Thrilling Tales of Love and Adventure

The Fall of Pride

By Elsie Endicott

upon him-was of the sort that does Bud Oakle explained later. not count in the galvanic force or those pale eyes so

conciliatory. His head

a dust cloud in the dis-

ight to be on it today." of the man in the chair whittler, rested upon then passed to the hin the store cutting toflat-footed squaw in a

demanded. Matt man of few words. hey say. Just out from

no more questions But ing of his eyes one could ess of the beast of prey. Santa Rita stretched he a killer, but even withwledge one would have that something strong rking in the bleak, cold shape of the thin, tight Springcoiled alertness of

hat did not count spoke ansed that Pride was anwith spineless facility he elf to the other's mood. illies, from Peoria, Ill. A Sure to be a smart aleck.

ow it?" an's teeth showed for an was still looking at the fingered girl, and his oth sullen and propriesaid nothing.

ry it with Allie, and he'll -uppings. She wouldn't minute. Me neither, Not jollies," the invertebrate tly. He was the father within. That she was be the wife and properaccepted as axiomatic.

stage descended a youn suitcase. Slight, pallid poped, he was unmistakt of the city. His gentle seemed to apologize for ble fact, was a letter of ion. For the eyes blinke glasses were as honest an Arizona sky.

at the top of the steps on his lean, hard face. ept the newcomer, and temptuous word he turn-

had been appraised. and dismissed from mind

Pride had taken three led again angrily. Allie past him, her eyes shining ent, and was offering her insulted clerk.

new storekeeper, aren't ce Oakle. I help in the glad to meet you. came quickly back, "Same Yes, I'm the storefuriously, and his fists plaints the remonstrances of these the veins swelled.

"Looked like he was aimin' to throw the trail of blood along the border. still Bud in spite of the kid offen the porch and stomp grizzled age him into the ground. 'F he had I reckwas creeping on they would have had to pick him o' the dust with a pair of pincers,"

The bad man strode to his horse. West. Not even a flung himself into the saddle, and rode the porch alone. blindly away. Jealousy surged through could find lodgment him in heady gusts. Alice Oakle, in that indecisive promised to him by her father though she was, had never looked on him with such kindly eyes as she had given this puny boy. His bloody spurs ain't responsible. Nowadays a father roweled mercilessly the half-tamed

and inconspicuously. The reservation Indians called him Four Eyes, and Matt? liked his courtesy to them. There was Prid nothing about his quiet, friendly reserve to tempt the rough horseplay of the Santa Rita riders who sometimes with pretty Allie. Nor would she have permitted any liberties. She liked the tenderfoot, his gentleness, his shyness, his inability to meet the frontier on its own ground. Moreover, he was opening to her a new world, one she had known only in books. There was in both of them a touch of the poet, the facile imagination that interprets and takes hold of the unknown. His experience complemented hers, and neither of them were ever tired of hearing about that strange life the other had lived. For her the cities were mebbe beat the head off Peoria, Ill. pregnant with romance. She saw New York and Chicago through that hazy light that never was on land or sea. He made of sunburnt Arizona-espe-

doubt because of the slender, lightfooted friend who watched with him the mellow violet haze upon the sawtoothed peaks. Emotions new and poignant had come to disturb the calm of both their lives. It came to pass as the weeks slipped away that the frankness of dren caught stealing jam. their comradeship was gone. Alice, whose eyes had looked at men simply

cially in that evening atmosphere

when velvet dusk was over the valley

an Arcady primeval, helped to it no

like a sea of soft and tempered light-

and directly as those of a boy, was becoming self-conscious. She learned the trick of blushing at times when she least expected. Uneasily, too, she was aware that out of the country pronto! Pride was watching Arne. She had the sense that he was stalking them as a cougar does its kill, with the same stealthy, relentlesss patience of that mountain terror on its softpadded crouching hunt. More than once while she was in gay, happy talk with the storekeeper, a sinister fell across them. Pride's row. cold, deadly eyes met her startled ones. A shiver would run down her

back, for she had not known him to spirit. be within twenty miles. tion of danger haunted Allie. Her "Go or stay, I don't care which. But knowledge of the man was enough to if you stay, it'll be for good." The tion of danger haunted Allie. Her between him and the things he covet- was appalling. ed. It had always been so with him. Allie cut in, white to the lips. "You His outrageous defiance of justice, the mean that you're going to—to murder contempt with which he had trampled him. on the pride of the Apach braves, had taken their horses at his own price, had won the undying hatred of the natives. Yet he went his own way and

From such a one no tame surrender of the girl he wanted was to be expected. Yet, as always, red tragedy when it did come leaped upon them unexpectedly. On a Sunday evening Pride rode to the store and found the whittler on

"Evenin, Matt. In for plumb hot weather, looks like."

Where's Allie?" Out with Peoria, Ill. I told her, by jollies, she hadn't ought to go. don't have the say-so over his own daughter. Don't you know it? I reckon Joe Arne fell into his work easily I'll have to have a talk and lay down the law to that young lady. Eh,

Pride's face was a picture of re-sentful malice. "I'll do the talking. Which way did they go?"
"Took the Box Canyon trail: said

drifted in to buy airtights and talk they wasn't going to walk but a little

Pride strode up the steep path, the long-smoldering anger in him ablaze. He moved lightly, gracefully, for his steel-tough flowing muscles were superbly packed, and the sap of youth still ran strong in him.

Oakle was vaguely alarmed. He scratched his head in perplexity. "Wisht I hadn't told Matt where they was. He's liable to do that tenderfoot a meanness. Oh, well, he won't anymore'n cuss a blue streak and

The ranchman had followed the trail scarce two hundred yards before he came on those he sought. They were in a little grove of live oaks into which the sifted moonlight filtered softly. A moment sooner, and he would have been in time to see their first kiss. As it was, they stood with hands locked, looking into each other's eyes with the ecstatic obsorbed look of newly confessed lovers.

Pride's smothered oath brought them back to earth. Their hands fell apart hurriedly. In the eyes of both was the startled, telltale look of chil-

"Matt!" the girl cried, as the man came striding toward them. He ignored her completely. young Arne he spoke, the veins in his forehead swollen with rage. "Git! I've had enough of you! Clear

"Out of the country." Joe repeated in amazement.

"You heard me. "But, Mr. Pride, I can't do that, My living is here. Besides, why should

"Because I'm going to fill you full of lead if you're here this time tomor-I've had a-plenty of you." "I haven't done you any harm." the

youngster retorted, with a flash of "This is a free country.

teach her he would let nobody stand ranchman laughed, and the sound of it Allie cut in, white to the lips. "You

"I've served notice. It's him or me." He turned to go. Lithely she twistand ignored their tribal laws, all these ed in front of him and barred the way, under fire could run away from the

She stood lance-straight, a slender name is Arne—Joe Arne." rode over them heedlessly, trod down slip of a girl be could have crushed ed inside together. Pride's as if they had been childish com- with one hand. But in the challenging flash of her deep eyes a new fire had old-time man-hunters who had left been lighted. Man of small imagina- tirely inadequate to the situation be-

tion though he was, it was impossible to miss the gallant spirit his threat had struck to life.

"If you do this-if you touch a hair of his head-as surely as you do I'll never speak to you again, never look at you any more than I would at a

He stared, fascinated, his eyes narrowed and smoldering slits. "So that's You're making a play for to stand

between him and me. "Yes. I won't have it! I won't have it!" she cried, a little wildly.

"You won't? Why not?" His voice was silken soft, but she knew that benaath the surface the anger in him was cold and hard as granite.

Under the brave, tilted chin a pulse was beating fast in the soft round throat. All her life she had been afraid of his splenetic and vindictive anger, of the quality in him that had dominated her father and herself. But with this, too, had always been admiration of the stark force of the man. The courage of him had cloaked his vices. Now she saw him as he was, hard, cruel, vicious, bad at heart to the core. Gustily the revolt of years in her boiled over.

Because I love him. Because I'm going to marry him. That's why." Again he laughed, and in his mirthless laughter all the evil of him appeared to find expression.

You better hurry, my dear. he ain't got long to live. Look at him. See how yellow he is. Right now he's an awful sick pup. It'll be a right short honeymoon. You'll be maid. wife, and widow all in twenty-four hours." His black, beady eyes focused once more on the Easterner "Remember. Tomorrow at sunset. I'll be here like I said. And you needn't try to pull your freight. I've changed my mind. You and me will see this out to a finish."

With that he was gone, leaving be hind him a distress beyond words. Allie leaned against a live oak, her interlaced fingers writhing in impotent despair. She was no heroine of romance, but what the sun and the wind and a clean, sweet spirit had made her. If she could be brave, she could be afraid, too, especially for those she loved. Now terror held her heart in an icy clutch. She did not deceive herself. Matt Pride would take care her lover did not escape, and when the time came he would snuff out his life ruthlessly.

"Don't you, Allie! Don't you take Arne pleaded. 'It's all my fault. If I hadn't told him you might have slipped away, but

"He shook his head. "No, I wouldn't have gone."

ness of hope came into her eyes. "You But can get away by the Mal Pais trail. The He'll not think of that. Ride hard and you can reach the railroad tomorrow night.

'And leave you here?" "What does that matter?" I can join you later."

"No. I'm going to stay. Her gaze read his thoughts. No man woman he loved and hold his self-respect. It might be an unequal battle. but he could not shirk it and leave her alone to cope with this wolf. Face to face with Pride, her lover had been en-

cause his training had not fitted him ment stimulated into something like fire. Then the young men rose, know-But she felt now a tightening of his will, something in him indomitable and dogged that would choose death rather than disgrace. She loved him for it. Her spirit leaped to meet

We'll go together-tonight-as soon good. as it is dark," she whispered.

In the moonlight her eyes were shining with resolution. He caught her hands.

"You mean you'll go with meleave your father.'

"He doesn't need me now he is married again. Your way shall be my way, and your people my people."

She was in his arms, crying and laughing hysterically. Joe knew that he could not deny her imperious decision even if he had wished. would take the desert trail with him and share all his difficulties and dangers.

They made their preparations swiftly and secretly. The canteens were filled and a pair of saddlebags packed with food. Allie took nothing with her except the khaki riding suit she wore. His watch showed eleven o'clock when they stole out to the corral, saddled the ponies Arne had run up from the pasture, and took the long trail leading into the bad lands. little valley which led down into the desert had been by day a glowing vignette of gold and russet, but in the soft moonlight it was toned to a cool, silvery glamour only the Southwest can show. They rode in silence, with of a bit or the strike of a hoof on a

The valley descended into a long, flat plain of cactus and greasewood, at the horizon edge. Here, at the entrance to the Mal Pais, they pulled up an instant.

eagerly. "Safe at last. He can never Fox pay."

find us in Mal Pais." A low, sinister laugh mocked her, and at the sound of it a cold fear drenched the heart of the girl. Before looking around she knew that their enemy had trapped them, had guessed what they would do and forestalled them. He was sitting on the bowlder behind which he must have been lying when they passed, his evil triumphant smile framed in moonshine. Across his knees a rifle lay negligently.

"Evening, friends. Just out for little pasear, I expect,"
"You devil!" the boy cried passion-

Pride looked at him without speakfinger itched to be at the trigger of his Winchester. "What are you going to do with us?"

Allie asked hopelessly. "Going to chaperoon you home

him have been declared already." either of them, though Arne, too, was ty shell. armed with a rifle.

mild ineffectiveness was for the mo- chiefs took council round the camp-

the bad man had only one word be- away silently on the trail. fore he rode away.

you'll stay down in the Mal Pains for ranch saddled his scarce

The ranchman's victory had been a Oakle he was only a hated intruder. Her every look had told that she loved this Easterner who had not the sand ers was closing in on Gray Fox. to stand up and fight for her. The certainty of it seared itself into his brain. about with a mortal sickness in her flooded his irresponsible mind with a face. With the coming of morning touch of blind madness. He pounded furiously homeward, driven by a storm of wild jealousy that obscured all wisdom. Temporarily he was the cave man primeval, amenable only to the law of the jungle. The old lust to kill surged tremendously in him.

Pat to the desire came the opportunity. Into his little irrigated field of alfalfa a dozen cattle had broken. One glance at the brand showed him they belonged to the Apaches on the reservation. It was their second offense, and his passion leaped the bounds of reason. The rifle cracked again and again. Before the magazine was empty nine of the animals had fallen beneath his sure aim.

thing he had done. In the cow country cattle are sacred, and his fury had massacred them wholesale.

Even as he looked an Indian rode no sound save the occasional jinkling over the crest of the hill. His impassive face swept over the field and rest. ed on Pride. "You pay?" he said quietly.

The white man's arrogance would terminating in the far distant dwarf not submit to being brought to task mountains that were rooted wrathlike by an Indian. "Not by a damned sight. They were in my alfalfa."

"Running Cloud speaks as a friend and brother. His people angry at Gray Allie drew a long breath and spoke Fox. Their wrong heap big. Let Gray

Years before, in the days when he was a very young man, Pride had been taken into blood brotherhood by the tribe. They had called him Gray Fox, and the bond had been sealed by his marriage to one of the young women of the tribe. She had died within the year. The young cowpuncher had drifted back to his own race and the tribal relationship had never been renewed. Running Cloud was reminding him now that he was subject to the common law governing the tribe

"Not a red cent! Keep your cattle off my range!" the rancher retorted an-

"Let Gray Fox take care. Let him ing. A volcanic rage boiled beneath remember the tribal law. Running that still, contained manner of his. His Cloud speaks with no forked tongue. Pride knowing himself the

on Runnning Cloud. again, my dear. My intentions as to holes in you like I did your cows." They rode back in front of him, de- dashed off. As he disappeared over

The native wheeled his pony and den his. feated and despairing. To both of the hill he flung up an arm and shook them it seemed he was of a power a closed hand at the former squaw more than mortal, an irresistible force man. Pride's rifle leaped to his shoulagainst which it was no use fighting. der and covered Running Cloud. The No thought of resistance occurred to hammer fell harmlessly upon an emp-

An hour later Running Cloud car-Pride left Allie at her father's house, ried his news into the sleeping camp

anger by the elopement. For Arne ing what they had to do, and slipped

All day they watched from the hills "You're being watched. The passes above the Pride ranch, themselves un-are guarded. Make another break and noticed. At sunset the owner of the broncho and took the road for the agency. Signals flashed from hill to barren one. He knew that to Allie hill. The painted tribesmen slipped down from draw and arroyo. The longdelayed vengeance of his blood broth-

> All night and all day Allie had gone she had taken her place as usual in the store. Through the lagging hours she had sold canned goods and powder and coffee, while all the time the chill dread of what was to come lay heavy upon her aching heart. Not for a moment did she doubt that Pride would keep his word. It was a boast of the man that he never "rued back.

Her thoughts kept miserable company with those of her lover. She had pleaded with him to try and escape into the desert, but he had steadily refused. There was no hope in him, but the compulsion of his self-respect would not let him run away.

The day, it seemed to her, would Yet when at last the sun He stood and stared at the havor he slid down behind a crotch of the hills had wrought, at the awful wanton it came to her with a crash of the senses that the hour was upon them.

As in a dream she heard a voice outside cry, "Here he comes," saw her lover reach for the rifle he scarce knew how to fire, and watched him step to the door. She woke from the nightmare that had held her, and with a cry of horror ran forward.

No rifle shot broke the stillness. Her first aweeping glance saw only a riderless horse galloping heavily down the trail. The animal was saddled, and behind it something dragged and bumped over the rough path.

A vaquero who had just ridden up gave a startled cry. His lariat swept forward and jerked to a halt the laboring horse. Allie saw that the antmal was stained with sweat and wild with fright. Then her eyes traveled to the limp and horrible thing fastened by rawhide thongs to its tail and to the horn of the saddle. It was the lifeless body of a man.

The vaquero, knife in hand, ran forward to cut the ropes, but stopping with a cry of recognition. "My God' it's Matt!"

The truth flashed upon Allie picture after picture. She saw the man coming to keep his threatened tryat of revenge, the lurking Apaches, the desperate struggle and capture. agination visioned him tied alive to the heels of his own wild horse, the crazed beast tearing down the rough mounwrong, yielded to one of his ungovern- tainside. Now, by some strange irony able rages and turned his weapon up- of fate, the broncho had brought its master to keep his appointment at the "Git, you d-d Injun, or I'll pump very place and hour set for it. But the vengeance of the Apaches had outrid-

> With a sobbing cry Allie covered her eyes and ran into the house. Out of a gray haggard face Arne looked down upon the enemy Frovidence had snatched from his path. He was still trembling with the nervous chill that had been on him.

Oakle put a hand on his shoulder. "We're in luck, boy. If Matt had been locked in her bedroom by Bud, whose of the Indians. Till gray dawn the alive he would have got you like he promised. It had to be you or him."

Carnations And a Horse

By Joe Busche

LMIRA ANN chanced to be looking from the window when her father came home. He carried a bunch of white carnations to present to mother, for was Mothers'

Day. No one ever the dust back and forth ys that the money saved might be used, generdly, for his contribution ceremonies the family inevery Mothers' Day. ms' old horse, head bent

general air of depression stood before the door. n had stopped, patted the fraternally and said to easy on him. He's do-He's old and tired." e driver started without ash of whip and jerk at

mouth, father had added "He's tired; he needs Almira, who had been dlent thinking, asked her n pa had had a vacation mused mother.

ruly. I doubt if he's had

married, 30 years ago.

back home. That was

ther died. He was gone a sort of a vacation, nted Almira Ann. see." explained her mothould seem to afford one. anyway that he'd care

be back to his old home,

"won't you, dad, about your old home? It must have been a mighty interest- fice when business was dull he amusing place, from the little I've heard ed himself by drawing pictures of the

Dad brightened visibly and instantaneously. Usually one of the most allent of men, he became actually garrulous over the beauties and attractions of his boyhood home and sur-

"You ought to go there some time Sis," he said. "There's no place like saved by infinite economy from her it, to my mind. There's a brook run-small salary, and how gladly and freening through the meadow just below our old house. Many's the fine trout I've caught there. It flows into the river half a mile farther down the glen. There's a jolly camping ground at the bend in the river.'

mind roamed through the old haunts. and Almira could scarcely believe this was her quiet, reticent, shy father as he rambled on-of birds and rabbits and squirrels, of blackbirds shooting through the masses of mountain laurel; of the secrecy and the silence of the still woodland ways; of the wide meadows of buttercups, the tangled masses of wild flowers, campion, violets, starworts, purple ground ivy and hyacinths. He described a lake where swallows at evening dipped and circled and flashed over the dark surface. He recalled travels through the pine woods and meetings under great elms; and Almira listened, fascinated and yet almost aghast, as she recognized the longing in the sudden avalanche of memories she had, all un-

wittingly, evoked. She felt the hot tears of pity dimming her eyes. Was this happy his-torian "father"? Father, who was popularly presumed not to possess a The rest you may dispose of as you but him ings later Almira man-thought or desire in the world sep-choose. Let me give you a hint, myself, the subject on her un-arate from his family and their aspi-though: Some of those old editions "I can

was saying? That somtimes at the of- yours. old place and its haunts and that some time he would show them to his daugh-

ter, since she seemed so interested. tained that to pay her father's fare various suggestions offered as to its home and back and allow him money enough to use for odds and ends \$60 would be needed. She herself had \$20. ly she would have given it; but how to realize the remainder? That was the question. And father's vacation only two weeks away! He was already mentioning various jobs of work around home that he intended doing He paused a moment, smiling as his while home, and no one said him aind roamed through the old haunts. "nay." He had always devoted that fortnight to odd jobs of painting, papering, fixing up in general, and why

not now But Almira, looking with opened eyes upon the gray hairs and wrinkles brow of her patient father, was somehow cruelly reminded of the va-

"He's homesick, too," she murmured, "and I've simply got to find some way to let him go.

The way came and in the nick of Its beginning was in a letter from Aunt Almira Ann, for whom the me what happened and cut out the eager girl wore her quaint, old-fash- verbal frills," she said soothingly. from Aunt Almira Ann, for whom the ioned name.

at read:

"Dear Niece Almira Ann-You will remember the case of books belonging to me. in your attic. Do you mind going through them and sending me those with my name on their fly leaf?

"Your loving aunt.

"ALMIRA ANN."

They were of value. When Almira r. since she seemed so interested. wonder and joy, she held a hundred Almira investigated. She ascer-dollar bill in her hands. To all the

"Tell me something." she urged, ing his oration? What was this he ter find out. Whatever they bring is night before his vacation began she grounds and the pine groves, visit must not thank her, but himself, Mothwent to her father with the money.

"Dad," she said softly, "wouldn't it Here she was interrupted by her fa-be simply great if you and I could go ther. "Child, child," he said nervoushad disposed of them, to her grateful vacation going around to all the dear chard where the Northern Spies and man in his trembling hands. Pound Sweets grow, the woods road

the little schoolhouse and-Here she was interrupted by her fa- horse.

investment she turned deaf ears. The lined with mountain laurel, the picnic she puzzled him by remarking that he makes small difference.

ers' Day and Harrison's old white

And so father had his brief day of out to your old home and spend your ly: "are you crazed?"

vacation going around to all the dear

"Does this look like it?" she answerto sweeten all the possible bitterness pleasure and the memories that were old places? The trout stream, the or- ed as she placed the wonderful talis- of future life and strife; and whether Almira, her aunt, Harrison's horse or When he tried to thank his daughter his 'own unselfishness brought it

A Few Things



'Don't you know that "hate' is a fee- self down on the lounge and expectble word? What's

"Oh, I don't want to talk about men at all! I'd rather discuss the old ladies' home or the poorhouse or wherever it is that I'll decide to go when I grow old! One thing I know-my old age won't be passed with Bob!"

Her friend turned sympathetic and interested eyes toward her. "Just tell Well. I don't believe in letting a

man think that he's the only possible man in the world, do you? So when Bob and I became engaged and I had been giving him my whole heart and soul for about three months, and he began to show signs of thinking that I couldn't possibly care for any one but him. I began to do some thinking

"I can't imagine anything worse

the girl's best friend. you and to cease trying to please you. "So, when Bob got to throwing him-

> a book, handed it to me, and, without even a 'please,' said, 'Read that.' "I took the book and it was an es-

> ing me to read to him all evening, I

ed him-for it's awfully cozy to sit and read aloud to Bob-but principle fort thenceforth as well as his own came first with me when I saw what the book was I put the book down on the table Bob

and then I went back to him "I handed his book to him and told

de- you're absolutely crary about him and and try his new motor car and I'd was lonely for Bob! Finally I decided clared the girl in who hasn't a ghost of a fear you won't promised to take a ride of an hour or to hurry back and confess everything brown, with velem- keep on loving him all his life, no mat- two. I told Bob that I was just dying and have a grand reconciliation and ter what he does. When they're so for a good ride-it had been so long pass a lovely evening with Bob at "Goodness!" cried sure they're likely to lose interest in since I'd had one! You see, he had been too lazy to bring his car and had tive, anyway, just left it in the garage every single

"Bob didn't say anything-just noddecided that the time for action had ded carelessly. So I left.

"I had planned to run down to the Last Saturday night Bob pulled out drug store and telephone Fred's nister to call for me and take me out riding for a few minutes. Then I intended to took the book and it was an es- come right back and pass the rest of things. Now, if it had been any earthly the evening with Bob. It would teach thing but an essay I might have obey- him a lesson, I thought, and the result would be that he'd consider my com-

"It was a splendid plan, but it didn't work. The instant I left the house 'phoned Fred's sister. He told and excused myself. Then I ran into her that I'd gone out for a ride and my room and got my hat and coat on. that he'd like to pass the evening I fixed up just as nicely as possible, so with her. Of course the little snip Bob would see that I looked attractive, jumped at the chance-and away he

went! "When I 'phoned her a minute or him that he'd have to read it himself two later she said very coolly that she that evening. He was welcome to lie expected a caller and wouldn't be able there in front of the grate and read to come for the—and that Fred was as long as he wished, I said, but Fred out of town!

home There didn't seem any alterna-

When I got home-with all my noble intentions-Bob hadn't cared enough for me to wait even ten minutes. He had gone over to that girl's house. It shows how much he cares!

'He's coming tonight. But I won't make up-not until I tell him a few

Wasted Effort.

Said a lady who lived out in Manitou: I can sing and I play the piano, too-It's as easy as pie

I just can't teach my young sister Anna to."

But as hard as I try

Changed his Mind. "Do you think the motor-car has come to stay?" asked one man of his

'Well." replied the other, "there was one out in front of my house today which I thought had; but they got