

THE FEATHERHEADS

By Osborne



Buy Chance

GOLDEN PHANTOMS

Fascinating Tales of Lost Mines

by Editha L. Watson

DOGS OF THE MIST

SOMEWHERE in the region where the Continental Divide crosses the Mexican border, there is a wonderful lost mine. Who first discovered it, who sank the first shaft or drove the first tunnel, and brought the first gleaming gold out into the sunlight, no one knows. And no one has any idea why the mine was abandoned, since great chunks of "chispa"—high grade ore—still lie on the dump.

At least, they should be lying there. Only one man ever saw them, and he did not live to benefit from his discovery. In fact, if it were not for the piece of ore, heavy with gold, which goes to prove the story, one might wonder if this lost mine were not just another creation of legend.

A strange, eerie superstition has grown up about the lost mine; on nights when the young moon makes a light only a little brighter than the stars, and there is a misty look to the hills which renders the most familiar landmarks strange, the man of the house will stroll out to the edge of town—perhaps farther—slowly and quietly. He listens intently. Then perhaps a coyote howls, or a dog barks—and he is all attention. He seems half afraid, half eager.

Usually, he finally strolls home again, looking a shade disappointed. But once in a while—ah, then! The sounds for which he is listening become clearer—they resolve into the bark of two dogs together, at some little distance from the man who waits and listens with every nerve tingling with excitement. As soon as he can locate their direction, off he goes.

He is following "Los Perros de la Niebla"—the Dogs of the Mist. If he can keep their trail, guided only by their ghostly barking, he will come to the place where is the marvelous mine, and its riches will be his. He will know it because the skeleton of a man lies there somewhere close—the man who long ago went hunting with his two great black dogs, found the mine, and then shot himself, accidentally, in his nervous excitement. As he lay dying within reach of the glittering ore, he wrote a note in his own blood on a scrap of paper—or, as some say, on a rag torn from his clothing. He folded this about a piece of ore and tied it to the neck of one of the dogs. Then he commanded them to go for help.

Exactly what the note said, no one can tell, but apparently its few words conveyed a plea to follow the dogs back to him. The man whom the animals searched out, believing that they were mad, shot them both before he saw the message—and spent the rest of his life in a futile search for the mine.

It was a misty moonlight night when the great, black, eager dogs appeared, jumping and barking to attract attention. (One can scarcely blame the Mexican for shooting first and investigating afterward). Ever since then—and it has been many years—their ghosts return on such nights, unseen but not unheard, and try to lure some one to the place where their master lies. Sometimes an ardent believer will follow them for miles, only always to lose them at last—and it is said that one man became quite deaf from listening to their barking.

DEVIL'S HEAD STANDS GUARD

DEVIL'S HEAD, Colorado, is a great rough pile of rocks which forms a landmark for all the country around it. There are many stories told about the region, which is wild and little traveled except on the main roads. Even at this time desperadoes sometimes hide out in the vicinity, although a national forest fire lookout tops the Head. In early days robbers and desperate men knew that region, too, and without doubt there is treasure hidden about the Devil's Head which has never been—and perhaps never will be—found.

For instance, in the early 70s, a gang held up a government train at Big Springs and got away with \$80,000 in gold eagles. The men managed to hide in the forest near Devil's Head, but the posse hunting for them knew that country rather well themselves, and pursuit came entirely too close for safety. Accordingly the holdups buried their loot, sticking a long knife into a tree to mark the spot, and got out of the country for the time being.

In 1923 an old man appeared in the region, who seemed to be hunting for something. He searched for days, and when a forester at the lookout, who had been watching him, finally asked him what he was looking for, he told the story of the holdup that had happened so long before. He had been one of the gang, the old man said, and he hoped to find the buried loot. But he had not reckoned on forest fires—the trees he had once seen, and the knife he knew to have been left above the gold, had long ago gone up in billows of thick smoke.

Big Tree Forests Once

Stood Over Eastern U. S.

Great forests of sequoia trees, related to the Big Trees of California and the coast redwoods of the Pacific slope, once stood over most of what is now the United States. New finds of their remains have recently been made, and are now in possession of the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, where they are being studied by Dr. R. W. Brown of the United States Geological Survey.

One lot of specimens consists of an ancient driftwood deposit found in Maryland, near Washington, and the other is of sequoia cones from the Cannonball river region in North Dakota. No cones were found in the Maryland deposit, but it is considered likely that some of the logs are of redwood; sequoia cones have been found in other Maryland deposits. The trees in both collections are of Cretaceous geological age, about 120,000,000 years ago.—Science Service.

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JUNIOR DISCOVERS HE CAN WHIRL AROUND ON STOOL.

JUNIOR FALLS OFF, BURSTING INTO LAUGHS.

DECIDES TO MAKE HER PURCHASE SOME OTHER DAY.