THE ADVENTURE OF THE RIO GILA FORD

By WILLIAM MURBAY GRAYDON.

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[CONTINUED.] .

far back in which tempting patches of green were visible, though the north and consternation depicted on his rugfront of the range of hills presented a ged face. bare and rocky aspect.

The success of the expedition now seemed likely, if not assured, and the men were in high spirits during supper. out in full war paint. Look!" When that meal was over-an hour of daylight still remained-Quin announced his intention of setting forth on a reconnoissance.

"I want to make sure that the camels are really in the valley," he added. "If I find that out, we'll know just how to plan for tomerrow. I'll take one man with me."

A number volunteered to go, but Quin finally chose Hark Calkins, knowing him to be the most expert tracker and plainsman. The two shouldered their rifles and started off on foot, while their comrades shouted various warnings and instructions after them. They pressed on rapidly and cautiously, and a turn of the gorge soon hid the

camp from view. The scene was one of majestic gran-

dear, and it recalled to Quin certain parts of the Himalayas. The mountain pass wound gently upward, and in the middle was a narrow trail, worn in former days by bands of raiding Indians and columns of averging froupers. Right and left was a tangle of stunted timber, bushes, fallen logs and heaped up bowlders, reaching to the base of the sheer cliffs, scarred with many a cling-ing tree, that towered hundreds of feet to the rosy tinted sky. For half an hour the men plodded

on, following the trail of the camels, who had been cropping the herbage | along the path within a dozen hours at the most. Finally the footprints turned get them this trip." into a gloomy little cross ravine to the right of the main gorge. Hark Calkins stopped with a warning gesture. Yonder is what we call a pocket. It

ends agin the mountain," he said soft-The whole lot of camels are in there, dead certain, and there they'll ring with savage warwhoops, and it stay till mornin if nothin scares was a great relief when they saw the them

force in the morning.

corner the herd. Come along, boss, and skins in war paint in the valley meant mind how you step"-

A startling outery cut short the sentence-a blood curdling, rasping scream the reservation. But the cowboys were of rage; then another and another, fol- divided in opinion as to when the aplowed by the sharp report of a gun and preach of the Indians might be ex a muffled yell. The sounds came from | pected.

close ahead, around a turn of the main ward, almost plowing a furrow through any minute." the bushes that here obstructed the "It's more trail

Twenty yards or so and then they on the scene of the disturbance, and a him to return." thrilling sight it was. A few feet away feebly struggling in the grasp of a huge other. mountain lion, or puma, whose furious

have been the beast's den. The redskin had evidently come across it unawares and fired hastily and missed. "Don't shoot!" exclaimed Quin "You'll hit the man."

was a frightful bite in the throat. "That was a savage crittur," said

Calkins. "It was a female puma, and she likely has cubs somewhere about. It was tough luck for the redskin to run agin her-by jingo, l'ere's a mess!"

He stared at the Indian, with alarm

"What's wrong?" Quin asked. "Heaps," replied Calkins. "This fellow is an Apache, and he's rigged He pointed to the dabs and streaks of grease paint that the blood oozing from the half naked body could not hide, to the scalp lock decorated with bright feathers.

"What does it mean ?" exclaimed Quin. "A rising?" "That's just it," was the startling

answer. "The Apaches on the San Carlos reservation are up, and a worse lot of devils ain't to be found in Arizona. They've sent this chap ahead to do the sovin, and the rest can't be very far behing:"

He listened apprehensively for a moment.

"I reckon they didn't hear the shoot-in," he added, "but they'll be comin along soon. We'll make tracks, pard. There's our own safety to look after, and we must warn the settlers yonder across the Gila and get word to the fort."

"By all means," Quin assented. "That is our first duty."

He was considerably alarmed, for he knew well what an Indian outbreak meant. The possibility of such a thing had not entered into his plans. The two hurried down the valley, and as they passed the mouth of the cross ravine they heard a dull clumping noise in the distance.

"It's the camels." said Calkins "They've been scared by the shootin and are movin this way. We won't

"I'm afraid not," Quin answered re-gretfully, "but I'll have a try for them later if I get the chance.'

They pushed on rapidly through the gathering twilight, dreading each moment to hear the gorge benind them friendly gleam of the campfire. A little "Good!" replied Quin. "We had later they had joined their comrades better go back, then, and turn up in and were narrating their adventure to a circle of eager and anxious faces. On "That's the idea," approved the cow-boy. "If we have luck, we ought to ing voice-that the presence of the red an Apache rising and an early incur-

sion into the settled country north of

"If they were following close behind gorge. Without hesitation, with one the spy, which I reckon they were," impulse Quin and Calkins dashed for- said Old Derrick, "they may turn up

"It's more likely, to my thinkin,' replied Pepper Smith, "that they sent the spy ahead to see if any troopers were about, and the whole tribe are back pulled up short. Their rifles flew to their shoulders. They had emerged up on the reservation now, waiting fur

A warm discussion followed, some at one side of the valley an Indian was holding to one theory, some to the

"Hang it all, what's the difference ?" snarling quite drowned the voice of his victim. A dark hole in the rocks might the better. We'll have more time to warn the soldiers and the ranchmen. "That's sound advice," put in Quin. 'Come, we'll saddle up and start.' This, coming from one in authority, settled the matter. But before a move "He's scarcely kickin now!" shout. could be made a dull noise was heard ed Calkins. "He's a goner if we don't in the direction of the valley, the mouth of which was not far away. The tu-mult rapidly grew louder and nearer,

rifie lay near by. He was torn and lacerated from head to feet, but the injury that had so quickly proved fatal and they vanished in the dusky night, which was just beginning to be lightened by the rising moon. It was like a dream to Quin. For a moment he had imagined that he was thousands of miles away, in the Sudan, instead &!

on the southern border of Arizona. "The beasts was scairt by redskins," asserted Old Derrick. "Right you are!" shouted Calkins.

"The Apaches ain't fur behind. Up with you, men!"

Even as he spoke a faint, ominous sound rose on the quiet air, without doubt the hoof falls of the Indian band riding forth to murder and destruction. In a trice the men were mounted, the two who were horseless getting up behind comrades. The wagon and its supplies were abandoned, and the little party swept away to the north.

"Will they overtake us?" Quin asked of Calkins. "It's hard to tell." was the reply.

Twenty minutes passed; then the muffled poundings of the savages grew more distinct, and it was possible to make out a dusky blot far to the rear. The Apaches knew that the cowboys were in front of them, riding to give the alarm, and they were straining ev-

ery resource to catch them up. On and on through the fleet night air to the music of galloping hoofs and the clank of arms. Mile after mile slipped behind, and the Indians were gaining steadily. Then a silver gleam flashed close ahead, and the fugitives drew rein on the brink of the Rio Gila. But

now the river was full and flowing swiftly. There must have been heavy rains near its head. In the middle of the 300 yard current rose a little island, covered with stones and bushes. "It's all right," said Calkins. "This rora is passable in nigh water, and it's

the only one that is for 50 miles in both directions."

The horses plunged into the surging tide, and without once getting off their

feet they carried their riders safely to the island. It was shaped somewhat like a bowl, the rim of which was formed of loose rocks and bushes. Quin examined the spot with a critical eye, with a plan taking form in his mind. "You say this is the only ford for 50 Gila ford. miles in either direction ?" he asked as

the party were about to push on. "Yes," declared Calkins.

"And unless the Indians cross here they won't get over at all?" "Not without goin round."

"Then we'll check them here and hold the ford," Quin said coolly. "I think we can do it. This island is almost impregnable-more so than the other bank. By and by, if we can spare man or two, we'll send word to the fort

for help. What do you say ?" The response exceeded Quin's expec tations. In the eyes of the rude cow boys he at once became a hero, and they applauded him boisterously. They ea gerly assented, realizing all that was to be gained by the success of his proposi-tion. The chances of failure, of being annihilated in the fight, they did not give a thought to.

In a trice the men had dismounted There was plenty of room, and they made their well trained horses roll over and lie down flat. Then they ensconced themselves in the shelter of the rocks and bushes, ready to take aim through

the crevices They did not wait long. Soon, with a clatter of hoofs and a burst of frenvells the hand

weary, powder grimed men held anxious counsel.

"It's no use," said Pepper Smith. "We are nearly out of ammunition." "There's enough for one more scrim-mage," remarked Calkins, "but the

devils won't stop at one. I know them, They've got our measure now, and when the sun comes up they'll take the

island if it costs them a score of men." "Well, we'll stick it out to the end," declared Quin; "I mean until we see that we are overpowered. Then we'll make a bolt for the shore. I'm sorry we didn't get a messenger off to the fort. but it's too late for that now."

"Watch sharp," put in Old Derrick. "The varmints are stirring."

As he spoke—it had become much lighter—the redskins opened fire anew. at first in a straggling manner, then more briskly. The defenders replied cautionsly, saving their ammunition for the rush that was expected. The spitting of rifles echoed far on the morning also be a sevent of the spitting of sevent sev morning air. Wreaths of white smoke drifted over the foaming river and the parched plain.

'We're in a tight place," said Quin. "Half of our horses are killed, and the rest will have to carry double in case of a retreat."

"I've got seven cartridges left,' Calkins growled between his teeth 'and I don't suppose you fellows"-"Hello! What's up?" interrupted

Pepper Smith. What, indeed? To the amazement and delight of the cowboys, the Apaches were seen running from all points toward the hill that sheltered their horses. Then they reappeared mounted, riding at full speed to the south, and at about the same time the clear notes of a bugle were heard. The sound came from the north, and when the men glanced in that direction they saw a glorious sight-a troop of United States cavalry, twoscore strong, galloping down the arid slope to the river.

Quin and his party eagerly crossed to meet them, some on horseback and some wading. The officer in command of the soldiers, the same who had been en-countered on the previous day, instened with increasing admiration and won der to the story of the siege of the Ric

"It was splendid!" he cried. "An achievement to boast of! A mere handful of men against a hundred Apache devils! You have saved many lives, my brave fellows. As for you"-he clapped Quin on the back-"I owe you an apology. I came to arrest you. I was under the impression that you were a rascally trader who was trying to smuggle a load of arms and ammunition into the San Carlos reservation.'

"It was a very natural mistake," Quin replied. "We'll say no more about it.

So the Indians were repulsed, and the settlers saved, and what happened afterward is another story. The dead cowboys were buried, and the wounded accompanied a part of the soldiers back to Fort Stayman. The rest stopped to guard the fording. On the following day a strong column set out to the res ervation. They drove the Indians be fore them, disarmed them and carried off their leaders for trial and punish ment, thus checking the rising before it had made any headway.

And the camels? Quin did not aban-don the quest. He and his cowboys, after a week's search, corralled the herd and with some difficulty captured eight of them alive. They were shipped ea



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Monmouth

plug the crittur!"

Just then the pums, hearing the voices, swung its head around and saw the intruders. Instantly, with a passionate screech, it sprang off the prostrate redskin, crouched for a second with lashing tail and bounded forward. Calkins fired, but failed to stop the animal. Then he lost his head, and, turning, he bolted like a deer down the ravine.

"Run for your life!" he yelled. But Quin held his ground. His rifle was leveled, and his eye traveled keen ly along the tube. The puma was ac tually in the air and almost upon him when he pulled the trigger. He could not see the effect of his shot for the smoke, but he took no chances and jumped to one side. The next instant a maddened scream rang in his very ears and a thumping blow on the shoulde sent him backward to the ground.

He got to his feet without delay. bruised a little and slightly stunned and expecting to be pounced upon at once by his savage enemy. Then he took heart, seeing the puma struggling in the bushes a dozen feet beyond him. His shot had severely wounded it, and it was bleeding from the neck. "Look out!" shouted Calkins from

ledge where he had taken refuge. "I can't help you. I've dropped my weap on.

But Quin needed no assistance. H lifted his rifle, aimed calmly and fired. The second shot finished the beast. It gave one or two convulsive leaps, then rolled over and lay quite still. The bullet had penetrated between the eyes.

Calkins left his shelter and hastened to the spot, picking up his rifle as he came. He kicked the dead pume contemptuously.

'You've settled the crittur, " he exyou're the coolest hand I ever seen, hanged if you ain't. Ever stand up to a wild beast before?"

'Well, yes." Quin modestly admitted. "I've bagged a few lions and "I'm afraid the varmint is dead,"

said Calkins. On inspection such proved to be the case. The redskin, who was a stalwart, loose and were lost. The wagon mules, evil faced fellow, had just breathed his terrified by the sight and sound of the



Two of Quin's party were killed. antil the furious thump of flying hoofs, mingled with shrill, wheezing cries, could be distinguished. "The Apaches are on us!" cried sev

eral voices.

"To the saddle !" shouted Calkins. For a moment confusion reigned. Then each man ran to his horse and gripped the bridle, ready to mount and fire before plunging away on the race claimed. "For an eastern tenderfoot, for life. But the next instant there issued from the mouth of the gorge not the dreaded Indians, but a herd of panic stricken camels, nearly a score in number

They bore on at a mad gallop, kicktigers and that sort of thing. Let's ing and prancing, giving tongue to un-have a look at the Indian," he added. earthly cries. When they were almost upon the men and horses, they swerved to the left and stampeded by the camp. A couple of frightened horses broke last. One hand clutched the half drawn strange, humped animals, snapped their knife at his belt. and his discharged tethers and made off. It was all over

hundred and more strong, swept to the south brink of the Rio Gila. Quin gave the word to fire, and a steady volley blazed from the island. Some of the Indians were seen to drop from the saddle, and riderless steeds pranced about. The whole troop fell back, apparently

dismayed. They described a half circle on the plain and then came on, whooping like fiends, their rifles and war paint glittering in the bright moonlight. "They're going to rush us!" exclaim-

ed Old Derrick. "Steady, boys!" "Make every shot tell!" cried Qain. The savage horde rode straight into

the water, firing rapidly at the island as they came. But the well delivered storm of lead was too hot for them, and a second time they withdrew, with heavy loss. A part of the band rode up stream, and, entering the river there, they endeavored to force a passage to the island. But when they had lost half a dozen of their number they abandoned the attempt, and the survivors gained the bank and joined the main body, all then withdrawing to the shelter of some sand hills a quarter of a mile distant. None of the defenders was even wounded, so well were they protected. "The enemy are not beaten ?" Quin

asked. "Not much," was the grim and forcible reply of Calkins. "Just wait a

bit.' The little party reloaded their magasine rifles, and by that time the Apa-ches had adopted new tactics. With ches had adopted new tactics. With the cunning for which they are noted they swarmed along the bank of the river and hid themselves behind every stone or clump of bushes. They opened a straggling fire on the island and kept

it up steadily. They could have swept the stretch to the north bank with lead. and under these circumstances the idea of sending to the fort for help had to be abandoned.

The night wore on, and the unequal

retreat. They fought on doggedly, aim-

slackened and died gradually away. In one.

soon afterward and are now a part of Barnum's circus and menagerie.

FOR THE CHILDREN

Longevity of Birds and Animals. How many boys and girls know how ong the birds and animals live? None of our common pets, the cats or dogs. lives very long. I once heard of a cat that lived twenty-nine years and of a dog that was twenty-two when he died, says E. A. Mathews. But this does not

often happen. A horse cannot do much work after he is twelve or fourteen years old, but i heard of one horse that lived sixtyfour years. Birds sometimes have long ites. There was once a parrot who lived over a hundred years, and ravens often live much longer.

A cockatoo in a faroff country was a cheerful old pet when he was eightyfive years old. He would have lived to be older if he had not grown so cross that he would fight and hurt himself. Jish are such selfish creatures that loy ought to live long. They never get hot.

Carp are said to live hundreds of years, and pike are also hardy old fel-OWS.

There are some insects that live but a few hours. Some live but a day, and all of them are short lived.

The wild beasts do not live long, but elephants are sometimes very old, and then they grow helpless, just like old people, and cannot do anything for themselves.

To My Friends.

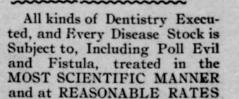
It is with joy I tell you what Kodol did for me. I was troubled with my stomach for several months. Upon being advised to use Kodol, I did so, and words cannot tell the good it has

done me. A neighbor had dyspepsia battle raged, with brief intervals of si- so that he had tried most everything. lence. How many of the Indians fell by 1 told him to use Kodol. Words of the fire of the white men it was impos- gratitude have come to me from him eible to tell, but the marksmanship of because I recommended it .- Geo. W. the former improved as they spotted Fry, Viola, Iowa. Health and strength the former improved as they spotted the cowboys, and they began to do con-siderable damage. Thicker and thicker came the bullets. Two of Quin's party were killed and three were slightly wounded, including Carruthers and Old Derrick. But they did not dream of

ing at the red flashes At last a faint gleam of dawn ap-peared in the east. The Indians held and see one of his folding Davenpeared in the east. The Indians held ports. They are superior to anything their invisible positions, but their fire in that line. Everybody should have

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REFERENCES GIVEN.

His Useful Hat.

The average boy is a person of in-

her brother as they set off together, baskets in hand. "And your best one, too! I should think you'd have known

mie Lane!" "Would you, now?" said Jimmie, with swift but tolerant scorn. "Well, by City Drug Store, druggists. you just listen to me. I wore this hat because it's got a nice, stiff brim, and

when I sail it in the brook I can stand my soldiers up on it. And I shall catch butterflies and beetles in it and some red cuffed moss for Aunt Jennie and some pebbles for Ned Summers' collection because he's lame and some birch bark strips for mother, and then I can put the pepper and salt shaker in it, too, when we come home, and your basket is small enough to go inside mine, so we'll each have just one thing to carry, and if I can jam my hat into your basket you won't have anything, miss!" added Jimmie, seized by a brilliant afterthought.

Squirrels Playing Tag.

While in Central park one day I was much amused in watching two squirrels which were plainly enjoying the game familiar to children as "squat tag." One squirrel started off over the grass, closely followed by the other, until the first "squatted" upon its haunches, or "herkles," as the young people say. Then the parts were ex-

the tail, they were off for the nearest

Look Pleasant, Please.

Photographer C. C. Harlan, of The average boy is a person of in-finite resource and never loses an op-portunity to impress this fact upon his friends of the gentier sex. "Huh! I wouldn't be bothered wear-ing my hat to a picnic," said a little curly haired damsel contemptuously to her brother as they set off together.

are a godsend to sufferers from dys-pepsia and stomach troubles. Un-rivaled for disease of the Stomach, enough to leave your hat at home, Jim- Liver and Kidneys, they build up and

Withholding information.

The Filipino renegade, Buen Camino, who was evidently induced by the administration to come on and give testimony against his own people, has turned out to be a boomerang. The administration champions in congress, who are bound to suppress any evidence that will burt the Republicans by withholding information and browbeating witnesses, have created the Impression that there is much more agly evidence in existence if the Democrats were allowed to introduce it.

Henry L Shattuck, of Shellsburg, Iowa, was cured of a stomach trouble

with which he had been afflicted for year, by four boxes of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. He had previously tried many other remedies and a number of physicians with-out relief. For sale by City Drug Store.

Blue-print maps of any township in changed, the second squirrel now be- Roseburg, Oregon, Land District, showing "it." By and by, with a whisk of ing all the vacant lands, for 50 cents each. If you want any information tree, where they amused themselves by from the U. S. Land Office, address playing hide and seek .-- Youth's Com- Title Guarantee & Loan Co., Roseourg, Oregon.