UPERSTITION MOUNTAIN

By OREN ARNOLD

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CHAPTER XVIII

outh he had fought white open battle, he and his red es. He had sworn, with oth- w gone, to guard the sacred in throughout life; he had done rk well, for only one white d found the real gold and this d re-concealed it.

murdered a man up there k, and killed this white man's The sheriff indicated Stuart. dian signed "yes."

pushed rocks over a cliff last to stop these people in their gon? Have you been hound- ple up there all these years?" old man talked more readily and the interpreter reported had helpers who also guarded ountain at his direction. The ne Man had spies, too, he told. ws selling baskets, beads and trinkets were really snooping talk and plans of white people. one so for years. Some Indian ho worked for whites were in to guard the mountain also. ported secrets that they learned. know where the Dutchman's is, the gold," said the sheriff. ll die. Tell where it is, and get proper ceremonies by your Chants and dances, and bur- th your kind. Otherwise, we'll white man's way. Tell him that reter."

was crude and cruel, perhaps, was sound psychology. Labor- the old man talked and all ears for the translation.

say," the interpreter slowly ed, "that he is swore never to hite man where is gold—any man. He hate white men. But not swore not to tell white n: he can tell white squaw. woman there—" he indicated er "—only friend of Indian peo- She do not carry guns. She give and money to Indians. She Indian squaw with broke leg. She t torture him, but give him soft nd water. She, he will tell. All here must go away. She, he will

er was more drama packed into hours, thought Stuart Blake, in those in which the aged Indian to his end in the Colter cabin. did not die immediately; indeed, ered nearly a whole day. But had furnished the key to many unanswered questions, the solu- to most of Superstition's mys- Gratitude to Carolee, who had nded him and his kind, un- edly caused him to talk so

old Medicine Man sent for his and instructed her to be Caro- guide with the boy interpreter to hidden mine. The squaw knew the on of the sacred gold.

ou can't go up there with only Indian boy and woman!" Stuart ed. "It may be a trick. They t do anything to you, Carolee!"

don't think so. I am not afraid. go home, Stuart, and Sheriff on will bring Dad and Silas close d me. The Indians may have ng, really, but it won't hurt to I will let you know promptly. It you who had to shoot the old remember. The squaw would let you go."

e six riders departed well be- sunrise on the morning after t had wounded and captured the ical old Medicine Man. Carolee, squaw and the interpreter were d, usually just out of sight of the ff and the Colter men.

s separation seemed to satisfy squaw. She would live up to the of her instructions, at any rate. was all that mattered. Carolee dered, throughout the three-hour if this were all some sort of hness, if she were being tricked all, or if their entire western nture really was reaching its r at last.

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ere was no trick.

e squaw led them—sure enough r Weaver's Needle. Through in- nable canyons, she rode up and and around, so rough was the n, but she knew her way. Then t she climbed up a particularly slope—up where they could see smelter smoke at the town of rior 40 miles away and Squaw in another vague distance—and ed with them on a rocky flat no than a horse corral. She point- to the base of a boulder about high, and said a word or two.

t is there," the interpreter re- ed, simply.

ou mean—the mine is under " Carolee was incredulous.

es. She say to dig. I will dig."

e youth muted many heavy s. He loosened soil with the s pick he had brought. It was business, and the women helped Once Carolee looked back, saw and signaled them to wait.

hint deep in the hole they came wood. It was hard wood, ex- ly hard, and Carolee knew it was desert ironwood that grows in ntition. She recalled the Dutch- s story, decades before, that he ercased his mine shaft with just logs. They would endure for ures in so dry a region.

ironwood grows not 15 or 20 feet crooked and gnarled; and its ks are never very thick. The er over this mine shaft was about feet. But it was extremely , and an hour or so elapsed be- Carolee was in the open tunnel e mine.

e tunnel was not very deep—30 or so, sloping gently into the bulk e mountain. Carolee was so ex- she couldn't help trembling. She ed up rocks and at once saw s of gold.

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ge pieces, egg-sized, seemed ered with the yellow metal. the end of the shaft she found ewhat looking nuggets of all. One like a pecan, seemed to be pure The white girl stared at them a long time, fingering them. Then began softly to cry. "Oh, God," ispered, "Help it not to make difference. Help us to use it the way."

e two Indians remained in the ter sunlight outside, sitting with ssible lack of interest waiting for to come out. Carolee appeared flushed with excitement.

ULLY promptly said some-

thing, staring straight ahead. "I have shown it to the white woman," translated the Indian boy, and at once the two of them arose and started away. They never turned, nor even looked back; and indeed Carolee never saw either of them again.

She waved then to Sheriff Watson and her father and brother, whose curiosity and interest sent them forward with great haste. Excitement knew no bonds for the next quarter hour.

"People have hunted for this for I reckon 50 years," orated the sheriff, at last. "Now it's yours. This will run I don't know how many thousands of dollars to the ton. Why, some of it's pure gold! Look at these here peas—pure yellow! And this piece! And this'n!" The sheriff was abnormal, and nobody blamed him.

"Let's put up your monuments," he ordered, "and take what we can of this back home. You folks don't seem to realize it, but I tell you you're millionaires!"

Sheer emotion overcame stoical old man Colter then, and he sat down on a rock to cry out loud. Silas and Carolee were doing all manner of silly things, like the children they were. "Good Lord!" exclaimed Sheriff Watson, "the state'll never hear the last of this!"

When they got homefinally, bags laden with ore, they had calmed enough to watch the excitement of Mrs. Colter, to rest and to eat a bite, for it was then well past noon.

Carolee, though, had no interest in eating. Without offering an explanation, she took a white sheet from her room and hung it securely to a shrub on the edge of the cliff behind the Colter cabin.

"Funny time to hang out washin'," remarked the sheriff, gaily.

Carolee smiled. "You wouldn't understand," she said.

She mounted Chieftain again, but paused before she rode away. "I will meet all of you at the Lodge—for dinner," she told them. "Do not come with me now." She saw Silas grinning and knew that he would obey, knew that he didn't care.

She was alone when she stopped at the appointed spot down trail, their trysting place. She was holding a few of the best nuggets, but she wasn't thinking of them now. Strange calm had suffused her. The afternoon was waning. Evening colors were creeping into the cliffs. Velvety shadows were emerging from their midday lairs.

Far off to the northward she saw peaks tipped with sunset glow—irridescent western gold, elusive, vagrant but celestial. She sat very quietly. Never had the landscape been so magnificent, so exalting. Her hair waved with the breeze, and her lip trembled ever so little.

Down the trail, then, she saw Stuart coming.

THE END

Lodge Meeting Is Event For Week

COTTAGE GROVE, July 16—(Special)—The Neighbors of Woodcraft met in regular session Wednesday evening. Mrs. George Kebelbeck received degrees. Plans were made for initiation at next meeting. Social meetings were discontinued until September upon motion. Refreshments were served by the hostess committee, Mrs. W. W. McFarland, Mrs. Hazel Chapman. The next meeting will be August 11.

Stories in STAMPS

U.S. Begins To Expand

THE new United States was hardly organized, when a company of Massachusetts residents offered to buy up and settle a large tract of land north and west of the Ohio. Through the efforts of Manasseh Cutler, they induced Congress to cede them nearly 5,000,000 acres of land at what virtually amounted to about one cent an acre. To effect the deal Congress passed the Northwest Ordinance of 1787.

By this law, a form of government was established for the lands northwest of the Ohio river, and provision was made that not less than three nor more than five states be cut out of the region.

By spring of 1788, an advance party of 47 men arrived at Marietta, on the Ohio, and built the first settlement in this new territory. Now, 150 years later, the United States has issued a stamp commemorating the establishment of the Northwest Territory, which includes the states of Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin and that part of Minnesota east of the Mississippi.

U. S.—1937
Settlement of
Northwest Territory
3c purple

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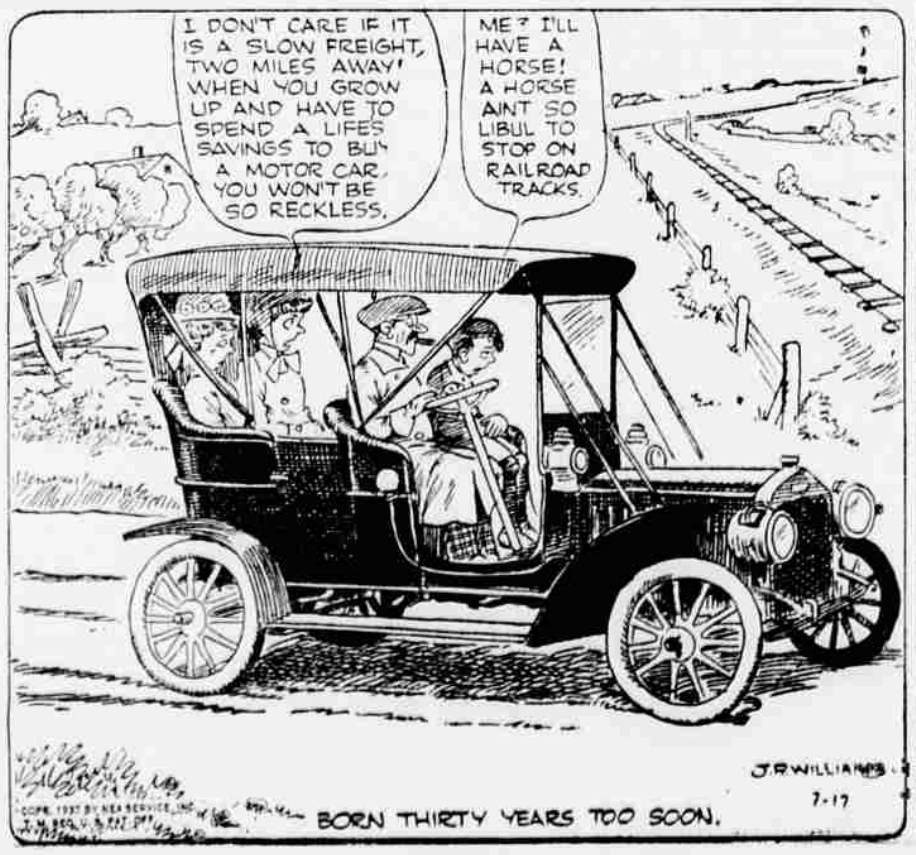

OUR BOARDING HOUSE - - - - with - - - - Major Hoople