

SUPERSTITION MOUNTAIN

By OREN ARNOLD

CAST OF CHARACTERS
CAROLEE COLTER, heroine, Prospector's daughter.
STUART BLAKE, prospector.
HENRY COLTER, prospector.
PAUL AND NINA COLTER, Prospector's sons.
NINA BLAKE, Stuart's sister.

Yesterday the Colters resumed their search for gold and near the site of Paul's death had rich ore in a cave. Immediately they establish their claim to the property.

CHAPTER XV

THE few rocks that Paul Colter had clutched in death, and the others that Carolee had found in the cave, proved to be as exciting to the assayer as to the Colters themselves.

"This stuff'll go thousands of dollars a ton, man!" they told Mr. Colter in the Golden West Assay Office at Phoenix. "Where'd you get it?"

"I got it staked in Superstition," he replied. "But this is all I could find." He didn't mention his son's death, but he did explain about the cave.

"Oh, that's different, then." They were let down somewhat. "You just found a dribble. Some of that stuff the old Spaniards left up here. Old Miguel Peralta's crew. He worked Superstition. They'd pick up just the best ore to pack back down to Sonora. It was 300-odd miles. They wouldn't carry no more dirt than necessary. They'd store their choicest pickin's in a cave like that until they got enough to load their mules, then they'd high-tail on back home with it. Likely you found some they put in there and overlooked. It's been done before. Down where they worked the Virgin of Guadalupe Mine, near Turbec, they done that same thing. We've found their leavings."

OLD man Colter worked his quid of tobacco several seconds before he spoke again. He was reasoning, sensibly, that if the Spaniards found nuggets of such value to Superstition, there must still be an extremely rich mine near the cave. He was anxious to get back and hunt some more.

"What's these worth, as is?" He pointed to the bag of specimens.

He sold them eventually for \$400 cash.

"That's more cash than we've had in 10 year," he confessed to his children, there on the Phoenix street.

They set out to spend part of it. Carolee, having found most of the gold, took charge. She purchased some essentials and a few trills for her mother. She ordered a simple marker, at \$35, for Paul's grave. She replenished their grocery supply.

At last, she went back to the clothing store she had left and bought herself a new riding outfit. It wasn't too expensive, but it was "nice." She added two new blouses, colored scarves, and a sport hat of felt. She looked longingly at a rack of blazer jackets. The red one cost \$12.50 and she bought it.

TO come to town, the Colters had staked their saddle horses at the foot of the trail where their old car was kept back in the bushes, and motored in from there. Returning they agreed to go by the Lodge to see if the sheriff had, by chance, found anything that might throw light on the death of Paul.

"Stuart is out shooting at targets, my dear," Nina Blake greeted Carolee. "My but you're lovely! Are you always so fair? You're the prettiest thing Stuart's ever found!"

Nina's admiration was genuine, but her frankness was embarrassing.

"Does he find things often, Nina?" Carolee was a trifle spunky about it.

"Yes, of course. He has, I mean. The handsome mug is always popular. Once he thought himself in love. He has rushed debutantes until they almost purchased trousseaus."

Carolee colored at that. She had just purchased clothes herself—admittedly with the thought of pleasing Stuart Blake.

"Does he say he has found me, Nina? He hasn't mentioned that fact to me, and if he has any idea he can—"

"No, no, honey, stop!" Nina laughed gaily. "The boy's jittery

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about you, I tell you, and doesn't know how to act. He lost his balance that day in the store, when you first met."

Carolee wasn't used to such persiflage, yet it didn't seem foreign to Nina. Nina slept a few hours in each 24 and bubbled through the remainder. You couldn't be introspective or serious around her. But Carolee felt confidential; she had a Secret with a capital S, and it had to be told.

SHE led the other girl out among the mesquite and cacti near the Lodge and told Nina all about the gold. They had such a talk and intimacy as only girls can have; it satisfied a longing in Carolee that had been keener than she realized. Nina, she decided, was a peach! In spite of her background of wealth.

Suddenly Nina turned to her without laughing, and looked straight into Carolee's eyes.

"You're in love with brother, aren't you?" she stated, rather than asked. She had her arm around Carolee.

"Um humm." Carolee admitted, gently, seriously.

"But there are families," Nina went on, "and backgrounds, and—oh, clothes, and money, and prejudices, and all that sort of thing in the world. Stuart has talked to me about them. It's not my business, Carolee, but if I ever decide I want to marry a man, heaven help him! I don't care if he's the king of England or a janitor's helper, I'll go after him with all I've got. I think that's where happiness lies, and I think happiness is just that important!"

Carolee nodded. "I believe you would, Nina," she said, softly, "and I believe you're right."

Indian squaws came up then to offer them baskets and beaded trinkets for sale. At that moment, too, Stuart Blake rode into the Lodge grounds. He saw the girls and galloped over.

Ignoring the Indians, he kissed his sister and greeted Carolee, and told them the sheriff had found nothing of importance in the mountain. He wanted Carolee to feel he was sympathetic about her brother, anxious to help her in any way.

"Bracelet red like coat," a squaw interrupted, holding out a wristlet of beads.

Stuart muttered something impatiently, then laughed and bought Carolee the trinket, and another for Nina, too.

The wrinkled squaw said, replying to Carolee's question, that two days were required to make the intricate beading.

"It is beautiful," declared Stuart, admiring Carolee as she put it on, "and it does match your jacket. Say, I never saw this red jacket before!"

Carolee smiled at him kindly. Irrelevantly, perhaps, Nina began humming.

(To Be Continued)

Worth Running For



Glenn Cunningham casts a critical eye on the toes of his six-week-old daughter, Sara, at Peabody, Kan., where he visited his wife and baby between races. The world's fastest miler admits little Sara has the feet of a champion, but says he will not train her to be a runner.

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FLAPPER FANNY

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"He was nice to us, but they say he's an awful grouch at home." "Yeah, the sort of man who never shows his better self to his better half!"