SUPERSTITION MOUNTAIN

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CHAPTER XIV

didn't matter if the reporters one salient detail in their excellent coverage of the tra- and it wasn't their fault any- Sheriff Watson didn't want fact known that Paul Colter's hand had clutched gold; he had some reasons. Only his searching and Stuart had been told. you see what all they printed, the sheriff commented two later, in talking to Stuart. we'd let it be known Colter really found gold, we'd have thou- of people climbing around up and more business than any could take care of. Gold tools, Mr. Blake."

Have you been back to the place? Are you found the body?"

Nope. But the old man knows. probably go back. His son's might have discouraged him sent him with his family on to Texas, but I had to give the nuggets. They was right- his. He'll hunt ag'in."

The Coltere did go hunting again. They buried Paul the next day they found him. It was a motley mixed group of mourners went to the graveside right there the base of the mountain. Caro- had suggested this as the logical to bury him, for economic as as for sentimental reasons. with her and her grieving family of all the people at Superstition ge, a few assorted ranchers and hers, and the newspaper men. sheriff kept several dozen strangers away. Twenty- hours afterward, old man Colter Silas were preparing to enter mountain fastnesses again, bead- for Paul's last camp in the hope heightened expectation of locat- the gold deposit. The sheriff ld continue whatever investiga- he could.

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Carolee herself rode in with the er men this time. Paul's body been found miles from home. sadly made such limited inspec- at this place as they thought th while, but nothing indicated t might have killed him. It look- like murder mainly because there no plausible natural cause for young man's death.

"I'll set up the camp," Carolee gested, "while you men do the specting."

They had provisions for a two- t stay. The men searched every- re in the vicinity where the body found. With their short miner's s they inspected every likely king piece of rock and soil, even king simple tests with chemicals a few ore specimens, but nothing ued of value.

"Reckon Paul was headin' back e to tell us," Silas concluded. "o tellin' how far he might have e."

"That's right," his father agreed. Toward sundown Carolee led them quarter-mile to a cave entrance. looked for all the world like an ssive shell or loud speaker on gantic scale—a great open mouth rock. Back of it, to, was a row gullet, leading to another almost totally dark room inside.

"This is jest right, Sis," said Silas. "Her had protection overhead and on sides but one. She had their bed already spread on mattresses pinon needles she had gathered. Conveniently near she had a fire ing, too. When they had seen this, Carolee exhibited a "sou- r" she had found. She was ther excited about it as she held up.

"That there's a spur!" her father claimed. "Spanish spur. I've seen before. No American ever wore h big spikes on his spur, and m shanks is different. Where'd you git it?"

It was badly rusted, almost flaked places, and the rowel would no ger turn. But in other places the tal was intact, even to the orna- tal designs.

"I dug it up here in the soil, while was scratching aside some rocks the fireplace," Carolee explained. "The Spanish miners camped here, right," her father declared. "By gorgy, we are warm if we ain't hot! ey come here after gold, son!"

Silas was already digging in the h himself, but he found nothing Carolee bade him come and eat. "You been in the back cave?" he ked her.

"I peeped in, but it looked oky."

After supper they lighted torches pinon limbs and went into the rk room' of their camp. It was e with shadows, but nothing else ared. Other occupants obviously ver park rats, for their piles of orted rubbish could be seen st each of the inner walls. me bones and bits of dried fur re seen and old man Colter cluded that a panther or lynx had er a packrabbit or other quarry re and maybe denned there at e time.

What was elated when he found rusted iron ring of the type still on harness and saddles. It ught was of Spanish origin too.

After her touch, Carolee was ex- ing the many crannies and ners in the walls and floor. Once almost screamed when she dis- bed some bats. Evidently they were asleep and not yet departed their twilight hours hunting out- But she knew they were nless.

That it was through that she ac- ually made the most startling overies of all.

In a floor depression, perhaps e wood behind some rocks, she ed eight or ten stones that ap- red to be rich with gold.

"Pure, Silas!" She called them ld nuggets.

With an immediate comment they ined at the nuggets turned fingered them over them with ir mixed amazement. From his ket the Colter took an acid bottle tested them.

"It will be declared. It's like Paul had."

They had all thought of going to

[illegible] ther busted and [illegible] mperial river inch of [illegible] cave rooms. With his pick [illegible] Silas turned [illegible] ere flowers. He found other [illegible] of iron and many pottery shards—the latter being relics of Indian occupation there. Carolee, too, picked up two almost perfect flint arrow heads, and a heavy gray stone proved to be a metate or hollowed out device in which Indian women commonly ground their grain by hand.

They found just a few more small rocks with flecks of gold showing in them. If there was a vein of it, it didn't show. In fact the gold rocks seemed like surface deposits, and the Colters concluded they must have been left there by human hands.

Nevertheless old man Colter was taking no chances. By starlight he and Silas erected the necessary rock monuments, establishing legal claim for mining on the land which included the cave.

Toward dawn they lay down for a few hours of rest. But Carolee kept on thinking. She was wishing she could signal Stuart Blake, ride down her trail and tell him the exciting news.

(To Be Continued)

Club Makes Final Plans For Picnic

FALL CREEK, July 12.—(Special)—The Neighborly Neighbors club met with Mrs. Emma Morris on Thursday for an allday event.

Final plans were made for the picnic to be held at Shady Nook park on the evening of July 15. The committee planning the program is Mrs. Alice E. Tengs, Mrs. Alice Callison and Mrs. Erma Morris. Serving on the refreshment committee are Mrs. Charles Tarrier, Mrs. W. B. Scott, Mrs. Theo Brown and Mrs. Dora Glaspy.

Members present were Mrs. Elizabeth Brewer, Mrs. Virginia Conner, Mrs. Charles Tarrier, Mrs. Estella Fisch, Mrs. Pearl Frantz, Mrs. Dora Glaspy, Mrs. Katherine Kollias, Mrs. Alice E. Tengs, Mrs. W. B. Scott, Mrs. Doris Tonole, and the hostess, Mrs. Morris.

Mrs. Theo Brown was admitted as a new member. Mrs. Lillian Humphrey and Mrs. Brown were visitors.

The next meeting will be held July 22, at the Warner schoolhouse. Election of officers for the next year will take place at that time.

Miss Knox Leaves For Visit In South

LOWER CAMP CREEK, July 12.—(Special)—Miss Frieda Knox left last week for California to visit relatives. She left with her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Hughes, who visited with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Knox for a week. Their home is in Pasadena.

Visitors Here

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Innis and daughter of Coquille and Mr. and Mrs. Quentin Thurman of Springfield visited recently with the girls' parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Chase and family.

Mabel Chase returned to Coquille for two weeks' visit with Mr. and Mrs. Innis.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Hotaling and Mr. and Mrs. Larry Carpenter and children of Eugene were recent guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Chase.

MISSIONARY SPEAKS

FALL CREEK, July 12.—(Special)—J. J. Ray, of Junction City, who is a missionary for the American Sunday School Union, visited at the Warner Union Sunday school last week and gave an illustrated sermon following the school service.

Stories in STAMPS

Aspired To Build Highest Steeple

THE savage tribes that lived in the lowlands along the river that now is the Dyle in Belgium, in 775, slew the missionary who tried to convert them to Christianity. In memory of this martyr, St. Rombaud, a Benedictine abbey was built near his tomb. Soon a great cathedral arose, and in 1452 construction was begun on what was to be the tallest spire in the world. But when the great Gothic tower reached a height of 318 feet, work on the tower was stopped, a little more than half way to its proposed 550 feet.

On each of the four sides of the tower is a dial of one of the largest clocks in Europe. Inside is a carillon that is believed to be among the finest on the continent. During the World War German guns severely damaged the south side and the chimes. Restored, the edifice contains a memorial to British soldiers who fell there. It appears on a Belgian stamp of 1928.

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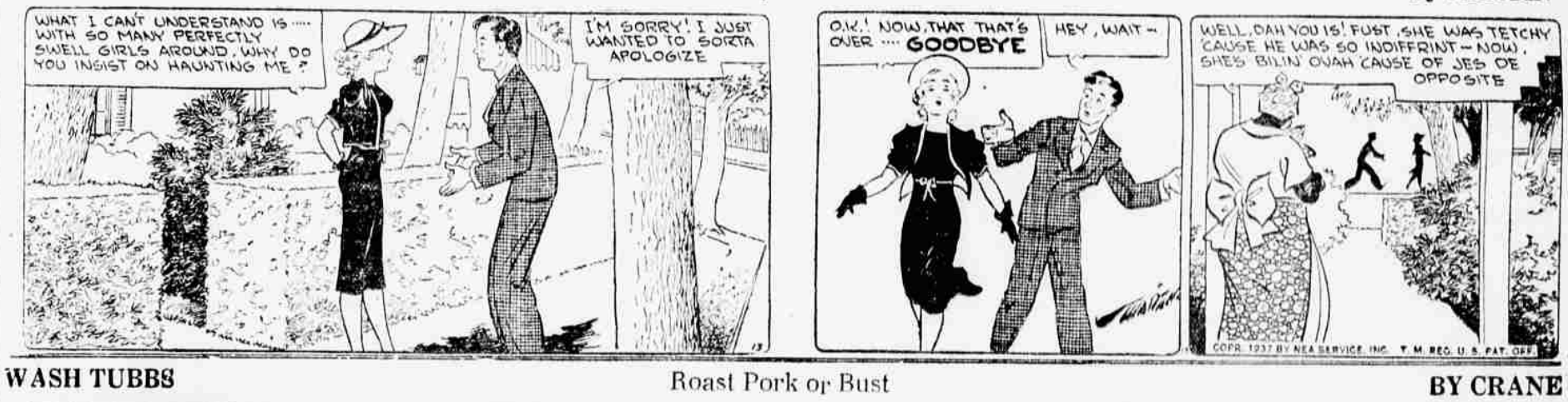

WASH TUBBS — Roast Pork or Bust — BY CRANE

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