UPERSTITION MOUNTAIN

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CHAPTER XII

the day that the sheriff's posse into the mountain, a corres- t from a Phoenix daily learned disappearance of Paul Colter. the journalistic wheels began

dlines on Superstition are as ent as the seasons in Arizona, ost of them have to do with g men. Each time someone lost there the whole legend Lost Dutchman Mine is re- and embellished, and the pub- lls to it again and again. Love d is second only to love of , and nobody knows that bet- an a newspaper editor.

orters came to Superstition and wanted to join a search- arty. That suited Suart Blake. ant action, and this energetic man was anxious to be doing thing. The papers said that than 100 persons gathered to the second party, but officers d in at that point and can- the plans. Too many untrained scambling over Superstition, declared, could do more harm good, especially in blotting out le trails of the missing Paul. experienced outdoorsmen and also possibly some good ob- rs in an airplane, were more The crowds went on back to read the papers. Stuart felt rge to be near Carolee and ed constantly for her cliff

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met him on the second day, ours after the sheriff had gone ut they talked only a little

other is worrying constantly." explained, "and I mustn't leave long. She hoped the men would ck with news last night."

o sign of them?" asked Stuart. o. Nothing."

our dad will know about where would be, because of the map men were using. That ought to the sheriff, and with the dog ll surely find something today."

gave her several copies of the papers about the affair, and rode le or two with her along the r reaches of the mountain. They careful this time, however, to landmarks and stick to a more route, in order not to lose selves again.

hen they had finally separated eturn to their homes, Carolee an inward glow of satisfaction: being with Stuart Blake had orted her, eased the worry over missing brother. She had confi- e in Paul's ability to take care himself anywar. She hummed and talked sweet talk to ltain, whom she petted more is any horse's due, but that's way she felt. Thus was she ing, day-dreaming, when her rev- was interrupted by a distinct n.

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he sound frightened her. he did not immediately see its ce. It could have been an ani- But then it was repeated, and estionably it was human. Some- seemed trying to attract atten- with odd moans and noises of ering.

eart pounding, Carolee called "What is it?" and went in the ction of the sound.

ome 50 feet away she found a an on the ground, an Indian w obviously suffering.

O-o-oh!" cried Carolee, dismount- at once.

he woman looked pleadingly and ibled something. Carolee couldn't erstand, but she began a hurried mination. Water from her saddle een was gulped and the woman's itude was obvious if unspoken. Indian indicated that her pain in her leg, and Carolee soon overed that the leg was broken. he squaw could speak but little glish.

When did you get hurt? Did you

Sick," the Indian mumbled. "Sick," was her only way of saying she ded assistance.

Carolee took off her light sweater made a pillow on the rocky und for the red woman's head. easily as she could, she straight- d the broken limb; it appeared be in a terribly painful position. ing it must have been almost erable, but beyond her increas- panting the woman gave no Carolee was afraid she had nted when her eyes closed, and so ed her forehead gently to revive

Carolee thought of trying to splint leg, but realized she didn't quite w how. Superstition Lodge was more than half an hour's ride it was best that she go for She tried to make this de- clear with words and signs, she left the canteen at the n's side.

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ancerers at the lodge were almost that the Indian woman had suf- a fall. It gave them something ecent while waiting for news of man hunt. Jerry Lynch, a writer a Phoenix daily, and his some- r serious competitor from the ositive, "Kid" Jones, each car- cameras and each promptly candid snaps of Carolee after had explained the need for help. ther rode back to the injured w with an improvised stretcher. Carolee stayed with the Indian man until she was taken in hand her own Red friends, the Apache ker, weavers, and potters, who ed near the Lodge. They refused ns of white medicine.

"We know how," one leader of group assured the whites. "Long lean healer. Tie arm, leg. Tie with ll, make song."

Strike the songs helped, Carolee ended. At any rate she stayed the old squaw for an hour or , patting her and comforting with what help she could. The w used Carolee's gay ribbon to control blond hair in the and Carolee gave it to her. her eyes shone in pleasure ense of her pain.

She say she hunt clay with her ther one Indian translated, "and leg to fall. Bueno ep ah Eko

die there, but white girl come. She never forget."

The reporter lads missed none of this.

Jerry Lynch especially "interviewed" Carolee, took no pains to conceal his admiration. Stuart Blake, himself solicitous, noted that salient fact, and Carolee saw that he noted it. Something inside her—the same dependable something that Nature puts deep in every girl—told her that this was a healthy situation, inasmuch as Mr. Stuart Blake had shown definite romantic interest in her. She did nothing, therefore, to discourage Jerry Lynch.

Later, when Stuart rode back part way with her up the trail toward her home, he was especially attentive. In spite of the impending tragedy in her family she was made happy by this.

"I think he almost wanted to propose!" she told herself when he had turned back. "And he wouldn't because Paul is missing."

It occurred to her that the two brothers seemed always coming between her and Stuart, even when they were away.

(To Be Continued)

Oakridge People Have Busy Week

OAKRIDGE, July 9.—(Special)—Mr. and Mrs. Fred Richter and children spent Saturday, Sunday and Monday on a trip to the coast. En route they stopped to visit relatives at Camas Valley. They were joined in Roseburg by Dr. and Mrs. Claire Allen and family.

Pat Morgan, small son of Mr. and Mrs. Earl Morgan, was taken to Eugene for medical attention after he received a severe burn when he et a firecracker explode in his hand.

From Montana

George Meacham, who has been working for the Colonial Construction company in Montana, spent the holidays with Mrs. Meacham and sons.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Blakely and children spent the holidays at Odell lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Gatch Bolton of Corvallis, Miss Valerie Bolton of Portland and V. H. Tibbetts of Eugene were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Creuer over the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Atmer Lombard, Clarence Lombard of Eugene, and Mr. and Mrs. Lombard's grandchildren of Cottage Grove, spent the week-end at the Lombard summer cabin.

Visits From Ship

Melvin Spatz, a member of the U. S. N., and a friend came down from Seattle Saturday to visit his parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Spatz, while their ship was in port. They returned to the northern city Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Val Lee and son spent the Fourth with relatives in Junction City.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis H. Potter, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace P. Potter and Mr. and Mrs. Leo Potter and son, Bobby, spent the holidays at the Potter summer cabin on Hills Creek. They were joined on Sunday by Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Potter, also of Eugene.

CONFERENCE SUNDAY

MOHAWK, July 9.—(Special).—The annual Sunday school conference will be held at the Marcola church on Sunday with a basket dinner at noon.

Stories in STAMPS

"Seward's Folly" Vindicated

WHEN, in 1867, Secretary of State William H. Seward decided to buy the territory of Alaska from Russia for $7,200,000 a rain of abuse fell upon him. Congress delayed approval, while some members could not understand why so much should be paid for a "frozen wilderness." Soon, the country referred to the purchase as "Seward's Folly."

But in a few years, Seward was vindicated. Alaska, covering 577,390 square miles of rugged country, literally became a gold mine. Its mineral output today, mostly gold, silver and copper, totals $20,000,000 annually, nearly three times its original purchase price. Fishing, Alaska's greatest industry, has incurred an investment of $70,000,000 and brings in more than $30,000,000 annually. Furs and skins have added more millions, and the total exports of merchandise alone is well over $35,000,000 a year.

At the time of the purchase, Alaska had only 10,000 white inhabitants. The 1930 census showed 60,000 population, and additional thousands have arrived since.

In 1909, the United States issued a stamp commemorating this valuable acquisition.

U. S.—1909
Alaska-Yukon
Issue
William H. Seward
2c carmine

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NEXT: Stamp news.

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

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE — Medicine Man — By HAROLD GRAY

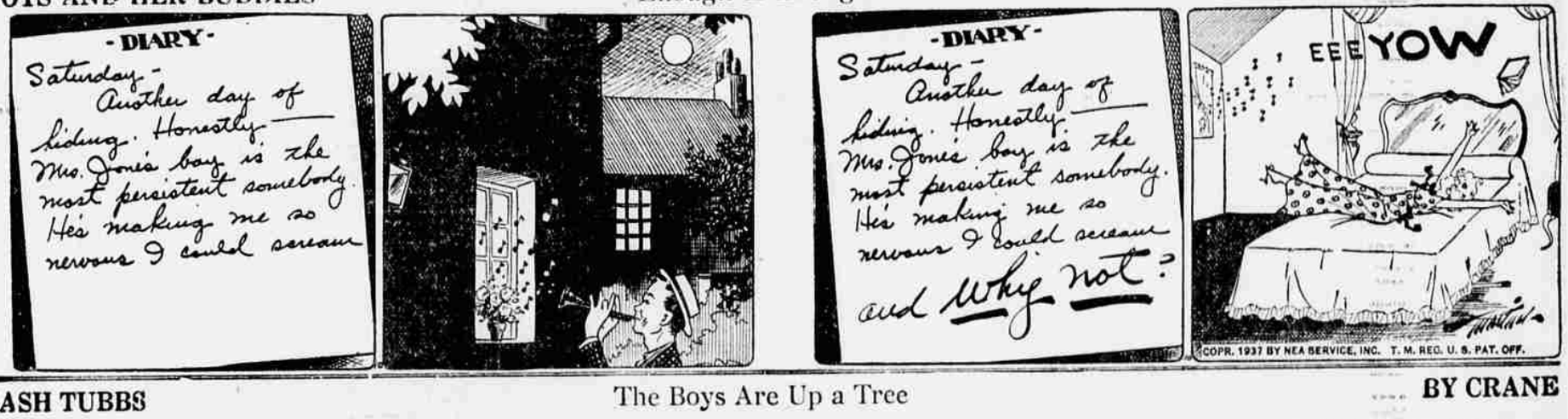
The Best of the Nation's "Human-est" and Funniest Comics On This Page Daily

THIMBLE THEATRE — Starring POPEYE — By E. C. SEGAR

NOW SHOWING: "IT ISN'T POLITE TO POINT" MONDAY: "POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL"

SECRET AGENT X-9 — The G-Man Measures Greene for a Prison Suit — By ALEX RAYMOND

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES — Enough Is Enough — By MARTIN



WASH TUBBS — The Boys Are Up a Tree — BY CRANE

OUT OUR WAY — By WILLIAMS

OUR BOARDING HOUSE - - - - with - - - - Major Hoople