

THE FEATHERHEADS

By Osborne



S'MATTER POP— Oh Well, Maybe It Wasn't an Elephant

By C. M. PAYNE



MESCAL IKE

By S. L. HUNTLEY



FINNEY OF THE FORCE

By Ted O'Loughlin

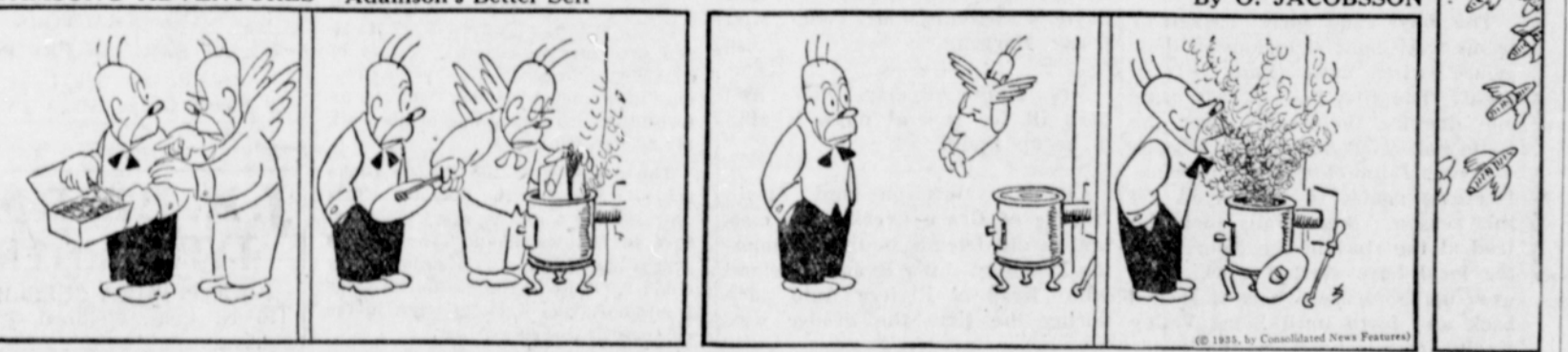


"REG'LAR FELLERS"



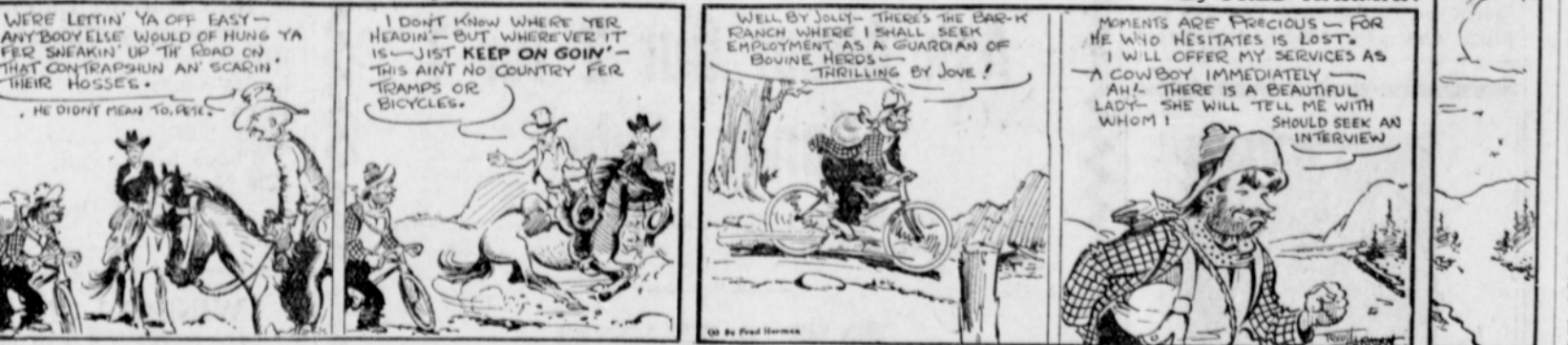
ADAMSON'S ADVENTURES

Adamson's Better Self



BRONC PEELER

A Volunteer Cowboy



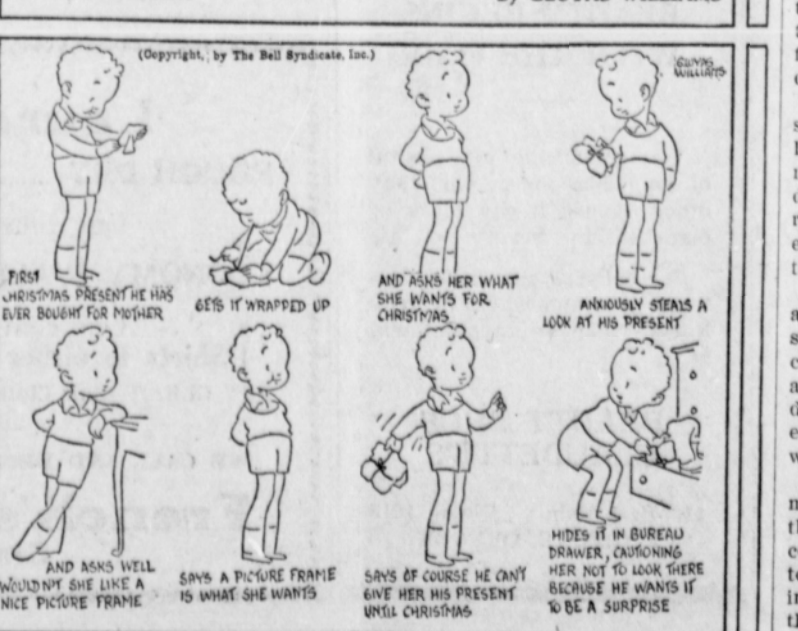
HAR, HAR, HAR!



WRIGLEY'S
SPEARMINT
THE PERFECT GUM
THE FLAVOR LASTS
THE STANDARD OF QUALITY

MOTHER'S PRESENT

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



Golden
Phantoms
FASCINATING TALES
OF LOST MINES

By Editha L. Watson

THE WHITE CEMENT

AN OLD man, exhausted and ill, started a stampede that was once the talk of the Southwest.

It was in July of 1898 that the prospector, who was named White, staggered into Horse Head gulch camp, near Amarillo, Texas. He had some peculiar-looking stuff with him that resembled nothing so much as white clay or cement, and this strange "ore" was speckled with flecks of gold. In fact, assay showed that the stuff would run a thousand ounces of gold to the ton.

White's gold find could not be kept secret. The news flashed from man to man, and everyone who heard it was eager to know where the location was, so that he could get some of this wealth for himself. White tried to keep quiet; he had no desire to tell, when he knew that every man who heard it would dash out and stake claims. But his wish for secrecy was not respected. When he refused to answer questions, the men of the camp gathered about him and threatened to kill him if he would not show them where he found his gold.

After such threats, White could do nothing but promise to lead them to the place right away. As many as could possibly get away followed him, and the strange, fierce cavalcade set out for northern New Mexico.

The journey was not a pleasant one. Many of White's party were suspicious of him, and when time went on and no gold appeared they threatened again to kill him if they found that he had been misleading them.

At last, one night the party reached a blind canyon and made camp. One more day, White announced, would see them at his find, which was thirty-five miles to the northwest. Tired out, their suspicions lulled by White's words, the men slept soundly—all but White himself. He said that he was nervous, since he was so close to the mine. He could not sleep for thinking of it. And since he was awake, he would stand guard while the others slept.

This was agreeable to the rest. They were soon fast asleep, resting for the long ride ahead of them.

Morning came, and with its first light the men awoke, eager to press on. But what was this? White was nowhere to be seen, and his horse also had disappeared! He had slipped away in the night, leaving them as ignorant of the location of the gold as they had been at first.

Three years after this clever ruse, White was seen in Salt Lake City, where he spent money liberally. He loaned a man in Provo \$50,000 in gold dust, so apparently his "cement" mine was still producing. Then he disappeared. He never returned to claim his money. No one heard of him or saw him again.

THE ADAMS' DIGGIN'S

THE Gila river, which seems so much a part of Arizona, has its headwaters in New Mexico. There are three forks which meet before the state line is reached, and the country thereabouts is known only to forest rangers and cowboys, who ride the reaches of the Heart Bars, the Slashes, the Gos, and other lonely ranches.

It was in 1890 that a party of fifteen men set out from California to prospect in the mountains to the east. A prisoner of the Yuma Indians man aged to catch their attention, and this man told them that he knew where there were wonderful gold fields, and could guide them to the place. As a consequence the party bought him from his captors, and set out after him across the state of Arizona and up into the headwaters of the Gila.

Three peaks rose from a valley, and between two of them a stream flowed eastward. At the base of the central mountain the placer gold sparkled, and here the party camped and went to work.

Presently their supplies ran low. Half of the party started out for Yuma, not realizing that there were towns across the mountains to the south, to get food and other supplies. A month went by, and no one returned. The provisions were alarmingly low by this time, so three more men started after the first party.

When they reached a mesa top which gave a view of the camp, the three looked back. To their horror, they saw their little settlement in flames, and even as they watched Indians killed the remaining men.

It would mean death to return; besides, their friends were beyond help. Frightened, the three men hurried on, missing their way, and in their wanderings one of them died. At last they reached a town, and here another man, exhausted by that long travel among the mountains, gave up the ghost.

The sole survivor of the party was a man named Adams. He told the story, and added that \$1,000 a day could be washed out with a gold pan at the place where his comrades had died. In spite of the horror of his experiences he longed to return to where the golden phantom beckoned.

But it was not to be. Adams tried many times to make his way back to the three mountains, but somehow he could never find them again. Others, too, have hunted for the lost diggings in that fiercely beautiful country, but the secret remains unknown.

Here's Record That'll Make
Holmes Do Highland Fling

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He is credited with taking 400 of the 1,200 men who are now serving life sentences for homicide on Pulo Condore, the French "murderers' isle" in the China sea, from which no one has ever escaped.—Collier's.

The
Man Who
Knows

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Headaches, Neuralgia
or Rheumatism Pains
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BEFORE you take any preparation you don't know all about, for the relief of headaches; or the pains of rheumatism, neuritis or neuralgia, ask your doctor what he thinks about it—in comparison with Genuine Bayer Aspirin.

We say this because, before the discovery of Bayer Aspirin, most so-called "pain" remedies were advised against by physicians as being bad for the stomach; or, often, for the heart. And the discovery of Bayer Aspirin largely changed medical practice.

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Bayer Aspirin



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CORRECTIVE
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WHEN kidneys function badly and you suffer a nagging backache, with dizziness, burning, scanty or too frequent urination and getting up at night when you feel tired, nervous, all upset . . . use Doan's Pills. Doan's are especially for poorly working kidneys. Millions of boxes are used every year. They are recommended the country over. Ask your neighbor!

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