

Pay Gravel

by HUGH PENDEXTER



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(Continued)

Crazy Horse mused over the statement for some minutes. He said nothing until they were close to the prisoners' lodge. Then he spoke and Scissors turned to listen.

"Tashunca-ultco has the young man's guns. Do they really say he can fire them better than Tashunca-ultco?" Scissors smiled as if amused at the query.

"Let the young man talk for himself through the guns," he suggested. "Two Knives Talking does not know how fast and straight Tashunca-ultco can shoot. He only knows about the white man. After my white brother has done his best then the mighty war chief can show him how a man should shoot."

Crazy Horse walked away, his head bowed. Scissors entered the lodge and told Dinsdale:

"I think there's a chance for you to show some gun play. The chief is curious to see what you can do. Too bad your nerves are shaken to pieces."

"Shaken to pieces?" snarled Dinsdale. "It's this waiting for something to happen that's troubling me. My shooting nerves are always steady."

"That's a good talk. I think you'll have a chance very soon. The chief understands revolvers and rifles, but he's never seen any fancy revolver shooting."

Dinsdale paced about the lodge, his body erect, his eyes glowing. To feel the guns in his hands once more would do him a world of good. Nor did Scissors err in estimating the extent of the chief's curiosity. Crazy Horse returned to his own lodge undecided whether to have the young man give an exhibition or not. But once he fell to contemplating the two Colts the idea fastened upon him.

He was always ready to learn better technique in the handling of firearms. Dwelling apart from the reservations he had missed seeing soldiers and officers at target practice, and his acquaintance with the white man's skill had been largely limited to skirmishes and battles when individual scores could not be followed.

Within thirty minutes after Scissors had spoken to his companion Little Big Man called at the lodge and suddenly announced the prisoners were to follow him.

On the slope leading to the river and the pony herd were gathered the men, women, children and most of the dogs. All were waiting with childish eagerness to witness the white man's skill. Crazy Horse was seated apart from the assemblage and had the two revolvers on a robe before him. The chief asked:

"Does the young man wish to show the Ogalala how to shoot?"

"He is ready to show them," Scissors answered.

"How does he want to shoot?" asked the chief. "He must shoot away from us."

Scissors repeated this query to Dinsdale.

"Tell him to have some of his men stand up the slope behind me and throw gourd and dishes down the slope and over my head. That will let me keep my back to the people."

Scissors repeated the suggestion to the chief. Crazy Horse readily agreed to it, and gave an order to the spectators.

The women ran back to the lodges to secure mugs, bowls and tin plates. A dozen warriors with rifles were drawn up behind Dinsdale ready to shoot him down did he offer to face about before dropping the revolvers to the ground. Scissors explained all this, and Dinsdale curtly answered:

"I understand. But I want to look at the guns and see if they are all right before I commence."

Crazy Horse unloaded the weapons and took them to Dinsdale and watched him closely as he spun the cylinders and tested the trigger action.

"I am ready to load," he told Scissors.

He faced down the slope and reached a hand behind him for the cartridges. Crazy Horse handed these to Scissors and hurried back to his blanket. Scissors fed them into the outstretched hand and Dinsdale examined each critically before slipping it into a chamber. At last he was ready and stood with the gun's half-raised, his head tilted back so as to catch an early sight of the targets as they flew over his head.

The men with the rifles crouched within five feet of him, while those chosen to throw the targets stood some fifteen feet away. Ten men were picked to throw the gourds and dishes. To prevent a too general discharge of targets Crazy Horse ordered that three men on each end of the line should throw in turn, from right

to left and transversely, while the four center men should hurl straight ahead, each taking his turn. This would allow not more than three targets crossing Dinsdale's field of vision at the same time.

The gathering on the slope became as quiet as a tabernacle. All eyes were focused on the motionless figure holding both arms half-raised, the head back as if making a sun dance vow to Wakantanka.

"Be ready!" Scissors broke the silence by yelling as a man on each end drew back his arm.

Then one after another the warriors hurled dish, mug, or plate, and Dinsdale worked both guns for a total of seven shots and dropped his hands to his side as the last dish sailed to the ground.

It did not seem possible to the spectators that number of shots. They had expected to hear distinct detonations, and instead it had been a blurred, crackling sound of very brief duration. There was something so casual about the whole performance that none deemed it possible more than one hit could have been scored, and that would be by accident. It was all over so soon there was only one feature which was recalled—how a tin plate had deviated from its gliding flight by jumping convulsively.

"Drop your guns," advised Scissors. Dinsdale did so; then the squaws scuttled forward to bring back the targets. Hands patted against lips, Grunts and sharp yelps sounded. Crazy Horse leaned forward and looked at the prisoner with new respect. Six of the seven shots had registered.

"Did well, son," murmured Scissors. "It's a joke," replied Dinsdale. "Not more than three were in fair position at the same time. I was a fool to miss even the one shot. It was a plate, broadside to, and it shifted to edge-on just as I fired. I'll stick to the bowl and mugs next time. Ask the chief if he wants me to hit the same target more than once, or a different target with each shot."

Scissors put the question and Crazy Horse courteously answered it was for the young man to decide. He said it would be as wakan to hit one target twice as to hit two targets once. Scissors reminded the chief that Dinsdale had five shots left. Then he warned Dinsdale:

"Man on your right has a big bowl. He'll throw across to your left. Pick up your guns."

"Let's hope he throws slow and high," mumbled Dinsdale, bending and securing the guns.

Despite his condemnation of the spinning plates he could not resist centering one the instant it appeared overhead, the full surface showing and making an easy mark. He used his left-hand gun on this, and within a second split a mug crossing to his right with the same gun. Then appeared the big bowl, thrown high and traveling in a broad arc from right to left. Firing the last shot in his left-hand gun with much deliberation, he then fired twice with his right, the latter shots blending as one. He dropped the guns and waited.

"Washto-helo!" grunted Crazy Horse. "Bring me the guns. Bring the bowls and the plate."

Scissors carried the revolvers to the robe and remarked:

"Tashunca-ultco now knows my friend could have killed many of Little Big Man's band had we been looking for a fight instead of for this village."

"He was caught with his guns in his belt," spoke up Little Big Man.

"Then let him have the empty guns in his belt and let Little Big Man show Tashunca-ultco how he surprised the white man," challenged Scissors.

This appealed to Crazy Horse, who nodded it should be done, the capture being acted in pantomime. Little Big Man, as master of ceremonies, arrogantly insisted that Dinsdale should stand with his back to the red men and should not attempt to draw a weapon until Little Big Man whistled. Dinsdale dutifully turned his back and Little Big Man and his braves began crawling forward.

Scissors bit his lips in anger at Little Big Man's portrayal of the capture. He was making the spectators believe the white men knew nothing of the Indian's appearance until the dusky hands were all but on them. At least as the half-circle of braves were stretching out hands to haul Dinsdale to the ground Little Big Man whistled, and Dinsdale leaped from them and turned about while his feet were clear of the ground. And the two guns were out and clicking madly and fanning the short line of red men. Versed in pantomime, there was none of the

onlookers who did not concede the victory to the white man.

"His gun medicine is very wakan," called out Crazy Horse as he waved the warriors back from continuing their attack. "Bring me the guns."

Taking them from Scissors he walked back to his lodge.

The prisoners returned to the lodge, followed at a respectful distance by the Indians and guarded by the akacita, village police. Little Big Man was much chagrined. His companions were convinced his life had been at the mercy of the young white warrior, and secretly he was admiring the fact himself. As they were passing the lodge of Sorrel Horse the medicine-man stuck out his head and announced:

"Shunca-luta has been trying his new medicine. He tried very hard. He told it to help the white man to shoot."

"It made him miss a very easy shot," Scissors hurried back at him. "It is a very weak medicine just now. It must grow big before it can break jugs."

The medicine-man vanished.

When this exchange had been explained to Dinsdale he angrily denounced him.

"The cheap bluffer! Trying to get credit on another man's work. I'm more scared of that snake than I am of the chief."

"You needn't be scared of him at all. I've bought him, I tell you. He must learn how to break jugs and he can only learn on our terms, and he knows it."

"You must teach him the trick before you get the ponies; after that what is there to stop him from deserting us?" asked Dinsdale. "I don't trust him."

"Nor I, except in this one thing. I know how troubled he is. After I've shown him the mysteries of hydraulic pressure it will remain just as much a miracle to him as it was when the jug broke in his hands. He will believe it will refuse to work for him if he plays us false. It's to his interests for us to get away. When he tries the trick he doesn't want us around to say we told him how to do it, and then proceed to prove it by showing others how to do it. You're feeling better, aren't you?" The last as he noted the sparkle in Dinsdale's eyes and the uplifted chin.

"It was having the old guns in my hands again and being allowed to use them," he muttered. "If I could only have them back and be mounted on a good nag! I'd ride through this whole rat trap of a village. It's the danger of being killed in a corner, with no show of fighting back, that takes the heart out of me."

"I'm wakan witsasha. Everything will come out all right. Sorrel Horse will fix it so we can steal away to the ponies within two days."

"Why does he wait and risk our being snaggled by some word from High Wolf?"

Scissors sighed and shook his head. "It's the Indian in him. He's as keen to have us go as we are to go. But he can't change his nature. He's got some plan in his head and he's working it out. His elk dream is part of it. His being away in the hills is a part of it. He must take so many steps in this particular dance even if it costs his own life. But remember this: He has much influence with the braves and squaws. They fear him. He'll be one of the first to know if there is a smoke-signal, or hard-riding messenger. In case of either he'll rush things. I believe that he will begin to pick up all the loose threads tomorrow. Then it's a hard ride and the Lord help us!"

CHAPTER XI

The Show-Down.

On the second morning after Dinsdale's exhibition of marksmanship Scissors jumped from his couch and announced:

"Something will happen today. I feel it. The waiting is ended. I am wakan witsasha, and I know the waiting will be ended today. Get up and be ready for whatever happens. We have much to do."

Dinsdale sprang to his feet, crying: "Show me something to do. It seems as if I had been in this cursed place a million years. What shall I do?"

"First, eat your breakfast. The girl is bringing it now. I must see Sorrel Horse and finish our trade."

"How do you happen to know so much about Infjuns?" curiously asked Dinsdale after the girl had placed the food on a robe and had departed.

"Played with Sioux boys when I was a boy. After I became wakan I forgot lots of things, but what I learned about Indians seems to have remained with me. Sometimes I find myself singing some of their old songs, songs I hadn't thought of for years."

They made short work of the meal, and Scissors said: "Stick by the lodge. I'll finish my talk with Sorrel Horse very quick."

"And you said there was work to do," grumbled Dinsdale.

"We've spent our last night here if we're ever to see Deadwood City again," assured Scissors. At these words Dinsdale became nervously alert and eager.

The inmates of the village no longer avoided Scissors, or pretended not to see him; but he knew there was only one man in the village who did not wish to see him writhing under the Ogalala knives. He walked stately among the lodges and approached the lodge of Sorrel Horse in a casual manner. On reaching it Scissors called

ed to watch Sorrel Horse go through his morning custom of hanging his medicine bag to the medicine pole outside the entrance.

"It is time," mumbled Sorrel Horse without looking at the white man. "The ponies are ready. Two Knives Talking will pay for them now?"

"He comes to pay. But the medicine will not work until he has reached the ponies."

Sorrel Horse led him into the lodge and dropped the flap, and said:

"The young white man will be very sick when you go back to him. He will be sick from eating too much meat. Two Knives Talking will stay by him to make him well. He cannot leave his sick brother to watch Shunca-luta break jugs on the open place outside the village. All the Ogalala will want to see the new medicine. While they watch, the white men will go among the bluffs and follow the pony trail south where they will find ponies hobbled and feeding. Two guns are there and a bundle of dried meat. Now will the white man pay?"

And he pointed to an array of jug and several kettles filled with water.

Scissors picked up a jug and found it filled to within a few inches of the mouth. He examined the stopper to make sure it would exclude all air and then handed it to Sorrel Horse and told him to cork the jug and break it by striking the stopper with his fist. Sorrel Horse nervously followed instructions and was much cast down when nothing happened.

"It is because you have no medicine of your own," explained Scissors. "Now I will give you a medicine."

And he removed the stopper and pointed it to the earth, the sky and the four winds. Then with a mug he dipped water from a kettle and filled the jug to overflowing and gently inserted the end of the stopper until it stood upright.

"Now strike," he commanded. Sorrel Horse obeyed, and this time the hydraulic pressure rewarded his efforts and brought a glare of triumph to his eyes. His chest expanded and he softly boasted:

"They say he will have a new name. They say he can break jugs."

Scissors eyed him suspiciously and pulled forward another jug, only half full, and releasing the stopper curtly directed:

"Break that jug."

Sorrel Horse confidently struck the stopper and the jug remained intact. As the medicine man hung his head in bitter disappointment Scissors told him:

"I have taken the medicine away from you so you will not know it is my medicine and will not work if I do not get away from the village. Now I will give the medicine back to you. Bring water and fill this broken jug."

As he spoke he fitted the two pieces together, the cleavage being clean, and held them in place while Sorrel Horse with trembling hands lifted a kettle and poured in the water. When the jug could hold no more Scissors revealed the climax of the medicine by teaching the medicine man how to work gently in inserting the stopper deep enough to remain in place and yet to prevent any air pressure on the mouth; only he said nothing about pressure, as the Indian would not have understood. Sorrel Horse simply understood the manipulation of the stopper was the wakan way of doing it. Had he been told to plug the jug while one hand was held high above his head his faith would have been as great and the mystery no more profound.

"Now lift it by the handle," said Scissors.

The hand of Sorrel Horse shook convulsively and he could scarcely grip his fingers about the handle. He was on the threshold of conquering the greatest mystery he had ever attempted. To have Tunkan break a jug in his hands had been astounding. But to be permitted by the stone god to break a jug and then fill it with water and then to break it a second time surpassed his wildest dreams of wizard-



The Medicine-Man Stood Holding It, His Small Eyes Protruding.

white men, Tunkan will bear you. Break the jug by taking out the stopper."

Of course the jug collapsed and the water escaped once the plug was removed. Scissors advised:

"Have the little water-girl help you hold the jug when you fill it. Be sure

not do it.

He lifted on the handle and the jug rose from the ground and remained intact. The medicine man stood holding it, his small eyes protruding, his breath coming in gasps and the sweat oozing from his copper forehead as he felt the close presence of the gods.

Scissors explained the wakan way was always to place the jug on a smooth, level spot. Under his directions the medicine man lowered the jug to the ground.

Scissors took his paper and scissors and cut out two ponies, each having a white rider, and laid the pictures on the ground and solemnly directed:

"Now if your heart is clean, now if you will do as you have said by the it stands on a level place. If a jug breaks in more than two pieces do not try to fill it. Such a jug is weak and does not please Tunkan. Two Knives Talking goes to look after his sick brother."

(To be continued)

News Notes

(Continued from page 1)

Competitive civil service examinations will be held November 15 to select postmasters for Philomath and Rainier.

Voters' registration records of previous years in Clackamas county were smashed this year. The total registration is 17,489.

The Eugene Fruit Growers' association has shipped 314 tons, 15 carloads, of canned string beans during the past season.

Rev. J. Bogstad was elected president of the Oregon conference of the Lutheran church at the circuit conference held in Bend.

A summary of the Clatsop county 1924 assessment roll shows valuations of \$36,957,537. This is a drop of \$756,000 from the 1923 roll.

Pioneers and sons and daughters of pioneers of southern Oregon held their 48th annual reunion in Jacksonville with more than 300 present.

Mrs. Nancy House Brown, who crossed the plains to Oregon in 1850, settling with her family at Sublimity, died at Falls City, aged 80 years.

The Sumner Lake Irrigation district has just sold another bond issue of \$100,000 to a San Francisco bond house at 90 cents on the dollar.

Rodney Baird, 12, son of Mr. and Mrs. Baird of Halfway, died from concussion of the brain after being struck on the head by a batted baseball.

A new concrete log dump, to cost several hundred dollars, will be constructed at the sawmill in Springfield of the Booth-Kelly Lumber company.

The water bond election to raise \$25,000 for installation of a water system in Garibaldi carried with but one dissenting vote out of a total of 92.

At a recent meeting of the Lake County Woolgrowers' association wages of shepherders in Lake county were reduced from \$100 to \$75 per month.

The public service commission has entered upon a series of hearings to the end of adopting a uniform system of accounting for all automobile stage lines operating in Oregon.

Governor Pierce granted conditional pardons to Phillip Forrester and Pasquello Lombardo, prisoners in the Oregon state penitentiary, so that they may be deported by immigration officials.

Byron Robertson, who escaped from the state penitentiary flax fields at Salem July 14, has been apprehended at Washington, D. C., and will be returned to Salem to serve out his unexpired term.

Oregon postmasters have been appointed as follows: Mrs. Delight E. Beckman, Holdman, Umatilla county; Martin Bauerfiend, Morgan, Morrow county; Mrs. Emma F. Denham, Promise, Wallowa county.

High school pupils in Deschutes county will cast a practice vote at the general election November 4 as the result of an arrangement made by J. H. Haner, county clerk to furnish the students with ballots.

Two million Chinook salmon eggs have been delivered to the fish hatchery at Enterprise, in Wallowa county, by Frank Minney, in charge of the hatchery on the McKenzie river. The eggs will be hatched at Enterprise.

James M. Snider, 35, a trapper and packer residing near Peel, was shot and instantly killed by his stepson, Fred Paradox, 23, who said, following his surrender to the county officers, that the shot was fired in self-defense.

The new connecting link between the east and west side Pacific highways by way of Albany and Corvallis was formally opened Friday. Some 300 automobiles gathered at Albany and made up a caravan over the new pavement.

Herbert Hoover, secretary of commerce, telegraphed from Washington to Salem \$100 to be used in construction of the proposed new Young

Men's Christian association home. Secretary Hoover spent his boyhood days in Salem.

Five robbers attempted to hold up the George W. Bates & Co. bank at Williams avenue and Knott street in Portland, but were routed by Andy G. Larson, traffic policeman, after a gun battle in which a schoolgirl was wounded by a stray shot.

B. K. Lawson of Wedderburn was re-elected president of the Coos-Curry-DeL Norte counties good roads association at the convention in Brookings. The association appointed committees to watch construction of the Roosevelt highway through Curry county.

One fatality was due to an industrial accident in Oregon during the week ending October 14, according to a report prepared by the state industrial accident commission. The victim was John Brewster, winchman, with headquarters at Bandon. A total of 606 accidents was reported.

Charles S. Rudeen, ex-commissioner and chairman of the Multnomah county board, was freed of the charge of accepting bribe money from Robert E. Kremers through a verdict of acquittal ordered by Circuit Judge Morrow at Portland. The judge said the state's evidence was too weak to justify continuance of the trial.

In honor of Samuel K. Barlow, Oregon pioneer who built the famous Barlow road over the Cascade mountains into western Oregon, a bronze tablet has been erected by the Sons and Daughters of Oregon Pioneers on a large boulder just east of Government camp and on the route of the old road which has now been supplanted by the new Mount Hood Loop highway.

Crews of the Gilpin Construction company are pouring concrete on the last three piers of the Waukoma Interstate bridge, which will span the Columbia river between Hood River and White Salmon, Wash. The bridge is completed from the Oregon shore a distance of 2464 feet. Only 668 feet of steelwork remains to be placed. It is anticipated the structure will be completed early in December.

A. J. Jaenike of the forest service is in southern Oregon to undertake the third annual survey of the large pine area in which pine beetle outbreaks occurred in recent years. The three-year fight undertaken by the government and timber owners to exterminate the beetle is about 1,000,000 acres of yellow pine is rapidly ending. It was stated. The sum of \$300,000 has been spent in eradication.

A total of 97,641 persons enjoyed recreational privileges in the Sitka national forest during the last summer season, according to an estimate in a report given out at the Eugene office of the forest. The estimated number of persons who registered at hotels in the various forest districts on recreation is 200, campers numbered 7141, hikers 500 and transient motorists 59,800, according to the report.

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ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE
of Hearing of Final Account
Notice is hereby given that the final account of A. G. Waggener as administrator of the estate of John F. Waggener, deceased, has been filed in the County Court of Linn County, State of Oregon, and that the 10th day of November, 1924, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., has been duly appointed by said Court for the hearing of objections to said final account and the settlement thereof, at which time any person interested in said estate may appear and file objections thereto in writing and contest the same.

Dated and first published Oct. 8, 1924.
A. G. WAGGENER,
Administrator of the Estate.
AMOR A. TUSSING, Att'y for Adm'r.