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LAWYER AND NOTARY HALSEY, OREGON

Magnus Johnson has taken the bull by the horns and offered the bill to amortize the stock of the reserve banks when the earnings has reached the sum of 200 per cent, which has long since passed. The average annual earnings of the banks is in the neighborhood of 196 per cent. The bank act was passed with the intent to give the government everything in excess of 6 per cent. The government has never received anything, neither does it own anything in the banks, the entire stock and management being in the hands of the member banks, while these are entirely dominated by the bank in New York as the bank of issue for them all. It is a funnel to draw the value in the things that the people produce into the speculative value that only financiers handle.-F. E. Coulter, progressive candidate for the federal senate.

It was reported at Salem that the Dominion Linen company of Guelph Canada, has proposed to persons in terested in flax development that it establish a linen mill in the Salem vicinity, install the machinery and take \$50,000 worth of preferred stock provided sufficient encouragement was forthcoming from residents of the city.

Shipment into Oregon from the state of Texas of cattle, sheep, goats, swine dressed carcasses, hay, straw and similar products and second-hane bags, is prohibited in a proclamation issued by Governor Pierce. Issuance of the proclamation was made neces sary, the executive said, because of the outbreak of the foot and mouth dis ease in Texas.

Clark Smith has left the F Maxwell place, on the Brownsville road, and rented H. C. Davis' farm. Mr. Maxwell advertises his place for rent.

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(Continued)

The effect on the spectators was also tremendous. Crazy Horse in sllence examined the broken jug. It was all entirely beyond his comprehension and was as much of a miracle as it the white man had precipitated the southern half of the butte into the fork of the Grand.

"We go to our lodge, Tashuncaultco," said Scissors, the first one to break the silence.

Linking his arm through Dinsdale's he walked to the lodge, followed by the gaze of the entire village. Once they were screened from the view of the Ogalala Dinsdale exclaimed:

"It beat anything I ever saw. Talk about luck! If that girl hadn't broken

"If! If!" repeated Scissors impatiently. "I am wakan witshasha. wish you would remember that. I am different from other men. Many things I have forgotten, because a wakan man is not supposed to remember rubbish. But the things 1 have learned from life come back to me when the knowledge can help me When a man can remember only the helpful and forget the useless, then he is wakan.

"What I did on Crow creek was only sleight-of-hand. Fellows on the stage back in the States can beat me all hollow at it. Even if Shunca-luta knew this last was some trick he'd never tell his red friends. It's better for his reputation to have the Indians believe the gods beat him than that I outfooled him."

While waiting for the village to recover some of its composure they remained in the entrance; and as they talked Scissors amused himself by cutting out pictures of the yelping curs and fat pupples. No one came near them and the family in the nearest lodge moved to a more re-

"Very soon this will be looked on as a white medicine lodge," mused Scissors after he had discovered the surreptitious withdrawal of their neigh-

Dinsdale discerned a great advantage in their desolation and whispered:

"Why not try for it now? They're still stupid over the trick. If we could reach the ponies we could race for

"I'm wakan witshasha. My medicine one now who must talk with us. He seeks us. It is good. He knows he must have an understanding with us if he would save himself from being known as a fallure."

The figure approaching them had the head muffled in a blanket, but Scissors identified him as Shunca-luta. Scissors turned to one side as if to pass without speaking, but halted

as a troubled voice said: "My medicine tells me to talk with the white men. Unless Shunca-luta can learn the jug magic be will be a

ghost and wander alone." "Shunca-luta should talk to Tunkan and paint the rocks green and red," advised Scissors.

"He has long talked to the sacred stones. They tell him to talk to the jug-breaker. I will give many ponies to get the medicine of the jug.' Scissors laughed at him.

"Two Knives Talking can give you the medicine that breaks jugs, but many ponies will not buy it." "Let the white man tell the price for

the medicine." Scissors produced his paper and scissors and cut out a jug. Next he cut two bowed figures mounted on galloping ponies, each figure wearing a hat to show it was a white man. He dropped them on the ground before Sorrel Horse. A lean hand darted through the blanket and snatched up

the paper pictures. "When will the white man sell?" whispered the medicine man. "It must be before any rider comes

from the Short Medicine Pole hills." "Shunca-luta knows the young white knows Two Knives Talking is afraid of the talk High Wolf will send. If he tells what he knows in Tashunca-

uitco's ear the Ogalala will make two new medicine shirts out of white skin." "That is true," agreed Scissors. "It is true we want to ride from here.

It is true Tashunca-uitco will have us skinned if you can make him believe the truth. Go and tell him now. Then pick up a jug and have it break in your hands. Go away from your people and have men of other villages drive you back from their lodge, calling you the 'jug-breaker,' the medicine man whom Tunkan forgot. Two Knives Talking will wait here in the sunlight while you tell Tashunca-uitco that the white men are afraid of High Wolf's talk."

Sorrel Horse sat with bowed head the mackinaw blanket covering all but his moccasins. Finally he said:

"Before any talk is brought from High Wolf two ponies will be hidden at the south end of the butte. When the white men go ft must not be known. The village will believe they are following the river to the west. They must ride from the south end of the butte and keep away from the river. They must ride hard and fast to the little hill where the Crows were killed and reach the head of Owl river above Slave butte. Those who give chase will turn back when they do not find a trail along the Grand. Shuncaluta's medicine will see the white men making north to Fort Lincoln."

"Two rifles must be with the ponles and a bundle of food," said Scissors. "For if the white men are brought back it would be very bad for Shuncaluta. He could never pick up a jug again without it breaking. As the medicine grows stronger kettles would break. He could not drink or eat from any dish, but would live like a thing on four legs."

"Two ponies with food and guns will be where it has been said," promised the medicine man.

"How soon?"

"In a few sleeps. Before a man comes from the hills. Shunca-luta must be cunning as the kit fox. He has things to do first."

He rose and left them, still wearing his blanket so that no man might look on his face. As the prisoners walked back to the village Scissors explained the talk to his companion,

"He'll stick to his bargain, too. He'd rather have a hundred men escape than to be laughed at as a man who has lost his medicine. He'd rather have a thousand escape than to have every dish he touches break in his hands Stop worrying." When they came to Sorrel Horse's lodge he was standing in the entrance, his eyes glittering ominously. He held up a jug and wiped his lips and said:

"The medicine stops working against Shunca-luta. He drinks without the jug breaking."

"Fool!" growled Scissors. "Because Two Knives Talking stopped the mediwill tell me when to act and when to cine from working until Shunca-luta could pay for it does he think the medicine grows weak? I will break this jug-

With a low howl of fear Sorrel Horse thrust the jug inside the lodge and begged:

'Walt. Shunca-luta buys the medicine. He wanted to see how strong is the white man's heart." With a menacing scowl

passed on, telling Dinsdale: "Have to watch him like a snake I might have known he would have risked one more jug. But he'll be good now."

As the two strolled about the village the grown-ups pretended not to sense their presence. The children kept at distance and yet were always in sight. Scissors cut out some pictures of dogs, ponies and elk and dropped them on the ground. These pictures were picked up after the white men had moved on. Toward sunset they saw several lodges having some of the pictures planed on the outside. The inmates had decided the white man's

nor did Sorrel Horse object to them. Crazy Horse left the village early in the morning, and the girl bringing their food told the prisoners he had gone west with a picked body of men. Scissors interpreted this journey to mean the war chief was worried over the failure of his messengers to return from the Short Medicine Pole hills.

paper magic would bring good luck;

The chief returned at sunset, his pony fagged. The mounts of his men were also played out, showing they had traveled furiously. He did not come to see his prisoners; nor would the guards outside the lodge give any man is not High Wolf's friend. He information. The last thing Scissors did-before the sun vanished was to stand outside the lodge and store toward the west and northwest. He waited and watched as long as it would be possible to behold a signal smoke

"They can't get a smoke tonight." "But a messenger can ride in any moment," was the moody reply. "And bis coming will be the signal for cutting our throats."

"I'm wakan witshasha. Nothing has happened yet. Wonder where Shuncaluta has been today. Haven't seen hide per hair of him, and his lodge is closed tight. He must have left the OCT. 15, 1924

village very early." "He'll betray us. I'm sorry you told

him what you did." "He will not betray us. He'll return and say he's been back in the hills making new medicine, one that will break jugs without touching them, said Scissors.

"I think we're fools not to make break tonight," mumbled Dinadale. "They have a strong night guard.

We'd be run down in no time. Shuncaluta has the right notion-strike off from the southern end of the butte and make Owl river. We must have

guns and food." Dinsdale's moral courage was slipping fast. Physical courage he had in abundance. Risks that he could discern and grapple with, even with the odds big against him, alarmed him not. But he had no defense against his imagination. He was entirely recovered from the hardships of the journey to the butte, but he was find-

ing it difficult to sleep nights. There was a new note in the more ing's confusion. To the excited barking of dogs was added the shrill calls of children, telling their elders to come out and behold a new mystery. The prisoners, ever fearing a disas trous turn in their affairs, crawled to the flap and looked out. A man wearing on his head the skin of an elk's head with horns attached, and an elk hide over his shoulders, was

moving slowly between the lodges. His hands and legs were painted yellow and in each hand he carried a hoop covered with elk hide and decorated with bergamot, an herb much liked by elks. Ahead of this grotesque figure walked two girls carrying a long-stemmed red sandstone pipe, decorated in the wakan fashion. As the masked man advanced he went through certain grotesque maneuvers that caused Dinsdale to open his eyes very wide.

"What the devil is it, and what is it trying to do?" he whispered.

"The pipe's a medicine pipe. It must be Shunca-luta. The head covering and hoops tell the people he has dreamed of an elk and has visited an Elk lodge in his sleep, and is now under the protection of their medicine. He's trying to act like an elk. See! The people understand. None of the women stays on the windward side and no one goes near him. They're making themselves believe he is an elk. Now what is he up to?"

Shunca-luta had turned between two lodges and was running rapidly. Ahead of him was a wide miry spot. After he had passed this he turned and nodded his head toward it. As he moved on men and women pressed on after him and began clapping their hands to their mouths to express amazement. Scissors left the lodge and hurried toward them, Dinsdale remaining behind. As Scissors drew up the group dissolved and moved away from him. He examined the ground to see what they had been staring at. Smothering a smile he returned to Dinsdale.

"What's the row?" asked Dinsdale. "That fellow is very cunning. There are tracks of an elk in the muddy spot. They really believe he wore the feet of an elk in passing over it. Of course be took some hoofs and made the tracks early this morning. Now he runs and jumps over the spot and they'll always believe his feet turned to hoofs long enough for him to leave the tracks."

"Pretty shallow," grumbled Dinsdale. "How could he know some one hadn't seen the tracks right after he made them?"

"It's all the same," said Scissors "Then they'd believe he had passed that way already and had left them. After we've eaten we'll look him up. "I'll stay here. Only time I want to

see any of them is when I've got my guns with me." The young girl who had broken the jug brought their breakfast, her bright eyes fairly shining with excitement. Misch of her former fear had vanished, and when Scissors questioned her she

readily told him: "Shunca-luta comes back from the hills with an elk dream. He sacrificed two of his ponies. Now he dreams of an elk and the elks give him a very strong medicine. He says he will make the jug-breaking medicine after a few sleeps."

She ran away to observe more wonders, and after Scissors had translated her speech Dinsdale growled and

"I told you so. I knew that devil guld ring in a cold deck.

Scissors smiled contentedly and said : "You're forgetting the two ponies be's sherificed.' He's smart. He's working them up by degrees to believe he can break jugs. He'll have them at the proper pitch just about the time we light out. They'll never suspect him of having anything to do with our going. He even arranges it so none of his ponies will be missing except the two he 'sacrificed' several sleeps before we got away. He's clever. He's setting his stage for a big effect. I must go around and see him.'

He succeeded in seeing Sorrel Horse but was unable to speak with him privately. Warriors and women were against the sky. With a deep breath alanding thick about the medicine of relief he rejoined Dinsdale and re- man's lodge. Crazy Horse strode through the group and after darting glance at Sorrel Horse said to Scis-

"They say Shunca-luta will break jugs without touching them." 'When?' asked Bcissors.

Crazy Horse did not answer but looked inquiringly at Sorrel Horse. The medicine men confidently proclaimed;

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PAGE 3

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"By the end of a few sleeps Shunca-

luta will break jugs." "Shunca-luta has been making very strong medicine," Scissors polite

ly said. "He has been back in the hills where he made his heart humble by giving two of his best ponies to Taku Wakan. Then Taku Wakan talked to him



" Told You So. I Knew That Devil

Would Ring In a Cold Deck." through an elk dream. Tunkan's flying rocks have told him he shall break

Scissors turned away, pleased to know Sorrel Horse had burned his bridges behind him and must now complete his bargain for the white man's magic. Crazy Horse followed behind Scissors and said:

"The young men do not come with talk from High Wolf. Has Two Knives seen them in his dreams?" "Has Tashunca-uitco asked his med-

icine man about the scouts?" "Shunca-luta has been dreaming of elks. He must paint his lodge before he can look in a dream for my young

"Two Knives Talking has seen in dream two men riding north from the Short Medicine Pole hills as if look ing for a soldier smoke. The dream men had no heads. Two Knives Talking could not see if they were old or

"They are ghosts. They have been killed," muttered Crazy Horse. "Two Knives Talking believes the dream means they do not know just where to look for a smoke."

They would never leave the hills to look for soldiers if High Wolf and his Cheyennes were in the hills." Scissors shrugged bis shoulders and

"What is it to the white men where they ride? They are fed each day and have a good lodge to sleep in."

Crazy Horse glared wrathfully at the back of Scissors' head, and

warned: "If no talk comes from High Wolf at the end of three sleeps, and if Shunca-luta's new medicine says the white men are liars they will eat no

'Shunca-luta's medicine will never tell the Ogalala to skin the white men," calmly replied Scissors. "The white men went to Mato Tipi to find a trail

more Ogalala meat and berries."

(Continued on page 6)