body halted two hundred yards out upon the flat plain. There was a consultation; on a sudden a great chorus of exultant cries rang, the force scattered, shaking fists and weapons, preparing for a tentative charge; and ere I could stop her My Lady had sprung upright. to mount upon a rock and all in view to hold open hand above her head. The sunshine glinted upon her hair; a fugitive little breeze bound her shabby gown closer about her slim figure. They had seen her instantly. Another chorus burst, this time in astonishment; a dozen guns were leveled, covering her and our nest while every visage stared. But no shot belched; thank God, no shot, with me powerless to prevent, just as I was powerless to intercept her. The chief rode forward, at a walk, his hand likewise lifted.

which alarmed me; made me sit up, chilled, to eye her and accuse. "Where? We are free. you

mean? What's the bargain?" "I go to them. You go where you choose-to the stage road, of course. I have his promise."

This brought me to my feet, rigid; more than scandalized, for no word can express the shock.

"You go to them? And then where ?'

She answered calmly, flushing a little, smiling a little, her eyes sincere.

"It's the best way and the only way. The chief will provide for me and you yourself are free. No, no," she said, checking my first indignant cry. "Really I don't mind. The Indians are about the only persons left to me. I'll be safe with them." She laughed rather sadly, but brightened. "I don't know but that I prefer them to the whites. I told you I had no place. And this saves you also, you see. I got you into it-I've felt that you blamed me, almost hated me. Things have been breaking badly for me ever since we met again in Benton. So it's up to me to make good. You can go home. and I shall not be unhappy, I think. Please believe that. The wife of a great chief is quite a personage-he won't inquire into my past. But if we try to stay here you will certainly be killed, and I shall suffer, and we shall gain nothing. You must take my money. Please do. Then good-bye. I told him I would come out, under his promise."

She and the rocks reeled together. That was my eyes, giddy with a rush of blood, surging and hot.

"Never, never, never!" I was shouting, ignoring her hand. How she had misjudged me! What a shame she had put upon me! I could not credit. "You shall not-I tell you, you shan't. I won't have it-it's monstrous, preposterous. You shan't go, I shan't go. But wherever we go we'll go together. We'll stand them off. Then if they can take us, let 'em. You make a coward of me-a dastard. You've no right to. I'd rather die.' "Listen," she chided, her hand grasping my sleeve. "They would take me anyway-don't you see? After they had killed you. It would be the worse for both of us. What can you do, with one arm, and a revolver, and an unlucky woman? No. Mr. Beeson (she was firm and strangely formal); the cards are faced up. I have closed a good bargain for both of us. When you are out, you need say nothing. Perhaps some day I may be ransomed, should I wish to be. But we can talk no further now. He is impatient. The moneyyou will need the money, and I shall not. Please turn your back and I'll get at my belt. Why,' she laughed, "how well everything is coming. You are disposed of, I am disposed of-"Money!" I roared. "God in Heaven! You disposed of ? I disposed of ? And my honor, madam ! What of that?' "And what of mine, Mr. Beeson ?'' She stamped her foot, coloring. "Will you turn your back, or ..... ? Oh, we've talked too long. But the belt you shall have. Here---' She fumbled within her gown. "And now, adios and good luck. You shall not despise me.' The chief was advancing accompanied by a warrior. Behind him his men waited expectant, gathered as an ugly blotch upon the dun desert. Her honor ? The word had double meaning. Should she sacrifice the one honor in this crude essay to maintain the other which she had not lost, to my now opened eyes? I could not deliver her tender body over to that painted swaggerer-any more than I could have delivered it over to Daniel himself. At last I knew, I knew. History had written me a fool, and a ead, but it should not write me a dastard. We were together, and together we should always be, come weal or woe, life or death.

O'NEILL FRONTIER

to him. I saw him stiffen in his saddle; he called loudly, and raised his rifle, threatening; with a gasp-a choked "Goodbye"-she darted by me, running on for the open and for him. She and he filled all my landscape. In a stark blinding rage of fear, chagrin, rancorous jealously, I leveled revolver and pulled trigger, but not at her, though even that was not beyond me in the crisis.

The bullet thwacked smartly: the chief uttered terrible cry. his rifle was tossed high, he bowed, swayed downward, his comrade grabbed him, and they were racing back closely side by side and she was running back to me and the warriors were shrieking and brandishing their weapons and bullets spatted the rocksall this while yet my hand shook to the recoil of the revolver and the smoke was still wafting from the poised muzzle.

What had I done? But done it was.

#### CHAPTER XX The Queen Wins

She arrived breathless, distraught, instantly to drag me down beside her, from where I stood stupidly defiant.

"Keep out of sight," she pant-ed. And-"Oh, why did you do it? Why did you? I think you killed him-they'll never forgive. They'll call it treachery. You're lost, lost."

"But he shan't have you," I gabbled. "Let them kill me if they can. Till then you're mine. Mine! Don't you understand? I want you.'

"I don't understand," she faltered. She turned frightened face upon me. "You should have let me go. Nothing can save you now; not even I. You've ruined the one chance you had. I wonder why. It was my own choice-you had no hand in it. and it was my chance, too." Her voice broke, her eyes welled piteously. "But you fired on him."

"That was the only answer left me," I entreated. "You mis judged me, you shamed me. I tell you-

Her lips slightly curled.

"Misjudged you? Shamed you? Was that all? You've mis-

So I rose farther on my knees and fired once-and again, pointblank at them with the heavy Colt's. It worked a miracle. Every mother's son of them fell flat upon his pony; they all swooped to right and to left as if the bullets had cleaved them apart in the center; and while I gaped, wondering, they swept past at long range, half on either flank, pelting in bullet and nearspent arrow.

She forced me down.

"Low, low," she warned. "They'll circle. They hold their scalps dearly. We can only wait. That was three. You have fifteen shots left, for them; then, one for me, one for you. You understand?"

"I understand," I replied. "And if I'm disabled----?" She answered quietly.

"It will be the same. One for you, one for me."

The circle had been formed : a double circle, to move in two directions, scudding ring reversed within scuding ring, the bowmen outermost. Around and 'round and 'round they galloped, velling gibing, taunting, shooting so malignantly that the air was in a constant hum and swish. The lead whined and smacked, the shafts streaked and clattered-

"Are you sorry I shot the chief?" I asked. Amid the confusion my blood was coursing evenly, and I was not afraid. Of what avail was fear?

"I'm glad, glad," she proclaimed. But with sudden movement she was gone, bending low, then crawling, then whisking from sight. Had she abandoned me, after all? Had she-no! God be thanked, here she came back, flushed and triumphant, a canteen in her hand.

"The mules might break," she explained, short of breath. "This canteen is full. We'll need it. The other mule is frantic. 1 couldn't touch her."

At the moment I thought how wise and brave and beautiful she was! Mine for the hour. here-and after? Montoyo should never have her; not in life nor in death.

"You must stop some of those fiends from sneaking closer," she counseled. "See? They're try-

## FAMED '2-GUN' MAN DIES, 92

### Led the Law a Merry Chase For Many Years; "Shot Up" Whole Towns

Denver-Active and spry to the last, Newton Vorce. picturesque frontiersman and a real gun fighter of the early days when the west was really wild and woolly, is dead at his home here at the age of 92.

Vorce was a veteran of the Civil war, having seen service with the famous 'Moseby guerrillas.

He came to Colorado in the middle sixties and soon became known far and wide for his daring "gun play." Most of Vorce's life was spent in the country near Deer Trail and Byers, on the prairie east of Denver. The first few years of his career in Colorado were confined to Indian fighting, but later he became involved with the minions of the law and gave many a peace officer sleepless nights.

In 1887 Vorce was arrested for a minor offense and was locked up in the Arapahoe county jail. Tiring of the drab surroundings, he kicked a hole through the jail wall, helped himself to pitols from the sheriff's office, mounted a horse and rode away. The sheriff immediately organized a posse, and in a running battle that followed Vorce had two horses shot from under him. He was finally cornered in a prairie dugout. For hours he stood off his pursuers until a stick of dynamite was hurled onto the roof of the dugout. Vorce then emerged, with a gun in each hand spitting fire. He was over powered and recaptured.

Several years later Vorce "shot up" the town of Evans. Galloping through the main street on horseback, he smashed, with bullets, every one of the town's acetylene street lamps and defied the populace, who poured out of their homes, with pistols and rifles.

Later Vorce displayed his dislike for immigrant labor when he shot up a railroad car housing a score of Greek laborers, near Byers.

Vorce's gunwielding escapades continued intermittently. At La Salle he forced a prominent Greeley business man to dance a jig in the main street, to the tune of blazing revolvers. When he was pursued by a posse, after this out break, Vorce was surrounded in the "Bad Lands." in eastern Colorado. He took refuge in a sheep-herder's dugout, and when the posse located him he forced the sheep herder to put on Vorce's wearing apparel and leave the dugout. While the posse was chasing the sheepman, Vorce made good his





"Keep down! Keep down, please," she directed to me, while she stood motionless. "Let me try."

. The chief neared until we might see his every lineamentevery item of his trappings, even to the black-tipped eagle feather erect at the part in his braids. And he rode carelessly, fearlessly, to halt within easy speaking distance; sat a moment, rifle across his leggined thighs and the folds of his scarlet blanket . a splendid man, naked from the waist up, his coppery chest pigment-daubed, his slender arms braceleted with metal, his eyes devouring her so covetously that I felt the gloating thoughts behind them.

He called inquiringly : a greeting and a demand in one, it sounded. She replied. And what they two said, in word and sign, I could not know, but all the time I held my revolver upon him, until to my relief he abruptly wheeled his horse and cantered back to his men, leaving me with wrist aching and heart pounding madly.

She stepped lightly down; answered my querying look."

"It's all right. I'm going, and so are you," she said, with a faint smile, oddly subtle-a tremulous smile in a white face. About her there was a mystery

The money belt had been dropped at my feet. She had turned-I leaped before her, thrust her to rear, answered the hail of the pausing chief.

"No!" I squalled. And I added for emphasis: "You go to hell."

He understood. The phrase might have been familiar English

udged and shamed me for so long-'' A burst of savage hoots renewed interrupted. "They're coming!" She knelt up, to peer; I peered. The Indians had deployed, leaving the chief lying upon the ground, their fierce countenances glaring at our asylum. How clear their figures were, in the sunshine, limned against the lazy vellowish sand, under the peaceful blue! "They'll surround us. I might

parley for myself, but I can do nothing for you." "Parley, then," I bade. "Save yourself, any way you can."

She drew in whitening as if I had struck her.

"And you accuse me of having misjudged you! I save myselfmerely myself? What do you intend to do? Fight?

"As long as you are with me; and after. They'll never take me alive; and take you they shall not if I can prevent it. Damn them, if they get you I mean to make them pay for you. You're all I have.'

"You'd rather I'd stay? You need me? Could I help?'

"Need you !" I groaned. "I'm just finding out, too late.' "And help? How? Quick!

Could I?" "By staying ; by not surrendering yourself-your honor , my honor. By saying that you'd rather stay with me, for life, for death, here, anywhere-after I've said that I'm not deaf, blind, dumb, ungrateful. I love you; I'd rather die for you than live without you.'

Such a glory glowed in her haggard face and shone from her brimming eyes.

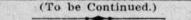
"We will fight, we will fight!" she chanted. "Now I shall not leave you. Oh, my man! Had you kissed me last night we would have known this longer. We have so little time." She turned from my lips. "Not now. They're coming. Fight first; and at the end, then kiss me, please, and we'll go together."

The furious yells from that world outside vibrated among our rocks. The Sioux all were in motion, except the prostrate figure of the chief. Straight onward they charged, at headlong gallop, to ride over us like a grotesquely tinted wave, and the dull drumming of their ponies' hoofs beat a diapason to the shrill clamor of their voices. It was enough to cow, but she spoke steadily.

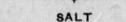
"You must fire," she said. "Hurry! Fire once, maybe twice, to split them. I don't think they'll rush us, yet."

ing us out."

More and more frequently some one of the scurrying enemy veered sharply, tore in toward us, hanging upon the farther side of his horse; boldly jerked erect and shot, and with demivolt of his mount was away, whooping.



This is the land of glorious equality. Let him who dares, deny it. But money and fame do make a difference. in Pennsylvania a man, who had nine dogs, was much attached to them. But he is an alien, aliens are not allowed to have dogs in Pennsylvania. The authorities killed all his dogs.



"Ye are the salt of the Earth."-Matt. 5:13. This figure of speech is plain and

pungent. Salt is savory, purifying, preserva-

tive. It is one of those superfluitles which the great French wit defined as "things that are very neseccary." From the very beginning of hu-

man history men have set a high value upon it and sought for it in caves and by the seashore. The nation that had a good supply

of it was counted rich. A bag of salt, among the bar-

barous tribes, was worth more than a man. The Jews prized it especially because they lived in a warm climate where food was difficult to keep, and because their religion laid particular emphasis on cleanliness, and because salt was largely used in

their sacrifices. Christ chose an image which was familiar when He said to His disciples:

"Ye are the salt of the earth." This was His conception of their mission, their influence. They were to cleanse and sweeten

the world in which they lived, to keep it from decay, to give a new and more wholesome flavor to human existence. Their character was not to be

passive, but active. The sphere of its action was to be

this present life. There is no use in saving salt for

heaven. It will not be needed there.

Its mission is to permeate, season, and purify things on earth.

#### Let Penalty Be Swift and Sure.

From the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. The United States is by way of becoming the criminal's millennium. The man who commits a crime in the United States can, if he have the means or influence to invoke all the resources which legal practice has placed at his disposal, almost surely escape full punishment; not intrequently he goes sect free. • • • The solution of the problem, seemingly, is a system of court practice by which the man accused of crime can have a prompt and fair trial. When convicted at such a trial he should pay the penalty imposed. should not be possible for him to postpone the reckoning endlessly by the numerous devices by which he now evades settlement.

escape

Despite his will career, Vorce was a favorite with the old-time cattle kings and worked as a cowpuncher on numerous ranches, being employed on a ranch near Roggen, Colo., up to within a month of his death.

Vorce is survived by his wife, to whom he was married only 12 years ago, when he was 80 years old.

### Automobiles In Japan Spell Doom of Rikisha

Tokyo .--- The invasion of the motor car into Japan has meant a steady decline in one of the tourist attractions of the Empire, namely the rikisha. Police reports in Tokyo put the number of men who earn their own livelihod by pulling the two-wheeled vehicles around the streets of the coltal at 14,000, a decrease of about 6,000 in the last five years.

Because of the certainty of good tips nd an assured income, Japanese youths have for years taken up the rikisha business when they were as young as 17. To protect the public from decrepid rikisha men, the police have heretofore prohibited any Japanese from pulling a rikisha after they have reached the age of 50. Recently the age limit was raised to 55, so now a larger number of jibless Japanese may earn their living in this manner. Predictions in Tokyo are that within a few years the rikisha-man will be a relic of the past in this city, due to the ever increasing number of motor car dealers, the arrival of good roads, movement throughout Japan and the general rise in the standard of living.

### New Color Process to **Bare Bogus Canvasses**

New York .-- French chemists have perfected new methods of identifying pictures, according to the American Chemical Society. They use groups of red, blue, green, or white to light the picture, and they examine the suspected canvas with the spectrometer

Employment of these various colors puts in relief the retouchings. scrapings and changed signatures which constitute a false picture. By employing the ultra-violet ray they make the zinc-white and certain varnishes stand out by fluorescence. Finally, by scraping off very small amounts of paint, they have made spectroscopic annalyses of them, and have been able thus to determine, for example, in a faise Renoir, the presence of a cadmium yellow, when Renoir only used chrome yellow.

## Pall Bearers' Union Has Been Organized

San Francisco.-The undertakers have their association, the embalmers their union, and last but not least the pallbearers have their association, it was learned today.

The association had its inception to relieve the relatives of the dead calling upon friends and in some cases total strangers to act in the capacity of pallbearers.

which contains proven directions Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets Also bottles of 24 and 100-Druggists Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manu-facture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

## FOR OVER **200 YEARS**

haarlem oil has been a worldwide remedy for kidney, liver and bladder disorders, rheumatism, lumbago and uric acid conditions.



correct internal troubles, stimulate vital organs. Three sizes. All druggists. Insist on the original genuine GOLD MEDAL.



