SOUTHERN OREGON MINER

That wholesome, tangy

outdoor taste



sy gates behind them.

sion.

it.

CHAPTER XVII—Continued

-17-

equally defiant, declared he would

shoot the first man that attempted

There were hesitation and wran-

manship from the tower.

out they would leave.

them off.

By FRANK H. SPEARMAN

gels, Padre Martinez," suggested it for you!" Hardly had the two faced about Bowie. "Pardaloe and Simmie will when the clatter of hoofs behind be here any minute. What I want gested Bowie. them indicated they were being fol- to do is to find the senorita quick,

CARMEN ... THE RAN

lowed. They broke the ponies into to quiet her fears." a swift lope; their pursuers rode It was only his searching voice faster. Fortunately, the distance in the house that drew Carmen from was but short, and, as dusk fell, her hiding place to find refuge in Felipe and Carmen dashed safely his arms. "We've been frightened through the opened doors into the to death at home, my dearest," he mission compound and Felipe, leap- whispered. "Tell me what's haping from his horse, closed the clumpened? Carmen, you are safe, darling, safe. Tell me."

The clattering horsemen pulled up A gleam of light flamed through in front of the church and with the high window.

many shouts and oaths scattered "What is that?" whispered Carover the plaza, demanding admismen.

"Nothing to worry about. They Felipe, though mild, was game in were getting wood together for a a pinch. He caught up a blunder- bonfire when I scented the outfit. same." buss from the guards' quarters and You see, my precious one," he concoaxed two neophytes to arm and tinued gravely, "this is what this appear with him in the church tow- beautiful country is coming to. er. The raiders yelled at them These ruffians are as bad as the and one of them, a renegade mis- savages and with no more regard shut. Clamor outside grew to a alarm. sion Indian, shouted insolently to for women. Come back with me Felipe to open the gates or they to the sacristy. Pardaloe and Simwould break them open. Felipe, mie will be here very soon."

But Pardaloe and Simmie, arriving soon, brought disquieting news. The disturbance in the plaza had all been made by six or eight of the



little damage, but they scared the backwash from the squatters. The cowardly squatters enough to hold two scouts in their search for Carmen had reconnoitered the river and The renegade, after a long time, the Melena. From a squatter stragrode back to the tower for another gler they had learned that Blood talk with Felipe. The party, he was back with his friends but that said, were ready to leave, provided supplies were low and they were the padre would set out a cask of talking of raiding the mission that wine as a gesture of good will. night.

"If Blood undertakes this tonight stairs. Padre Martinez had retreat- it's not a good place for our Senoed to the sacristy. He called in rita," said Bowie in the sacristy Padre Gomez, his assistant. The conference that followed. "He won't assistant was for the proposal, the leave without plenty of fight. But-

C Frank H. Spearman

"It's a dark night, Blood," sug-

morning."

Blood stamped ferociously on the tile pavement. He roared at Bowie. He stormed at the padre. "Don't depend on me to hold these

hungry boys back. I can't do it. They want money and they want supplies and they'll burn this place to the ground if they don't get both."

"Blood, you're wasting your breath," intervened Bowie. "If you or your ruffians try to touch so much as a strip of bacon here tonight somebody will get killed. Now I'm safe." going to shut this door and go to bed, and I advise you to do the

"Bowie, I've got a long score to settle with you-

"Wait till daylight, Blood. I'm going to bed." He slammed the door roar. A hasty conference took place in the sacristy-the despairing fa-

Carmen anxiously listening. Bowie did not seek to disguise the

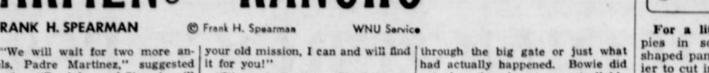
would clean the mission out might ence was another matter. Should anything happen to him in the fight, men. "Temblor!" what might happen to her?

He asked Carmen to step outside position, Padre. I don't like to seem these drunken devils. But my first under him. responsibility is for Senorita's safety, and if they made good their threat to fire the mission, she might find herself in the worst kind of danger.'

Padre Martinez laid his hand on Bowie's arm. "I understand perfectly, my son. I ask you to take, before all else, whatever measures are necessary to protect our Senorita-for, as our benefactress, we feel that she is ours as well. Whatever may happen here, it is your duty to protect her."

Bowie called Carmen into the conference. He laid the situation before her. Padre, his hands clasped in anxiety, listened. She looked from one to the other and back to Bowie in confidence. "You know best, Don Henry," she said trustfully.

He called in Pardaloe and Simmie and told them what he meant to do. Felipe he dispatched to scout the quadrangle and search for an opening not covered by Blood's men. Felipe came back with no good news. He shook his head.



Mh-

not slow the almost uncontrollable "Better wait till horses until they had reached cover in the doubly dark alameda. Carmen parted from his embrace slowly: it seemed such a natural place to rest her head, and in her ear close to his breast she had heard his heartbeat. Suddenly she remembered herself.

"Darling, are you hurt? Tell me quick!" "No, vida mia, no. But you?" he

whispered. She laughed low and cautiously. 'I am not. Thank God, we are

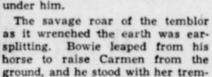
"I think so, but we may be pursued. I hope not. Now I will give you a more comfortable seat."

"What is that, 'Quito mio?" Carmen spoke from her own saddle and her voice betrayed her acute

Bowie noticed the low sharp rumbling. But he was so alert to the thers, the Texans and Felipe, with danger of pursuit that he did not at first comprehend.

He was not left long in doubt. situation. With twenty or thirty men The rumbling grew instantly loudbehind him, Blood's boast that he er. The horses became unmanageable. They shook with terror. A be a serious one. Simmie noticed deafening roar burst on the ears. that Bowie looked grave. He knew Of a sudden Carmen and Bowie the Texan was not squeamish about were rocked in their saddles-the facing odds. But Carmen's pres- earth was heaving in terrifying waves. "Temblor!" gasped Car-

Bowie seized her bridle. The feet of the frantic horses sprawled, their a moment. He then spoke to Padre legs sank toward the ground. So Martinez. "I'm put in an awkward abrupt was the halt that Carmen was pitched over her horse's head to run away from you in face of as he scrambled to keep his legs



ground, and he stood with her trembling in his arms, trying to keep





For a little variety bake your pies in square or rectangularshaped pans. Often they are easier to cut into equal portions from such a shape.

Fat burns easily. It should therefore be handled carefully during the cooking. Even a small amount of fat in a frying pan will ignite if it is over-heated. A kettle of deep fat can quickly produce quite a blaze. . . .

To keep marshmallows moist, store them in the bread box.

A novelty container which will hold several of the handsome vine plants is a clear glass bowl about five inches in diameter. Plants such as the ivy or philodendron will take root in such bowl filled with clear water, and the effect is stunning.

Relying on Others He who relies on another's table is apt to dine late.





Felipe sent the message downpadre, against it. Carmen was we'll see." called in. She listened to all that was urged and without hesitation sided with the assistant. "Only," of brandy, not of wine. Those wretches will be less dangerous drunk than sober. If it should occur to them to set fire to the quarters, heaven knows what would happen to us."

Her counsel was followed. The gates were opened. A cask of brandy was rolled out, and a basket with drinking gourds was sent along. The renegade, with a heavy stone, broached the cask, and an orgy of drinking began. It absorbed the interest of the revelers for a time, to the exclusion of all else.

For an hour that was long and anxious to the mission defenders the drunken yelling and singing went on. Then there came a knock at the sacristy door. Panic seized the little group. A whispered consultation followed. Knocking, growcontinued. Only a wax candle light- it wide open," he directed. ed the room and, with faces blanched as they listened to the from the bonfire outlined the burly pounding, Carmen was told in whis- figure of the man who was knockpers to slip out and hide in the ing; other eager ones stood behind der the arms, querida, so as to house. Padre Martinez had already him. given absolution to his assistant and received it from him, firmly believ- raider loudly. ing their hour was at hand. The venerable man now blessed himself, Bowie. "What do you want, Blood?" asked for protection from above, took up the candle in an unsteady hand and, summoning St. Michael to his aid, threw open the door.

From the dark came a tart question: "What is the matter here?" And Bowie, booted and spurred, "Why did stalked into the room. you not open the door?"

"An angel from heaven!" exclaimed Padre Martinez.

"Padre Martinez," demanded Bowie, "Senorita Carmen has not come home. She was here. Where is she?"

"Still here, senor!" "Thank God for that!"

"She left this room when your knocking began."

"Why so?"

"We feared it was the drunken raiders in front. They know she is five men, much less twenty-five." here. What shall we do, senor?"

"Where are your soldiers?" "San Jose was threatened this morning by the same men, and they went down to offer protection. They have not returned."

"And they won't," predicted Bow le, "till this fight is over." "What shall we do, senor?"

The Texan declared that Carmen should be spirited away. "We'll have our hands full to take care of while we dash through the bunch she added coolly, "set out a cask the Indian women if Blood starts in on brandy."

> They had scarcely finished their talk when a chorus of cheering yells out in front gave notice of fresh arrivals. Had there been any doubt as to this, a loud knocking came at the outer door. The padres looked to the Texan for guidance. He whispered to Carmen. She disappeared from the room. The

knocking grew violent. "Put out the candle, Padre," said Bowie. "Then open the door." "Open the door?" echoed the blanching man as it was pounded loudly from the other side.

"Don't be afraid," murmured Bowie. "No one will come in. Stand back, the rest of you, and keep out of range of the door."

The Texan took his place just to Open went the door. A flicker

"Who's in there?" demanded the

"Nobody's that's deaf," retorted "Oh! It's the rancho pet, eh? Well! I'm glad you're here."

"Don't waste your breath. You may need it. Say what your business is, or get off this property." Blood laughed truculently. "My Texan friend, I'm here to tell you you'll get off this property before you are a half-hour older. I talk

to Padre Martinez." "Here he is. Say your say." "Senor Blood," asked the padre, 'what do you want?" "I want supplies for twenty-five

men-flour, bread, meat, wine and brandy-presto." "Senor Blood, you know no hun-

gry man is turned from this door, for you have been fed here more

States of America." don't get them?" interposed Bowie casually.

Those men are everywhere."

"Ben," he said to Pardaloe, when the big gate is thrown open by Felipe, fire your pistols, you and Simmie and Felipe, straight into the crowd outside. I'll be shooting both pistols from the saddle before they can shoot back. Cover Felipe with your rifles, boys, while he shuts and bars the gate after us. Is it all clear?"

"Clear as daylight, Henry," mumbled Pardaloe. "Just say when." Felipe, aided by a neophyte, was

bringing up the horses. Bowie began to check over the cinches. "Felipe." he said in surprise, "what's the matter with these horses? They are trembling with sweat."

"Senor, I know. I saw it. Quien sabe? All the horses in the stable are sweating and nervous. I do not know why." Padre Martinez at moments such as this. In a came out with Carmen.

this mean-these horses? See how they sweat and tremble."

"Hasten, hasten, my son! Something may happen. They know more ing momentarily more impatient, the side of the door itself. "Throw than we do. Hasten!" exclaimed the agitated padre.

> Bowie mounted his restive horse. Pardaloe passed Carmen up into his arms to face him. "Clasp me unleave my arms free. Hand me the

hackamore for the Senorita's horse, Felipe."

Bowie fastened this with knots for some play to the horn of his saddle. With Carmen snuggling low against him, he drew his pistols.

"When the gate is opened," he said to the scouts, "send your pistol fire straight into their faces and horses." yell like Indians. Then poke our

you ready? Open!" The dash out was a shock to the

score of men, some on foot but most in the saddle, who were crowdfire, the yelling, the two horses prodded and spurred, trampling and you, vida mia." charging into the raiders, threw

them into momentary confusion. Bowie, yelling, discharged his pis-

tols to the right and left. The raiders ducked and dodged as their than once. But I have not such horses reared on one another. A now, in the name of the United the plaza for an instant. But the gate had clanged shut, and the

darkness of the night.

be fed. Padre, you've got tons of that no two of the stunned guerillas possible hiding place for a skulker. food. If you can't find this food in agreed on who had ridden out

Towering trees whirled in circles.

his own feet while he supported the half-conscious girl.

Nature tossed and heaved in an agony of convulsion. Towering trees whirled in circles, whipped to the ground, now prostrate, now upright, or snapped like matches at the base. And over the moaning and crashing of the troubled darkness there spread a faint ghastly light such as never has been looked on save fearful instant a silent and peace-"Padre," said Bowie, "what does ful landscape had been flung into an inferno of appalling destruction. Shock followed shock as the mighty temblor shook the earth in a cata-

clysm and tore yawning gulfs across its face, as if bent on making horror complete. Bowie, breathing hard and com-

pletely unstrung, held Carmen's head against him as she shook from head to foot, praying low and beseechingly.

Bowie pulled himself somewhat together. "Surely the worst is over, Carmelita," he exclaimed. "Let's look for the horses."

But the search, punctuated by receding quakes, was in vain. "There's nothing for it, Carmen, but to go back to the mission for

"But 'Quito," said Carmen, fearhorses hard, and away we go. Are ful, "we shall be killed by those guerillas."

He tried to laugh: his throat had gone dry. "Never fear," he managed to say, "those wretches are ed around the big gate. The pistol miles away before this. It is a walk, but we must try. I will carry

> "Not so. I am drag enough on you as it is. Vamos, querido."

The rising moon began to shed a ghostly light over the desolate landscape. The shock of the night of terrors keyed Carmen up to maksupplies in the mission tonight for volley of oaths, an enraged yell ing the long walk back without feelfrom Blood, went up; a scattering ing it. Nearing the mission, a "I demand these supplies right flash ci rifle and pistol fire lighted strange phenomenon confronted them. Their eyes were closely bent on discovering hidden gueril-"And what will you do if you phantom riders had melted into the las before they themselves should be discovered. Every clump of shrubs was skirted gingerly; every "Shut up, Bowie! My men must Long afterward Bowie learned tree, prostrate or standing, was a

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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