

# Pay Gravel

HUGH PENDEXTER

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Dinsdale was nervously walking about the lodge, snapping his fingers, his flushed face betraying his highly strung nerves. He was surprised to hear Scissors abruptly command:

"Lie down and be sick."

"What the devil!" exploded Dinsdale.

"You have eaten too much meat and wild cherries. You are very sick. Lie down."

"You're crazy."

"You must pretend to be sick," Scissors elucidated. "Sorel Horse will show his medicine to the village this afternoon. We cannot be there. One white man sick; one white man watching over him."

"We're lighting out this afternoon?" hoarsely whispered Dinsdale, clutching Scissors' hand and hurrying it. "Why couldn't you say that at the start?"

"I say it now. Some time this afternoon. I would like to wait until evening, but I do not dare. I am wakan, and I can hear the pounding of a pony's hoofs. Some one is riding to this village."

"Darned if I know when to take you seriously!" muttered Dinsdale. "You'll get me to hearing and seeing things next. But if I'm sick, here goes." And he dropped down on the robes. "Now while I suffer please tell me what you've been up to."

"Before I spend time talking the village must know you're sick," said Scissors. He ran out the lodge and called to one of the akacita and asked that the roots of sage and wild licorice be brought, him so he might sing the bear song over his sick friend and cure him.

The roots were quickly brought, presumably obtained from the medicine bag of Sorel Horse; and word was spread throughout the village that one of the prisoners was ill. There were those who declared that Sorel Horse was recovering his medicine and was killing the white man's medicine. But when it was understood that Scissors was using licorice, the medicine the bear digs up, and was singing the bear song, there was much doubt as to the efficacy of Sorel Horse's magic.

Then to increase the tension Sorel Horse instructed the akacita to announce to all the lodges that after the sun started down the west he would break a jug on the river slope and prove that he was a favorite of the stone god and that Tunkan still worked through him.

"He has stolen the white man's medicine! They really say it does what he tells it to do!" joyously shouted some.

Crazy Horse was infected by the excitement and called at the prisoner's lodge after having a talk with Sorel Horse. When he stuck his head inside it was to behold Dinsdale, eyes closed, tossing his head from side to side and mumbling incoherently. Scissors sat beside him and fanned him with a fan of eagle feathers, and as he swung the feathers he softly sang the bear song.

"The young man is sick?" asked Crazy Horse.

"He is very sick, but I shall make him well after two sleeps," replied Scissors.

"Shunca-luta breaks a jug after the sun crosses Mato Tipi?"

"He talks like an old woman. He cannot break jugs," scoffed Scissors.

"After he tries and fails, and covers his head with his blanket, and is hiding in his lodge, let Tahunca-ultico remember what the white man told him."

Plainly disconcerted by this bold skepticism, Crazy Horse withdrew.

To add to the tremendous excitement caused by the medicine man's avowal three young men rode into the village shortly after the noon hour, returning from a scout between the Grand and Heart rivers. They brought with them horrible trophies in the shape of human hands and feet tied to their lances. Their arrival was greeted with the firing of guns and much yelling and howling. The three ponies wore feathers in their tails and manes to show they had ably abetted their masters. The lances were passed over to the squaws to dance before being struck up before the Strong Heart lodge to which the scouts belonged.

Alarmed by the noise Scissors stepped outside to investigate. Soon he was back, his face looking pale and sickly.

"Some poor devil of a soldier who strayed and got lost, or who wandered off hunting," he told Dinsdale. "Dutch-ered. The village is crazy. It makes it bad for us. They've tasted blood. They won't be satisfied until they've wiped us out."

"If there was one soldier there must be more behind him," said Dinsdale

hopefully.

"He was a soldier. They brought in enough of his clothes to prove that Crazy Horse is in his lodge trying to figure out how many more there may be, and where they may be. I believe it means General Crook has struck the Little Missouri, or even the head of the Heart. I knew something would happen today. It's lucky for us that the scouts saw nothing of Crazy Horse's messengers to the Short Medicine Pole hills. But they'll be coming back any time now. When things begin to break they come with a rush."

It was some time before the village quieted down sufficiently for public interest to revert to Sorel Horse and his boast. The medicine man, when he could gain a hearing, proudly proclaimed it was his new medicine that had enabled the young warriors to make their kill. The young girl who brought in their dinner was too overcome with excitement to answer any questions. At first Dinsdale refused to eat, but Scissors insisted until he swallowed some meat. Scissors would not let him leave the couch for fear some curious savage would spy on them and discover the truth.

After the shouting and dancing had ceased, the akacita began parading through the village and crying "Shunca-luta will make a new medicine, they say. Hiyu po!" (Come on! Hiyu po!)"

As the camp police passed a lodge it was a signal for the inmates to come out and fall in behind them. Crazy Horse took his place and as the procession reached the prisoners' lodge he halted and looked inside and asked Scissors to come and witness the new medicine.

Continuing to fan Dinsdale, the picture man ceased his chanting long enough to reply. "He has had an evil dream. The ghosts are fooling him. My white brother needs the bear song."

And he pointed down to the patient, who groaned and tossed about. The akacita went their way, calling on all the people to follow and do Sorel Horse due honor; the two lines of eager spectators, including Crazy Horse, made for the grassy slope.

Scissors watched their departure through the opening, and then made sure the adjacent lodges were empty. Darting back to the lodge he pulled away the bundles of antelope skins and made a peep hole with his scissors. Only two lodges stood between them and the bluffs, and neither showed any signs of life.

"Now we are ready," he whispered to Dinsdale.

Dinsdale came to his feet and started for the opening, but Scissors drew him back and closed the flap, and said:

"Out the back end will be better."

He dropped on his knees and had pulled a hide to one side when both were startled at the sound of a step by the entrance. Snatching up a kettle left by the girl he motioned for Dinsdale to gain the couch. But before Dinsdale could get in proper position the flap was pushed back and one of the akacita stuck in his head. He had noted the cessation of the sick man's moaning. He blinked his eyes to get rid of the sunlight and beheld Dinsdale stealing toward the couch.

He opened his mouth to emit a yell, when the kettle struck him on the back of the head, smashing the skull. As the man fell forward on his face, half inside the lodge, Dinsdale seized his shoulders and dragged him completely in, and Scissors dropped the flap.

"Now we must go, no matter how many are outside," muttered Scissors. They crawled under the back flap and bending low, ran by the two lodges and began ascending a dry gully. They reached the pine growth on top of the bluffs just as the Indians on the slope began yelling loudly. Dinsdale believed Sorel Horse had succeeded with his jug medicine. Scissors insisted the medicine man could not reach the climax so soon, even if he forgot the warning that the medicine would not work unless the prisoners had time to reach the ponies.

"Some one must have returned to the village and discovered the dead guard. Probably a couple of them left to watch us," he nervously explained.

They scrambled up another terrace and came to a faint trail running to the south. From the elevation, also heavily wooded, they could look down on the village and the slope. That their escape was now known was proved by the Indians on the slope. The entire mass was dancing and shouting wildly, and waving arms. Then Scissors made out some new arrivals, a small band of warriors. All

of these except the leader had dismounted. As Scissors stared at the mounted warrior he cried:

"American Horse! American Horse has returned. Look! He's pointing to the north, and brandishing his rifle. Now they're breaking to run back to the lodges. By heavens! The ponies are being brought up! It can mean only one thing! Crook's soldiers have reached the head of Heart river. Crazy Horse goes to stop him from making the Black Hills. They don't even wait for Shunca-luta to prove his medicine! Here's the trail! Now let's see your heels!"

The loud outcry at the north end of the street, quickly swollen to a deafening chorus of yells and punctuated by a rapid discharge of hand guns, caused more than one citizen of Deadwood City to fear that Crazy Horse and Sitting Bull were making good their threats and were sweeping into town at the head of their copper-colored hordes. But as the clamor reached Kitty the Scherer's place, swept on by Keno Frank's gambling hall, and was added to by those in front of San Juan Joe's big tent, it took on a rude rhythm and at intervals burst into a reassuring staccato of wild cheering. Then the tents and buildings farther south knew something momentous had happened, but that no danger was imminent.

The soldiers are coming! The soldiers are coming! shrieked a woman from the second-story window of a store and tenement structure. This was accepted as the truth for a minute, as the woman's coin of wifery was much superior to those milling around in the street.

"No soldiers! Two men!" howled a boy from the top of a pine.

Then a solid mass of exclamatory humanity came into the view, swallowing disorganized groups as fast as reaching them, and only the ill remained indoors. San Juan Joe rushed from his tent, rifle in hand. The front ranks broke and erupted to each side and allowed Scissors and Dinsdale to stand revealed. With the yell of an Apache San Juan dropped his rifle and ran forward to shake hands with the two men. Old Pyrites was another who fought his way through the mob to add congratulations.

The procession came to a halt; for the street ahead was filling with men and women and children. A man with mighty lungs climbed to the top of a freight wagon and bellowed:

"Pete Dinsdale and Scissors, who we all reckoned had cashed in, escaped from the Indians and have come back. They say Crook and his soldiers are on Heart river, that it's a race between him and Crazy Horse to see whether white or red gets here first. Sitting Bull is expected to join 'em with five thousand bucks. Our two citizens were chased from Slim Butte to the Belle Fourche by a small band of Ogalala. They killed their horses in the race and came the rest of the way on foot. Three cheers and a tiger!"

The cheers were giving more guns were discharged. Mayor Farnum made his way to the escaped prisoners and shook each by the hand.

"We supposed you were dead," he said.

"All the credit for our being alive belongs to Scissors," said Dinsdale. "He knows more about Indians than Crazy Horse does."

"I'm wakan," spoke up Scissors. "Used to play in a Sioux village years ago. What I did was nothing. But if Crook doesn't make this gulch ahead of the Ogalala you want to prepare for a lot of trouble."

"Make room so they can get in somewhere and rest," cried San Juan. Still cheering, but not so boisterously now that Scissors had given his warning, the crowd parted and the gambler led the two men into the tent and toward the hidden entrance of his house. But Scissors at once responded to his environment and with paper and scissors ready began searching for customers.

It seemed to Dinsdale that a mask had dropped over Scissors' face the minute he got back among the tables; and never did he do such a trade as now. Instead of profiles he cut out lodges and ponies and other bits of Indian village life. These were eagerly snapped up as souvenirs by men who did not know whether they were to be victims of Teton cruelty, or live to welcome Crook. And each purchaser demanded more information as to how the two managed to escape.

"Always could do it," Scissors shrilly cried. "I'm wakan witsashsha. We ran away when the Indians weren't looking. American Horse? Yes, we saw him when he came to lead his braves to the Heart. Crazy Horse? Certainly. He's the big man; stack him up against red or white and he's big—four bits—why you're not we killed offhand? Why, I'm wakan. I tell you. Used to live in their villages. Then there was Dinsdale with some very pretty revolver magic. He's a cool one. Made Crazy Horse bug out his eyes—Yes, sir; four bits. Thank you."

San Juan Joe conducted Dinsdale to the rear room, and after sending a boy for a tray of drinks and making sure his guest was comfortably seated he exclaimed:

"Well, this knocks me! Can't make it real. When Pyrites came back with you and said you'd already started for here with Scissors, I knew something had happened. When he told about you making a big killing at cards and described the fellow I told the agents had got you, I looked

him off his pins when he arrived and found you hadn't shown up. Now give me the story."

"First tell me about Jim Omaha. Has he been here?"

"To hell with Jim Omaha! Haven't seen anyone that could be him. Give me the yarn."

Dinsdale told of his meeting the man Easy and winning his money; how he and Scissors ran away from Easy's gang only to fall into the hands of the Indians at Bear butte. After sketching his experience among the Indians he dolefully added:

"And that little pleasure trip cost me four thousand dollars and leaves me without even a grubstake."

"Four thousand is nothing," scoffed San Juan. "There is a big game wait-



"We Ran Away When the Indians Weren't Looking."

ing for you. A very big game. You didn't lose your nerve at Slim Butte?"

"Not my gun nerve," grimly retorted Dinsdale. "And what I want first of all is two Colt forty-fours. I brought a new Winchester forty-four from the Butte. But I feel undressed without my hand-guns."

"You shall buy as good a brace as there is in Deadwood City. That means as good as any in the world. You did mighty well to pull old Scissors out of the fire."

"Now get this right. He pulled me out. Sabe? He's an entirely different man among Indians. I believe he's injured until he's more red than white. Not only knows their lingo like a book but he knows their different songs and secret societies. He says he used to live near one of their big villages and played with red youngsters when he was a boy. That was before his mind went back on him. In here he's half-witted. Matching wits against Sorel Horse, the medicine man, he's as smart as a Yankee peddler."

"I knew from pictures he cut out that he knew a lot about their village life. They caught him early this summer and he was with them quite a while."

"I don't reckon he'd been in any danger at all if I hadn't been along. But to get back to my present trouble. I'm broke—"

"Not while I have an ounce. And the tables have been doing mighty well, thank you. Little off now, but I don't care," said San Juan.

"I'll take enough for eats and drinks until I can make some real money. What's the big game you're bragging about? Your message to Rapid City made me curious."

(To be continued)

A fertile soil is best, but a fertile egg will spoil.

Live stock will make the farmer's future brighter by making the soil better.

Gather eggs twice a week during the summer. The extra work will pay in better quality marketed.

Damage from weevil and other stored grain insects can be prevented. Ask your county agent how.

## Pine Grove Points

(Enterprise Correspondence)

Mrs. George Chandler and son came home from Albany Saturday.

Mrs. W. G. McNeil spent the week end visiting relatives in Eugene.

Mr. Slate of Tangent has been driving a new well for P. W. Sylvester.

J. C. and Albert Heinrich and Ray Hoyer were Albany visitors Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Hoyer of Harrisburg visited at the E. E. Hoyer home Monday.

Master Lyle Eagy and the rest of the family were Sunday guests at the home of Lyle's grandparents at Oakville, it being his sixth birthday.

The ladies of the South Methodist church of Peoria will serve a chicken supper at the Peoria schoolhouse Nov. 4. A radio, over which they expect to receive the election returns, will be a feature

of the entertainment. Everyone is invited.

L. E. Eagy, Floyd Nichols, R. K. Stewart, N. E. Chandler and E. E. Hoyer attended the missionary meeting at the Peoria parsonage Thursday afternoon.

## Halsey Happenings etc.

(Continued from page 1)

O. W. Frum shipped a carload of hogs to Portland today.

Mrs. Laura Bramwell returned recently from a visit with her daughter, Mrs. N. A. Tinik, at St. Helens.

A Linn county committee will call on the state highway commission Tuesday to urge expedition in the fulfillment of the board's promised completion of the Santiam pass road survey.

Charles P. Poole is president of the Linn-Benton I. O. O. F. association, C. W. Malson secretary, C. M. Flowers Warden, B. M. Bond conductor and Lester Stacey chaplain.

At 2 o'clock Saturday the Ramseum theatre at Albany will be open to the public, Congressman Hawley will speak.

Mrs. Eliza Brandon went to Portland today to visit her daughter, Mrs. G. C. Osborn, before going to California for the winter.

A. A. Tussing and Jim McWilliams started for Klickitat Friday and got home Monday, making a long trip in a short time. They did some tall mountain climbing on one stretch where road work made a detour necessary.

Miss Ruth Frum returned from Portland last Wednesday. She had been the guest of her aunt, Mrs. J. P. Wilbur.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Cummings were visitors at the home of Mrs. Hannah Cummings Monday.

D. J. Hayes, W. J. Ribelin, Ed Jewett and Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Robius were among those who attended the Winniford funeral.

Ray Frum and family of Plainview visited at the O. W. Frum home Monday.

W. A. Allen was in Albany Saturday.

John Salash and Bert S. Clark drove to Eugene Sunday.

Meedames Freeland and Shottwell have moved from their rooms at the Hugh Leeper home to Miss Maude Ackley's home in south Halsey.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Laubner and Mr. and Mrs. William Beene drove to Eugene Sunday to attend the funeral of R. L. Winniford.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Holt were Albany shoppers Saturday.

W. J. Ribelin, Mr. and Mrs. B. M. Miller and daughter Gardie and Misses Ruth Finley and Beulah Miller were guests at Mrs. Eliza Brandon's Sunday.

A. E. Foote and wife drove to Junction City Sunday afternoon and visited at the F. W. Robinson home.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Brock, Mrs. Thomas Ardrey and Bert Clark drove to Albany Saturday.

Muriel Ceruti of Eugene is employed at the Halsey garage now.

Mr. and Mrs. Hoffman enjoyed an outing at Sodaville Sunday.

T. P. Patton's silo came down in last night's wind.

Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Walton drove from Harrisburg Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Jay Moore.

Ped Templeton and wife and Meedames C. P. Stafford and S. J. Smith attended the Winniford funeral in Eugene Sunday.

O. W. Frum and family were Albany shoppers Saturday.

Grant McNeil and family and Grant's mother, Mrs. J. T. McNeil, were Albany shoppers Saturday.

The Christian church ladies announce that they will give that election-day dinner at the Dad's and Mam's restaurant building, after all.

Martin Cummings and his mother, Mrs. Hannah Cummings, Mrs. Jane Bond and Uncle Milton Bond visited Mrs. Winnie Davis, a distant relative, at Cottage Grove Sunday. She is 90 years old and has her hair bobbed.

Mrs. J. T. McNeil and son Grant drove to Harrisburg Friday.

Miss Amanda Mitzner, who is studying in Portland for missionary work, has been appointed assistant to the pastor at Woodlawn. Gilbert Carey has a Sunday

school class to teach and says he finds himself too busy to get home-sick.

The beauty shop has doubled its hours of service. Just wait till the editor gets a Marcel!

The reduced rates of the Mountain States Power company for electric juice go into effect Nov. 3. Lighting, cooking and small motor services will have one uniform rate and one meter and one set of wires will suffice for a home.

Wood's garage at Tangent was robbed of \$100 by a burglar Monday morning. That Tangent garage man was getting rich too fast. One hundred dollars at one time!

(Continued on page 2)

Roy Gardner thinks a surgical operation would remove his criminal tendencies. Yes, it would, if performed just below his ears and extended clear through. That would cure him of his desire to rob and steal.

Against adulteration of either dairy products or their substitutes sustain the oleomargarine and condensed milk act. Vote 306. Yes.

Visit the INTERNATIONAL STOCK EXPOSITION, PORTLAND, NOV. 1 to 8

## GOING AWAY and the way to go to Portland and return

Benefit by low week-end fares now in effect, on sale Friday, Saturday and Sunday—return limit following Tuesday.

Or 15-day fares, on sale any day—return limit 15 days, with stop-over at any point enroute.

Make all your going away plans to take advantage of these low round trip fares.

For full information about these and other round trip fares communicate with

## Southern Pacific

C. P. MOODY, ag't. Phone 226

## For the Income Tax

Halsey, Oregon, Oct. 28, 1924 To the Editor of the Enterprise:

In the "paid advertisement" list of signers for the repeal of the income tax law they are very careful not to give the occupation of any of the signers. We are unable to find the name of a single farmer on their list in our vicinity. They also forget to say anything about the 58 per cent of those paying income taxes who pay no other taxes for the upkeep of the state.

No one knows better than we farmers how the tax burden is getting unbearable. Now let us all share our equal portion of the taxes and at the same time work and vote to cut down the tax burden all that is consistent with the progress of our great state.

Let us all get busy and not allow the lavish use of money and misstatements to defeat a just measure.

- Vote 318 NO to defeat the repeal.
- H. ZIMMERMAN
- J. C. PORTER
- GEORGE LAUBNER
- C. C. JACKSON
- HARRY PORTER
- E. E. GORNLEY
- E. B. PENLAND
- H. C. DAVIS
- W. C. SMITH
- B. R. HOLT
- A. J. HILL
- CAL WOOLEY
- H. W. STEINKE
- BERT CLARK
- G. P. RYALS
- JUSTIN PHILPOTT
- JAS. W. DRINKARD
- C. H. FALK
- L. H. FALK
- S. J. SMITH