SUPERSTITION MOUNTAIN

By OREN ARNOLD

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CHAPTER IX

Carolee hung out a sheet at 9 o'clock the next morning.

She was hard put to find an excuse for it. It simply wouldn't do to have her family know she was calling Stuart Blake. She felt guilty, like a mischievous child, when she stole out of the camp shack and hastily attached the sheet to the clothesline. And soon after she stole out again and took it down. At 10 o'clock she was at the trysting place at Chieftain.

Stuart came soon after she arrived.

"I wasn't sure you'd be able to make it," she said. "But I wanted to know how you were. I would have ridden on to the Lodge."

"I'm perfect. Almost. Thanks again for helping me. I just needed water. Another day without it and I have been tied up plenty. I im-prove."

"You didn't look very happy."

"But I feel happy today. Especially now."

"Why? What's happened?" She thought she knew what he meant, but she wanted to hear him say it.

"I'm with you." He leaned on his saddle horn and looked appealingly at her. "Carolee, you told me once you never understand your kind of people, as you call them. Tell me, why do you think that? Aren't we all Americans?"

"Yes. But—you're northern, and city reared. Papa and the boys have been poor farmers all their lives. They mean well. They are good to me. But they are—narrow, I guess; and hard."

"But yourself, Carolee. You aren't that way. You're alert and smart. You don't have to stick with your family and all, do you? I mean, not always?"

* * *

She wasn't sure she understood him.

"I guess not. But I'm one of them, anyway. I think you are nice, though; I don't ever hold a grudge, and I'll admit again that we were very rude in the saddle store that day."

"Oh, forget that. That's history, and more funny than anything. Look, lady, I've brought you a gift. It's little enough for the favor you did me yesterday."

He gave her a small parcel. She peeled at him, and the vision she made sent thrills through him. Carolee Colter was pretty, sweet, refreshingly so. She wore rouge often, but it was superfluous. And her curls were natural. She was slightly short, weighed, perhaps, 115. There was nice-so-delicate a snub to her nose. Stuart studied her closely as she unwrapped her gift.

"O-o-oh! Stuart!"

She lifted it from its tissue—a bracelet of silver set with the most perfect of turquoise. One large stone was shaped like an arrow head, barbs and all. Tiny round ones followed the open circle of the bracelet—beautiful blue-green gems which Carolee knew were native to the Arizona hills. The silver was heavy and richly adorned with tiny sun symbols, a swastika, a running horse, a coiled snake, Indian signs all.

"Old Hosteen made it for me," said Stuart. "Or rather for you. He comes to the Lodge sometimes. He's not Apache, like the squaws you saw. He's Navajo."

* * *

She slipped it on her lovely arm. She held it out, up.

"The stones match the sky," she almost whispered, so keen was her admiration. "It's beautiful, Stuart. Thank you, very, very much."

"I'm happy if you like it, Carolee."

"Then you're happy, very happy."

"I hoped it would please you. I have never seen you wear a bracelet before."

She looked wistfully at him and smiled more sweetly than he had ever before seen her, he thought.

"I don't have one. Boys in school gave me candy, and sometimes flowers. Nobody ever gave me jewelry before. Not even my parents." She was speaking very gently. It was obvious that he had touched her; a hint of tears even glistened, and to save her possible embarrassment he turned to the scenery again.

"It's a far piece across there, as the cowboys say, isn't it? I wonder how the Tribune Tower would look sitting out there. Or the Merchandise Mart?"

"The—what?" She looked up at him.

"Ha ha! That's Chicago, Carolee. Two of our big skyscrapers. They'd look tiny besides any little mountain out here, though."

"What is Chicago like, Stuart?"

"Like—like a nightmare sometimes. Noisy and crowded and ugly. I like it always, though. I've had swell times there. You'd love it for a while. But our city is a little symphonic, I think."

"You mean you think it isn't real? The people? The fun? Everything?"

* * *

They talked for an hour about Chicago. She asked many questions. Dallas was the biggest city she had ever seen, and that only to pass through. She had gone to school at a junior college in Jacksonville, Texas. Acquaintance with a man from the bustling, energetic, clean north was stimulating to her. She liked Stuart Blake. She told herself she could love him even, if she ever went that way. He seemed—well, clean. He had never tried to kiss her. (Sometimes, she confessed to herself, she even wished he had.) And his gift, this beautiful bracelet of Indian silver, was something she'd never forget. She'd rather have had it than a thing of beauty. It was a part of Arizona, romantic and sentimentally.

When it was time to go she thanked him again and agreed to meet him on an signal. She discouraged mention of his calling at her home to take her riding. "It has been lovely to see you and talk with you," she said him. "I have even promise to worry."

He appreciated the admission instantly. He was looking at her kindly intently.

"Something's wrong," he said. "I don't pry into your family affairs you already, but—"

She forced a smile. "I—I think your experience in the mountain upset me a little, is all. I'm so happy you didn't suffer more. I may not signal tomorrow, but I will let you know if ever I need you, Stuart."

To both of them it seemed a very natural thing for her to say.

(To Be Continued)

Mrs. Cook Injures Hand in Accident

OAKRIDGE, July 6.—(Special)—Mrs. Henry Cook received a painful cut on the hand while using a large knife.

Dr. Joe B. Davis has gone on a vacation trip to Iowa City and while he is away Dr. Wilbur will take care of his practice.

Gerald Spatz is able to be out again after a long serious illness.

Miss Valerie Bolton of Portland spent two days at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Croner. She made her home here last year while employed at the Croner drug store.

Visitors Listed

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Wright had for their guests over the week-end, Otto Bodie of Blodgett and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Wright and son of Dunsmuir, Cal. Mrs. Bodie and son have been here for a couple of weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Ely of Eugene spent Thursday, Friday and Saturday in Oakridge while on a combined pleasure and business trip.

Marion Pugh has returned from San Francisco, where he was in the S. P. hospital for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Whitsett and children were called to Roseburg Monday by the death of a relative.

Sunday School to Go to Conference

WALTERVILLE, July 6.—(Special)—The Walterville Sunday school is making arrangements to attend the annual Sunday school convention of the Walterville district, July 11, at Marcola M. E. church, beginning with the convention hour of 11 a. m. and closing at 4 p. m. The Sunday school is planning on leaving the Walterville church at 10 o'clock instead of 9 as was at first planned, which will enable them to arrive by 11 o'clock. Children going will be accompanied by their parents or in charge of an older person for the day. A basket dinner will be served at noon and all going will take their dinner and dishes. A program is being prepared by the president of the group, Wilfred Frazee, who has obtained speakers and singers for the day. Also each Sunday school will furnish one number of singing, speaking or readings.

AID TO MEET

WALTERVILLE, July 6.—(Special)—The Walterville Ladies Aid society will meet Thursday, July 8 at the social room of the church for its regular day of quilting, and the flower garden quilt in the frames for Mrs. Barrett is to be finished that day and ready for binding if plans materialize. Election of officers will be held in the afternoon at two o'clock.

BUILDS ADDITION

BELLFOUNTAIN, July 6.—(Special)—Ralph Hull is building an addition to the dock at Bellfountain station and plans to install a planer there in the near future.

Stories in STAMPS

Bewitched Falls of Guiana

QUIETLY, smoothly the Potaro river, that forms the boundary of Brazil and British Guiana, suddenly breaks downward into one of the most pretentious waterfalls in the world. Before white men discovered these falls, now called Kaieteur, the native Indians feared them and regarded them as bewitched.

One day, the Indian legend says, an old man of their village was placed into a canoe and allowed to ride down into the mysterious fog that enveloped the whirling waters below. Two rocks prove the legend. One, shaped like a huge box, is called the "old man's cannister." The other, like a large canoe, is the "old man's bateau."

These falls are 800 feet high, nearly five times the height of Niagara, and 400 feet wide. So quietly flows the river above, and so abrupt is the fall, that the cataract was not discovered until about 60 years ago, although explorers had traveled that way many years earlier. A British Guiana stamp of 1934 shows the falls.

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NEXT: Who was Germany's first president? 6

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