

SUPERSTITION MOUNTAIN

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CHAPTER II

No more shots were fired, but Officer Jim Burke caught a glimpse of a man in a dark suit, who seemed to be written on the man's face. Fred Potter came to the first.

"Now, now, Jim, it's all right! It's all right!" Fred greeted him. "We just had a little—"

"The hell it is! I wish I'd killed him! I'll do it yet. He struggled to be free from his father and his sister who held him.

"Now, now, gentlemen—let's all calm down—let's all—"

Fred Potter and Mr. Blake, Sr., were bustling about in a silly manner, both talking and both saying nothing. Officer Burke, however, seemed to be a rather handsome, well-dressed but somewhat young man sitting squarely on the floor.

"What about you, brother? You shot! Who's done what here, anyhow?"

Stuart Blake looked up. He cursed his chin in the palm of his hand. Blood dripped between his fingers. But he gazed at the policeman and grinned.

"Listen, officer," said he, "don't ever kill a stranger about hunting for gold. Might touch a sore spot. And especially don't make a pass at his pretty sister."

"Who you been kiddin'?" Not Stuart Blake's, but a feminine voice, answered the officer.

"He was not kidding!" spat out Carolee. "He was insulting! He got to making my brother, as if he were a rascal. It's he that ought to be arrested, not Paul."

"Paul now, who'll he be?" asked Officer Burke.

"Wait—wait a minute! I'll tell the whole story, Jim!" Fred Potter had collected his wits. "It was what you might call an accident. Won't do to have a mess in this store. Everybody's guilty, nobody's guilty. Blake here, called this man 'Si' and acted smart without reason, right enough. Happens the man is named Silas, and Si is a sore point with him."

"His brother, Paul, is quick-tempered—zosh, man, you're a fool to be shooting like that—and when Silas cut Blake with his fist, Paul jumped up and accidentally knocked over his rifle. It went off, but done no harm. I can testify to this accident at headquarters, Jim; that is, if Blake here sees to it that glass is paid for."

Officer Burke has been on that hat as long as Fred has been in that store. They understand each other. "Fred, you're a damned liar, but I believe you! Accident it was. But what's the girl to do with this?"

"Nothing. She was just—"

But young Blake interrupted here. "Yes, she had, officer," said Stuart. "She saved my life! That rifle was aimed—I mean it was accidentally falling right at me when she jerked aside!"

"Tangora? Thought you told me you was gettin' fresh with her?"

"I was, But I didn't mean it. All I said was, 'You're got one pretty sugar in the family already.' Her brother took it wrong. I'm sorry, gentlemen, and I apologize. I butted in on your affairs. I'm glad at that, but I don't often get shot at for it."

Then Stuart walked over to Silas Colter and offered to shake hands. Silas only glared, motionless. Paul, too, was openly hostile. Hatred shone in his eyes. For the Colter brothers, young Blake epitomized all that they had come to despise. Clamish, unrefined, curly, their distrustful anybody who hung nearer the other end of the social scale.

"Well, I—it's all I can say, now," Stuart was obviously embarrassed. This was his first experience at having an apology refused. And he, too, was out of his accustomed setting. He dropped his hand and stared helplessly at the Colters.

Blessed be the peacemakers, and Fred Potter is one of them. In 10 seconds he had separated the two groups, had the Blakes going toward the door and the Colters huddled near the store in silence. Only Carolee Colter's eyes followed the Blakes.

She wore a queer expression as she watched them go out. Her face was flushed, and lovely. Abruptly she stared a moment at her two brothers, then with no explanation she herself hastened out the door.

The Blakes were entering a taxi. They had paid Officer Burke a five-dollar bill for the glass, the five gentlemen, adding a ten-cent "for most extra," with a patron Jim Burke's shoulder. Jim saluted his thanks respectfully and was about to leave when Carolee came up.

"Mr. Burke, I wanted to say that it's all right," she was flushed, but determined. "Paul shouldn't have acted like that, and—well, whenever anybody apologizes, it's all right!"

Nobody spoke for a moment.

Stuart looked at her in surprise. Carolee, he was receiving, not offering, an apology.

She wore her best, but she was not dressed well. Nevertheless, her coat and her hat were becoming. Bobbed curls peeped out; honey-colored, champagne curls. Carolee offered sharp contrast to the others of her family.

"Now! Now, Miss—I didn't learn your name!" the young man almost murmured, in his confusion. "It was all my fault. I didn't mean to be fresh when I called you a pretty sugar."

"You weren't fresh."

"Yes, I was. You said so. Anyhow, it's the way we say things, not what we say, that sounds awful some-"

"But you weren't. It's not an insult to call a girl pretty. We—we use it!" She smiled at him then. "I'm glad because I—well, I have had some advantages that Paul and Silas haven't, and I would have them em-"

Carolee's words were cut off by a sudden knock. "That's strange," she said, "but they're good to be. But they're strange boys, men really. And we're pretty desperate about money. I mean about this gold mine. Father and the boys bought a

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE And He Can Do It Again

The Best of the Nation's "Human-est" and Funniest Comics On This Page Daily

YES, IT'S ALMOST AS GOOD AS A VACATION—I FEEL BETTER THAN I HAVE FOR MONTHS—REALLY RESTED—NO WORRIES—NO RESPONSIBILITIES—

CARRYING TEN BILLIONS AROUND IS A TOUGH JOB—ALL I WANTED TO DO WITH IT WAS SOMETHING THAT REALLY WOULD HELP MANKIND—BUT I SUCCEEDED IN DOING WHAT TO MAKE A LOT OF ENEMIES—

MAYBE OLD AM IS PARTLY RIGHT—HE SAYS MANKIND RESENTS BEING HELPED—WELL, MAYBE THAT MONEY WILL DO SOME ONE SOME GOOD—IF SO, I'LL BE SATISFIED—LET OTHERS FIGHT FOR THE CREDIT—

PEOPLE LIKE TO FEEL THEY ARE DOING THINGS FOR THEMSELVES—WELL, LET THEM HAVE THE FUN OF SPENDING THAT TEN BILLION—OF WASTING IT EVEN—WHAT DIFFERENCE? I HAD THE FUN OF MAKING IT—

THIMBLE THEATRE Starring POPEYE NOW SHOWING—"FIND THE WOMAN!" TOMORROW—"A PERFECT THIRTY-SIX." By E. C. SEGAR

I WANT TO SEE IF THIS ROCK AIN'T JUST ABOUT THE SIZE OF YER HEAD—YEP—CLOSE ENOUGH

SAY, IF YOU DON'T TELL ME WHAT YOU'RE DOING I'LL BE MAD

I WON'T TELL YA ON ACCOUNT OF I WANT TO SUSPRISE YA

NOW I'LL GO TO THE VILLAGE STORE

I WANT TO BUY A OUTFIT OF CLOTHES FOR THIS GAL WHICH I GOT HERE

SECRET AGENT X-9 The G-Mans Shadow Checks In By ALEX RAYMOND

FOLLOW THAT CAB, BUT DON'T DRAW UP TOO CLOSE AT ITS DESTINATION! DRIVE ME TO THE GILSON HOTEL, QUICKLY! OK, LADY!

CHICAGO AND MORE INTRIGUE

I'M EVE NICOL. ANY MESSAGE?

YES, YOU'RE TO TAKE ROOM 304!

CAPTAIN GREENE! IN HEAVEN'S NAME! WHAT... NOW?

THOUGHT I'D FIND YOU HERE SO I FLEW IN!

AND AS EVE ENTERS THE ROOM

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES Fair Warning By MARTIN

WELL, I MIGHT AS WELL GO IN AND GET IT OVER WITH

I'D LIKE TO SPEAK TO BOOTS, PLEASE! TELL HER IT'S JONATHAN JONES

W-W-WHOZIT?

WOULD YOU MIND SAYIN' DAT AGAIN?

JONATHAN MARLBORO JONES—IN PERSON

O.K.! STEP IN—BUT YES REMEMBER YOU ASKED FO IT

WASH TUBBS Rita Joins In BY CRANE

HEY! LESSO MY HAIR!

OUCH! HEES BITTING MY THUMB! HELP!

ATTABOY, PODNER! HOLD ON! WE GOT 'EM ON THE RUN!

CATCH ME, QUEEK!

HE DOESN'T FEAR IT.

PEEG! FLEA OF A DOG! YOU ARE KEELING HEEM!

SO MUCH THE BETTER

HA! EES THAT SO?

WHACK!

MORE CRASHES, SCREAMS AND WHACKS, RITA SQUEALS THAT SHE'S ABOUT TO FAINT, BUT NO ONE PAYS ANY ATTENTION.

OUT OUR WAY By WILLIAMS OUR BOARDING HOUSE with Major Hoople

SAY, DIDN' HE TELL YOU GUYS HE WOULDN' BE ALLOWED TO SPEND A PENNY OF THAT HUNDRED BUCKS HE WON ON BANK NIGHT? WELL, LOOK AT TH' NEW BIKE!

WHY, TH' DIRTY—I SEE IT ALL, NOW! THAT WAS SO HE WOULDN' HAVE TO SPEND ANY OF IT ON US.

OOH—HOW GLAD I AM THAT I DIDN'T WIN IT! HE'D OF TALKED ME OUT OF IT—SO I'M SAVED FROM GIVIN' HIM THAT BIKE!

AH DOAN KNOW WHAT COME OVAH HIM—HE DONE HAVE ME WAITIN' ON HIM HAND AN' FEET—AN' ALL DAY HE BEEN READIN' A LETTAR OVAH AN' OVAH! HE HAVE HIS SNOOT S'FAIR IN DE AIR ALL DAY, I GOTTA RUB DE KINKS OUTA HIS NECK WIFF BAY-RUM! AN' HE SAY HE'S GOT A CASTLE WAITIN' FO HIM IN ENGLAND!

YOU WERE RUBBING A LITTLE LOW, JASON—TH' KINK IS IN HIS SKULL! HIS HEAD'S PROBABLY SHRUNK UP TO KEEP HIS BRAINS FROM RATTLIN'!

OLD EMPTY-POCKETS HAS DRESSED ONE OF HIS AIR CASTLES IN HIS COAT OF ARMS, EH? NOW I KNOW TH' BATS HAVE GOTTEN INTO HIS ATTR!

HE'S JUST ACTING NATURAL, BOYS.

For Clothes You're Proud to Wear JOE RICHARDS MEN'S STORE 873 WILLAMETTE

Stories in STAMPS

CHRIST ON THE PEAK OF TEMPTATION

CORCOVADO, The Hunchback, looms majestically over the entrance to the harbor of Rio de Janeiro. When the city was rebuilt along modern lines a few years ago, Corcovado was christened "The Peak of Temptation."

On the confined crest of this peak stands one of the world's largest statues of Christ. His head bowed. His hands outstretched to form a cross. His white soapstone surface, on a reinforced concrete foundation, glitters brightly in the sun. It is visible for miles from sea and from land.

This idea of "Christ, the Redeemer," was chosen in 1921, in a nation-wide competition among architects. The completed statue stands 130 feet high on a base containing a chapel. Visitors climb up the steep peak on a cog-wheel train to a plain that is 45 feet in width.

Brazil in 1934 printed a set of two stamps picturing the statue.

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BRASIL, CONCRETO