## JACKSON COUNTY JOURNAL, SYLVA, N. C.

DIABLO STOLEN

STNOFSIS-Seeking gold in the "Cameron," solitary prosforms a partnership with unknown man whom he later earns is Jonas Warren, father of girl whom Cameron wronged, but later married, back in Illinois. Cameron's explanations appease Warren, and the two proceed to-Taking refuge from a andstorm in a cave, Cameron discovers gold, but too late; both men Cameron leaves eviare in the cave, of their disare dying. covery of gold, and personal docu-Richard Gale, adventurer, in Casita, Mexican border town, meets George Thorne, lieutenant in the Ninth cavalry, old college Thorne tells Gale he is there to save Mercedes Castaneda, Spanish girl, his afflanced wife, rom Rojas, Mexican bandit. Gale "roughhouses" Rojas and his gang, with the help of two American contoys, and he, Mercedes and Thorne escape. A bugle call from the fort orders Thorne to his regiment. He leaves Mercedes under Gale's protection. The pair, alded by the cowboys, Charlie Ladd and Jim Lash, arrive in safety at a ranch known as Forlorn River, across the border. The fugitives are at Tom Belding's home. Belding is immigration inspector. Living with him are his wife and stepdaughter, Nell Burton. Gale, with Ladd and Lash, take service with Belding as rangers, Gal: telling Belding the cause of his being a wanderer, a misunderstanding with his father concerning the son's business abilities. Mercedes gets word to Thorne of her safety. Dick-also writes to his parents, informing them of his whereabouts. Nell's personality, and her kindness, attract Gale. Riding the range. Gale falls in with a party of three Mexican raiders encamped at a water hole. Watching his opportunity to oust them, he sees two Indians ride into the camp. One of them, a Yaqui, is evidently badly wounded, and the Mexicans seek to kill him in a cruel way. Dick drives them off, conveying the wounded Yaqui to Belding's ranch.

#### CHAPTER VII .- Continued. \_8\_

A great fenced field of velvety green fatfa furnished a rich background r the drove of about twenty white erses. Blanco Diablo was the only ne in the field that was not free to nam and graze where he listed. A take and a halter held him to one orner, where he was severely let lone by the other horses. He did not ke this isolation. Blanco Diablo was ot happy unless he was running, or ghting a rival. Of the two he would ather fight. If anything white could esemble a devil, this horse surely ld. He had nothing beautiful about im, yet he drew the gaze and held The look of him suggested disontent, anger, revolt, viciousness. When he was not grazing or prancing, e held his long, lean head level, pointng his nose and showing his teeth. Belding's favorite was almost all the world to him, and he swore Diablo could stand more heat and thirst and actus than any other horse he owned, nd could run down and kill any torse in the Southwest. The cowboys admitted some of Belding's claims for Diablo, but they ave loyal and unshakable allegiance o Blanco Sol. As for Dick, he had o fight himself to keep out of arguments, for he sometimes imagined he ras unreasonable about the horse. Though he could not understand himself, he knew he loved Sol as a man oved a friend, a brother. Free of leavy saddle and the clumsy leg blelds, Blanco Sol was somehow allatisfying to the eyes of the rangers. The dazzling whiteness of the desert in shone from his goat; he had the are and spirit of the desert in his noble head, its strength and power in his gigantic frame. "Belding swears Sol never beat Diablo," Dick was saying. "He believes it," replied Nell. "Dad

Author of

**By ZANE GREY** 

DESERT GOLD

# The Riders of the Purple Sage, Wildfire, Etc. Copyright by Harper & Brothers.

enough to travel. I offered him horse, gun, blanket, grub. But no go."

"That's funny," replied Gale, with a smile. "Let him stay-put him to work."

"It doesn't strike me funny. But I'll tell you what I think. That poor, homeless, heartbroken Indian has taken a liking to you, Dick. You saved his life. That sort of thing counts big with any Indian, even with an Apache. With a Yaqui maybe it's of deep significance. I've heard a Yaqui say that with his tribe no debt to friend or foe ever went unpaid. Perhaps that's what ails this fellow." "Dick, don't laugh," said Nell. "I've noticed the Yaqui. It's pathetic the

to leave Forlorn River. He's well | The men soon rounded up eleven of the whites, all more or less frightened.

> Belding was unconsolable. He cursed and railed, and finally declared he was going to trail the raiders.

"Tom, you just ain't agoin' to do nothin' of the kind," said Laddy, coolly.

Beiding groaned and bowed his head. "Laddy, you're right," he replied, presently. "I've got to stand it. I can't leave the women and my property. But it's sure tough. I'm sore way down deep, and nothin' but blood would ever satisfy me."

"Leave that to me an' Jim," said Ladd.

"What do you mean to do?" demanded Belding, starting up.

"Shore I don't know yet. . . . Give me a light for my pipe. An' Dick, go fetch out your Yaqui,"

#### CHAPTER VIII

The Running of Blanco Sol. The Yaqui's strange glance roved over the corral, the swinging gate with its broken fastenings, the tracks in the road, and then rested upon Belding.

"Malo," he said, and his Spanish was clear.

"Shore, Yaqui, about eight bad men, an' a traitor Indian," said Ladd.

"I think he means my herder," added Belding. "If he does, that settles any doubt it might be decent to have -Yaqui-malo Papago-Si?"

The Yaqui spread wide his hands. Then he bent over the tracks in the road. They led everywhither, but gradually he worked out of the thick net to take the trail that the cowboys had followed down to the river. Belding and the rangers kept close at his heels. He found a trampled spot where the raiders had left their horses. From this point a deeply defined narrow trail led across the dry river bed.

The trail of the raiders took a southeasterly course over untrodden desert. The Yaqui spoke in his own tongue, then in Spanish.

leading to the ascent of the escarpment. When they achieved the gateway of the pass the sun was low in the west. Ladd gave the word to tie up horses and go forward on foot. The narrow neck of the pass opened and descended into a valley half a mile wide, perhaps twice 'that in length. It had apparently unscalable slopes of weathered rock leading up to beetling walls."

"Keep down. boys," said Ladd. There's the waterhole, an' hosses have sharp eyes. Shore the Yaqui figgered this place. I never seen its like for a trap." Both white and black horses showed

against the green, and a thin curling column of blue smoke rose lazily from amid the mesquites. "I reckon we'd better wait till dark,

or mebby daylight," said Jim Lash. "Let me figger some. Dick, what do you make of the outlet to this hole? Looks rough to me."

With his glass Gale studied the narrow construction of walls and roughened rising floor.

"Laddy, it's harder to get out at that end than here," he replied.

"Shore that's hard enough. Let me have a look. . . . Well, boys, it don't take no figgerin' for this job. Jim, I'll want you at the other end blockin' the pass when we're ready to start." "When 'll that be?" inquired Jim.

"Soon as it's light enough in the mornin'. That Greaser outfit will hang till tomorrow. There's no sure water ahead for two days, you remember." The rangers stole back from the vantage point and returned to their horses, which they untied and left farther round among broken sections of cliff. For the horses it was a dry, hungry camp, but the rangers built a fire and had their short though

strengthening meal. Jim Lash rolled in his saddle blanket, his feet near the fire, and went to sleep. Ladd told Gale to do likewise while he kept the fire up and waited until it was late enough for Jim to undertake circling round the raiders. When Gale awakened, Jim was up saddling his horse, and Ladd was talking low.

With Ladd leading, they moved away into the gloom. Advance was exceedingly slow, careful, silent. Finally the trail showed pale in the gloom, and eastern stars twinkled between the lofty ramparts of the pass. -

a tevel. It was the only place a man or horse could leave the valley for the pass.

"Dick, here's your stand. If any raider rides in range take a crack at him. . . . Now I want the lend of. your hoss."

"Blanco Sol !" exclaimed Gale, more in amaze that Ladd should ask for the horse than in reluctance to lend him. "Will you let me have him?" Ladd repeated, almost curtly.

"Certainly, Laddy."

A smile momentarily chased the dark, cold gloom that had set upon the ranger's lean face.

"Shore L appreciate it, Dick. I know how you care for that hoss. I guess mebbe Charley Ladd has loved a hoss! An' one not so good as Sol. I was, only tryin' your nerve, Dick, askin' you without tellin' my plan. Sol won't get a scratch, you can gamble on that! I'll ride him down into the valley an' pull the Greasers out into the open. They've got shortranged carbines. They can't keep out of range of the .405, an' I'll be takin' the dust of their lead. They can't gain on Sol, an' he'll run them down when I want. Can you beat it?"

"No. It's great! . . . But suppose a raider comes out on Blanco Diablo?"

"I reckon that's the one weak place in my plan. But if they do, well, Sol can outrun Diablo. An' I can always kill the white devil!"

Ladd's strange hate of the horse showed in the passion of his last words, in his hardening jaw and grim set lips.

Gale's hand went swiftly to the ranger's shoulder.

"Laddy. Dwn't kill Diaslo makess it's to save your life."

"All right. But by G-d, if I get a chance I'll make Blanco Sol run him off his legs!"

He spoke no more and set about changing the length of Sol's stirrups. When he had them adjusted to suit, he mounted and rode down the trail and out upon the level. He rode leisurely as if merely going to water his horse. The long black rifle lying across his saddle, however, was ominous.

Gale securely tied the other horse to a mesquite at hand, and took a position behind a low rock over which he could easily see and shoot when necessary. Ladd rode a quarter of a mile out upon the flat before anything happened. Then a whistle rent the still, cold air. A horse had seen or scented Blanco Sol. The whistle was prolonged, faint, but clear. It made the blood thrum in Gale's ears. Sol halted. His head shot up with the old, wild, spirited sweep. Gale leveled his glass at the patch of mesquites. He saw the raiders running to an open



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is queer about that horse." "I've often wondered how Belding ever came to give Blanco Sol to me,'

sald Dick. "I think he wanted to get rid of

"Maybe. He surely has strange pasion for horses. I think I understand etter than I used to. I owned a muple of racers once. They were just animals to me, I guess. But Blanco Sol !"

"Do you love him?" asked Nell; and now a warm, blue flash of eyes swept his face.

"Do I? Well, rather."

"I'm glad. Sol has been finer, a etter horse since you owned him. He oves you, Dick. Sol always hated Diablo, and never had much use for

Dick looked up at her.

"I'll be-be pretty hard to leave Sol -when I go away.' Sell sat perfectly still.

"Go away?" she asked, presently, with just the faintest tremor in her

"Yes. Sometimes when I get blue-I am today-I think I'll go. But, soher truth, Nell, it's not likely

the I'll spend all my life here." There was no answer to this. Dick but his hand softly over hers; and, despite her half-hearted struggle to free it, he held on. "Nell !"

Her color fled. He saw her lips

He Saw Her Lips Her Color Fled. Part.

way his great gloomy eyes follow you."

"You've made a friend," continued Belding. "A Yaqui could be a real friend on this desert. If he gets his strength back he'll be of service to you, don't mistake me. He's welcome here. But you're responsible for him, and you'll have trouble keeping him from massacring all the Greasers in Forlorn River."

. . . .

The probability of a visit from the raiders, and a dash bolder than usual on the outskirts of a ranch, led Belding to build a new corral. It was not sightly to the eye, but it was high and exceedingly strong. The gate was a massive affair, swinging on huge hinges and fastening with heavy chains and padlocks.

At night Belding locked his white horses in this corral. The Papago herdsmen slept in the adobe shed adjoining. Belding did not imagine that any wooden fence, however substantially built, could keep determined raiders from breaking it down. They would have to take time, however, and make considerable noise; and Belding relied on these facts. Belding did not believe a band of night raiders would hold out against a hot rifle fire. Ladd did not share Belding's sanguine

hopes. One January morning Dick Gale was awakened by a shrill, menacing cry. He leaped up bewildered and frightened. He heard Belding's booming voice answering shouts, and rapid steps on flagstones. But these had not awakened him. Heavy breaths, almost sobs, seemed at his very door. In the cold and gray dawn Dick saw something white. Gun in hand, he bounded across the room. Just out-

side his door stood Blanco Sol. It was not unusual for Sol to come poking his head in at Dick's door during daylight. But now in the early dawn, when he had been locked in the corral, it meant raiders-no less. Dick called softly to the snorting horse; and, hurriedly getting into clothes and boots, he went out with a gun in each hand. Sol was quivering in every muscle. Like a dog he followed Dick around the house. Hearing shouts in the direction of the corrals Gale bent swift steps that way.

He caught up with Jim Lash, wh was also leading a white horse.

They reached the corral to find Belding shaking, roaring like a madman. The gate was.open, the corral was empty. "Tom, where's the Papa-

go?" said Ladd. "He's gone, Laddy-gone !"

"Double-crossed us, eh? I see here s a crowbar lyin' by the gatepost. That Indian fetched it from the forge. It was used to pry out the bolts an' steeples. Tom, I reckon there wasn't mach time lost forcin' that gate,"

Daylight made clear some details of

"Think he means slow march," said Belding. "Laddy, from the looks of that trall the Greasers are having trouble with the horses."

"Tom, shore a boy could see that," replied Laddy. "Ask Yaqui to tell us where the raiders are headin', an' if there's water."

It was wonderful to see the Yaqui point. With a stick he traced a line in the sand, and then at the end of that another line at right angles. He made crosses and marks and holes, and as he drew the rude map he talked in Yaqui, in Spanish; with a word here and there in English. Belding translated as best he could. The raiders were heading southeast toward the railroad that ran from Nogales down into Sonora. It was four days' travel, bad trail, good sure waterhole one day out; then water not sure for two days. Raiders, not looking for pursuit, could be headed and ambushed that night at the first waterhole, a natural trap in a valley.

The men returned to the ranch. The rangers ate and drank while making hurrled preparations for travel. Blanco Sol and the cowboys' horses were fed, watered, and saddled. Ladd refused to ride one of Belding's whites. He was quick and cold.

"Get me a long-range rifle an' lots of shells. Rustle, now," he said. "I want a gun that'll outshoot the dinky little carbines an' muskets used by the rebels. Trot one out an' be quick."

"I've got a .405, a long-barreled heavy rifle that'll shoot a mile. I use it for mountain sheep. But Laddy, it'll break that bronch's back."

"His back won't break so easy. . . Dick, take plenty of shells for your Remington. An' don't forget your field glass."

In less than an hour after the time of the raid the three rangers, heavily armed and superbly mounted on fresh horses, rode out on the trail. As Gale turned to look back from the far bank of Foriorn river, he saw Nell waving a white scarf. He stood high in his stirrups and waved his sombrero. Then the mesquite hid the girl's slight figure, and Gale wheeled grim-faced to follow the rangers.

They rode in single file with Ladd in the lead. He took a bee-line course for the white escarpment pointed out by the Yaqui; and nothing save deep washes and impassable patches of cactus or rocks made him swerve from it.

At noon the rangers got out of the thick cactus. The desert floor inclined perceptibly upward. When Gale got an unobstructed view of the slope of the escarpment he located the raiders and horses. In another hour's travel the rangers could see with naked eyes a long, faint moving streak of blackand-white dots.

Ladd halted and stood sllent a mo-

ment. "Luck again!" he whispered. "The wind's in your face, Jim. The horses won't scent you. Try to get up as high as this at the other end. Wait till daylight before riskin' a loose slope. I'll be ridin' the job early. That's all."

Ladd's cool, easy speech was scarcely significant of the perilous undertaking. Lash moved very slowly away, leading his horse. Then Ladd touched Dick's arm, and turned back up the trail.

Together they picked a way back through the winding recesses of cliff. The campfire was smoldering. Ladd replenished it and lay down to get a few hours' sleep, while Gale kept watch. The after part of the night wore on till the paling of stars, the thickening of gloom indicated the dark hour before dawn. Ladd awoke before the faintest gray appeared. The rangers ate and drank. When the black did lighten to gray they saddled the horses and led them out to the pass and down to the point where they had parted with Lash. Here they awaited daylight,

The valley grew clear of gray shadow except under leaning walls on the eastern side. Then a straight column of smoke rose from among the



Dick, Here's Your Stand. If Any Raider Rides in Range Take a Crack at Him."

mesquites. Manifestly this was what Ladd had been awaiting. He took the long .405 from its sheath and tried the lever. Then he lifted a cartridge "They're headin' for that yellow belt from the poinmel of his saddle.

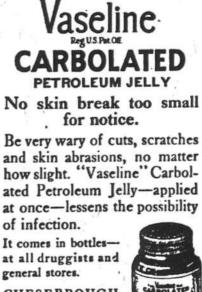
place, pointing, gesticulating. Then he got only white and dark gicams of moving bodies. Evidently that moment was one of boots, guns and saddles for the raiders.

Then Gale saw a rider gallop swiftly from the group toward the farther outlet of the valley. This might have been owing to characteristic<sup>o</sup> cowardice; but it was more likely a move of the raiders to make sure of retreat. Undoubtedly Ladd saw this galloping horseman. A few waiting moments ensued. The galloping horspman reached the slope, began to climb, With naked eyes Gale saw a puff of white smoke spring out of the rocks. Then the raider wheeled his plunging horse back to the level, and went rac-

ing wildly down the valley. The compact bunch of bays and blacks seemed to break apart and spread rapidly from the edge of the mesquites. Puffs of white smoke indicated firing, and showed the nature of the raiders' excitement. They were far out of ordinary range; but they spurred toward Ladd, shooting as they rode. The raiders' bullets, striking low, were skipping along the hard, bare floor of the valley. Then Ladd raised the long rifle. There was no smoke, but three high, spanging reports rang out. A gap opened in the dark line of advancing horsemen; then a riderless steed sheered off to the right. Blanco Sol seemed to turn as on a pivot and charged back toward the lower end of the valley. He circled over to Gale's right and stretched out into his run. There were now five raiders in pursuit, and The minimum distribution efficiency they came sweeping down, yelling and shooting, evidently sure of their quarry. Ladd reserved his fire. He kept turning from back to front in his saddle.

Manifestly he intended to try to, lead the raiders round in front of Gale's position, and, presently, Gale saw he was going to succeed. The raiders, riding like vaqueros, swepf on in a curve, cutting off what distance they could. Blanco Sol pound ed by, his rapid, rhythmic hoofbeats plainly to be heard. He was running easily.

Gale tried to still the jump of heart and pulse, and turned his eye again on the nearest pursuer. This raider was crossing in, his carbine held muzzle up in his right hand, and he was coming swiftly. It was a long shot, upward of five hundred yards. Gale had not time to adjust the sights of the Remington, but he knew the gun and, holding coarsely upon the swiftly moving blot. he began to shoot. The rifle was automatic; Gale needed only to pull the trigger. Swiftly he worked it. Suddenly the leading horse leaped convulsively. not up nor aside, but straight ahead, and then he crashed to the ground, throwing his rider like a catapult, and then slid and rolled. He half got up, fell back. and kicked; but his rider never moved



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Mr. Wish-It was my mistake. She had on a hat exactly like yours. Come with me and buy an exclusive Paris hat. I don't want to be embarrassed again .- London Answers.

What did Adam have to brag-about until he got out of the Garden Eden?

