SOUTHERN OREGON MINER



INSTALLMENT 15 THE STORY SO FAR:

Dusty King and Lew Gordon had built tion of his sweetheart, Jody Gordon, up a vast string of ranches. King was killed by his powerful and unscrupulous competitor, Ben Thorpe. Bill Roper, King's adopted son, was determined to avenge his death in spite of the opposi-

CHAPTER XX-Continued

wide the door. The slab door resisted, wedged in the ice of the sill; Roper heard none of them fire. then shuddered open with a noisy violence.

Roper stepped in with a sidewise step that at once made room for Shoshone and brought Roper within the wall, clear of a possible shot from behind him in the dark.

"Don't anybody move!"

The uncertain and flickering light room with ample light, compared utterly motionless. to the heavy darkness without. A man who sat upon a keg by the fire sprang up, his clawed hand reaching out to a gunbelt that lay Because there were only two more upon the crude table; but the reaching hand rose empty in a continuous motion as the man put up his hand. Three crude bunks ranged along the rear wall. From the first of these, the one nearest the fire, a man came out with his hands up; one of his arms was heavily bandaged, and its upward motion carried its sling with it.

Now .Shoshone, whose heel had kicked the door shut behind him as he came in, made a headlong dive into the second of the three bunks. In that instant the thing happened that Roper most dreaded, so that in a single split fraction of a second their chances were irrevocably hurt.

As Shoshone Wilce sprang, a gun smashed out from within the shadowy bunk. The blast of its explosion was magnified in the close quarters, leaving the ears ringing in the instant of stunned silence that followed.

The barrel of Shoshone's .45 had crashed upon the skull of the man in the bunk almost in the same instant that the shot was fired. A lean hand, gripping a six-gun, dropped out over the side of the bunk, relaxed slowly, and the sixgun slid to the floor from long, dangling fingers. Shoshone Wilce held absolutely motionless for a moment. half crouched, then straightened slowly.

"Shoshone-you hit?"

"It's only-" Shoshone began. His face was ghastly and his voice quavered; but when he had fully straightened it steadied again into, the same dead flatness as before. "It's only-a kind of scratch along the ribs. I'm all right."

"Jody! Jody, is it you?" Jody Gordon had been curled up

in the corner of deepest shadows. She stood up now, white-faced, her

and her father. After breaking Thorpe in Texas, Roper conducted a great raid upon Thorpe's vast herds in Montana. Unable to reconcile her father with Roper, Jody set out with Shoshone Wilce to

than Shoshone had calculated; but

He thought, "If I can keep them interested just ten minutes more-"

Now a furiously ridden horse was coming up. Roper flattened himself against the wall beside the open door, and waited until he heard the man drop from his pony just outonce; and a man crashed face downof the little fire seemed to fill the ward upon the door sill itself to lie

> With his boot Roper pushed the inert heap off the door sill, so that the door might be closed at need. shots in his gun, he picked up one of the weapons he had collected, and checked its loading.

> "I'd stand real still if I was you," he warned the two who stood with their hands up. He fired one more shot between them, for purposes of general discipline. "I ought to kill you; maybe I will in a minuteaven't decided yet."

> Now another horse was coming in fast; in another second or two it



"I'd stand real still if I was you."

would string into view around the

find him. They were attacked by some of Thorpe's men hiding in Roper's shack. Wilce escaped, but Jody was captured. Roper was looking for Jody when he accidentally met Wilce. Together they prepared to rescue her.

After that a full minute passed | utes passed. Shoshone Wilce kept Bill glanced at Shoshone to make and stretched to a minute and a his pony moving slowly up and down sure that the man was at his el- half. Evidently the outposts had to prevent its stiffening up by too bow; then, his gun out, he flung been farther away from the cabin rapid a cooling after its run, and Jody followed his example.

"Listen here," Shoshone Wilce said at last. He dropped his voice, and sat motionless. For a moment or two there was no sound there except the rhythmic breathing of the hard-run ponies. "I want to tell you something." Shoshone resumed, his voice low, husky, and strangely side. He stepped to the door, fired unsteady. "It looks like I run away and left you when your pony was shot down. I see now it looks like that. But I want you to know I didn't go to do nothing like that, Miss Gordon."

"I know," she said, "it was the only-'

"I shouldn't have done it," Shoshone said. "I wouldn't do it if I was doing it again. I figured I'd be more use to you if I could keep my horse on its feet. I figured I could best handle it like an Indian wouldpick 'em off one at a time, and make sure. But I'd do different if I had it to do again."

"What else could you have possibly done? There wasn't any chance for anything else."

"I should have stood and fought," Shoshone said. "Like he would have done.'

"It was better this way." Jody old him. "Don't you worry about it, Shoshone.'

Shoshone said vaguely, "I want you to tell him about it. I want you to tell him I'd do different if I had it to do again."

"Why don't you tell him yourself?'

comes up-so's I don't get the

"Of course I'll tell him."

They fell silent, and after that a

It seemed to Jody that in a few minutes more they would have to admit that daylight was upon them: it seemed to her that an hour, two hours, had passed, instead of the half hour which Shoshone had decided they could wait. But still Bill Roper did not come.

"No," Shoshone said, very low in

his throat.



WHAT! NO NEW AUTO MODELS? There is talk of discontinuing any changes in automobile models during this year, but the decision should not be made except as a last resort. Few things will break down the morale of the people more than a sudden suspension of their ancient right to trek down to the annual auto show and see how many gadgets have been shifted.

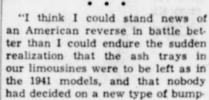
There is a limit to sacrifice. And it may be reached when you ask Americans to go through a whole year in which even the windows in automobiles open the same way they did before.

. . .

You can get Gus Q. Citizen to give up many things in a crisis without a squawk. He will give up meat. cut down on fuel, and if necessary climb into a uniform to defend his country, but when you ask him to take calmly the news that Detroit will turn out sedans with the humps and bulges unchanged, you're tak ing a chance on insurrection.

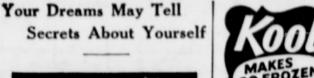
Elmer Twitchell is among those horrified by the prospect and he has

written the following appeal to the President: "Dear Franklin: "If you want the morale of America kept intact, do something at once to stop this idea of no changes in auto models during the emergency. Year after year, through floods, fires, dust storms, quakes. strikes, erosions and depressions, no matter what happened to the country, automobile models came out every season full of changes. The more trouble, the more changes. And the people of America are not going to feel that everything is all right if cars come out next fall with the starting button right where it is today, and with the gear shift not lowered, raised, hidden or camouflaged in any way.



"Franklin, if we are to come through this great crisis okay, don't prevent those auto makers from monkeying with the gadgets, color schemes and front ends. It's little things like that that undermine confidence, kill causes and lose wars.

"Of course I want the auto industry to concentrate on defense, but it must make a few changes in the limousine and roadster models if we are to remain a happy people. See that the least they do is to keep shifting the doorknobs.





Should He Ignore His Dream?

UCKY that was just a "L dream," he thinks, "or I'd lose my job."

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Outlook Is Virtue One's outlook is a part of his virtue.-Amos Bronson Alcott.



"Maybe I will. But if anything

chance-'

long time passed. Shoshone stopped walking his horse, and sat perfectly motionless close to the wall of the brush corral. The grey light increased, while they waited for what er. seemed an interminable time.

"Do you suppose he could have ridden past?" Jody asked.

movements uncertain. Then suddenly the firelight caught the glint of the instant tears which overbrimmed her eyes.

"Bill! I thought they'd kill you!" She flung her arms about his neck and with the swift impulse of a child, kissed his mouth.

The man nearest the table made a sidelong movement toward the holstered gun that lay there; Bill Roper smashed a shot into the wall beside him, and the man jerked backward.

"Shoshone, can you ride?" There was a curious strain in the flatness of Shoshone's voice. "I'm okay, I tell you."

Bill Roper caught up a sheepskin it over Jody's shoulders. "Get ponies' tie-ropes, and ride like hell! Here-take this!" He thrust the gunbelt from the table into Jody's unready hands. "I'll see you-where I said."

"Bill," said Shoshone, "if it's the same to you, I'd rather hold them brush corral where Shoshone Wilce here while you ride with her."

"Get gone, I said! You-"

"Bill, I tell you, I-"

Bill Roper bellowed at him, "You want to die?"

"Okay," Shoshone said, in that same strained, lifeless tone. He seized Jody's wrist, tore open the door with the hand that still held his gun, and was gone into the dark.

When they were gone Bill Roper stood listening. Outside two shots rang, a moment apart, as Shoshone shot the tied ponies free; then sounded a swift crackle of the ice crust under their hoofs as two horses galloped down-valley, and Roper knew that Shoshone and Jody Gordon were on their way.

Bill Roper estimated that he had a few seconds left. Unhurriedly, almost leisurely, he picked up the gun dropped by the man in the bunk, and thrust it in his own belt. After that he collected three or four other weapons in a brief search that seemed perfunctory, yet was effective because of his own practiced knowledge of where a range rider is ape to put his gun. These he kicked to try-" into a little heap beside the door, so that he would know where they were.

The man with the wounded arm spoke thickly. "You'll never get out of here alive," he told Roper.

"I wouldn't worry about that, was I you," Roper said. He slammed another harmless shot over the speaker's head, interestingly close to the man's scalp. He needed a continued sound of action at the cabin to draw the outposts in, so that Shoshone and Jody Gordon would have their chance to get clear.

corner of the cabin.

Roper cast a quick glance to see thought they were. They had not moved. He dropped to one knee beside the door and fired twice quickly as a shape, dark on darkness, whirled around the corner of the cabin.

That was all-the end of the oneman war he had started to cover the retreat of Shoshone. He never that downed him. All consciousness ended at once, as sharply as if cut off with a knife.

He never knew which of the two men behind him sprang forward to coat with his free hand, and flung smash him down; but he knew as soon as he knew anything at all, gone!" he snapped. "Shoot free the that a long time had passed-more time than he could afford to lose.

CHAPTER XXI

Nobody but an old range rider could have located in the dark the and Jody Gordon were supposed to wait for Bill Roper. What would have been a simple problem by daylight, in darkness became a test of scouting ability and cowman's instinct. Yet somehow, by the throw of the land, and by his deep knowledge of the habits of thought of cowmen, Shoshone Wilce nosed out that circular corral of brush, in a dark-

ness so thick that he was uncertain he had found the landmark until he had touched it with his hands.

A faint line of grey was already appearing on the rim of the world, and a whisky-jack was calling raucously somewhere in the scrub pine. "It's almost daylight already,"

Jody Gordon said, fear in her voice. "If he doesn't come soon-if he doesn't come-"

She broke off, unable to go on. "Half an hour," Shoshone Wilce said. "We'll wait half an hour." "And then-?"

"We've got to go on."

"I can't! Not if he doesn't come. We'll have to go back. We'll have

"He said go on. We have to de like he said." Shoshone's voice dropped to a curious fierce whisper. "Whatever happens-you remember that! You have to go on!"

They waited then, while five min-



Id stand the suspen When she no more, Jody Gordon dismounted; that his captives were where he the inaction and the cold was stiffening her in the saddle, and now she led her pony while she stamped and swung her arms.

> She thought, "I'll lead my pony five times around the outside of the corral. He'll be here by then; he must be here by then."

She wondered, as she slowly led her pony around the circle marked remembered the shock of the blow by the walls of brush, what she would do if Roper did not come-if he never came. Perhaps go on? Perhaps go back

> Jody Gordon was fighting back an overwhelming, impossible panic. She knew the cool, hard sufficiency of the men against whom Roper had pitted himself. From the standpoint of her father, who had turned against him, she knew the unassuageable bitterness, the vast sinister malevolence which Roper had raised against himself by the miracles of the Texas Rustlers' War. If he were caught now in the grip of that malevolence-

It took all her will power to restrain herself from breaking into a run, or from mounting her pony and racing him-where? Any place, if only her high-strung nerves could find expression in action. But she forced herself to lead her pony slowly, measuring her strides while the daylight increased.

Then, as she completed the circuit of the corral, and came again to where Shoshone's pony stood, she saw that Shoshone Wilce no longer sat the saddle. At first she thought that he had tied his pony and walked away; but as she came nearer she saw that the little man was down in the snow, huddled against the rough brush of the corral barrier. Jody sprang forward, calling out bis name.

She sprang forward, calling out his name, and there was a meaningless, nightmarish quarter of a minute while her pony reared backward from the sudden jerk upon its bridle and had to be quieted before she could advance again.

"Shoshone! What's the matter? Are you-are you-?"

Shoshone's eyes were half open; he was not asleep, but he did not answer. And now as she dropped to her knees beside him in the snow she saw that a bright trickle of red had traced a line from the corner of his mouth, crookedly across his chin.

"Shoshone " In the ugly panic that swept her it was many seconds before she could fully comprehend that Shoshone Wilce was dead. (TO BE CONTINUED)

"Yours for unity and a harder search for the starting button every season,

-"Elmer Twitchell." . . .

And we think Elmer is right. If the President doesn't do something. congress should. . . .

FOOT NOTE

Some of our lady knitters-Their spirit can't be beat-Seem to think the British soldier Runs to large and lumpy feet.

Length and strength are featured Rather than the fit;

Heaven help the British army In some of those socks they knit! -J. H. Niles.

We understand that the new movie "Hudson's Bay" had a tough time getting through under that title. A lot of Hollywood people wanted to call it "Bay Meets Girl."

The height of something or other: an advertisement by a racing tipster claiming "Positively no guesswork.'

LAFAYETTE, WE ARE HERE! (Modern version.)

From Rome they started out to fight Old Egypt's troops who wear the fez.

And British soldiers in their might Who man the forts that guard Suez.

A quarter million strong they fare To Libya colony's gleaming strands,

And thence to swarm by land and air

'Cross Egypt's leagues of desert sands.

No flash of arms! No bugles clear! Seventy thousand captives drone,

I saw a fellow walking up and down a gangplank naked, blindfold ed and wearing a roller skate on one foot and a greased pad on the other. When I asked, "What's the idea?" he replied, "I'm just getting myself into condition for the next depression." -Zoops. . . .

"Germans Predict England Will Fold."-headline. Nonsense. It's been off the fold standard for months.

Our Existence dure as long as we remain Amer-Rome endured as long as there | ican in spirit and in thought .- Dawere Romans. America will en- vid Starr Jordan.

THE SMOKE'S THE THING!



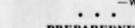


than the average of the 4 other largest-selling cigarettes tested -less than any of them -according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself.



THE SMOKE OF SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS CONTAINS

Suez at last! No victory's throne! -W. F. Dix.



"Mussolini, we are here!"

PREPAREDNESS Hi-